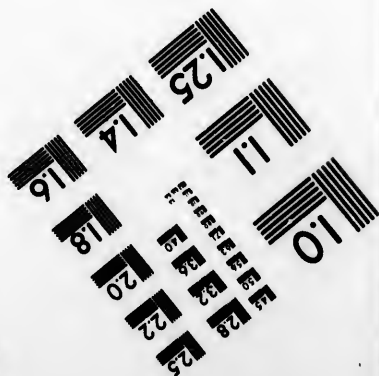
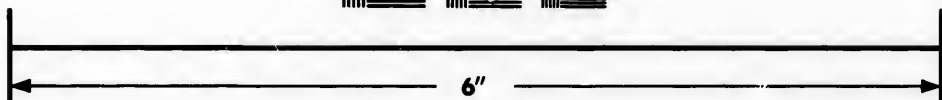
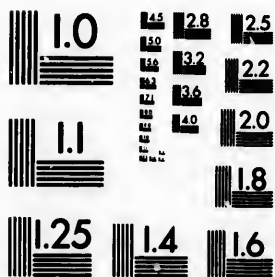


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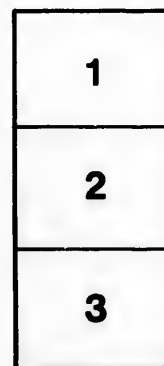
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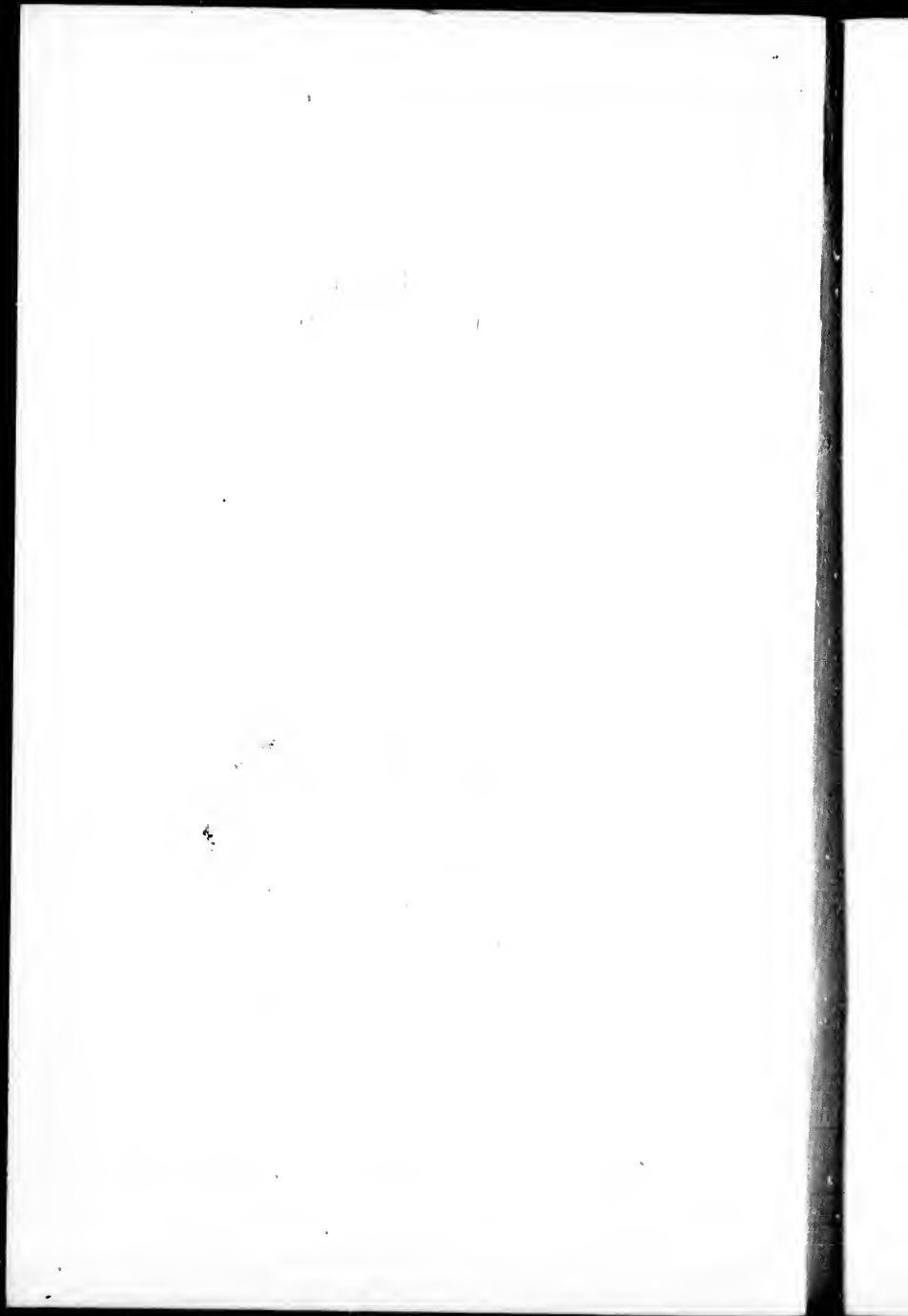
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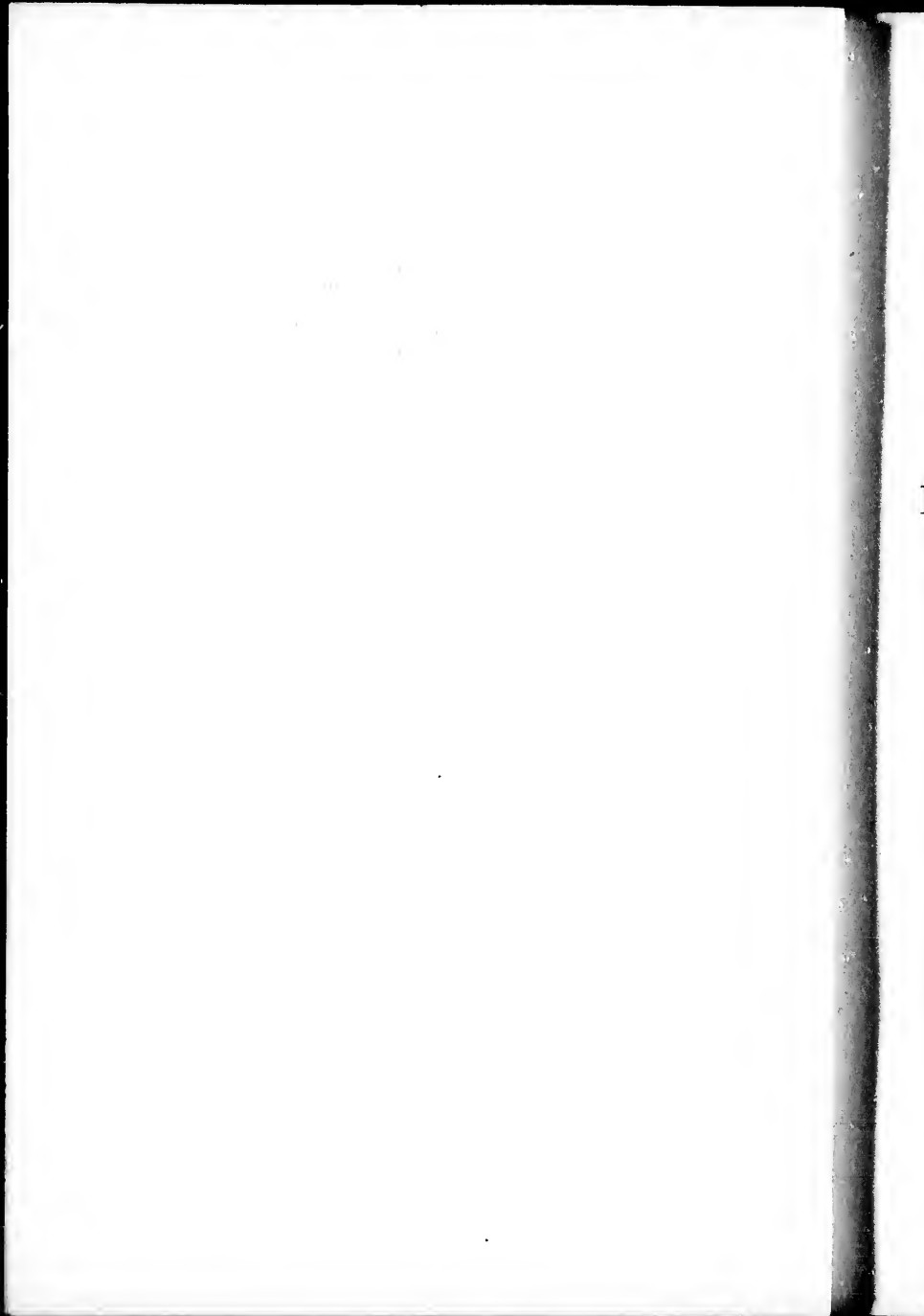
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LECTURES

BY THE

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.



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Seventh Thousand

London:

CHARLES H. KELLY

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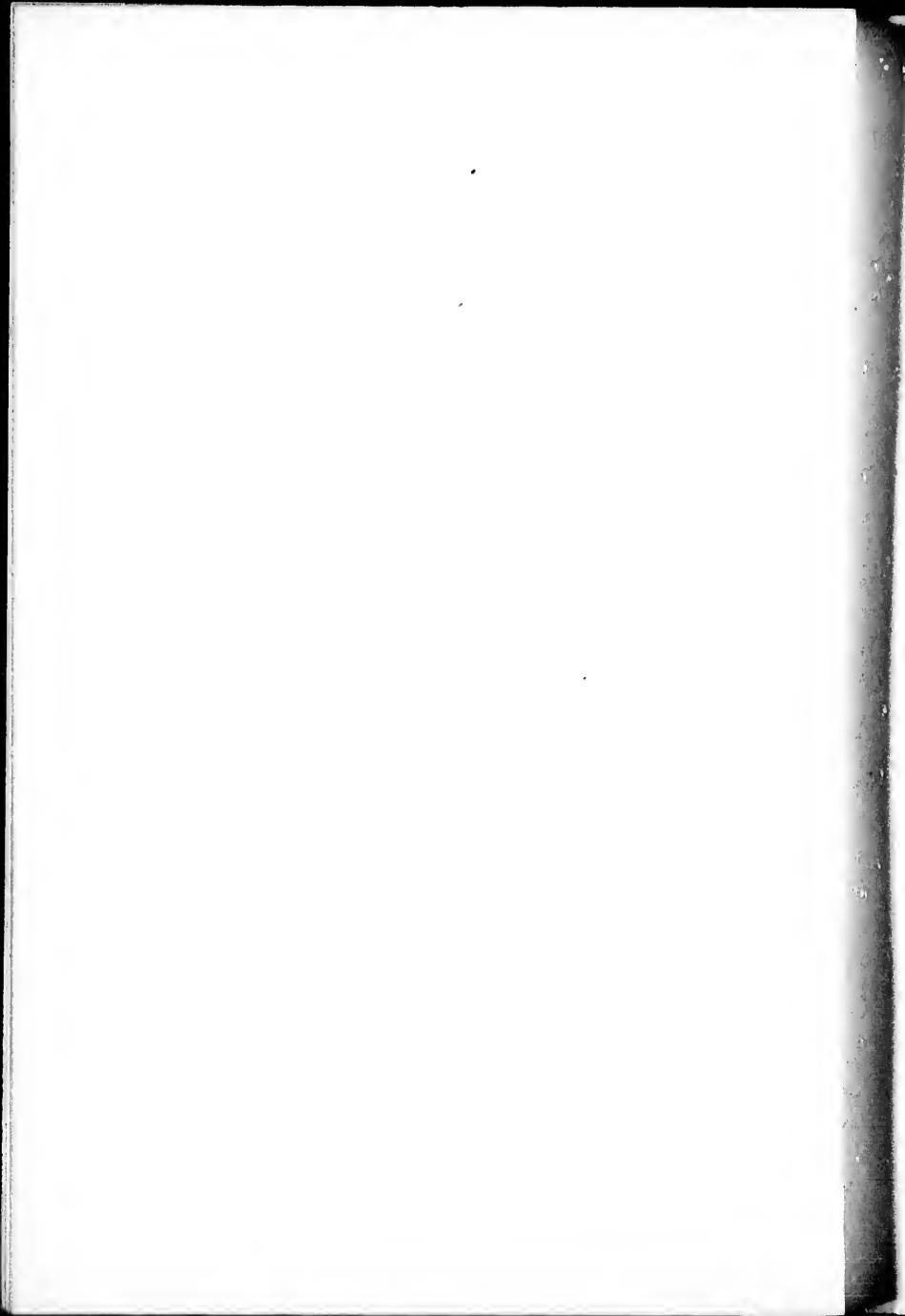
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PREFACE.

THE following selections from the Lectures of the late Dr. Punshon are printed in the same order as that in which the Lectures were first published, so far as that order is known. Two of them, "The Men of the Mayflower," and "Science, Literature, and Religion," are now printed for the first time. It may be well to remind the reader that the lecture on "Science, Literature, and Religion" was prepared more than thirty years ago, while Dr. Punshon was still a Probationer for the Ministry. Necessarily, therefore, it here and there looks at the relative positions of the subjects compared from a point of view determined more by the state of questions at that time than at the present. The immense circulation which, as separately published, most of these Lectures have already had, is a guarantee that in this collective form they will possess a lasting interest.

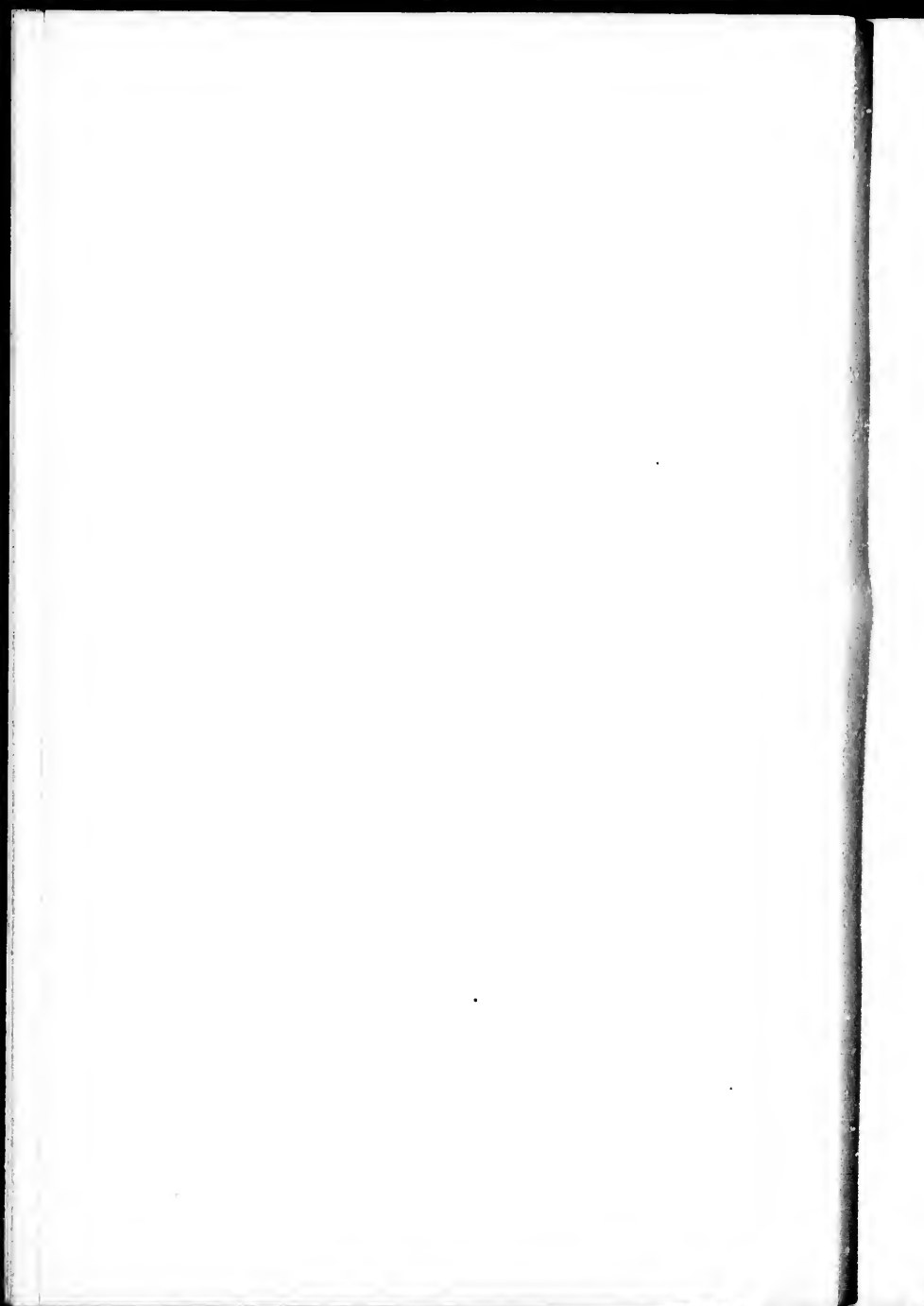
WM. ARTHUR.

LONDON, *July* 1882.



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L

THE PROPHET OF HOREB—HIS LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

THE mountains of the Bible will well repay the climber. There is a glorious prospect from their summits, and moral bracing in the breathing of their difficult air.

Most of the events in Bible history, which either embody great principles, illustrate Divine perfections, or bear impressively upon the destinies of man, have had the mountains for the pedestals of their achievement. Beneath the arch of the Covenant-rainbow the lone ark rested upon Ararat; Abraham's trial, handing down the high faith of the hero-father, and typing the greater sacrifice of the future time, must be "on one of the mountains" in the land of Moriah; Aaron, climbing heavenward, is "unclothed and clothed upon" amid the solitudes of Hor; and where but on the crest of Nebo could Moses gaze upon the land and die? If there is to be a grand experiment to determine between rival faiths—to defeat Baal—to exalt Jehovah, what spot so fitting as the excellency of Carmel? It was due to the great and dread events of the Saviour's history that they should be enacted where the world's broad eye could light upon them; hence he is transfigured "on the high mountain apart," on Olivet he

prays, on Calvary he dies,—and at the close of all, in the splendours of eternal allotment, amid adoring angels and perfected men, we cheerfully “come to Mount Zion.”

Precious as is the Scripture in all phases of its appearance, the quality which, above all others, invests it with a richer value, is its exquisite adaptation to every necessity of man. Professing itself to be his infallible and constant instructor, it employs all modes of communicating wisdom. “The Man of our counsel” is always at hand, in every condition and in every peril. But we learn more from living exemplar than from preceptive utterance. The truth, which has not been realized by some man of like passions with ourselves, comes cold and distant, like a lunar rainbow. It may furnish us with correct notions and a beautiful system, just as we can learn proportion from a statue; but there needs the touch of life to influence and to transform. Hence not the least impressive and salutary Bible-teaching is by the accurate exhibition of individual character. A man’s life is there sketched out to us, not that side of it merely which he presents to the world, which the restraints of society have modified, which intercourse has subdued into decorousness, and which shrouds his meaner self in a conventional hypocrisy, but his inner life, his management of the trifles which give the sum of character, his ordinary and household doings, as well as the rare seasons of exigency and of trial. The whole man is before us, and we can see him as he is. Partiality cannot blind us, nor prejudice distort our view. Nothing is exaggerated, nothing is concealed. His defects

are there—his falterings and depressions—his mistrusts and betrayals—like so many beacons glaring their warning lights upon our path. His excellencies are there—his stern integrity and consistent walking, his intrepid wrestling and heroic endurance—that we may be followers of his patience and faith, and ultimately share his crown. So marked and hallowed is this candour, that we do not wonder at its being alleged as an argument for the book's divinity. The characters are all human in their experience, although Divine in their portrayal. They were *men* those Bible worthies, world-renowned, God-smitten, princely men, towering indeed in moral, as Saul in physical, stature above their fellows, but still men of like passions with ourselves—to the same frailties incident—with the same trials battling—by the same temptations frequently and foully overcome. Their perfect *humanness* is, indeed, their strongest influence and greatest charm. Of what avail to us were the biography of an angel, could you chronicle his joys in the calm round of heaven? There could be no sympathy either of condition or experience.

But the Bible, assuming the essential identity of the race, tells of man, and the "one blood" of all nations leaps up to the thrilling tale. There is the old narrative of lapse and loss; the tidings, ancient and undecaying, of temptation, conflict, mastery, recompense. In ourselves there have been the quiverings of David's sorrow, and the stirrings of David's sin. We, perhaps, like Elijah, have been by turns confessor and coward—fervent as Peter, and as faithless too. The heart answers to the history, and

responsive and struggling humanity owns the sympathy, and derives the blessing.

It is a strange history, this history of the Prophet Elijah. Throughout the whole of his career we are attracted almost more by his inspiration than by himself. We are apt to lose sight of the man in the thought of the Divine energy which wielded him at its terrible or gentle will. The unconsciousness of self, which is the distinctive mark of the true seer, is always present with him—in his manliest and in his meekest hours—in his solitary prayer in the loft at Zarephath, in his solemn sarcasm on the summit of Carmel, when he flushes the cheek of a dead child, or pales the brow of a living king. He is surrendered always to the indwelling God. He always seems to regard himself as a chosen and a separated man—lifted, by his consecration, above the love or the fear of his kind—forced, ever and anon, upon difficult and perilous duty—a flying roll, carven with mercy and with judgment—an echo, rather than an original utterance—"the voice of one," not "one," but "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

How abruptly he bursts upon the world! We know nothing of his birth, nothing of his parentage, nothing of his training. On all these matters the record is profoundly silent. He is presented to us at once, a full-grown and authoritative man, starting in the path of Ahab sudden as the lightning, energetic and alarming as the thunder. "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." This is all. And it is all we need. What reck we of his ancestry? He is

royal in his deeds. Obscure in his origin, springing probably from the herdmen or vine-dressers of Galilee, regarded by the men of Tishbe as one of themselves—a little reserved and unsocial withal—his person, perhaps, held in contempt by the licentious court, and his intrusions stigmatized as annoying impertinence, he held on his high way notwithstanding, performed stupendous miracles, received large revelations, and at last, tired of the world, went up to heaven in a chariot of fire. How often have we seen the main fact of this story realized in later times! Men have looked at the trappings of the messenger—not at the import of his message. The faculty of appreciation has been grievously impaired. A prophet has leaped into the day with his burden of reproof and truth-telling, but he has not been clad in silken sheen, nor a speaker of smooth things, and the world has gone on to its merchandise, while the broken-hearted seer has retired into the wilderness to die. A poet has warbled out his soul in secret, and discoursed most exquisite music; but alas! it has been played among the tombs. A glorious iconoclast has come forth among the peoples, “expecting that they would have understood how that the Lord by him had sent deliverance,” but he has been met by the insulting rejoinder, “Who made thee a ruler and a judge?” Thus, in the days of her non-age, because they lacked high estate and lofty lineage, has the world poured contempt upon some of the choicest of her sons. “A heretic!” shouted the furious bigotry of the Inquisition. “And yet it moves,” said Galileo—resolute, even in the moment of enforced abjuration, for the immutable truth. A scoffing to

Genoese bravos, grandees of Portugal, and the court of England, Columbus spied the log of wood in its eastward drifting, and opened up America—the rich El Dorado of many an ancient dream. “An empiric!” shouted all the Doctor Sangradoes of the time, and the old physiologists hated Harvey, with an intensely professional hatred, because he affirmed the circulation of the blood. “A Bedfordshire tinker!” sneered the polite ones, with a whiff of the otto of roses, as if the very mention of his craft was infragant—“What has he to do to preach, and write books, and set up for a teacher of his fellows?” But glorious John Bunyan, leaving them in their own Cabul-country, dwelt in the land of Beulah, climbed up straight to the presence of the shining ones, and had “all the trumpets sounding for him on the other side.” Sydney Smith wrote at, and tried to write down, “the consecrated cobbler,” who was to evangelize India; but William Carey shall live embalmed in the memories of converted thousands, long after the witty canon of St. Paul’s is forgotten, or is remembered only as a melancholy example of genius perverted and a vocation mistaken. “A Methodist!” jested the godless witlings of Brazenose—“A Jacobin!” reiterated the makers of silver shrines—“A ringleader in the Gordon riots!” said the Romanists whose errors he had combated—and the formalistic churchmanship of that day gathered up its gentilities, smoothed its ruffled fringes, and with a dowager’s stateliness flounced by “on the other side:” and reputable burghers, the “canny bodies” of the time, subsided into their own respectabilities, and shook their heads at every mention of the pestilent fellow: but calm-browed and high-

souled, John Wesley went on until a large portion of his world-parish rejoiced in his light, and wondered at its luminous and ardent flame. And if it be lawful to speak of the Master in the same list as his disciples, who, however excellent, fall immeasurably short of their Divine Pattern, *he* was called a Nazarene, and there was the scorn of a world couched in the contemptuous word.

There are symptoms, however, of returning sanity. Judicial ermine and archiepiscopal lawn robing the sons of tradesmen, and the blood of all the Montmorencies—fouled by *mésalliance* with crime—cooling itself in a common prison, are remarkable signs of the times. Men are beginning to feel conscious, not, perhaps, that they have committed a crime, but that they have been guilty of what in the diplomacy of Talleyrand was considered worse—that is, a blunder. Whether the chivalry of feudalism be extinct or not, there can be no question that the villeinage of feudalism is gone. Common men nowadays question the wisdom of nobilities, correct the errors of cabinets, and do not even listen obsequiously to catch the whispers of kings. That is a strong and growing world-feeling, which the poet embodies when he sings—

“ Believe us ! noble Vere de Veres,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good—
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

Not that rank has lost its prestige, nor royalty its

honour. Elevated station is a high trust, and furnishes opportunity for extensive usefulness. The coronet may be honoured or despised at the pleasure of the wearer. When the rank is larger than the man, when his individuality is shrouded behind a hundred coats-of-arms, when he has so much of the blood of his ancestors in his veins that there is no room for any generous pulses of his own, why, of course, he must find his own level, and be content to be admired, like any other piece of confectionery, by occasional passers-by: but when the noble remembers his humanity, and has sympathy for the erring and encouragement for the sincere—

“When, all the trappings freely swept away,
The man’s great nature leaps into the day,”—

his nobility men are not slow to acknowledge—the cap and plume bend very gracefully over the sorrow which they succour, and the jewelled hand is blanched into a heavenlier whiteness when it beckons a struggling people into the power and progress of the coming time. The great question which must be asked of any new aspirer who would mould the world’s activities to his will, is not “Whence comes he?” but “What is he?” There may be some semi-fossilized relics of the past who will continue to insinuate, “Has he a grandfather?” But the great world of the earnest and of the workers thunders out, “Has he a *soul*? Has he a lofty purpose, a single eye, a heart of power? Has he the Prophet’s sanctity and inspiration, as well as his boldness and fervour? Never mind the bar sinister on his escutcheon—has he no bar sinister in his life? Has he a giant’s strength, a hero’s courage, a child’s simplicity, an apostle’s love, a martyr’s will? Then is

he sufficiently ennobled." If I, a gospel charioteer, meet him as he essays, trembling, to drive into the world, what must be my salutation?—Art thou of noble blood? Is thy retinue large? thy banner richly emblazoned? thy speech plausible? thy purpose fair? No—but "Is thy heart right?" If it be, give me thy hand.

A prominent feature in the Prophet's character, one which cannot fail to impress us at every mention of his name, is *his singular devotion to the object of his great mission*. He was sent upon the earth to be the earth's monitor of God. This was his life-purpose, and faithfully he fulfilled it. Rising above the temptations of sense—ready at the bidding of his Master to crucify natural affection—sternly repressing the sensibility which might interfere with duty—trampling upon worldly interest, and regardless of personal aggrandisement or safety, he held on his course, unswerving and untired, to the end. God was his object in everything: to glorify God, his aim—to vindicate God, his miracles—to speak for God, his message—to exhibit God, his life. As the rod of Moses swallowed up the symbols of Egyptian wizardry, so did this consuming passion in Elijah absorb each meaner impulse, and each low desire. His decision rarely failed him, his consistency never. He "halted not between two opinions." He spurned alike the adulation of a monarch and of a mob. He neither pandered for the favour of a court nor made unworthy compromise with the idolaters of Baal. Heaven's high remembrancer, he did a true man's work in a true man's way, with one purpose and a "united" heart.

Although many parts of this character cannot, on account of his peculiar vocation, be presented for our imitation, in his unity of purpose and of effort he furnishes us with a noble example. This oneness of principle—freedom from tortuous policy—the direction of the energies to the attainment of one worthy end—appears to be what is meant in Scripture by the “single eye,” ἀπλοῦς—not complex—no obliquity in the vision—looking straight on—taking in one object at one time. And if we look into the lives of the men who have vindicated their right to be held in the world’s memory, we shall find that all their actions evolve from one comprehensive principle, and converge to one magnificent achievement. Consider the primitive apostles. There you have twelve men, greatly diverse in character, cherishing each his own taste and mode of working, labouring in different localities, and bringing the one Gospel to bear upon different classes of mind, and yet everywhere—in proud Jerusalem—inquisitive Ephesus—cultured Athens—voluptuous Rome, meeting after many years in that mightiest result, the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. Much of this issue is of course due to the Gospel itself, or rather to the Divine agency which applied it, but something also to the unity of the messengers, their sincere purpose, and sustained endeavour. And so it is in the case of all who have been the benefactors of mankind. They have had some master-purpose, which has moulded all others into a beautiful subordination, which they have maintained amid hazard and suffering, and which, shrined sacredly in the heart, has influenced and

fashioned the life. If a man allow within him the play of different or contradictory purposes, he may, in a lifetime, pile up a heap of gold, a breast of silver, thighs of brass, and feet of clay, but it is but a great image after all. It crumbles at the first touch of the smiting stone, and, like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, its fragments are helpless on the wind. If, on the other hand, a man's doings grow out of one and the same spirit, and that spirit be consecrated to holy endeavour, they will interpenetrate and combine into beneficent achievement, and stand out a life-giving and harmonious whole. This oneness of design for which we contend is distinctive of the highest developments of the whole family of genius. A book may run through many editions, and fascinate many reviewers, but it must be informed by one spirit, new correspondences must be revealed to the æsthetic eye, and it must appear "in the serene completeness of artistic unity," ere it can settle down to be a household word in the family, or a hidden treasure in the heart. In whatever department "the beauty-making Power" has wrought—in the bodiless thought, or in the breathing marble—in the *chef-d'œuvres* of the artist, or in the conceptions of the architect—whether Praxiteles chisels, Raffaele paints, Shakespeare delineates, or Milton sings—there is the same singleness of the animating spirit. Hamlet, Paradise Lost, and Festus; the Greek Slave and the Madonna; the Coliseum and Westminster Abbey—are they not, each in its kind, creations to which nothing can be added with advantage, and from which, without damage, nothing can be taken away?

And of that other Book—our highest literature, as well as our unerring law—the glorious, world-subduing Bible, do we not feel the same? In its case the experiment has been tried. The Apocryphal has been bound up with the Inspired, like “wood, hay, and stubble,” loading the rich fretwork of a stately pile, or the clumsy work of an apprentice superadded to the finish of a master. Doubtless instruction may be gathered from it, but how it “pales its ineffectual fires” before the splendour of the Word! It is unfortunate for it that they have been brought into contact. We might be grateful for the gas-lamp at eventide, but it were grievous folly to light it up at noon. As in science, literature, art, so it is in character. We can wrap up in a word the object of “the world’s foster gods;” to bear witness for Jehovah—to extend Christianity—to disinter the truth for Europe—to “spread Scriptural holiness”—to humanize prison discipline—to abolish slavery—these are soon told; but if you unfold each word, you have the life-labour of Elijah, Paul, Luther, Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce—the inner man of each heart laid open, with its hopes, joys, fears, anxieties, ventures, faiths, conflicts, triumphs, in the long round of weary and of wasting years.

Look at this oneness of principle embodied in action. See it in Martin Luther. *He has a purpose, that miner’s son.* That purpose is the acquisition of knowledge. He exhausts speedily the resources of Mansfeld, reads hard, and devours the lectures at Magdeburg, chants in the hours of recreation, like the old Minnesingers in the streets, for bread, sits at the

feet of Trebonius in the college at Eisenach, enters as a student at Erfurt, and at the age of eighteen has outstripped his fellows, has a University for his admirer, and professors predicting for him the most successful career of the age. *He has a purpose, that scholar of Erfurt.* That purpose is the discovery of truth, for in the old library he has stumbled on a Bible. Follow him out into the new world which that volume has flashed upon his soul. With Pilate's question on his lip and in his heart, he foregoes his brilliant prospect—parts without a sigh with academical distinction—takes monastic vows in an Augustine convent—becomes the watchman and sweeper of the place—goes, a mendicant friar, with the convent's begging-bag, to the houses where he had been welcomed as a Friend, or had starved it as a Lion—wastes himself with voluntary penances well-nigh to the grave—studies the Fathers intensely, but can get no light—pores over the Book itself, with scales upon his eyes—catches a dim streak of auroral brightness, but leaves Erfurt before the glorious dawn—until at last, in his cell at Wittemberg, on his bed of languishing at Bologna, and finally at Rome—Pilate's question answered upon Pilate's stairs—there comes the thrice-repeated Gospel-whisper, "The just shall live by faith," and the glad Evangel scatters the darkening and shreds off the paralysis, and he rises into moral freedom, a new man unto the Lord! *He has a purpose, that Augustine monk.* That purpose is the Reformation! Waiting with the modesty of the hero, until he is forced into the strife, with the courage of the hero he steps into the breach to do battle for the living truth. Tardy in forming his

resolve, he is brave in his adhesion to it. Not like Erasmus, "holding the truth in unrighteousness," with a clear head and a craven heart—not like Carlstadt, hanging upon a grand principle the jatters of a petty vanity—not like Seckingen, a wielder of carnal weapons, clad in glowing mail, instead of the armour of righteousness and the weapon of all-prayer—but bold, disinterested, spiritual—he stands before us, God-prepared and God-upheld—that valiant Luther, who, in his opening prime, amazed the Cardinal de Vio by his fearless avowal, "Had I five heads I would lose them all rather than retract the testimony which I have borne for Christ"—that incorruptible Luther, whom the Pope's nuncio tried in vain to bribe, and of whom he wrote in his spleen, "This German beast has no regard for gold"—that inflexible Luther, who, when told that the fate of John Huss would probably await him at Worms, said calmly, "Were they to make a fire that would extend from Worms to Wittenberg, and reach even to the sky, I would walk across it in the name of the Lord"—that triumphant Luther, who, in his honoured age, sat in the cool shadow and 'mid the purple vintage of the tree himself had planted, and after a stormful sojourn 'scaped the toils of the hunters, and died peacefully in his bed—that undying Luther, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," the mention of whose name rouses the ardour of the manly, and quickens the pulses of the free; whose spirit yet stirs, like a clarion, the great heart of Christendom; and whose very bones have so marvellous a virtue, that, like the bones of Elisha, if on them were stretched the corpse of an effete Protestantism, they would surely

wake it into life to the honour and glory of God!

But we must not forget, as we are in some danger of doing, that we must draw our illustrations mainly from the life of Elijah. We have before affirmed that unity of purpose and consistency of effort were leading features in his character, but look at them in action, especially as displayed in the great scene of Carmel. Call up that scene before you, with all its adjuncts of grandeur and of power. The summit of the fertile hill, meet theatre for so glorious a tragedy—the idolatrous priests, with all the pompous ensigns of their idol-worship, confronted by that solitary but princely man—the gathered and anxious multitude—the deep silence following on the prophet's question—the appeal to fire—the protracted invocation of Baal—the useless incantations and barbaric rites, "from morning even until noon, and from noon until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice"—the solemn sarcasm of Elijah—the building of the altar of unfurnished stone—the drenching and surrounding it with water, strangest of all strange preparations for a burnt-sacrifice—the sky reddening as if it blushed at the folly of the priests of Baal—the sun sloping slowly to the west, and falling aslant upon the pale faces of that unwearied multitude, rapt in fixed attention, patient, stern, un-hungering—the high accents of holy prayer—the solemn pause, agonizing from its depth of feeling—the falling flame, "a fire of intelligence and power"—the consuming of all the materials of the testimony—and that mighty triumph-shout, rolling along the plain of Sharon, waking the echoes of the responsive mountains,

and thrilling over the sea with an eloquence grander than its own,—there it stands—that scene in its entirety—most wonderful even in a history of wonders, and one of the most magnificent and conclusive forthputtings of Jehovah's power! But abstract your contemplations now from the miraculous interposition, and look at the chief actor in the scene. How calm he is! How still amidst that swaying multitude! They, agitated by a thousand emotions—he, self-reliant, patient, brave! Priests mad with malice—people wild in wonder—an ominous frown darkening the royal brow—Elijah alone unmoved! Whence this self-possession? What occult principle so mightily sustains him? There was, of course, unfaltering dependence upon God. But there was also the consciousness of integrity of purpose, and of a heart “at one.” There was no recreancy in the soul. He had not been the passive observer, nor the guilty conniver at sin. He had not trodden softly, lest he should shock Ahab's prejudices or disturb his repose. He had not shared in the carnivals of Jezebel's table. He had not preserved a dastardly neutrality. Every one knew him to be “on the Lord's side.” His heart was always in tune; like Memnon's harp, it trembled into melody at the first beam of day.

With these examples before us, it behoves us to ask ourselves, *Have we a purpose?* Elijah and Luther may be marks too high for us. Do not let us affect knight-errantry, couch the lance at windmills to prove our valour, or mistake sauciness for sanctity, and impudence for inspiration. It is not probable that our mission is to beard unfaithful royalties, or to pull down the

edifices which are festooned with the associations of centuries. But in the sphere of each of us—in the marts of commerce, in the looms of labour—while the sun is climbing hotly up the sky, and the race of human pursuits and competitions is going vigorously on, there is work enough for the sincere and honest workman. The sphere for personal improvement was never so large. To brace the body for service or for suffering—to bring it into subjection to the control of the master-faculty—to acquaint the mind with all wisdom—to hoard, with miser's care, every fragment of beneficial knowledge—to twine the beautiful around the true, as the acanthus leaf around the Corinthian pillar—to quell the sinward propensities of the nature—to evolve the soul into the completeness of its moral manhood—to have the passions in harness, and firmly curb them—"to bear the image of the heavenly"—to strive after "that mind which was also in Christ Jesus"—here is a field of labour wide enough for the most resolute will. The sphere of beneficent activity was never so large. To infuse the leaven of purity into the disordered masses—to thaw the death-frost from the heart of the misanthrope—to make the treacherous one faithful to duty—to open the world's dim eye to the majesty of conscience—to gather and instruct the orphans bereft of a father's blessing and of a mother's prayer—to care for the outcast and abandoned, who have drunk in iniquity with their mother's milk, whom the priest and the Levite have alike passed by, and who have been forced in the hotbed of poverty into premature luxuriance of evil,—here is labour, which may employ a man's whole lifetime,

and his whole soul. Young men, are you working? Have you gone forth into the harvest-field bearing precious seed? Alas! perhaps some of you are yet resting in the conventional, that painted chancel which has tombed many a manhood; grasping eagerly your own social advantages; gyved by a dishonest expediency; not doing a good lest it should be evil spoken of, nor daring a faith lest the scoffer should frown. With two worlds to work in—the world of the heart, with its many-phased and wondrous life, and the world around, with its problems waiting for solution, and its contradictions panting for the harmonizer—you are perhaps enchained in the Island of Calypso, thrall'd by its blandishments, emasculated by its enervating air. Oh for some strong-armed Mentor to thrust you over the cliff, and strain with you among the buffeting waves! Brothers, let us be men. Let us bravely fling off our chains. If we cannot be commanding, let us at least be sincere. Let our earnestness amend our incapacity. Let ours not be a life of puerile inanities or obsequious Mammon-worship. Let us look through the pliant neutral in his hollowness, and the churlish miser in his greed, and let us go and do otherwise than they. Let us not be ingrates while Heaven is generous, idlers while earth is active, slumberers while eternity is near. Let us have a purpose, and let that purpose be one. Without a central principle all will be in disorder. Ithaca is misgoverned, Penelope beset by clamorous suitors, Telemachus in peril, all because Ulysses is away. Let the Ulysses of the soul return, let the governing principle exert its legitimate authority, and the harpy-

suitors of appetite and sense shall be slain—the heart, married to the truth, shall retain its fidelity to its bridal-vow, and the eldest-born, a purpose of valour and of wisdom, shall carve its highway to renown, and achieve its deeds of glory. Aim at this singleness of eye. Abhor a life of self-contradictions, as a grievous wrong done to an immortal nature. And thus, having a purpose—*one* purpose—a worthy purpose—you cannot toil in vain. Work in the inner—it will tell upon the outer world. Purify your own heart—you will have a reformative power on the neighbourhood. Shrine the truth within—it will attract many pilgrims. Kindle the vestal fire—it will ray out a life-giving light. Have the mastery over your own spirit—you will go far to be a world-subduer. Oh, if there be one here who would uplift himself or advance his fellows, who would do his brother “a good which shall live after him,” or enrol himself among the benefactors of mankind, to him we say, Cast out of thyself all that loveth and maketh a lie—hate every false way—set a worthy object before thee—work at it with both hands, an open heart, an earnest will, and a firm faith, and then go on—

“ Onward, while a wrong remains
 To be conquered by the right—
 While oppression lifts a finger
 To affront us by his might.
 While an error clouds the reason,
 Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
 Or a slave awaits his freedom,
 Action is the wise man’s part !”

The Prophet’s consistency of purpose, his calmness in the time of danger, and his marvellous success,

require, however, some further explanation, and that explanation is to be found in the fact that *he was a man of prayer*. Prayer was the forerunner of his every action—the grace of supplication prepared him for his mightiest deeds. Whatever was his object—to seal or to open the fountains of heaven—to evoke the obedient fire on Carmel—to shed joy over the bereft household of the Sareptan widow—to bring down “forks of flame” upon the captains and their fifties—there was always the solemn and the earnest prayer. Tishbe, Zarephath, Carmel, Jezreel, Gilgal—he had his oratory in them all. And herein lay the secret of his strength. The mountain-closet emboldened him for the mountain-altar. While the winged birds were providing for his body, the winged prayers were strengthening his soul. In answer to his entreaties in secret, the whole armour of God was at his service, and he buckled the breastplate, and braced the girdle, and strapped on the sandals, and stepped forth from his closet a hero, and men knew that he had been in Jehovah’s presence-chamber from the glory which lingered on his brow.

Now, as man is to be contemplated, not only in reference to time, but in reference to eternity, this habit of prayer is necessary to the completeness of his character. If the present were his all—if his life were to shape itself only amid surrounding perplexities of good or evil—if he had merely to impress his individuality upon his age, and then die and be forgotten, or in the veiled future have no living and conscious concern, then, indeed, self-confidence might be his highest virtue—self-will his absolute law—self-aggrandisement his supremest end. But, as beyond the

present, there lies, in all its solemnness, eternity—as the world to which we are all hastening is a world of result, discovery, fruition, recompense—as an impartial register chronicles our lives, that a righteous retribution may follow—our dependence upon God must be felt and recognised, and there must be some medium through which to receive the communications of his will. This medium is furnished to us in prayer. It has been ordained by himself as a condition of strength and blessing, and all who are under his authority are under binding obligations to pray.

Young men, you have been exhorted to aspire. Self-reliance has been commended to you as a grand element of character. We would echo these counsels. They are counsels of wisdom. But to be safe and to be perfect, you must connect with them the spirit of prayer. Emulation, unchastened by any higher principle, is to our perverted nature very often a danger and an evil. The love of distinction, not of truth and right, becomes the master-passion of the soul, and instead of high-reaching labour after good, there comes Vanity with its parodies of excellence, or mad Ambition shrinking from no enormity in its cupidity or lust of power. Self-reliance, in a heart unsanctified, often gives place to Self-confidence, its base-born brother. Under its unfriendly rule there rise up in the soul overweening estimate of self—inveteracy of evil habit—impatience of restraint or control—the disposition to lord it over others—and that dogged and repulsive obstinacy, which, like the dead fly in the ointment, throws an ill savour over the entire character of the man. These are its smaller manifestations, but, in

congenial soil, and with commensurate opportunities, it blossoms out into some of the worst forms of humanity—the ruffian, who is the terror of his neighbourhood—the tyrant, who has an appetite for blood—the atheist, who denies his God. Now, the habit of prayer will afford to these principles the salutary check which they need. It will sanctify emulation, and make it a virtue to aspire. It will curb the excesses of ambition, and keep down the vauntings of unholy pride. The man will aim at the highest, but in the spirit of the lowest, and prompted by the thought of immortality—not the loose immortality of the poet's dream, but the substantial immortality of the Christian's hope—he will travel on to his reward. In like manner will the habit of prayer chasten and consecrate the principle of self-reliance. It will preserve, intact, all its enterprise and bravery. It will bate not a jot of its original strength and freedom, but, when it would wanton out into insolence and pride, it will restrain it by the consciousness of a higher power, it will shed over the man the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and it will show, existing in the same nature and in completest harmony, indomitable courage in the arena of the world, and loyal submission to the authority of heaven. Many noble examples have attested how this inner life of heaven—combining the heroic and the gentle, softening without enfeebling the character, preparing either for action or endurance—has shed its power over the outer life of earth. How commanding is the attitude of Paul from the time of his conversion to the truth! What courage he has—encountering the Epicurean and

Stoical philosophers—revealing the unknown God to the multitude at Athens—making the false-hearted Felix tremble, and almost constraining the pliable Agrippa to decision—standing, silver-haired and solitary, before the bar of Nero—dying a martyr for the loved name of Jesus!—that heroism was born in the solitude where he importunately “besought the Lord.” “In Luther’s closet,” says D’Aubigné, “we have the secret of the Reformation.” The Puritans—those “men of whom the world was not worthy”—to whom we owe immense, but scantily acknowledged, obligations—how kept they their fidelity? Tracked through wood and wild, the baying of the fierce sleuth-hound breaking often upon their sequestered worship—their prayer was the talisman which “stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire.” You cannot have forgotten how exquisitely the efficacy of prayer is presented in our second book of Proverbs:—

“Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires of
decline ;
Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas ! poor child of weakness ?
Thou hast erred ; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength :
For the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye ;
Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,
For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured, —
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.”¹

Desolate, indeed, is the spirit, like the hills of Gilboa, reft of the precious things of heaven, if it never prays. Do *you* pray? Is the fire burning upon that secret altar? Do you go to the closet as a duty? linger in it as a privilege?—What is that you

¹ Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, “Of Prayer,” p. 109.

say? There is a scoffer in the same place of business with you, and he tells you it is cowardly to bow the knee, and he jeers you about being kept in leading-strings, and urges you to avow your manliness, and as he is your room-mate, you have been ashamed to pray before him—and, moreover, he seems so cheerful, and resolute, and brave, that his words have made some impression! What! he brave? He who gave up the journey the other day because he lucklessly discovered it was Friday—he who lost his self-possession at the party because “the salt was spilt—to him it fell”—he who, whenever friends solicit and the tempter plies, is afraid to say no—he who dares not for his life look into his own heart, for he fancies it a haunted house, with goblins perched on every landing to pale the cheek and blench the courage—he a brave man? Oh! to your knees, young man—to your knees, that the cowardice may be forgiven and forgotten. There is no bravery in blasphemy, there is no dastardliness in godly fear. It is prayer which strengthens the weak, and makes the strong man stronger. Happy are you, if it is your habit and your privilege. You can offer it anywhere. In the crowded mart or busy street—flying along the gleaming line—sailing upon the wide waters—out in the broad world—in the strife of sentiment and passion—in the whirlwind of battle—at the festival and at the funeral—if the frost braces the spirit or the fog depresses it—if the clouds are heavy on the earth or the sunshine fills it with laughter—when the dew is damp upon the grass, or when the lightning flashes in the sky—in the matins of sunrise or the vespers of

nightfall,—let but the occasion demand it—let the need be felt—let the soul be imperilled—let the enemy threaten—happy are you, for you can pray.

We learn from the Prophet's history that *God's discipline for usefulness is frequently a discipline of trouble*. His enforced banishment to the brook Cherith—his struggles in that solitude, with the unbelief which would fear for the daily sustenance, and with the selfishness which would fret and pine for the activities of life—Ahab's bloodthirsty and eager search for him, of which he would not fail to hear—Jezebel's subsequent and bitterer persecution—the apparent failure of his endeavours for the reformation of Israel—the forty days' fasting in the wilderness of Horeb,—all these were parts of one grand disciplinary process, by which he was made ready for the Lord—fitted for the triumph on Carmel, for the still voice on the mountain, and for the ultimate occupancy of the chariot of fire. It is a beneficent arrangement of Providence, that "the Divinity which shapes our ends" weaves our sorrows into elements of character, and that all the disappointments and conflicts to which the living are subject—the afflictions, physical and mental, personal and relative, which are the common lot, may, rightly used, become means of improvement and create in us sinews of strength. Trouble is a marvellous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. Difficulties string up the energies to loftier effort, and intensity is gained from repression. By sorrow the temper is mellowed, and the feeling is refined. When suffering has broken up the soil, and made the furrows

soft, there can be implanted the hardy virtues which outbrave the storm. In short, trial is God's glorious alchemy, by which the dross is left in the crucible, the baser metals are transmuted, and the character is riched with the gold. It would be easy to multiply examples of the singular efficacy of trouble as a course of discipline. Look at the history of God's chosen people. A king arose in Egypt "which knew not Joseph," and his harsh tyranny drove the Hebrews from their land of Goshen, and made them the serfs of an oppressive bondage. The iron entered into their souls. For years they remained in slavery, until in his own good time God arose to their help, and brought them out "with a high hand and with a stretched-out arm." We do not mean, of all things, to make apologies for Pharaoh and his task-masters, but we *do* mean to say that that bondage was, in many of its results, a blessing, and that the Israelite, building the treasure-cities, and, perhaps, the Pyramids, was a very different and a very superior being to the Israelite—inexperienced and ease-loving—who fed his flocks in Goshen. God over-ruled that captivity, and made it the teacher of many important lessons. They had been hitherto a host of families—they were to be exalted into a nation. There was to be a transition effected from the simplicity of the patriarchal government and clanship to the superb theocracy of the Levitical economy. Egypt was the school in which they were to be trained for Canaan, and in Egypt they were taught, although reluctant and indocile learners, the forms of civil government, the theory of subordination and order, and the arts and habits

of civilised life. Hence, when God gave his laws on Sinai, those laws fell upon the ears of a prepared people—even in the desert they could fabricate the trappings of the temple service, and engrave the mystic characters upon the “gems oracular” which flashed upon the breastplate of the High Priest of God. The long exile in the wilderness of Midian was the chastening by which Moses was instructed, and the impetuosity of his temper mellowed and subdued, so that he who, in his youthful hatred of oppression, slew the Egyptian, became in his age the meekest man, the much-enduring and patient law-giver. A very notable instance of the influence of difficulty and failure in rousing the energies and carrying them on to success, has been furnished in our own times. Of course we refer to this case in this one aspect only—altogether excluding any expression as to the merit or demerit of the man. There will probably be two opinions about him, and those widely differing, in this assembly. We are not presenting him as an example, but as an illustration—save in the matter of steady and persevering purpose—and in this, if he be even an opponent, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.

In the year 1837, a young member, oriental alike in his lineage and in his fancy, entered Parliament, chivalrously panting for distinction in that intellectual arena. He was already known as a successful three-volumer, and his party were ready to hail him as a promising auxiliary. Under these auspices he rose to make his maiden speech. But he had made a grand mistake. He had forgotten that the figures of St. Stephen's are generally arithmetical, and that

superfluity of words, except in certain cases, is regarded as superfluity of naughtiness. He set out with the intention to dazzle, but country gentlemen object to be dazzled, save on certain conditions. They must be allowed to prepare themselves for the shock, they must have due notice beforehand, and the operation must be performed by an established Parliamentary favourite. In this case all these conditions were wanting. The speaker was a *parvenu*. He took them by surprise, and he pelted them with tropes like hail. Hence he had not gone far before there were signs of impatience—by and by the ominous cry of “Question”—then came some Parliamentary extravagance, met by derisive cheers—cachinnatory symptoms began to develop themselves, until, at last, in the midst of an imposing sentence, in which he had carried his audience to the Vatican, and invested Lord John Russell with the temporary custody of the keys of St. Peter, the mirth grew fast and furious—sommolent squires woke up and joined in sympathy, and the House resounded with irrepressible peals of laughter. Mortified and indignant, the orator sat down, closing with these memorable words, “I sit down now—but the time will come when you will hear me!” In the mortification of that night, we doubt not, was born a resolute working for the fulfilment of those words. It was an arduous struggle. There were titled claimants for renown among his competitors, and he had to break down the exclusivism. There was a suspicion of political adventuring at work, and broadly circulated, and he had this to overcome. Above all, he had to live down the remembrance of his failure.

But there was the consciousness of power, and the fall which would have crushed the coward made the brave man braver. Warily walking, and steadily toiling, through the chance of years, seizing the opportunity as it came, and always biding his time, he climbed upward to the distant summit—prejudice melted like snow beneath his feet—and in 1852, fifteen short years after his apparent annihilation, he was in her Majesty's Privy Council, styling himself Right Honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Leader of the British House of Commons.

Sirs, are there difficulties in your path, hindering your pursuit of knowledge, restraining your benevolent endeavour, making your spiritual life a contest and a toil? Be thankful for them. They will test your capabilities of resistance. You will be impelled to persevere from the very energy of the opposition. If there be any might in your soul, like the avalanche of snow, it will acquire additional momentum from the obstacles which threaten to impede it. Many a man has thus robed himself in the spoils of a vanquished difficulty, and his conquests have accumulated at every onward and upward step, until he has rested from his labour—the successful athlete who has thrown the world. “An unfortunate illustration,” you are ready to say, “for all cannot win the Olympic crown, nor wear the Isthmian laurel. What of him who fails? How is he recompensed? What does he gain?” What? Why, STRENGTH FOR LIFE. His training has ensured him *that*. He will never forget the gymnasium and its lessons. He will always be a stalwart man, a man of muscle and of sinew. THE REAL MERIT IS NOT

IN THE SUCCESS BUT IN THE ENDEAVOUR, and win or lose he will be honoured and crowned.

It may be that the sphere of some of you is that of endurance rather than of enterprise. You are not called to aggress, but to resist. The power to work has reached its limit for a while—the power to *wait* must be exerted. There are periods in our history when Providence shuts us up to the exercise of faith, when patience and fortitude are more valuable than valour and courage, and when any “further struggle would but defeat our prospects and embarrass our aims.” To resist the powerful temptation—to overcome the besetting sin—to restrain the sudden impulse of anger—to keep sentinel over the door of the lips, and turn back the biting sarcasm and the word unkind—to be patient under unmerited censure—amid opposing friends and a scoffing world to keep the faith high and the purpose firm—to watch through murky night and howling storm for the coming day—in these cases to be still is to be brave; what Burke has called “a masterly inactivity” is our highest prowess, and quietude is the part of heroism. There is a young man in business battling with some strong temptation by which he is vigorously assailed—he is solicited to engage in some unlawful undertaking, with the prospect of immediate and lucrative returns. Custom pleads prescription—“It is done every day.” Partiality suggests that so small a deviation will never be regarded—“Is it not a little one?” Interest reminds him that by his refusal his “craft will be in danger.” Compromise is sure that “when he bows himself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord will pardon his servant in this

thing." All these fearful voices are urging his compliance. But the Abdiel-conscience triumphs—help is invoked where it can never be invoked in vain, and he spurns the temptation away. Is he not a hero? Earth may despise such a victory, but he can afford that scorn when, on account of him, "there is joy in heaven." Oh, there are, day by day, vanishing from the world's presence those of whom she wotteth not, whose heritage has been a heritage of suffering, who, in the squalors of poverty, have gleaned a hallowed chastening, from whom the fires of sickness have scaled their earthliness away, and they have grown up into such transcendent and archangel beauty, that Death, God's eagle, sweeps them into heaven! Murmur not, then, if in the inscrutable allotments of Providence you are called to suffer rather than to do. There is a time to labour, and there is a time to refrain. The completeness of the Christian character consists in energetic working when working is practicable, and in submissive waiting when waiting is necessary. You believe that beyond the waste of waters there is a rich land to be discovered, and, like Columbus, you have manned the vessel and hopefully set sail. But your difficulties are increasing. The men's hearts are failing them for fear—they wept when you got out of sight of land—the distance is greater than you thought—there is a weary and unvaried prospect of only sky and sea—you have not spoken a ship nor exchanged a greeting—your crew are becoming mutinous, and brand you mad—officers and men crowd round you, savagely demanding return. Move not a hair's breadth. Command the craven spirits to their duty. Bow them

before the grandeur of your courage and the triumph of your faith—

“ Hushing every muttered murmur,
 Let your fortitude the firmer
 Gird your soul with strength,—
 While, no treason near her lurking,
 Patience in her perfect working,
 Shall be queen at length.”

Ha! What is it? What says the watcher? LAND in the distance. No, not yet—but there's a hopeful fragrance in the breeze—the sounding-line gives shallower and yet shallower water—the tiny land-birds flutter round, venturing on timid wing to give their joyous welcome. Spread the canvas to the wind—by and by there shall be the surf-wave on the strand—the summits of the land of promise visible—the flag flying at the harbour's mouth, and echoing from grateful hearts and manly voices the swelling spirit-hymn, “ So he bringeth us to our desired haven.”

We are taught by the Prophet's history *the evil of undue disquietude about the aspect of the times*. The followers of Baal had been stung to madness by their defeat on Carmel, and Jezebel, their patroness, mourning over her slaughtered priests, swore by her idols that she would have the Prophet's life for theirs. On this being reported to Elijah, he seems to be paralyzed with fear, all his former confidence in God appears to be forgotten, and the remembrance of the mighty deliverances of the past fails to sustain him under the pressure of this new trial. Such is poor human nature. He, before whom the tyrant Ahab had quailed—he, whose prayer had suspended the course of nature and sealed up the fountains of

heaven—he who, in the face of all Israel, had confronted and conquered eight hundred and fifty men, terrified at the threat of an angry woman, flees in precipitation and in terror, and, hopeless for the time of his own safety, and of the success of his endeavours for the good of Israel, wanders off into the wilderness, and sighs forth his feelings in the peevish and melancholy utterance—Let me die. “It is enough—now, O Lord God, take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers.” This desertion of duty, failure of faith, sudden cowardice, unwarranted despondency, petulance and murmuring, are characteristics of modern no less than of ancient days. There is one class of observers, indeed, who are not troubled with any disquietude, to whom all wears the tint of the rose-light, and who are disposed to regard the apprehensions of their soberer neighbours as dyspeptic symptoms, or as incipient hypochondriacism. Whenever the age is mentioned they go off in an ecstasy. They are like the Malvern patients of whom Sir Lytton Bulwer tells, who, after having made themselves extempore mummies in the “pack,” and otherwise undergone their matutinal course of hydropathy, are so intensely exhilarated, and have such an exuberance of animal spirits, that they are obliged to run a considerable distance for the sake of working themselves off. Their volubility of praise is extraordinary, and it is only when they are thoroughly out of breath that you have the chance to edge in a syllable. They tell us that the age is “golden,” auriferous in all its developments, transcending all others in immediate advantage and in auguries of future good. We are pointed to the kindling love of freedom,

to the quickened onset of inquiry, to the stream of legislation broadening as it flows, to the increase of hereditary mind, to the setting farther and farther back of the old landmarks of improvement, and to the enclosure of whole acres of intellectual and moral waste, thought formerly not worth the tillage. We would not for one moment be understood to undervalue these and other signs equally and yet more encouraging. On the other hand, though no alarmists, we would not be insensible to the fears of those who tell us that we are in danger—that our liberty of which we boast ourselves is strangely like licentiousness—that our intellectual eminence may prove practical folly—that our liberality verges on indifferentism—and that our chiefest dignity is our yet unhumiliated pride, that *φρόνημα σαρκός*, which, in all its varieties, and in all conditions, is “enmity against God.” A very cursory glance at the state of things around us will suffice to show that with the dawn of a brighter day there are blent some gathering clouds.

Amid those who have named the Master’s name there is much which calls for caution and for warning. Political strife, fierce and absorbing, leading the mind off from the realities of its own condition—a current of worldly conformity setting in strongly upon the Churches of the land—the ostentation and publicity of religious enterprises prompting to the neglect of meditation and of secret prayer—sectarian bitterness in its sad and angry developments—the multiform and lamentable exhibitions of practical Antinomianism which abound amongst us—all these have in their measure prevented the fulfilment of the Church’s mission in the world.

If you look outside the pale of the Churches, viewed from a Christian standpoint, the aspect is somewhat alarming. Crime does not diminish. The records of our offices of police and of our courts of justice are perfectly appalling. Intemperance, like a mighty gulf-stream, drowns its thousands. The Sabbath is systematically desecrated, and profligacy yet exerts its power to fascinate and to ruin souls. And then, deny it as we will, there is the engrossing power of Mammon. Covetousness—the sin of the heart, of the Church, of the world—is found everywhere; lurking in the guise of frugality in the poor man's dwelling—dancing in the shape of gold-fields and Australia before the flattered eye of youth—shrined in the marts of the busy world, receiving the incense and worship of the traders in vanity—arrayed in purple and faring sumptuously every day in the mansion of Dives—twining itself round the pillars of the sanctuary of God—it is the great world-emperor still, swaying an absolute authority, with legions of subordinate vices to watch its nod, and to perform its bidding.

Then, besides this iniquity of practical ungodliness, there is also the iniquity of theoretical opinion. There is Popery, that antiquated superstition, which is coming forth in its decrepitude, rouging over its wrinkles, and flaunting itself, as it used to do, in its well-remembered youth. There are the various ramifications of the subtle spirit of Unbelief—*Atheism*, discarding its former audacity of blasphemy, assuming now a modest garb and mendicant whine, asking our pity for its idiosyncrasy, bewailing its misfortune in not being

able to believe that there is a God—*Rationalism*, whether in the transcendentalism of Hegel, or in the allegorizing impiety of Strauss, or in the pantheistic philosophy of Fichte, eating out the heart of the Gospel, into which its vampire-fangs have fastened—*Latitudinarianism* on a sentimental journey in search of the religious instinct, doling out its equal and niggard praise to it wherever it is found, in Fetichism, Thug-gism, Mohammedanism, or Christianity—that species of active and high-sounding scepticism, which, for want of a better name, we may call a *Credophobia*, which selects the confessions and catechisms as the objects of its especial hostility, and which, knowing right well that if the banner is down, the courage fails, and the army will be routed or slain, “furious as a wounded bull, runs tearing at the creeds,”—these, with all their offshoots and dependencies (for their name is Legion) grouped under the generic style of Infidelity, have girt themselves for the combat, and are asserting and endeavouring to establish their empire over the intellects and consciences of men. And as this spirit of Unbelief has many sympathies with the spirit of Superstition, they have entered into unholy alliance—“Herod and Pilate have been made friends together”—and, hand joined in hand, they are arrayed against the truth of God. Oh, rare John Bunyan! Was he not among the prophets? Listen to his description of the last army of Diabolus before the final triumph of Immanuel: “Ten thousand DOUBTERS, and fifteen thousand BLOODMEN, and old *Incredulity* was again made general of the army.”

In this aspect of the age its tendencies are not

always upward, nor its prospects encouraging, and we can understand the feeling which bids the Eliq of our Israel "sit by the wayside watching, for their hearts tremble for the ark of God." We seem to be in the mysterious twilight of which the Prophet speaks, "The light shall not be clear nor dark, but one day *known unto the Lord*, not day nor night." Ah! here is our consolation. It is "known unto the Lord"—then our faith must not be weakened by distrust, nor our labour interrupted by fear. It is "known unto the Lord"—and from the mount of Horeb he tells us that in the secret places of the heritage there are seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal. It is "known unto the Lord"—and while we pity the Prophet in the wilderness asking for a solitary death—death under a cloud—death in judgment—death in sorrow—he draws aside the veil, and shows us heaven preparing to do him honour—the celestial escort making ready to attend him—the horses being harnessed into the chariot of fire.

Sirs, if there be this opposition, be it ours to "contend" the more "earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Many are persuading us to give up and abandon our creeds. We ought rather to hold them with a firmer grasp, and infuse into them a holier life. We can imagine how the infidel would accost an intelligent and hearty believer. "Be independent—don't continue any longer in leading-strings, taking your faith from the *ipse dixit* of another—use your senses, which are the only means of knowledge—cast your confessions and rituals away—a strong man needs no crutches." And we can imagine the reply.

“Brother, the simile is not a happy one—my creed is not a crutch—it is a highway thrown up by former travellers to the land that is afar off. ‘Other men have laboured,’ and of my own free-will I ‘enter into their labour.’ If thou art disposed to clear the path with thy own hatchet, with lurking serpents underneath and knotted branches overhead, God speed thee, my brother, for thy work is of the roughest, and while thou art resting—fatigued and ‘*considering*’—thou mayest die before thou hast come upon the truth. I am grateful to the modern Macadamizers who have toiled for the coming time. Commend me to the king’s highway. I am not bound in it with fetters of iron. I can climb the hill for the sake of a wider landscape. I can cross the stile, that I may slake my thirst at the old moss-covered well in the field. I can saunter down the woodland glade, and gather the wild heart’s-ease that peeps from among the tangled fern—but I go back to the good old path where the pilgrim’s tracks are visible, and, like the shining light, ‘it grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.’”

Sirs, this is not the time for us to be done with creeds. They are, in the various Churches, their individual embodiments of what they believe to be truth, and their individual protests against what they deem to be error. “Give up our theology!” says Mr. James, of Birmingham, “then farewell to our piety. Give up our theology! then dissolve our Churches—for our Churches are founded upon truth. Give up our theology! then next vote our Bibles to be myths. And this is clearly the aim of many—the destruction of all these together—our piety—our Churches—our

Bibles." This testimony is true. There cannot be an attack upon the one without damage and mischief to the other.

"Just as in old mythology
What time the woodman slew
Each poet-worshipped forest-tree—
He killed its Dryad too."

So as the assault upon these expressions of Christianity is successful, the spiritual presence enshrined in them will languish and die. "Hold fast," then, "the form of sound words." Amidst the war of sentiment and the jangling of false philosophy, though the sophist may denounce, and though the fool may laugh, let your high resolve go forth to the moral universe, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Christ and him crucified."

There is another matter to which, if you would successfully join in resistance to the works of evil, you must give earnest heed, and that is the desirableness, I had almost said the necessity—I will say it, for it is my solemn conviction, and why should it not be manfully out-spoken?—the *necessity* of public dedication to the service of your Master—Christ. You will readily admit that confession is requisite for the completeness of discipleship—and you cannot have forgotten how the apostle has linked it to faith: "Confess with thine mouth, and believe with thine heart." To such confession—in the present day, at all events—*church-fellowship* is necessary. You cannot adequately make it in social intercourse, nor by a consistent example, nor even by a decorous attendance with outer-court worshippers. There must be public and solemn union

with the Church of Christ. The influence of this avowed adhesion ought not to be forgotten. A solitary "witness" of obedience or faith is lost, like an invisible atom in the air—it is the union of each particle, in itself insignificant, which makes up the "cloud of witnesses" which the world can see. Your own admirable Society exemplifies the advantage of association in benevolent and Christian enterprise, and the Churches of the land, maligned as they have been by infidel slanderers, and imperfectly—very imperfectly—as they have borne witness for God, have yet been the great breakwaters against error and sin—the blest Elims to the desert wayfarer—the towers of strength in the days of siege and strife. Permit us to urge this matter upon you. Of course we do not pretend to specify—that were treason against the noble catholicity of this Society—though each of your Lecturers has the Church of his intelligent preference, and we are none of us ashamed of our own—but we do mean to say, that you ought to join yourselves to that Church which appears to your prayerful judgment to be most in accordance with the New Testament, there to render whatever you possess of talent, and influence, and labour. This is my testimony, sincerely and faithfully given—and if, in its utterance, it shall, by God's blessing, recall one wanderer to allegiance, or constrain one waverer to decision, it will not have been spoken in vain.

Yet once more upon this head. There must be deeper piety, more influential and transforming godliness. An orthodox creed—valuable church privileges—what are these without personal devotedness? They must be faithful labourers—men of consecrated hearts—

who are to do the work of the Lord. Believe me, the depth of apostolic piety, and the fervour of apostolic prayer, are required for the exigencies of the present and coming time. That Church of the future, which is to absorb into itself the regenerated race, must be a living and a holy Church. Scriptural principles must be enunciated by us all—with John the Baptist's fearlessness, and with John the Evangelist's love. It is a mistake to suppose that fidelity and affection are unfriendly. The highest achievements in knowledge—the most splendid revelations of God—are reserved in his wisdom for the man of perfect love. Who but the beloved disciple could worm out of the Master's heart the foul betrayer's name? Whose heart but his was large enough to hold the Apocalypse, which was flung into it in the island of Patmos? There must be this union of deepest faithfulness and deepest love to fit us for the coming age—and to get it, we must just do as John did—we must lie upon the Master's bosom until the smile of the Master has burned out of our hearts all earthlier and coarser passion, and has chastened the bravery of the hero by the meekness of the child.

The great lesson which is taught us in the Prophet's history is that which was taught to him by the revelation on Horeb, that *the Word is God's chosen instrumentality for the Church's progress, and for the world's recovery.* There were other lessons, doubtless, for his personal benefit. He had deserted his duty, and was rebuked—he had become impatient and exasperated, and was calmed down—craven-hearted and unbelieving, he was fortified by the display of

God's power—dispirited and wishing angrily for death, he was consoled with promise, and prepared for future usefulness and duty. But the grand lesson of all was, that Jehovah, when he works, works not with the turbulence and passion of a man, but with the stillness and grandeur of a God. "He was not in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice." And so it is still. "The whirlwind" of battle, "the earthquake" of political convulsion and change, "the fire" of the loftiest intellect, or of the most burning eloquence, are valueless to uplift and to regenerate the world. They may be, they very often are, the forerunners of the final triumph—but God's power is in his Gospel—God's presence is in his Word. Here it is that we are at issue—at deep and deadly issue—with the pseudo-philosophers and benevolent "considerers," who profess to be toiling in the same cause as ourselves. They discrown Christ—they ignore the influences of the Holy Spirit—they proclaim the perfectibility of their nature in itself—they have superseded the Word as an instrument of progress—and, of their own masonry, are piling up a tower, if haply it may reach unto heaven. This is the great problem of the age. Do not let us deceive ourselves. There are men, earnest, thoughtful, working, clever men, intent upon the question. Statesmanship has gathered up its political appliances—Civilisation has exhibited her humanizing art—Philanthropy has reared educational, and mechanics', and all other sorts of institutes—amiable dreamers of the Pantheistic school have mapped out in cloudland man's progress, from the transcendental

up to the Divine—Communism has flung over all the mantle of its apparent charity, in the folds of which it has darkly hidden the dagger of its terrible purpose—nay, every man, nowadays, stands out a ready-made and self-confident artificer, each having a psalm, or a doctrine, or a theory, which is to re-create society and stir the pulses of the world. And yet the world is not regenerated, nor will it ever be by such visionary projects as these. Call up History. She will bear impartial witness. She will tell you that, before Christ came with his Evangel of purity and freedom, the finer the culture, the baser the character—that the untamed inhabitant of the old Hercynian Forest, and the Scythian and Slavonic tribes, who lived north of the Danube and the Rhine, destitute entirely of literary and artistic skill, were, in morals, far superior to the classic Greek and all-accomplished Roman. Call up Experience. She shall speak on the matter. You have increased in knowledge—have you, *therefore*, increased in piety? You have acquired a keener æsthetic susceptibility—have you gotten with it a keener relish for the spiritually true? Your mind has been led out into higher and yet higher education—have you by its nurture been brought nearer to God? Experience throws emphasis into the testimony of History, and both combine to assure us that there may be a sad divorce between Intellect and Piety—and that the training of the mind is not necessarily inclusive of the culture and discipline of the heart. Science may lead us to the loftiest heights which her inductive philosophy has sealed—Art may suspend before us her beautiful creations—Nature may rouse

a "fine turbulence" in heroic souls—the strength of the hills may nerve the patriot's arm, as the Swiss felt the inspiration of their mountains on the Morgarten battle-field—but they cannot, any or all of them, instate a man in sovereignty over his mastering corruptions, or invest a race with moral purity and power. If the grand old demon, who has the world so long in his thrall, is, by these means, ever disturbed in his possession, it is only that he may wander into desert places, and then return fresher for the exercise, and bringing seven of his kindred more inveterate and cruel. No! if the world is to be regenerated at all, it will be by the "still, small voice"—that clear and marvellous whisper, which is heard high above the din of striving peoples, and the tumult of sentiment and passion, which runs along the whole line of being, stretching its spiritual telegraph into every heart, that it may link them all with God. All human speculations have alloy about them—that Word is perfect. All human speculations fail—that Word abideth. The Jew hated it—but it lived on, while the veil was torn away from the shrine which the Shekinah had forsaken, and while Jerusalem itself was destroyed. The Greek derided it—but it has seen his philosophy effete, and his Acropolis in ruins. The Roman threw it to the flames—but it rose from its ashes, and swooped down upon the falling eagle. The reasoner cast it into the furnace, which his own malignity had heated "seven times hotter than its wont"—but it came out without the smell of fire. The Papist fastened serpents around it to poison it—but it shook them off and felt no harm. The infidel cast it overboard in a tempest of

sophistry and sarcasm—but it rode gallantly upon the crest of the proud waters. And it is living still—yet heard in the loudest swelling of the storm—it has been speaking all the while—it is speaking now. The world gets higher at its every tone, and it shall ultimately speak in power, until it has spoken this dismantled planet up again into the smiling brotherhood of worlds which kept their first estate, and God, welcoming the prodigal, shall look at it as he did in the beginning, and pronounce it to be very good.

It is as they abide by this Word, and guard sacredly this precious treasure, that nations stand or fall. The empires of old, where are they? Their power is dwarfed or gone. Their glory is only known by tradition. Their deeds are only chronicled in song. But, amid surrounding ruin, the Ark of God blesses the house of Obed-Edom. We dwell not now on our national greatness. That is the orator's eulogy and the poet's theme. We remember our religious advantages—God recognised in our senate, his name stamped on our currency, his blessing invoked upon our Queen, our Gospel ministry, our religious freedom, our unfettered privilege, our precious Sabbath, our unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible. "God hath not dealt with any nation as he hath dealt with us," and for this same purpose our possessions are extensive and our privileges secure—that we may maintain among ourselves, and diffuse amid the peoples, the Gospel of the blessed God. Alas! that our country has not been true to her responsibility, nor lavish of her strength for God. It would be well for us, and it is a startling alternative, if the curse of Meroz were our

only heritage of wrath—if our only guilt were that we “came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.” But we have not merely been indifferent, we have been hostile. The cupidity of our merchants, the profligacy of our soldiers and sailors, the impiety of our travellers, have hindered the work of the Lord. Our Government has patronized Paganism—our soldiery have saluted an idol—our cannon have roared in homage to a senseless stone—nay, we have even pandered to the prostitution of a Continent, and to the murder of thousands of her sons, debauched and slain by the barbarities of their religion—and, less conscientious than the priests of old, we have flung into the national treasury the hire of that adultery and blood. Oh, if the righteous God were to make inquisition for blood, upon the testimony of how many slaughtered witnesses might he convict pampered and lordly Britain! There is need—strong need—for our national humiliation and prayer. He who girt us with power can dry up the sinews of our strength. Let but his anger be kindled by our repeated infidelities, and our country shall fall. More magnificent than Babylon in the profusion of her opulence, she shall be more sudden than Babylon in her ruin—more renowned than Carthage for her military triumphs, shall be more desolate than Carthage in her mourning—princelier than Tyre in her commercial greatness, shall be more signal than Tyre in her fall—wider than Rome in her extent of territorial dominion, shall be more prostrate than Rome in her enslavement—prouder than Greece in her eminence of intellectual culture, shall be more degraded than Greece in her darkening

—more exalted than Capernaum in the fulness of her religious privilege, shall be more appalling than Capernaum in the deep damnations of her doom.

Young men, it is for you to redeem your country from this terrible curse. "The holy seed shall be the substance thereof." As you, and those like you, are impure or holy, you may draw down the destruction, or conduct it harmlessly away. You cannot live to yourselves. Every word you utter makes its impression—every deed you do is fraught with influences—successive, concentric, imparted—which may be felt for ages. This is a terrible power which you have—and it clings to you—you cannot shake it off. How will you exert it? We place two characters before you. Here is one—he is decided in his devotedness to God—painstaking in his search for truth—strong in benevolent purpose and holy endeavour—wielding a blessed influence—failing oft, but ceasing never—ripening with the lapse of years—the spirit mounting upon the breath of its parting prayer—the last enemy destroyed—his memory green for ages—and grateful thousands chiselling on his tomb, "HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPOKETH." There is another—he resists religious impression—outgrows the necessity for prayer—forgets the lessons of his youth, and the admonitions of his godly home—forsakes the sanctuary—sits in the seat of the scorner—laughs at religion as a foolish dream—influences many for evil—runs to excess of wickedness—sends, in some instances, his victims down before him—is stricken with premature old age—has hopeless prospects, and a terrible death-bed—rots from the remembrance of his fellows—and angel hands burn

in upon his gloomy sepulchre the epitaph of his blasted life—"AND THAT MAN PERISHED NOT ALONE IN HIS INIQUITY."

Young men, which will you choose? I affectionately press this question. Oh, choose for God! "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things"—science, art, poetry, friendship—"shall be added unto you." I do unfeignedly rejoice that so goodly a number of you have already decided.

I have only one fitness to address you—but it is one which many of your Lecturers cannot claim—and that is, a fitness of sympathy. Your hopes are mine—with your joys at their keenest I can sympathize. I have not forgotten the glad hours of opening morning, when the zephyr has a balmier breath, and through the richly-painted windows of the fancy the sunlight streams in upon the soul. I come to you as one of yourselves. Take my counsel. "My heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may be saved."

There is hope for the future. The world is moving on. The great and common mind of Humanity has caught the charm of hallowed Labour. Worthy and toil-worn labourers fall ever and anon in the march, and their fellows weep their loss, and then, dashing away the tears which had blinded them, they struggle and labour on. There has been an upward spirit evoked which men will not willingly let die. Young in its love of the beautiful, young in its quenchless thirst after the true, we see that buoyant presence—

"In hand it bears, 'mid snow and ice,
The banner with the strange device
EXCELSIOR!"

The one note of high music struck from the great harp of the world's heart-strings is graven on that banner. The student breathes it at his midnight lamp—the poet groans it forth in those spasms of his soul, when he cannot fling his heart's beauty upon language. Fair fingers have wrought in secret at that banner. Many a child of poverty has felt its motto in his soul, like the last vestige of lingering Divinity. The Christian longs for it when his faith, piercing the invisible, “desires a better country, that is, an heavenly.” Excelsior! Excelsior! Brothers, let us speed onward the youth who holds that banner—Up, up, brave Spirit!

“Climb the steep and starry road
To the Infinite's abode.”

Up, up, brave Spirit! Spite of alpine steep and frowning brow—roaring blast and crashing flood—up! Science has many a glowing secret to reveal thee—Faith has many a Tabor-pleasure to inspire. Ha! does the cloud stop thy progress? Pierce through it to the sacred morning. Fear not to approach the Divinity—it is his own longing which impels thee. Thou art speeding to thy coronation—brave Spirit! Up, up, brave Spirit! till, as thou pantest on the crest of thy loftiest achievement, God's glory shall burst upon thy face, and God's voice, blessing thee from his throne in tones of approval and of welcome, shall deliver thy guerdon—“I have made thee a little lower than the angels, and crowned thee with glory and honour!”

II.

JOHN BUNYAN.

IT were impossible to gaze upon the Pyramids, those vast sepulchres, which rise, colossal, from the Libyan desert, without solemn feeling. They exist, but where are their builders? Where is the fulfilment of their large ambition? Enter them. In their silent heart there is a sarcophagus with a handful of dust in it, and that is all that remains to us of a proud race of kings.

Histories are, in some sort, the Pyramids of nations. They entomb in olden chronicle, or in dim tradition, peoples which once filled the world with their fame, men who stamped the form and pressure of their character upon the lives of thousands. The historic page has no more to say of them than that they lived and died. "Their acts and all that they did" are compressed into scantiest record. No obsequious retinue of circumstance, nor pomp of illustration, attend them. They are handed down to us, shrivelled and solitary, only in the letters which spelt out their names. It is a serious thought, sobering enough to our aspirations after that kind of immortality, that multitudes of the men of old have their histories in their epitaphs, and that multitudes more, as worthy, slumber in nameless graves.

But although the earlier times are wrapt in a cloud of fable; though tradition, itself a myth, gropes into mythic darkness; though Æneas and Agamemnon are creations rather than men—made human by the poet's "vision and faculty divine;" though forgetfulness has overtaken actual heroes, once "content in arms to cope, each with his fronting foe;" it is interesting to observe how rapid was the transition from fable to evidence, from the uncertain twilight to the historic day. It was necessary that it should be so. "The fulness of times" demanded it. There was an ever-acting Divinity caring, through all change, for the sure working of his own purpose. The legendary must be superseded by the real; tradition must give place to history, before the advent of the Blessed One. The cross must be reared on the loftiest platform, in the midst of the ages, and in the most inquisitive condition of the human mind. The deluge is an awful monument of God's displeasure against sin, but it happened before there was history, save in the Bible, and hence there are those who gainsay it. The fall has impressed its desolations upon the universal heart, but there are scoffers who "contradict it against themselves." But the atonement has been worked out with grandest publicity. There hangs over the cross the largest cloud of witnesses. Swarthy Cyrenian and proud son of Rome, lettered Greek and jealous Jew, join hands around the sacrifice of Christ—its body-guard as an historical fact—fencing it about with most solemn authentications, and handing it to after ages, a truth, as well as a life, for all time. In like manner we find that certain periods of the world—

epochs in its social progress—times of its emerging from chivalric barbarism—times of reconstruction or of revolution—times of great energy or of nascent life, seem, as by Divine arrangement, to stand forth in sharpest outline; long distinguishable after the records of other times have faded. Such, besides the first age of Christianity, was the period of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the Puritans, and such, to the thinkers of the future, will be the many-coloured and inexplicable age in which we live. The men of those times are the men on whom history seizes, who are the studies of the after-time; men who, though they must yield to the law by which even the greatest are thrown into somewhat shadowy perspective, were yet powers in their day: men who, weighed against the world in the balance, caused “a downward tremble” in the beam. Such times were the years of the seventeenth century in this country. Such a man was JOHN BUNYAN.

Rare times they were, the times of that stirring and romantic era. How much was crowded into the sixty years of Bunyan’s eventful life! There were embraced in it the turbulent reign of the first Charles—the Star-chamber, and the High Commission, names of hate and shuddering—Laud with his Papistry, and Strafford with his scheme of Thorough—the long intestine war; Edgehill, and Naseby, and Marston, memories of sorrowful renown—a discrowned monarch, a royal trial, and a royal execution. Bunyan saw all that was venerable and all that was novel changing places like the scene-shifting of a drama; bluff cavaliers in seclusion and in exile; douce burghers acting history, and moulded

into men. Then followed the Protectorate of the many-sided and wondrous Cromwell; brief years of grandeur and of progress, during which an Englishman became a power and a name. Then came the Restoration, with its reaction of excesses—the absolutism of courtiers and courtezans—the madness which seized upon the nation when vampires like Oates and Dangerfield were gorged with perjury and drunk with blood; the Act of Uniformity, framed in true succession to take effect on St. Bartholomew's Day, by which, "at one fell swoop," were ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy Gospel; the Conventicle Act, two years later, which hounded the ejected ones from the copse and from the glen—which made it treason for a vesper-hymn to rise from the forest-minster, or a solemn litany to quiver through the midnight air; the great plague, fitting sequel to enactments so foul, when the silenced clergy, gathering in pestilence immunity from law, made the red cross the sad badge of their second ordination, and taught the anxious, and cheered the timid, at the altars from which hirelings had fled. Then followed the death of the dissolute king—the accession of James, at once a dissembler and a bigot—the renewal of the struggle between prerogative and freedom—the wild conspiracy of Monmouth—the military cruelties of Kirke and Claverhouse, the butchers of the army, and the judicial cruelties of Jeffreys, the butcher of the bench—the martyrdoms of Elizabeth Gaunt, and the gentle Alice Lisle—the glorious acquittal of the seven bishops—the final eclipse of the house of Stuart, that perfidious, and therefore fated race—and England's last revolution,

binding old alienations in marvellous unity at the foot of a parental throne. What a rush of history compressed into a less period than threescore years and ten! These were indeed times for the development of character—times for the birth of men.

And the men were there; the wit—the poet—the divine—the hero—as if genius had brought out her jewels, and furnished them nobly for a nation's need. Then Pym and Hampden bearded tyranny, and Russell and Sydney dreamed of freedom. Then Blake secured the empire of ocean, and the chivalric Falkland fought and fell. In those stirring times Charnock, and Owen, and Howe, and Henry, and Baxter, wrote, and preached, and prayed. "Cudworth and Henry More were still living at Cambridge; South was at Oxford, Prideaux in the close at Norwich, and Whitby in the close of Salisbury. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Beveridge at St. Peter's, Cornhill. Men," to continue the historian's eloquent description, "who could set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought and such energy of language that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer." For twelve years before the birth of Bunyan, all that was mortal of Shakespeare had descended to the tomb. Waller still flourished, an easy and graceful versifier; Cowley yet presented his "perverse metaphysics" to the world; Butler, like the parsons in his own *Hudibras*,

"Proved his doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;

Dryden wrote powerful satires and sorry plays, "with long resounding march and energy Divine;" George Herbert clad his thoughts in quaint and quiet beauty; and, 'mid the groves of Chalfont, as if blinded on purpose that the inner eye might be flooded with the "light which never was on sea or shore," our greater Milton sang.

In such an era, and with such men for his cotemporaries, John Bunyan ran his course, "a burning and a shining light" kindled in a dark place, for the praise and glory of God.

With the main facts of Bunyan's history you are most of you, I presume, familiar; though it may be doubted whether there be not many—his warm and hearty admirers withal—whose knowledge of him comprehends but the three salient particulars, that he was a Bedfordshire tinker, that he was confined in Bedford jail, and that he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will not be necessary, however, to-night, to do more than sketch out, succinctly, the course of his life, endeavouring—Herculean project—to collate, in a brief page, Ivimey, and Philip, and Southey, and Offer, and Cheever, and Montgomery, and Macaulay; a sevenfold biographical band, who have reasoned about the modern, as a sevenfold band of cities contended for the birth of the ancient Homer.

He was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in the year 1628. Like many others of the Lord's heroes, he was of obscure parentage, "of a low and inconsiderable generation," and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. There are expressions in his works descriptive of his

manner of life, which cannot be interpreted, as Macaulay would have it, in a theological sense, nor resolved into morbid self-upbraidings. He was an adept and a teacher in evil. In his seventeenth year we find him in the army—"an army where wickedness abounded." It is not known accurately on which side he served, but the description best answers certainly to Rupert's roystering dragoons. At twenty he married, receiving two books as his wife's only portion—*The Practice of Piety*, and *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*. By the reading of these books, and by his wife's converse and example, the Holy Spirit first wrought upon his soul. He attempted to curb his sinful propensities, and to work in himself an external reformation. He formed a habit of church-going, and an attachment almost idolatrous to the externalisms of religion. The priest was to him as the Brahman to the Pariah; "he could have lain down at his feet to be trampled on, his name, garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch him." While thus under the thralldom which superstition imposes, he indulged all the licence which superstition claims. He continued a blasphemer and a Sabbath-breaker, running to the same excess of riot as before. Then followed in agonizing vicissitude a series of convictions and relapses. He was arrested, now by the pungency of a powerful sermon, now by the reproof of an abandoned woman, and anon by visions in the night, distinct and terrible. One by one, under the lashes of the law, "that stern Moses, which knows not how to spare," he relinquished his besetting sins—swearing, Sabbath-breaking, bell-ringing, dancing; from all these he struggled successfully to free himself

while he was yet uninfluenced by the evangelical motive, and with his heart alienated from the life of God. New and brighter light flashed upon his spirit from the conversation of some godly women at Bedford, who spake of the things of God and of kindred hopes and yearnings "with much pleasantness of Scripture," as they sat together in the sun. He was instructed more perfectly by "holy Mr. Gifford," the Evangelist of his dream, and in "the comment on the Galatians" of brave old Martin Luther he found the photograph of his own sinning and troubled soul. For two years there were but glimpses of the fitful sunshine, dimly seen through a spirit-storm, perpetual and sad. Temptations of dark and fearful power assailed and possessed his soul. Then was the time of that fell combat with Apollyon, of the fiery darts and hideous yells, of the lost sword and the rejoicing enemy. Then also he passed, distracted and trembling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. At length, by the blest vision of Christ "made of God unto him wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," the glad deliverance came—the clouds rolled away from his heart and from his destiny, and he walked in the undimmed and glorious heaven. From this time his spiritual course was, for the most part, one of comfort and peace. He became a member of the Baptist Church under Mr. Gifford's pastorate, and when that faithful witness ceased his earthly testimony, he engaged in earnest exhortations to sinners, "as a man in chains speaking to men in chains," and was shortly urged forward, by the concurrent call of

the Spirit and the Bride, to the actual ministry of the Gospel. His ministry was heartfelt, and therefore powerful, and was greatly blessed of God. In 1660 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles," and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favour as to move the pity of Sir Matthew Hale, beneath whose ermine throbbed a God-fearing heart like that which beat beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. His own words are, "So being again delivered up to the jailor's hands, I was had home to prison." *Home to prison!* Think of that, young men! See the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affectation of indifference to suffering—no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man "that has the herb heart's-ease in his bosom"—the triumph of a kingly spirit, happy in its own content, and throned over extremest ill.

Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts—if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife—then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the daytime, is the heroine-wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her leal and womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind and therefore best-beloved. There,

on the table, is the *Book of Martyrs*, with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength which empowered each manly heart, and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands, with heart of grace and consolation strong, the Heavenly Comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, "the prisoners heard them." The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good-night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did make him write." He has felt all the fullness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain, and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the

gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is the one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair. From the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendours—the New Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and THAT is the King in his beauty; until, prostrate beneath the insufferable splendour, the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise. Now, think of these things—endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever fresh and ever comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write, "I was had home to prison."

In 1672, Richard Carver, a member of the Society of Friends, who had been mate of the vessel in which King Charles escaped to France after his defeat at Worcester, and who had carried the king on his back through the surf and landed him on French soil, claimed, as his reward, the release of his co-religionists who crowded the jails throughout the land. After some hesitation, Charles was shamed into compliance. A cumbrous deed was prepared, and under the provisions of that deed, which was so framed as to include sufferers of other persuasions, Bunyan obtained deliverance, having lain in the prison complete twelve years.

From the time of his release his life flowed evenly on. Escaped alike from Doubting Castle and from the net of the flatterer, he dwelt in the Beulah land of ripening piety and immortal hope. The last act of the strong and gentle spirit brought down on him the peace-maker's blessing. Fever seized him in London on his return from an errand of mercy, and after ten days' illness, long enough for the utterance of a whole treasury of dying sayings, he calmly fell asleep.

"Mortals cried, a man is dead ;
Angels sang, a child is born :"

and in honour of that nativity "all the bells of the celestial city rang again for joy." From his elevation in heaven, his whole life seems to preach to us his own Pentecostal evangel, "There is room enough here for body and soul, but not for body, and soul, and sin."

There are various phases in which Bunyan is pre-

sented to us which are suggestive of interesting remark, or which may tend to exhibit the wholeness of his character before us, and upon which, therefore, we may not unprofitably dwell.

As a WRITER, he will claim our attention for a while. This is not the time to enter into any analysis of his various works, nor of the scope and texture of his mind. That were a task rather for the critic than the lecturer; and although many mental anatomists have been already at work upon it, there is room for the skilful handling of the scalpel still. His fame has rested so extensively upon his marvellous allegories, that there is some danger lest his more elaborate works should be depreciated or forgotten; but as a theologian he is able and striking, and as a contributor to theological literature he is a worthy associate of the brightest Puritan divines. His terse, epigrammatic aphorisms, his array of "picked and packed words," the clearness with which he enunciates, and the power with which he applies the truth, his intense and burning earnestness, the warm soul that is seen beating, in benevolent heart-throbs, through the transparent page, his vivacious humour, flashing out from the main body of his argument like lightning from a summer sky, his deep spirituality, chastening an imagination princely almost beyond compare—all these combine to claim for him a high place among that band of masculine thinkers, who were the glory of the Commonwealth, and whose words, weighty in their original utterance, are sounds which echo still. The amount of actual good accomplished by his writings it would be difficult to estimate

No man since the days of the Apostles has done more to draw the attention of the world to the matters of supremest value, nor painted the beauty of holiness in more alluring colours, nor spoken to the universal heart in tenderer sympathy or with more thrilling tone. In how many readers of the *Grace Abounding* has there been the answer of the heart to the history! What multitudes are there to whom *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved* has been as "yonder shining light" which has led through the wicket gate, and by the house of the Divine Interpreter, to the blest spot "where was a cross, with a sepulchre hard by," and at the sight of that cross the burden has fallen off, and the roll has been secured, and jubilant, and sealed, and shining, they have gone on to victory and heaven! How many have revelled in silent rapture in his descriptions of "the Holy City" until there have floated around them some gleams of the "jasper light," and they felt an earnest longing to be off from earth—that land of craft, and crime, and sorrowfulness—

" And wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with that eternal day!"

Oh, to thousands of the pilgrims that have left the city of Destruction—some valiant and hopeful, others much afraid and fearing—has Bunyan come in his writings, to soothe the pang or to prompt the prayer, to scare the doubt or to solve the problem—a Great-heart guide, brave against manifold ill-favoured ones—a faithful Evangelist, ever pointing the soul to the Saviour!

Of the *Pilgrim's Progress* it were superfluous to

speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sweet sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when "mingles the brown of life with sober grey," nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions, no less than to our understanding. We have seen them all, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of the story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him on Pilgrimage; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate; we gaze with him on the sights of wonder; we climb with him the difficult hill; the blood rushes to our cheek warm and proud as we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the heart again amid the "hydras and chimeras dire" of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle; we walk with him amid the pleasantness of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake, and behold, it is a dream.

There must be marvellous power in a book that can work such enchantment, wrought withal with the most perfect self-unconsciousness on the part of the enchanter himself. "The joy that made him write" was, in no sense, the prospect of literary fame. With the true modesty of genius, he hesitated long as to the propriety of publication, and his fellow-prisoners in the jail were empanelled as a literary jury, upon whose verdict depended the fate of the story which has thrilled the pulses of the world. In fact, his book fulfilled a necessity of his nature. He wrote because he must write: the strong thoughts within him laboured for expression. The *Pilgrim's Progress* was written without thought of the world. It is just a wealthy mind rioting in its own riches for its own pleasure; an earnest soul painting in the colours of a vivid imagination its olden anguish, and revelling in exultation at the prospect of its future joy. And while the dreamer thus wrote primarily for himself—a "prison amusement" at once beguiling and hallowing the hours of a weary bondage—he found to his delight, and perhaps to his surprise, that his vision became a household book to thousands—worldlings enraptured with its pictures, with no inkling of the drift of its story; Christians pressing it to their hearts as a "song in the night" of their trouble, or finding in its thrilling pages "a door of hope" through which they glimpsed the coming of the day.

It has been often remarked that, like the Bible, its great model, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is, to a religious mind, its own best interpreter. It is said of a late eminent clergyman and commentator, who

published an edition of it with numerous expository notes, that, having freely distributed copies amongst his parishioners, he some time afterwards inquired of one of them if he had read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. "Oh yes, sir!" "And do you think you understand it?" "Yes, sir, I understand *it*, and I hope before long I shall understand the notes as well."

One of the most amusing and yet conclusive proofs of the popularity of this wonderful allegory is to be found in the liberties which have been taken with it, in the versions into which it has been rendered, and in the imitations to which it has given rise. Mr. Offor, in his carefully-edited and invaluable edition of Bunyan's works, has enumerated between thirty and forty treatises, mostly allegorical, whose authors have evidently gathered their inspiration from the tinker of Elstow. The original work has been subjected to a thousand experiments. It has been done into an oratorio for the satisfaction of play-goers; done into verse at the caprice of rhymsters; done into elegant English for the delectation of drawing-rooms; done into catechisms for the use of schools. It has been quoted in novels; quoted in sermons innumerable; quoted in Parliamentary orations; quoted in plays. It has been put upon the Procrustes' bed of many who have differed from its sentiments, and has been mutilated or stretched as it exceeded or fell short of their standard. Thus there has been a Supralapsarian supplement, in which the Interpreter is called the Enlightener, and the House Beautiful is Castle Strength. There has been a Popish edition,

with Giant Pope left out. There has been a Socinian parody, describing the triumphant voyage, through hell to heaven, of a Captain Single-eye and his Unitarian crew; and last, not least noteworthy, there has been a Tractarian travesty, in which the editor digs a cleansing well at the wicket-gate, omits Mr. Worldly Wiseman, ignores the town of Legality, makes no mention of Mount Sinai, changes the situation of the cross, gives to poor Christian a double burden, transforms Giant Pope into Giant Mahometan, Mr. Superstition into Mr. Self-indulgence, and alters, with careful coquetry towards Rome, every expression which might be distasteful to the Holy Mother. Most of those who have published garbled or accommodated editions have done their work silently, and, with some sense of shame, balancing against the risk of present censure the hope of future advantage; but the editor of the last-mentioned mutilation dwells with ineffable complacency upon his deed, and evidently imagines that he has done something for which the world should speak him well. He defends his insertions and omissions, which are many, and which affect important points of doctrine, in a somewhat curious style. "A reasonable defence," he says, "is found in the following consideration:—The author, whose works are altered, wished, it is to be assumed, to teach the truth. In the editor's judgment, the alterations have tended to the more complete setting forth that truth, that is, to the better accomplishment of the author's design. If the editor's views of the truth, then, are correct, he is justified in what he does; if they are false, he is to be blamed for

originally holding them, but cannot be called dishonest for making his author speak what he believes that, with more knowledge, the author would have said." Exquisite logic! How would it avail in the mouth of some crafty forger at the bar of the Old Bailey? "I am charged with altering a cheque, drawn for my benefit, by making £200 into £1200. I admit it, but a reasonable defence may be found in the following consideration:—The gentleman whose cheque I altered wished, it is to be assumed, to benefit me and my family. In my judgment, the alteration has tended to the better accomplishment of the gentleman's design. If my views in this matter are correct, I am justified in what I have done; if they are incorrect, I may be blamed for originally holding them, but cannot be called dishonest for doing what, with more knowledge of my circumstances and his own, the gentleman himself would have done." Out upon it! Is there one shade of sentiment, from the credulousness which gulps the tradition and kisses the relic, to the negativism of "the everlasting No," which might not lay the flattering unction to its soul, that, "with more knowledge," Bunyan would have been ranged under its banner? Rejoicing as I do in substantial oneness of sentiment with the glorious dreamer, I might yet persuade myself into the belief that, with more knowledge, he would have become an Evangelical Arminian, and would hardly have classed the election doubters among the army of Diabolus; but shall I, on this account, foist my notions into the text of his writings? or were it not rather an act from which an honest mind would shrink with lordly

scorn? I cannot forbear the utterance of an indignant protest against a practice which appears to me subversive of every canon of literary morality, and which in this case has passed off, under the sanction of Bunyan's name, opinions from which he would have recoiled in indignation, which war against the whole tenor of his teaching, and which might almost disturb him in his grave; and especially is my soul vexed within me that there should have been flung, by any sacrilegious hand, over those sturdy Protestant shoulders, one solitary rag of Rome.

Though the *Pilgrim's Progress* became immediately popular, the only book save the Bible on the shelf of many a rustic dwelling, and though it passed in those early times through twelve editions in the space of thirty years, the "inconsiderable generation" of its author long prevented its circulation among the politer classes of the land. There was no affectation, but a well-grounded apprehension in Cowper's well-known line:

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer."

At length, long the darling of the populace, it became the study of the learned. Critics went down into its treasure-chambers, and were astonished at their wealth and beauty. The initiated ratified the foregone conclusion of the vulgar; the Tinker's dream became a national classic; and the pontificate of literature installed it with a blessing and a prayer. No uninspired work has extorted eulogies from a larger host of the men of mark and likelihood. That it redeemed into momentary kindness a ferocious critic like Swift;

that it surprised, from the leviathan lips of Johnson, the confession that he had read it through and wished it longer; that Byron's banter spared it, and that Scott's chivalry was fired by it; that Southey's philosophical analysis, and Franklin's serene contemplation, and Mackintosh's elegant research, and Macaulay's artistic criticism, should have resulted in a symphony to its praise; that the spacious intellect and poet-heart of Coleridge revelled with equal gladness in its pages; that the scholarly Arnold, chafed by the attritions of the age, and vexed by the doubt-clouds which darkened upon his gallant soul, lost his trouble in its company, and looked through it to the Bible, which he deemed it faithfully to mirror;—all these are cumulative testimonies that it established its empire over minds themselves imperial, and constrained their acknowledgment of its kingly power.

It would, we suspect, be of no account with Bunyan now that critics conspire to praise him; that artists, those bending worshippers of beauty, have drawn sumptuous illustrations from his works; or that his statue, the Tinker's effigy, standing in no unworthy companionship with statesmen, and heroes, and men of high degree, should decorate the British House of Commons. But if the faithful in glory have earthly sympathies and recognitions still; if, from the region where they "summer high in bliss upon the hills of God," they still look down lovingly upon the world which has missed and mourned them; if their inviolate joy may be enhanced from aught below—it might surely thrill the heart of the Dreamer with a deeper ecstasy, that his Pilgrim yet walks the earth, a faithful witness

for Jesus ; that it has guided thousands of the perplexed, and cheered thousands of the fearing ; and that it has testified to multitudes of many a clime and colour, " in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God." How blissful the thought to him whose *nil nisi cruce* determination was manifest through the whole of his life, that no book but God's own has been so honoured to lift up the cross among the far-off nations of mankind ! The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens. It has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay ; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah, and it has drawn tears from dark eyes in the cinnamon gardens of Ceylon. The Bechuanas in their wildwoods have rejoiced in its simple story ; it has been as the Elim of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer ; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings, and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream ; and, crowning triumph ! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron, and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have " wept " over it " for themselves and for their children."

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, advances the strange opinion that spiritual subjects are not fit subjects for poetry ; and he dogmatizes, in his usual elephantine style of writing, upon the alleged reason. He says : " The essence of poetry is invention ; such invention as, by producing something unexpected,

surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression." Such an unworthy definition of poetry might answer for an age of lampooners, when merry quips and fantastic conceits passed muster as sparks from the Heaven-kindled fire. We prefer that of Festus, brief and full:

"Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them."

And the greatest truths are those which link us to the invisible, and show us how to realize its wonders. If, then, there be within each of us a gladiator soul, ever battling for dear life in an arena of repression and scorn—a soul possessed with Thought, and Passion, and Energy invincible, and immortal Hope, and yearnings after the far-off and the everlasting which all the tyranny of the flesh cannot subdue; if there be another world which sheds a holy and romantic light upon every object and upon every struggle of this—a world where superior intelligences (intelligences with whom we may one day mingle) shine in undimmed beauty, and where God the all-merciful (a God whom we may one day see) is manifested without a cloud; if by the Word and Spirit Divine there can be opened the soul's inner eye—that sublime faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen"—to the visions of which our nature becomes a treasury of hidden riches, and which instates us in the heirship of "the powers of the world to come;"—then

there can be poetry in this world only because light from heaven falls on it, because it is a subtle hieroglyph full of solemn and mystic meanings, because it cradles a magnificent destiny, and is the type and test of everlasting life. It must be so. All conceptions of nature, or of beauty, or of man, from which the spiritual element is excluded, can be, at best, but the first sweep of the finger over the harp-strings, eliciting, it may be, an uncertain sound, but failing to evoke the soul of harmony which sleeps in the heart of the chords. Macaulay shall answer Johnson: "In the latter half of the seventeenth century there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the *Paradise Lost*; the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*." Religious epics these! the one painting the lapse and the doom of our race in all shapes of beauty or of grandeur; the other, borrowing nothing from voluptuous externalisms, dealing only with the inner man in his struggles and yearnings after God. We want to see, in this age of ours, more and more of the genius that is created by piety; of a literature informed with the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. Critics have predicted the decay of poetry with the spread of civilisation; and literary men speak with diffident hope of its "ultimate recovery from the staggering blows which science has inflicted;" and, in truth, if its inspiration be all of earth, there may be some ground for fear. As mere secular knowledge has no antiseptic power, so mere earthly beauty has no perennial charms. But draw its subjects from higher sources, let it meddle divinely with eternal things, and it can never die.

“O say not that poesy waxeth old,
That all her legends were long since told !
It is not so ! It is not so !
For while there's a blossom by summer drest,
A sigh for the sad, or a smile for the blest,
Or a changeful thought in the human breast,
There'll be a new string for her lyre, I trow.
Do you say she is poor, in this land of the free ?
Do you call her votaries poor as she ?
It may be so ! It may be so !
Yet hath she a message more high and clear,
From the burning lips of the heaven-taught seer ;
From the harp of Zion that charms the ear ;
From the choir where the seraph-minstrels glow.”

Not, of course, that the monotone should be the measure of every life-song ; rather should it flow after Scriptural precept and precedent, now in “psalms,” grand, solemn, stately, the sonorous burst of the full soul in praise ; now in “hymns,” earnest, hopeful, winning—the lyrics of the heart in its hours of hope or pensiveness ; and now in “songs” light and hearty—the roundelay, the ballad, the carol of a spirit full of sunshine, warbling its melodies out of its own exuberance of joy. Nor, of course, that literary men should write only on Christian themes. We would have them illustrate the goodness of nature, the inductions of science, the achievements of art. They should speak to us in the language of the sweet affections, give soul and sentiment to the harmony of music, and strike the chords of the resounding lyre. They should take, in comprehensive and sympathetic survey, all nature and all man. But they must submit to the baptism of Christianity, and be leavened with her love Divine, ere they can be chroniclers of the august

espousals, or honoured guests at the happy bridal of the beautiful and true.

Young men, lend your energies to this hallowed consummation. You are not poets, perhaps, and according to the old *poeta non fit* adage, you are not fit to be. If you have the "Divine afflatus," by all means give it forth; but if you have not, do not strain after it to the neglect of nearer and more practicable things. One would not wish to see a race of Byronlings—things of moustache and turn-down collar—moody Manfreds of six feet three, with large loads of fine frenzy and infinitesimal grains of common sense. And it is woeful enough to meet the weird youth of a later day, with his jargon of "subjective" and "objective," who looms dimly upon us through the blended smoke of mist and meerschaum, and who goes floundering after transcendental nonsense until he is nearly run over in Cheapside. It is given to very few of us to live ethereal lives, or to be on familiar terms with thunder. But if you are not the writers, you are the readers of the age. You have an appreciation of the beautiful, an awakened intelligence which pants hard after the true. Terminate, I beseech you, in your own experience, the sad divorce which has too often existed between intellect and piety. Take your stand, unswerving, heroic, by the altar of truth; and from that altar let neither sophistry nor ridicule expel you. Let your faith rest with a manly strength, with a child's trust, with a martyr's gripe, upon the immutable truth as it is in Jesus. Then go humbly, but dauntlessly to work, and you can make the literature of the time. Impress your earnest and holy individuality upon

others, and in so far as you create a healthier moral sentiment and a purer taste, the literature of the future is in your hands. The literature of any age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies. A healthy appetite will recoil from garbage and carrion. Pestilent periodicals and a venal press are the indices of the depraved moral feeling which they pamper. Work for the uplifting of that moral feeling, and by the blessing of God upon the efforts of the fair brotherhood who toil for Him, the dew of Hermon shall descend upon the hill Parnassus, and there shall be turned into the fabled Helicon a stream of living waters. Religion shall be throned in her own queenly beauty, and literature shall be the comeliest handmaid in her virgin train. I do most earnestly wish for every one of you, that reason may be clear and conscience calm—that imagination may be buoyant but not prodigal—that all which Fancy pictures Faith may realize, so that when you wander amid fair nature's landscapes, through the deep ravine or fertile dell—when you see the sun glass itself in the clear lake, or the sportive moonlight fling over the old mountains a girdle of glory, there may be a conscious sparkle in the eye, and the Æolian murmur of a joy too deep for words, "My Father made them all"—or when, in some sunny mood of mind, your thoughts go out after the "distant Aidenn," and Fancy pictures it palpable and near, with its dreamless rest, and its holy fellowships, and its bliss ever brightening in the nearer vision of the Throne—it may come to you inspiring as a sweet dream of home, and you may hear the whisper of the Spirit witness—

"Be thou faithful unto death, and it is thine."

There is no feature more noticeable in Bunyan's character than the *devout earnestness with which he studied the Divine Word*, and the *reverence which he cherished for it* throughout the whole of his life.

In the time of his agony, when "a restless wanderer after rest," he battled with fierce temptation, and was beset with Antinomian error, he gratefully records, "The Bible was precious to me in those days;" and after his deliverance it was his congenial life-work to exalt its honour, and to proclaim its truths. Is he recommending growth in grace to his hearers?—The Word is to be the aliment of their life. "Every grace is nourished by the Word, and without it there is no thrift in the soul." Has he announced some fearless exposition of truth?—Hark how he disarms opposition and challenges scrutiny! "Give me a hearing: take me to the Bible, and let me find in thy heart no favour if thou find me to swerve from the standard." Is he uplifting the Word above the many inventions of his fellows?—Mark the racy homeliness of his assertion: "A little from God is better than a great deal from men. What is from men is often tumbled over and over; things that we receive at God's hand come to us as things from the minting-house. Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of Heaven upon them." Is his righteous soul vexed with the indifference of the faithful, or with the impertinences of the profane?—How manfully he proclaims his conviction of a pressing want of the times! "There wanteth even in the hearts of God's people a greater reverence for the Word of God than to this day appeareth among us; and this let me say, that want

of reverence for the Word is the ground of all the disorders that are in the heart, life, conversation, or Christian communion."

If ever Bunyan saw with a seer's insight, and spoke with a prophet's inspiration, he has in this last-quoted sentence foreseen our danger, and uttered a solemn warning for the times in which we live. There never was an age in which reverence for the Word needed more impressive inculcation. There never was an age when there were leagued against it fiercer elements of antagonism. Not that infidelity proper abounds; the danger from this source is over. Some rare specimens of this almost extinct genus do occasionally flounder into sight, like the ichthyosaurus of some remote period, blurring out their blasphemies from congenial slime; but men pity their foolishness, or are shocked with their profanity. That infidelity is the most to be dreaded which moves like the virus of a plague, counterfeiting, by its hectic glow, the flush of health and beauty, unsuspected till it has struck the chill to the heart, and the man is left pulseless of a living Faith, and robbed of the rapture of life—a conscious paralytic, who "brokenly lives on." This kind of scepticism—a scepticism which apes reverence, and affects candour—which, by its importunity, has almost wearied out some of the sturdy guardians of the truth—which seems to have talked itself into a prescriptive right, like other mendicants, to exhibit its sores among the highways of men—has, it is not to be denied, done its worst to infect society, and to wither the living energy of religion in multitudes of souls. It may be that some amongst yourselves have

not altogether escaped the contagion. Could I place the young men of London in the confessional to-night, or could their various feelings be detected, as was the concealed demon at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, I might find not a few who would tell that stranger doubts had come to them which they had not forborne to harbour—that distrust had crept over them—that unbelief was shaping out a systematic residence in their souls—that they had looked upon infidelity, if not as a haven of refuge amid the conflicts of warring faiths, at least as a theatre which gave scope for the ideal riot of fancy, or the actual riot of sense, in indulgences and excesses far fitter for earth than heaven?

And there are, unhappily, many around us, at the antipodes of sentiment from each other, and yet all after their manner hostile to the Divine Word, who fan the kindled unbelief, and whose bold and apparently candid objections are invested to the unsettled mind with a peculiar charm.

The Jew, with prejudice as inveterate as ever, rejects the counsel of God against himself, and crushes the Law and the Prophets beneath a load of rabbinical traditions, the Mishna and Gemara of his Talmuds. The Papist still gives to the decretals of popes and the edicts of councils co-ordinate authority with the Scriptures, and locks up those Scriptures from the masses, as a man should imprison the free air, while men perish from asphyxia around him. The Rationalist spirits away the inspiration of the Bible, or descants upon it as a fascinating myth, to be reviewed like any other poem, by ordinary criticism, or postpones it to

the proud reason of Eichhorn and Paulus, or Strauss and Hegel, or Belsham and Priestley. The Mystic professes to have a supplemental and superior revelation drafted down into his own heart. Printing furnishes unprecedented facilities for the transmission of thought, and man's perdition may be cheapened at the stall of every pedlar. And, finally, some ministers of religion, yielding to the clamour of the times, have lowered the high tone of Scriptural teaching, and have studiously avoided the terminology of the Bible. What wonder, with influences like these, that upon many over whom had gathered a penumbra of doubt before, there should deepen a dark and sad eclipse of faith; or that, loosing off from their moorings and forsaking quiet anchorage, they should drift, rudderless and wild, into the ocean of infidelity and evil?

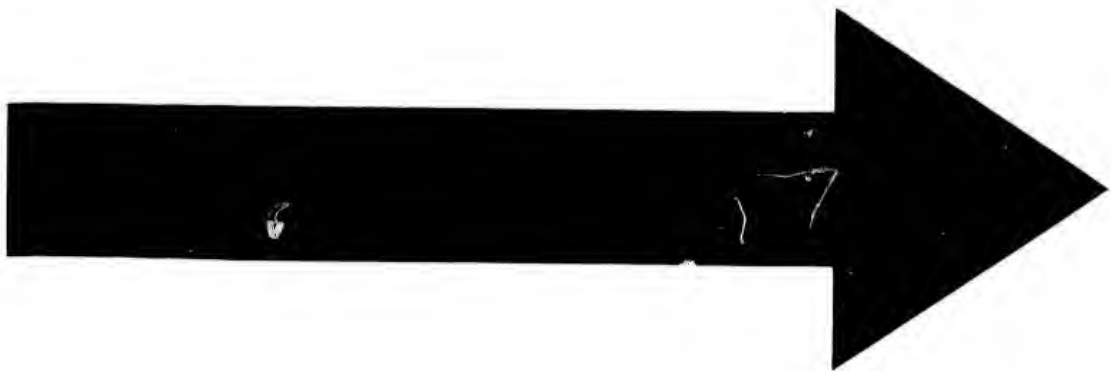
Brothers, nothing will avail to preserve you amid the strife of tongues, but to cherish, as a habit engrained into the soul—as an affection enfibred with your deepest heart—continual reverence for the Divine Word. We do not claim your feudal submission to its sovereignty. It recks not a passive and unintelligent adhesion. Inquire by all means into the evidences which authenticate its divinity. Bring keenest intellects to bear upon it. Try it as gold in the fire. Bring its august and important matters to the scrutiny. Satisfy yourselves by as searching a process as you can apply, that the Eternal has really spoken it, and that there looms from it the shadow of a large immortality; but do this *once for all*. Don't be "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of

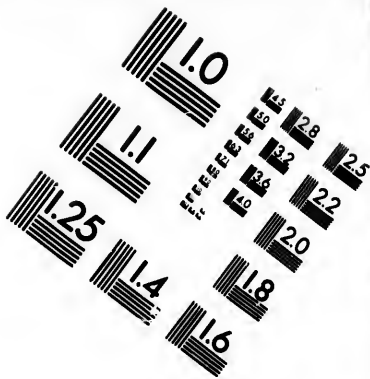
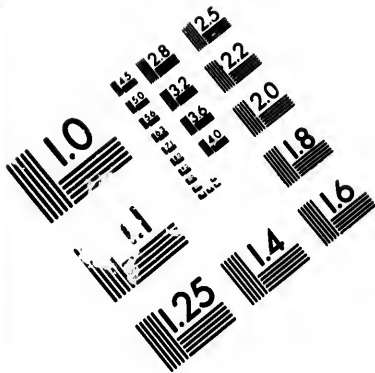
the truth." Life is too short to be frittered away in endless considerings and scanty deeds. There can be no more pitiable state than that of the eternal doubter, who has bid the sad "*vale, vale, in æternum vale,*" to all the satisfactions of faith, and who is tossed about with every wind of doctrine—a waif upon the wreckage of a world. Settle your principles early, and then place them "on the shelf," secure from subsequent assault or displacement. Then in after years, when some rude infidel argument assails you, and busied amid life's activities you are unable, from the absorption of your energies elsewhere, to recall the train of reasoning by which you arrived at your conclusion, you will say, "I tried this matter before—I threw these doctrines into the crucible, and they came out pure—the assay was satisfactory—the principles are on the shelf;" and when the Sanballats and Tobiahs gather malignantly below, you will cry with good Nehemiah, girt with the sword, and wielding the trowel the while, and therefore fit for any emergency, "I am doing a great work—I cannot come down—why should the work stop while I come down to you?" Oh, it will be to you a source of perennial comfort that in youth, after keen investigation of the Bible—the investigation not of frivolity or prejudice, but of candour, and gravity, and truth-loving, and prayer—you bowed before it as God's imperishable utterance, and swore your fealty to the monarch-word. Depend upon it, the Bible demands no inquisition, and requires no disguises. It does not shrink before the light of science, nor crouch abashed before the audit of a scholarly tribunal. Rather does it seem to say, as it

stands before us in its kingliness, all pride humbled and all profanity silenced in its majestic presence—Error fleeing at its approach—Superstition cowering beneath the lightning of its eye, “I will arise, and go forth, for the hour of my dominion is at hand.”

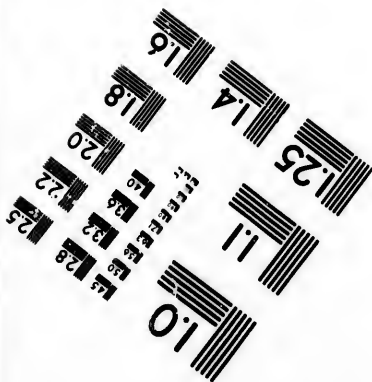
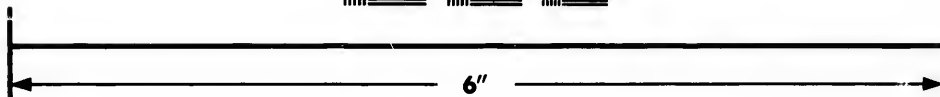
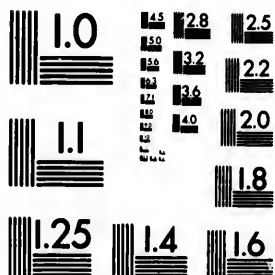
There is yet one matter on which I would fain add my testimony, though it is not needed. I would fain be one among the “cloud of witnesses” who have testified against the clamour for a new version of the Bible. “No man having tasted the old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better.” Doubtless certain words in the Authorized Version might be more felicitously rendered; certain philological emendations might be made; certain passages might be made less amenable to criticism; but no improved translation could set the essential doctrines of Christianity in clearer light, nor give to the articles of our precious faith a more triumphant vindication, nor point the weeping sinner more directly to the cross of Jesus, nor give to the inquiring after truth a speedier answer, or a safer rest. And what are the petty advantages we should gain, compared with the invaluable benefits which we should inevitably lose? “If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?” What could compensate for the dismay which would be struck to the hearts of thousands, and the incertitude which would be instilled into the minds of thousands more—for the upheaval of old associations and memories—for the severance of that which is the closest bond of international union wherever Anglo-Saxons wander—for the abolition of any recognised standard of arbitration and appeal—and for the

resolution of all religious opinion into an elemental chaos, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan." Sirs, this cry for a new translation of the Bible has come from the wrong quarter. Doubtless there are some earnest and godly students of the Divine Word who look for such an advance in some far time to come, but who candidly confess that "now all is most unfit for it." But theirs are not the voices which swell the present clamour. Unspiritual professors who feel as warmly for an Elzevir Virgil—critics who glide through the Bible as they glide through Shakespeare, and who deem the inspiration of the one quite equal to the inspiration of the other—sceptics who doubt the possibility of a Book-revelation, but whose doubts would be resolved were that revelation other than it is—weak men who would be thought important, and bold men who would be reckless with impunity—what have all these to do with it? Who made them rulers and judges on a matter which involves the dearest interests of millions? This is a question too vital to be settled by dark pundits in cloisters, or by solemn triflers in magazines, or by dilettanti members of Parliament. Put it to the people. Let the masses of pious men give a voice: those to whom the "Word is spirit and life"—who have been quickened into energy by its transforming power—who thank God for it as for daily bread—who strengthen in the true soul-growth by its nourishment—who exhibit its pure precepts in their lives—to whom it is the great charter at once of their present freedom and of their future hope: ask them if they are tired of the old Bible: poll the sacramental host of God's elect upon the matter, and you will find few





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of them who will hesitate to brand the fancied improvement, if not as an actual sacrilege, at least as an unwarrantable interference with the sacredness of a spiritual home. Put the case to yourselves. Fancy an officious stranger entering into your dwelling, suggesting alterations in the interior arrangements, depreciating the furniture, and anxious about remodelling the whole. "That bed is coarse and hard. It must have been in use a century. Modern skill will cast one in a shapelier mould." "Ah, I have pillowed on it thro' many a fevered dream, and it is hallowed to me because from it the angels carried my first-born to a Sabbatic rest in heaven." "That chair is clumsy and antiquated, and out of date. Send it out of sight." Oh,

"Touch it not—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair !

Rude and insolent ! What does he know of the sensibilities on which he tramples—of the clustering thoughts and memories—the spells of sweetest wizardry—which give to each and every object its sanctity and charm ? Steps are on the stair, but they are not for common ears ; and familiar faces are present to the household more than are counted by the stranger. The strongest affection in the national heart is this fond love of home, and it is this which has secured the integrity of the rustic roof-tree, no less than of temple-fane and palace-hall. It may be a mean and homely dwelling ; there may be a clumsy stile at the garden-gate ; the thatch may be black with the grime of years ; there may be no festoon of jasmine over the trellised window ; —but it is sacred, for it is *home*.

“ And if a caitiff, false and vile,
 Dares but to cross that garden-stile—
 Dares but to fire that lowly thatch—
 Dares but to force that peasant's latch—
 The thunder-peal the deed will wake,
 Will make his craven spirit quake ;
 And a voice from people, peer, and throne,
 Will ring in his ears, Atone, Atone ! ”

If the Bible be the spiritual home of the believer—if it minister efficiently to the necessities of his entire man—if witnesses from opposing points have testified in its favour—if from the Ultima Thule of scepticism Theodore Parker is eloquent in its praise—if from the torrid zone of Popery Father Newman declares that “ it lives in the soul with a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego ; and all that there is about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible ”—if it has come down to us hallowed with the memories of old, and wet with the last tearful blessing of parents passed into the skies—if it has sustained our own spirits in extremest trouble, made our life-work easy to us, beguiled the toil of this world, and inspired the hope of the world that is to come,—what wonder that the jealous Christianity of the land, roused by the threatened desecration, should speak in tones of power, and should say to the mistaken men who would tamper with it “ Hands off, there ! proud intruders, let that Bible alone ! ”

And you, O ye highly-privileged possessors and guardians of the truth ! guard well your sacred trust—clasp it as your choicest treasure—lift it high in your

temples—hide it deep in your hearts: it is “the word of the Lord, and that word endureth for ever.”

As a PREACHER OF THE TRUTH Bunyan had a high reputation in his day. Sympathy, earnestness, and power, were the great characteristics of his successful ministry. He preached what he felt, and his preaching therefore corresponded to the various stages of his personal experience. At first, himself in chains, he thundered out the terrors of the law, like another Baptist, against rich and poor together; then, happy in believing, he proclaimed salvation and the unparalleled blessedness of life by Christ, “as if an angel stood at his back to encourage him;” and then, with advancing knowledge, he disclosed the truth in its rounded harmony—“the whole counsel of God.” Instances of conversion were frequent under his ministry—many churches were founded by his labours. Dr. Owen assured King Charles that for the tinker’s ability to prate, he would gladly barter his own stores of learning; and in his annual visit to London, twelve hundred people would gather at seven in the morning of a winter’s working day to hear him. Nor can we wonder that his ministry should have had “favour both with God and man,” when we listen to his own statements of the feelings with which he regarded it. “In my preaching I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn.” “I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my

children were born, my heart hath been so wrapped up in the glory of this excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honoured of God by this, than if he had made me the emperor of the Christian world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it." This is what we want now. We will not despair of the speedy conversion of the world if you give us an army of ministers who have—burned into their hearts—this passionate love for souls.

There are those, indeed, who tell us that the mission of the pulpit is fulfilled. They acknowledge that in the former ages—in the times of immaturity, when men spelt out the truth in syllables, it did a noble work. But the world has outgrown it, they tell us. It is an anachronism now. Men need neither its light nor its warning. The all-powerful press shall direct them—from the chair of criticism they shall learn wisdom—the educational institute shall aid them in heavenward progress—they shall move upward and onward under the guidance of the common mind. But the Divine institution of the ministry is not to be thus superseded. It has to do with eternity, and the matters of eternity are paramount. It has to deal with the most lasting emotions of our nature—with those deep instincts of eternal truths which underlie all systems, from which the man can never utterly divorce himself, and which God himself has graven on the soul. This opposition to the pulpit, however the inefficiency of existing agencies may have contributed to it—however the memories of olden priestcraft may have given it strength—cannot be explained but as originating in the yet unconquered

enmity of the carnal mind to God. The teaching of the political theorizer, of the infidel demagogue, of the benevolent idealist—why are they so popular? The teaching of the religious instructor—why is it so repulsive to the world? The main secret will be found in the fact that the one exalt, the other reprove, our nature—the one ignore, the other insist upon, the doctrine of the fall. If you silence the ministry, you silence the only living agency which, of set purpose, appeals to the moral sense of man, and brings out the world's conscience in its answer to moral obligation, and to the truths of the Bible. The minister divides an empire over the other faculties. He may speak to the intellect, but the philosopher will rival him. He may charm the imagination, but the poet is his master. He may rouse the passions, the mob-orator will do it better; but in his power over conscience he has a government which no man shares, and, as a czar of many lands, he wields the sceptre over the master-faculty of man. It is absolutely necessary, in this age of manifold activities and of spiritual pride, that there should be this ever-speaking witness of man's feebleness and God's strength. That witness dares not be silent amid the strife of tongues; and however the clamour may tell—and it does tell, and it ought to tell, upon the time-serving and the indolent, upon the vapid and the insincere—it is an unanswerable argument for the mission of the ministry itself; just as the blast which scatters the acorns, roots the oak more firmly in the soil. Standing as I do to-night, in connection with an association which I dearly love, and which has been so highly honoured as an instrument

of good, I must yet claim for the pulpit the foremost place among the agencies for the renovation of the world. Neither the platform nor the press can supersede it. So long as they work in harmony with its high purpose, and aim at the elevation of the entire man, it will hail their helpings with glad heart and free, but God hath set it on the monarchy, and it may not abdicate its throne.

One great want of the times is a commanding ministry—a ministry of a piety at once sober and earnest, and of mightiest moral power. Give us these men, “full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,” who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery, nor hiding them 'neath piles of rubbish. Give us these men! men of sound speech, who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, as if the mind blushed at its own credulity—not distilling it into an essence so subtle, and so speedily decomposed, that a chemical analysis alone can detect the faint odour which tells it has been there; but who will preach it apostle-wise, that is, “first of all,” at once a principle shrined in the heart, and a motive mighty in the life—the source of all morals, and the inspiration of all charity—the sanctifier of every relationship, and the sweetener of every toil. Give us these men! men of dauntless courage, from whom God-fear has banished man-fear—who will stand unblenched before the pride of birth, and the pride of rank, and the pride of office, and the pride of intellect, and the pride of money, and will rebuke their conventional hypocrisies, and demolish their false confidences, and sweep away their refuges of

lies. Give us these men! men of tenderest sympathy, who dare despise none, however vile and crafty, because the "one blood" appeals for relationship in its sluggish or fevered flow—who deal not in fierce reproofs nor haughty bearing, because their own souls have just been brought out of prison—by whom the sleeper will not be harshly chided, and who will mourn over the wanderer, "My brother—ah! my brother!" Give us these men! men of zeal untiring—whose hearts of constancy quail not, although dull men sneer, and proud men scorn, and timid men blush, and cautious men deprecate, and wicked men revile—who though atrophy wastes the world, and paralysis has settled on the Church, amid hazard and hardship, are "valiant for the truth upon the earth."

"And think
What others only dreamed about, and do
What others did but think, and glory in
What others dared but do."

Give us these men! in whom Paul would find congenial reasoners—whom the fervent Peter would greet with a welcome sparkle in the eye—to whom the gentle John would be attracted as to twin-souls which beat like his own—all lovingly. Give us these men! and you need speak no more of the faded greatness and prostrate might of the pulpit; the true God-witnesses shall be reinstated in their ancient moral sovereignty, and "by manifestation of the truth, shall commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Young men, I bespeak your prayers for a ministry like this as for one of the greatest necessities of the

age, and I would pray that God may raise up some among yourselves who may feel the stirrings of the Divinity within, and be called by his grace to be diligent reapers in the vast Home Harvest-field, or with beautiful feet upon the slopes of some distant mountain, to publish "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill towards men."

One main reason of Bunyan's repute among the people was *his thorough humanness*. He was no bearded hermit, sarcastic in his seclusion upon a world which he had forsaken, or which he never knew. He was no dark ascetic, snarling at his fellows from some cynical tub, or self-righteous in his maceration, inveighing against pleasures which were beyond his reach, and which he had toiled in vain to enjoy. He was a brave, manly, genial, brotherly soul; full of sympathy with the errors and frailties of men, mingling in the common grief and in the common cheerfulness of life. See him as he romps with the children in their noisy mirth, himself as great a child as they. Listen to him as he spins out of his fertile brain riddles to be guessed by the pilgrims, such as "keep Old Honest from nodding." Mark the smile that plays over his countenance as he writes how Ready-to-halt and Much-afraid footed it right merrily, in dance of joy, for the destruction of Giant Despair. Observe the ineffable tenderness with which he describes Feeble-mind and Fearing. See in his real life the wealth of affection which he lavishes upon his sightless child. Oh, it is charming—this union of the tender and the faithful in a master-mind—this outflow of all graceful charities from a

spirit which bares its breast to danger, and which knows not to blench or quail! Beautiful are these gushes of sensibility from a manly soul—as if from some noble mountain, with granite heart and crest of cedar, there should issue a crystal rill, brightening the landscape with its dimpled beauty, or flashing archly beneath the setting sun.

Strength and gentleness are thus combined, in grandest harmony, only under the humanizing rule of Christianity. We might expect, under the old stoical morality, to find patient endurance and dauntless bravery—the perfection of an austere manhood—Roman virtue and Spartan pride. Under the precepts of a philosophy which never compromised with human weakness we do not wonder at a Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, or a Miltiades on the plains of Marathon, at a high-souled Epaminondas, or a meditative Numa, at an Aristides consenting to his own ostracism, or a Brutus pronouncing the death-doom of his son. They are the natural efflorescence of such culture and such soil. And in truth there is a hardy endeavour, a heroic self-abandonment, a capacity for deed and suffering, in some of these brave old Heathen, that would make many a modern Christian dwindle into the shadow of a man. But it was reserved for Christianity, by the inspiration of her faith and love, to exhibit human nature in its “highest embodied possibility,” to show the bravery of heroes chastened by the meekness of children—beneficence employing power—an endurance more resolute than stoicism ever knew, combined with an all-embracing tenderness that would “clasp the universe to keep it warm.” In

Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character, in harmonious wholeness, at once the "*righteous man*," high in the practice of all social virtues, stern in his inflexible adhesion to the utter right—and the "*good man*," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose names men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow, as if a sunbeam glinted in, and for whom some, in their strength of tenderness, would even dare to die.

It would seem, indeed, to be God's usual method to prepare men for extensive usefulness by the personal discipline of trial. Hence, when we see Bunyan encompassed by terrible temptations, and immured in bondage; Luther in the fortress on the Wartburg, pining in sore sickness, and battling, in fancy, with embodied evil; Wesley wandering to Georgia and back, led through doubt and darkness to the long-deferred moment which ended his "legal years," and then welcomed on his evangelistic journeys with ovations of misrepresentation and mud;—we remember that this protracted suffering is but the curriculum of heavenly discipline by which, learning of him who is lowly, they are shriven of self and pride, and which superadds to the fortitude which bears all, and to the courage which dares all, the meekness and gentleness of Christ. You will remember a notable instance of the teaching of the Master on this matter in the history of the disciples. On one occasion, monopolists of their Redeemer's presence, misers of that wealth Divine which could have enriched every man of the five thousand, and have been none the poorer for the sumptuous dole, they exhibited

a sad lack of needful sympathy, and impatiently murmured, "Send the multitudes away." Mark the sequel. "Straightway he constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and go before him to the other side, while he sent away the people." They must be sent away like the multitudes, that they might know what such banishment meant, and feel, by bitter experience, the pangs of an absent Lord. Stormfully howled the wind on 'Tiberias' lake that night; deep would be the disquietude as the vexed waves tossed the vessel, and the eyes of the watchers, straining wistfully through the darkness, saw no star of hope nor glimpse of Saviour. But there came blessing to the world out of that storm. They would be better apostles for that night's anxious vigil; more thoroughly human in their sympathy; better able to proclaim to the benighted nations the overcoming might of love. If you look from the Master's teaching to the Master's example, who fails to remember that for this purpose He became "touched with the feeling of our infirmity," and was tempted that He might succour the tempted—that hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and pain came upon him—that he felt the pangs of desertion when those whom he trusted forsook him, and the pangs of bereavement when those whom he loved had died—that he sorrowed with human tears over a freshly opened grave, and feared with human apprehensions under the shadow of impending trial?

Brothers, he must be no fiery recluse who shall preach the people into a new crusade. The great work of the world's uplifting now-a-days is not to be

wrought by the stern prophet of wrath, moving amongst men with the austerity as well as with the inspiration of the wilderness, but by the mild and earnest seer who comes, like the Son of Man, "eating and drinking," of genial soul, and blithe companionship, and divinest pity; who counsels without haughtiness, and reproveth without scorn; and who bears about with him the reverent consciousness that he deals with the majesty of man. Neither the individual nor the aggregate can be lectured out of vice nor scolded into virtue. There is a relic of humanness, after all, lingering in every heart, like a dear gage of affection, stealthily treasured amid divorce and estrangement, and the far wards where it is locked up from men, can be opened only by the living sympathy of love. Society is like the prodigal, whom corrective processes failed to reform, and whom gaol discipline only tended to harden, and whom enforced exile only rendered more audacious in his crime; but adown whose bronzed cheek a tear stole in a far-off land at some stray thought of home, and whose heart of adamant was broken by the sudden memory of some dead mother's prayer. Let us recognise this truth in all our endeavours for the benefit of men. It is quite possible to combine inflexibility of adhesion to the right with forbearing tenderness towards the wrong-doer. Speak the truth, by all means; let it fall upon the hearts of men with all the imparted energy by which the Spirit gives it power; but speak the truth in love, and, perchance, it may subdue them by its winsome beauty, and prompt their acknowledgment that it is altogether

lovely. Such an one, holding truth in the heart, speaking it lovingly from the lip, exhibiting its power in the beneficent workings of the life,—such an one will be the chief benefactor of his species, though eloquence may pour no eulogy on his merits, and though the common annals of fame may pass him by.

Such an one in his teachings will be equally remote from lax indifferentism and from cynical theology. He will not dare a hair's-breadth deviation from the Bible; but he will not graft upon it his own moroseness, nor mutilate it into his own deformity. Such an one will not complain that he has no neighbours. He will find neighbours, ay, even in the heart of London. He will be a kind husband and a tender father; but his hearthstone will not bound his sympathy. He will be a patriot; he will be a philanthropist. His love, central in his home and in his country, will roll its far ripples upon all men. He will see in the poorest man a brother, and in the worst man a nature of Divine endowment, now sunk in darkness, which he is to labour to illumine and to save. Such an one will not call earth a howling wilderness. He will not slander this dear old world because some six thousand years ago an injury befell it, which disfigured it sadly, and has embittered its subsequent history. Against that which did the wrong he will cherish intensest hatred—he will purge it from himself—he will root it out of others, if he can. He will love the world as a theatre for the display of noble energies, of rich benevolence, of manly strength, of godlike pity; and he will work in it with an honest heart and loving purpose, until the finger beckons him into the wealthier heaven.

Young men, the age of chivalry is not over. The new crusade has already begun. The weapons are not shaped by mortal skill, nor is the battle with garments rolled in blood. Strong-souled, earnest men—knights of the true order of Jesus—are leagued in solemn covenant, and are already in the field. "Theirs are the red colours, and for a scutcheon they have the holy lamb and golden shield." "Goodwill to man" is their inspiring banner-text. "Faith working by love" is broidered on their housings. Not to prance in the tilt-yard, amidst the sheen of bright lances and bright eyes, don they their armour. They have too serious work on hand to flaunt in a mimic pageant, or to furnish a holiday review. They have caught the spirit of their Master. As with eyes dimmed by their own sympathy, he looked upon the fated Jerusalem, they have learned to look upon a fallen but ransomed race. They war for its rescue from the inexorable bondage of wrong. Ignorance, improvidence, intemperance, indifference, infidelity—these are the giants which they set lance in rest to slay. I would fain, like another Peter the Hermit, summon you into the ranks of these loving and valiant heroes. The band will admit you all. In this, the holier chivalry, the churl's blood is no bar to honour. The highest distinctions are as open to the peasant's offspring as to the scion of the Plantagenets and Howards. Go, then, where glory waits you. The field is the world. Go where the abjects wander, and gather them into the fold of the sanctuary. Go to the lazarettos, where the moral lepers herd, and tell them of the healing balm. Go to the squalid haunts of crime, and float a gospel

message upon the feculent air. Go wherever there are ignorant to be instructed, and timid to be cheered, and helpless to be succoured, and stricken to be blessed, and erring to be reclaimed. Go wherever faith can see, or hope can breathe, or love can work, or courage can venture. Go and win the spurs of your spiritual knighthood there.

“Oh, who would not a champion be
In this the lordlier chivalry ?
Uprouse ye now, brave brother band,
With honest heart and working hand.
We are but few, toil-tried, but true,
And hearts beat high to dare and do ;
Oh, there be those who ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory !
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And watchers weep, and martyrs bleed ;
Work, brothers, work ! work, hand and brain,
We'll win the golden age again.
And love's millennial morn shall rise,
In happy hearts and blessed eyes ;
We will, we will, brave champions be,
In this the lordlier chivalry.”

It remains only that we present Bunyan before you as a CONFESSOR FOR THE TRUTH. One would anticipate that a character like his would be sustained in its bravery during the hour of trial, and that, like Luther, whom in many points he greatly resembled, he would witness a good confession before the enemies of the cross of Christ. A warrant was issued for his apprehension in the dreary month of November. The intention of the magistrate was whispered about beforehand, and Bunyan's friends, alarmed for his safety, urged him to forego his announced purpose to preach. Nature pleaded hard for compliance, and urged the

claims of a beloved wife and four children, one of them blind. Prudence suggested that, escaping now, he might steal other opportunities for the preaching of the truth. He took counsel of God in prayer, and then came to his decision. "If I should now run, and make an escape, it will be of a very ill savour in the country; what will my weak and newly-converted brethren think of it? If God, of his mercy, should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope, if I should fly, the world may take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel." At Samsell, in Bedfordshire, the people assembled; there were about forty persons present. Some of the timid sort advised, even then, that the meeting should be dismissed. Bravely he replied, "No, by no means! I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted; our cause is good! we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's Word is so good a work, that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." Accordingly he was cast into prison. After seven weeks' imprisonment the session was held at Bedford, and Bunyan was arraigned at the bar. This was his sentence: "You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and then if you do not submit to go to church to hear Divine service, you must be banished the realm; and after that, if you should be found in the realm, without the special licence of the King, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly." So spake the rude and arbitrary Justice Kelynge, who, like Scroggs and Jeffreys, enjoys the distinction, rare among English judges, of being in infamy immortal. Bunyan

answered, inspired with Lutheran and Pauline courage, "I am at a point with you; if I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God." His spirit blenched not with the lapse of time, though he lay twelve years in that foul dungeon, the discovery of whose abominations, a century afterwards, first started John Howard in his "circumnavigation of charity." Towards the close of his imprisonment, we hear the dauntless beatings of the hero-heart: "I have determined—the Almighty God being my help and my shield—yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eyebrows, rather than violate my faith and my principles." O rare John Bunyan! thy "frail life" has become immortal; the world will not let thee die. Thou art shrined in the loving memory of thousands, while thy judges and persecutors are forgotten, or remembered only with ridicule and shame. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

Our lot is cast in gentler times than these. No indictments are preferred against us now for "devilish and pernicious abstinence from church-going." Felons are not now let loose in honour of a monarch's coronation, while men of God are haled to closer durance. Phoenix-like, out of the ashes of the martyr-fires arose religious freedom. The flames of outward persecution have well-nigh forgotten to burn. And yet the offence of the cross has not ceased. The profession of the Gospel does not always bring peace, but a sword. Trouble is yet the heritage "of all that will live godly in Christ Jesus," and there is strong need in all of us,

for the exhibition of the main element in a confessor's character—nobleness of religious decision. We must have convictions of duty wrought so strongly into our souls, that neither opposition nor difficulty, nor even disaster, shall make us falter in the course which we have intelligently chosen. For lack of these sincere and abiding convictions, many have erred from the faith, and have manifested an instability of character that is truly deplorable. Many young men have run well for a season—have formed large plans of usefulness, and have been full of promise in all that was of good report and lovely; but a fatal indecision has blighted the promise, and rendered the plans abortive; and their course has reminded us of Emerson's ludicrous account of the American roads, starting fair and stately, between avenues of branching pines, but narrowing gradually as they proceed, and at last ending in a squirrel track, and running up a tree. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any of us, in this matter, approximate to the standard. Let us ask ourselves, if we had lived in the days of the Master, should "we have left all and followed him?" As we looked at him in the garb of a peasant, and a Nazarene, of ignoble origin and vagrant life, opposed by all recognis'd authorities, calm in his single-handed strength, alone against the world, shocking every ancient prejudice, and pronouncing the doom of a ritual, gorgeous in its ceremonial, and enfibred, by the ties of ages, round the hearts of men, what should we have thought of such a questionable man? Should we have dared to have come to him, even by night, while living, or to have gone boldly and begged his body when

dead? Should we have foregone, for his sake, the chief seat of synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts, and for the pleasure of his Divine discourse, and for the hopes immortal but unseen, have cast ourselves on his fidelity, even for daily bread? Let us look into the glass of our own consciousness, that we may be humbled and reproved. And in the present, with the light of his teaching and of his example, how are we living? Would it please us that the hidden man of the heart should be unveiled to our neighbour's scrutiny? Do we the right always, because it is the right—without thought of profit—and at the sure risk of ill? Do we rejoice to be brought in contact with *a man* that we may put our own manhood to the proof? Can we resolve to work ever for the good of this bad world, not bating from weariness, nor deterred by ingratitude, nor palsied with fear? Dare we speak honestly and act bravely, though loss and shame should follow speech and deed? Is there in us no division of activity against itself? are our thought and action mutually representative of each other? In one word, are we sincere? Do we serve one Master? with no reserve of our endowments? with every fragment of our influence? at every moment of our time? Oh, let us search our hearts on this matter! There is a great deal more of this sincere and decisive godliness wanted in the world, and you are to furnish it. I assume, of course, that you are decided for God; that the great change has taken place in you, and that you are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. If it be not so with you, seek first, for yourselves, the

kingdom of God. It will be a terrible thing if the "Perdidi diem" of the regretful Roman should deepen into a "Perdidi vitam" for you; if your life be but an accumulation of remorseful memories; or if there be one torturing thought of unforgiven sin, which, like Poe's raven—

"Never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above your chamber door,
And its eyes have all the seeming, of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er it streaming, throws its shadow on the floor;
And your soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted, nevermore."

But I rejoice to know that many of you are already the Lord's, living in the conscious enjoyment of religion, and anxious to make the world the better for your presence. To you we make our appeal. Of you—the Christian young men of London—of the United Kingdom, rather—it is asked that you cast out of yourselves the false, and the selfish, and the defiling, and that you be sincere workers for the glory of God and for the benefit of men. We ask it in the name of Truth, that you may man her bulwarks and tell her to the generation following. We ask it in the name of Christianity, that you may join her in her brave battle with world, and flesh, and devil. We ask it in the name of Society, that she may not be convulsed by the crimes of the lawless, nor by the frenzy of the despairing. We ask it in the name of our common Country, bewildered as she is by the burdens which oppress her, and distracted as she is by the contentions of her children. We ask it in the name of Humanity, struggling to deliver herself from a thousand wrongs. We ask it in the name of multitudes, sharing your

own manhood, who are passing down to darkness, wailing as they go—"No man hath cared for my soul." We ask it in the name of the Redeemer, who has shed for you His own most precious blood, and who waits, expecting, to see of the travail of his soul.

Delay not, I charge you, to obey the summons. Never heed the opposition with which you may have to contend. The joy of conquest is richer than the joy of heritage. Remember that every promise to the Apocalyptic churches is "to him that overcometh." If at any time your purpose falter or your courage fail, hie you to the Interpreter's house for comfort. Gaze again upon that sight inspiring, which made Christian eager for his perilous journey. Look at that "stately palace, beautiful to behold." See the men in golden garments on the top. Mark the cravens crouching at the gate below. See the scribe at the table, with the book and the ink-horn before him. Take the measure of the men in armour who keep the doorway from the enterers in. Watch the man of stout countenance, girt with sword and helmet for the battle: see him as he maintains the fearful strife, and wounded, but unyielding, cuts his way to victory: listen to the pleasant voice which heartens the champion into hope and valour—

"Come in! come in!
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

That vision is for you. Your names are in the muster-roll. Your path to the house of many mansions is beset by strong men armed. Quit yourselves like men. Take to yourselves the whole armour of God, and then press forward manfully for ever. Every

conflict brings you nearer to the recompense. Already the harp-songs of the cloud of witnesses encourage you. A soft accompaniment floats down to each of you, for your own ear and heart alone—the gentle cheering wafted from on high, of the mother who nursed your infancy, or the father “whose knee you clomb, the envied kiss to share.” Above all, his voice whose will is duty, and whose smile is heaven, speaks to you from his highest throne—Fight, I’ll help thee; Conquer, I’ll crown thee.

I cannot bid you farewell without expressing my gratification in being permitted, however imperfectly, to address you, and my best wishes for the Association to which most of you belong. I rejoice to hail this and kindred Societies as preparing us for that diviner future which shall yet burst on this ransomed world. Wearily have the years passed, I know : wearily to the pale watcher on the hill who has been so long gazing for the daybreak : wearily to the anxious multitudes who have been waiting for his tidings below. Often has the cry gone up through the darkness, “ Watcher, what of the night ? ” and often has the disappointing answer come, “ It is night still ; here the stars are clear above me, but they shine afar, and yonder the clouds lower heavily, and the sad night-winds blow.” But the time shall come, and perhaps sooner than we look for it, when the countenance of that pale watcher shall gather into intenser expectancy, and when the challenge shall be given, with the hopefulness of a nearer vision, “ Watcher, what of the night ? ” and the answer comes, “ The darkness is not so dense as it was ; there are faint streaks on the horizon’s verge ; mist is

in the valleys, but there is a radiance on the distant hill. It comes nearer—that promise of the day. The clouds roll rapidly away, and they are fringed with amber and gold. It is, it is the blest sunlight that I feel around me—MORNING !

IT IS MORNING !

And, in the light of that morning, thousands of earnest eyes flash with renewed brightness, for they have longed for the coming of the day. And, in the light of that morning, things that nestle in dust and darkness cower and flee away. Morning for the toil-worn artisan ! for oppression and avarice, and gaunt famine and poverty, are gone, and there is social night no more. Morning for the meek-eyed student ! for scowling doubt has fled, and sophistry is silenced, and the clouds of error are lifted from the fair face of Truth for aye, and there is intellectual night no more. Morning for the lover of man ! for wrongs are redressed, and contradictions harmonized, and problems solved, and men summer in perpetual brotherhood, and there is moral night no more. Morning for the lover of God ! for the last infidel voice is hushed, and the last cruelty of superstition perpetrated, and the last sinner lays his weapons down, and Christ the crucified becomes Christ the crowned. Morning ! Hark how the earth rejoices in it, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky—“Sing with us, ye heavens ! The morning cometh, the darkness is past, the shadows flee away, the true light shineth now.” Morning ! Hark how

the sympathetic heavens reply, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended!"

IT IS MORNING!

"The planet now doth, like a garment, wear the beauty of the morning." And the light climbeth onward, and upward, for there is a sacred noon beyond That noon is HEAVEN.

"AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

III.

MACAULAY.

I AM in difficulties to-night. There are three pictures vivid to my mental eye, which will haply illustrate those difficulties better than any long array of words. The first is that of a gleaner, by the dim light of the moon, searching painfully among the unwealthy stubble, in a harvest-field from which the corn has been reaped, and from which the reapers have withdrawn. I am that gleaner. About the great man who is my subject to-night, there has been as much said as would suffice for a long course of lectures, and as much written as would almost furnish a library. Where is the tongue which has not been loosened to utter his eulogy? Where is the pen which has not been swift in his praise? I have, therefore, to deal with matters which are already treasured as national property. If I am to furnish for you any but thin and blasted ears, I must of necessity enrich myself from the full sheaves of others. The second picture is that of an unfortunate individual, who has to write an art-criticism upon a celebrated picture, but who finds himself, with a small physique and with a horror of crowds, jammed hopelessly into the front rank of the spectators at the Academy, with the sun dazzling his eyes, and so near to the picture that he sees little

upon the canvas but a vague and shapeless outline of colour. I am that unhappy critic, dazzled as I look upon my subject—and both you and I are too near for perfect vision. Macaulay, as every one knows, was through life identified with a political party. Even his literary efforts were prompted by political impulses, and tinged necessarily with political hues. It would seem, therefore, that to be accurately judged he must be looked at through the haze of years, when the strife of passion has subsided, and prepossession and prejudice have alike faded in the lapse of time. The third picture is that of a son, keenly affectionate, but of high integrity, clinging with almost reverent fondness to the memory of a father, but who has become conscious of one detraction from that father's excellence, which he may not conscientiously conceal. I am that mourning son. There are few of you who hold that marvellous Englishman more dear, or who are more jealous for the renown which, on his human side, he merits, and which has made his name a word of pride wherever Anglo-Saxons talk in their grand, free mother-tongue. If this world were all, I could admire and worship with the best of you, and no warning accompaniment should mingle with the music of the praise; but I should be recreant to the duty which I owe to those who listen to me, and traitorous to my higher stewardship as a minister of Christ, if I forbore to warn you that without godliness in the heart and in the life the most brilliant career has missed of its allotted purpose, and there comes a paleness upon the lustre of the very proudest fame. It is enough. Your discernment perceives my difficulties, and your sympathy will

accord me its indulgence while we speak together of the man who was the marvel of other lands, and who occupies no obscure place upon the bright bead-roll of his own—the rhetorician, the essayist, the poet, the statesman, the historian—Thomas Babington, first and last Baron Macaulay.

From a middle-class family, in a Midland county in England, was born the man whom England delighteth to honour. The place of his birth was Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, at the house of his uncle, Mr. Thomas Babington, after whom he was named; and the time the month of October, when the century was not many moons old. His grandfather was a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, who dwelt quietly in his manse at Cardross on the Clyde. His father, after the manner of Scotchmen, travelled in early life toward the south, that he might find wider scope for his enterprise and industry than the country of Macallum More could yield. His mother was the daughter of a bookseller in Bristol, who was a member of the Society of Friends. Some of his critics, on the *post hoc propter hoc* principle, have discovered in these two facts the reasons of his subsequent severity against Scotchmen and Quakers. When, in these times, we ask after a man's parentage, it is not that we may know by how many removes he is allied to the Plantagenets, nor how many quarterings he is entitled to grave upon his shield. It is morally certain that most of us had ancestors who distinguished themselves in the Wars of the Roses, and that most of us will have posterity who shall be engaged in the last strife of Armageddon. But estates and names are not the only inheritances of children. They inherit the

qualities by which estates are acquired or scattered, and by which men carve out names for themselves, the prouder because they are self-won. Influences which are thrown around them in the years of early life are vital, almost creative, in their power upon the future of their being. You look upon a child in the rounded dimples of its happiness, with large wonder in its eyes, and brow across which sun and shadow chase each other ceaselessly. It is all unconscious of its solemn stewardship, and of the fine or fatal destiny which it may achieve; but you take the thoughts of responsibility and of influence into account, and you feel that of all known and terrible forces, short of Omnipotence, the mightiest may slumber in that cradle, or look wistfully from out those childish eyes. You look at it again when the possible of the child has developed into the actual of the man. The life-purpose has been chosen, and there is the steady strife for its accomplishment. The babe who once slumbered so helplessly has become the village Hampden, or the cruel Claverhouse; the dark blasphemer, or the ready helper of the friendless; the poet, in his brief felony of the music of Paradise, or the missionary in his labour to restore its lost blessings to mankind. You might almost have predicted the result, because you knew the influences, subtle but mighty, which helped to confirm him in the right, or which helped to warp him to the wrong. And who shall say in the character of each of us, how much we are indebted to hereditary endowments, to early association, to the philosophy of parental rule, and to that retinue of circumstances which guarded us as we emerged from the dream-land of childhood into the

actual experiences of life? In the character and habits of Macaulay, the results of these influences may be very largely discovered. Those of you who are familiar with the wicked wit of Sydney Smith will remember his reference to "the patent Christianity of Clapham;" and in Sir James Stephen's inimitable essay, the worthies of the Clapham sect are portrayed with such fidelity and power, that we feel their presence, and they are familiar to us as the faces of to-day. Let us look in upon them on a summer's eve some fifty years ago. We are in the house of Henry Thornton, the wealthy banker, and for many years the independent representative of the faithful constituency of Southwark. The guests assemble in such numbers, that it might almost be a gathering of the clan. They have disported on the spacious lawn, beneath the shadow of venerable elms, until the evening warns them inside, and they are in the oval saloon, projected and decorated, in his brief leisure, by William Pitt, and filled, to every available inch, with a well-selected library. Take notice of the company, for men of mark are here. There is *Henry Thornton* himself, lord of the innocent and happy revels, with open brow and searching eye; with a mind subtle to perceive and bright to harmonize the varied aspects of a question; with a tranquil soul, and a calm, judicial, persevering wisdom, which, if it never rose into heroism, was always ready to counsel and sustain the impulses of the heroism of others. That slight, agile, restless little man, with a crowd about him, whose rich voice rolls like music upon charmed listeners, as if he were a harper who played upon all hearts at his pleasure;

can that be the apostle of the brotherhood? By what process of compression did the great soul of *Wilberforce* get into a frame so slender? It is the old tale of the genius and the fisherman revived. He is fairly abandoned to-night to the current of his own joyous fancies; now contributing to the stream of earnest talk which murmurs through the room, and now rippling into a merry laugh, light-hearted as a sportive child. There may be seen the burly form, and heard the sonorous voice, of *William Smith*, the active member for Norwich, separated from the rest in theological beliefs, but linked with them in all human charities; who at threescore years and ten could say that he had no remembrance of an illness, and that though the head of a numerous family, not a funeral had ever started from his door. Yonder, with an absent air, as if awakened from some dear dream of prophecy, sits *Granville Sharp*, that man of chivalrous goodness; stern to indignation against every form of wrong-doing, gentle to tenderness towards the individual wrong-doer. The author of many publications, the patron of many societies, the exposé of many abuses, there was underlying the earnest purpose of his life, a festive humour which made the world happy to him, and which gladdened the circle of his home. His leisure was divided, when he was not called to the councils of Clapham, between his barge, his pencil, and his harp, the latter of which he averred was after the precise pattern of David's; and strollers through the Temple Gardens in the early morning might often hear his voice, though broken by age, singing to it, as in a strange land, and by the river of the modern

Babylon, one of the songs of Zion. In his later years the study of prophecy absorbed him, and we smile at the kindly aberrations which devised portable wool-packs to save the lives at once of exposed soldiers in the Peninsula, and of starving artisans at home; which thought that in King Alfred's law of frankpledge there was a remedy for all the sorrows of Sierra Leone; and which mourned over the degeneracy of statesmen, because Charles Fox, whom he saw at the Foreign Office, had never so much as heard of Daniel's *Little Horn*. Approaching with a half-impatient look, as if he longed to be breathing the fresh air in some glen of Needwood Chase, comes *Thomas Gisborne*, the sworn friend of Nature, to whom she whispered all her secrets of bird, and stream, and tree, and who loved her with a pure love, less only than that which he felt for the souls in his homely parish to whom he ministered the word of life. There in a group, eagerly conversing together, are the lamented *Bowdler*, and the elder *Stephen*, *Charles Grant*, at that time the reputed autocrat of that Leadenhall Street whose glory has so recently departed, and *John, Lord Teignmouth*, whose quiet, gentlemanly face one could better imagine in the chair of the Bible Society, than ruling in viceregal pomp over the vast empire of India. Summoned up from Cambridge to the gathering, there is *Isaac Milner*, "of lofty stature, vast girth, and superincumbent wig," charged, perhaps, with some message of affection from good old John Venn, who then lay quietly waiting until his change should come; and *Charles Simeon*, redeemed from all affectations, as he is kindled by the reading of a letter which has just reached him from

the far East, and which bears the signature of Henry Martyn. Are we mistaken, or did we discover in the crowd, lighted up with a fine benignity, the countenance of the accomplished *Mackintosh*? And surely there flitted by us, with characteristic haste, that active, working, marvellously expressive face which could answer to no other name than that of *Henry Brougham*. There is just one more figure in the corner upon whom we must for a moment linger, and as we pass toward him that we may get a nearer vision, look at that group of three ingenuous youths, drinking in the rich flow of soul with feelings of mingled shyness and pride. Can you tell their fortunes? The interpreting years would show them to you—the one dying beloved and honoured as the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, the second living as the active and eloquent Bishop of Oxford, and the third the future historian of his country, and one of her most renowned and most lamented sons.

With beetling brows, and figure robust but ungainly, slow of speech, and with a face which told no tale, described as the man "whose understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear," and who, though his demeanour was "inanimate, if not austere, excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm."—What was the secret of *Zachary Macaulay's* power? Just this, the consecration of every energy to the one purpose upon which his life was offered as a living sacrifice—the sweeping from the face of the earth of the wrong and shame of slavery. An eye-witness of its abominations in

Jamaica, a long resident at Sierra Leone, with the slave-trade flourishing around him, he became impressed with the conviction that God had called him to do battle with this giant sin, and from that moment he lived apart, lifted above ordinary cares and aims by the grandeur of this solemn inspiration. For this cause he laboured without weariness, and wrote with force and vigour. For this cause he suffered slander patiently, made light of fame and fortune, wasted health, and died poor. His friends marked this self-devotion, and respected it. They bowed in homage to the majesty of goodness. They regarded him almost as a being of superior order; while so deep was his humility, and so close his fellowship with God, that it became easy to imagine that he dwelt habitually in the presence of the shining ones, and that the glory of the mount upon which his footsteps often lingered, shone about him as he sojourned among men.

Such were the men who, as leaders of the "Clapham sect," as it was called, drew down the wonder of the worldly, and provoked the scoffing of the proud.

Oh rare and sacred fellowship! Where is the limner who will preserve for us these features upon canvas? Already upon our walls we can live with the renowned and the worthy. We see the great Duke in the midst of his companions in arms; we are at home with Dr. Johnson and his friends; we realize the penetralia of Abbotsford; we are present when John Wesley dies; we can nod familiarly to a group of free-traders; we can recognise noble sheep-breeders and stalwart yeomen at an agricultural show; why should our moral heroes be forgotten? Who will

paint the Clapham sect for us? Their own age derided them; let us, their posterity, enthrone them with double honour. They sowed the seeds of which the harvest waveth now. It was theirs to commence, amid unfriendly watchers, those wide schemes of philanthropy which have made the name of England blessed. Catching the mantle of those holy men who in the early part of the last century were the apostles of the second Reformation, they had perhaps a keener sense of the difficulties of evangelism, and a more practical knowledge of the manners and customs of the world. Fearlessly as their fathers had testified in attestation of some vital doctrine, they bore their heroic witness against insolent oppression and wrong; and to them we owe the creation of that enlightened public opinion which has made the nation a commonwealth, and the world a neighbourhood; which is so prolific in its merciful inventions in the times in which we live; and which, while it screens the peasant's thatch, and protects the beggar's conscience, and uplifts the poor man's home, is so world-wide in its magnificence of charity, that it has an ear for the plaint of the exile, a response to the cry of the Sudra, and a tear for the sorrows of the slave.

With such healthy and stirring influences surrounding him, Macaulay passed his childhood; and though in after years he became the contemplative student, rather than the beneficent worker, and though, retaining many of the opinions of his early friends, he seems to have remained ignorant of the grand and living principle which was the inspiration of them all—"brought over," as Mr. Maurice significantly says,

“from the party of the saints to the party of the Whigs,”—the results of the association stamped themselves upon his character, and we can trace them in his sturdy independence, and consistent love of liberty, in his rare appreciation of the beauty of moral goodness, and in the quiet energy of perseverance which urged him to the mastery of every subject he handled, and which stored his mind so richly, that he grew into a living encyclopedia of knowledge. The world has recently been enriched with information upon the subject of Macaulay’s childhood, from the letters addressed to his father by the venerable Hannah More. This remarkable woman—sprightly at seventy as at twenty-five—was a living link between the celebrities of two ages, and wielded, from her retirement at Barley Wood, an influence of which it is scarcely possible for us to estimate the extent and value. Rich in recollections of Garrick, Burke, Walpole, and Johnson, she entered heartily into the schemes and interests of the world of later times, and many were the eminent names who sought her counsel, or who prized her correspondence and friendship. Her interest in the Macaulay family was increased by the fact that the Selina Mills, whom Zachary Macaulay afterwards married, had been under her charge as a pupil, when she and her sister kept a school in Bristol. From her letters we learn the impression of extraordinary endowment which the young Macaulay gave. When he had attained the mature age of eight, she rejoices “that his classicality has not extinguished his piety,” and adds—“His hymns were really extraordinary for such a baby.”

What better illustration can there be of the old adage that poets are born, not made! "He lisped in numbers, and the numbers came." In his twelfth year, when the momentous question of a public school was debated in the parental councils, Hannah More gives her judgment in favour of his being sent to Westminster by day—thus, as she thought, securing the discipline and avoiding the danger. And in the same letter she says, "Yours, like Edwin, is no vulgar boy, and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings. I never saw any one bad propensity in him; nothing except natural frailty and ambition, inseparable, perhaps, from such talents and so lively an imagination. He appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate." It would seem that private tuition was thought to have the advantage over public schools, for the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, then of Shelford, Cambridgeshire, and subsequently of Aspeden House, Herts, was entrusted with the educational guardianship of young Macaulay. During his residence here, he is described as a studious, thoughtful boy, rather largely built than otherwise, with a head which seemed too big for his body, stooping shoulders, and pallid face; not renowned either at boating or cricket, nor any of the other articles in the creed of muscular Christianity, but incessantly reading or writing or repeating ballad-poetry by the yard or by the hour. Hannah More says that during a visit to Barley Wood, he recited all Bishop Heber's prize-poem of "Palestine," and that

they had "poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper." She laboured hard to impress him with Sir Henry Savile's notion that poets are the best writers of all, *next* to those who have written prose, and seems to have been terribly afraid lest he should turn out a poet after all. It was about this period that he wrote an epitaph on Henry Martyn, which has been published as his earliest effort, and which other judges than partial ones will pronounce excellent, to have been written by a boy of twelve:—

"Here Martyn lies ! in manhood's early bloom,
The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb !
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
Immortal trophies ! not with slaughter red,
Not stained with tears by helpless orphans shed ;
But trophies of the Cross ! In that dear Name,
Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame,
Onward he journeyed to that happy shore,
Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more."

In the fifteenth year of his age, we find the young student, with characteristic energy, coming out as a Church reformer, assailing the time-honoured prerogative of parish clerks, and making "heroic exertions" to promote, in the village where he worshipped, the responses of the congregation at large. The same period was signalized by the appearance of his first critical essay, and of his earliest published work—the criticism, however, ventured only in a letter to Barley Wood, and the work being neither an epic nor a treatise, but an index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*. It seems that his father shared the jealousy of his poetical tendencies which Hannah

More so frequently expressed ; and to curb his Pegasus, imposed upon him the cultivation of prose composition, in one of its most useful, if not of its captivating styles. The letter in which Macaulay talks the critiques, and alludes to the forthcoming publication, shall tell its own tale, and you may forget or remember, as you please, that the writer was not yet fifteen. After alluding to the illness of Mr. Henry Thornton, and to Hannah More's recovery from the effects of an accident by fire, he says :—

“ Every eminent writer of poetry, good or bad, has been publishing within the last month, or is to publish shortly. Lord Byron's pen is at work over a poem, as yet nameless. Lucien Buonaparte has given the world his *Charlemagne*. Scott has published his *Lord of the Isles*, in six cantos—a beautiful and elegant poem ; and Southey his *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*. Wordsworth has printed *The Excursion* (a ponderous quarto of five hundred pages), being a portion of the intended poem entitled *The Recluse*. What the length of this intended poem is to be, as the Grand Vizier said of the Turkish poet—‘ n'est connu qu'à Dieu et à M. Wordsworth.’ This forerunner, however, is, to say no more, almost as long as it is dull ; not but that there are many striking and beautiful passages interspersed ; but who would wade through a poem

“ Where perhaps one beauty shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines ? ”

To add to the list, my dear madam, you will soon see a work of mine in print. Do not be frightened ; it is only the Index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*, which I have had the honour of composing.

Index-making, though the lowest, is not the most useless round in the ladder of literature; and I pride myself upon being able to say that there are many readers of the *Christian Observer* who could do without Walter Scott's works, but not without those of,

“ My dear Madam, your affectionate friend,

“ THOMAS B. MACAULAY.”

From Mr. Preston's roof Macaulay proceeded in due course to Trinity College, Cambridge, the *alma mater* of so many distinguished sons, proud in the past of the fame of those whose *mens divini* first developed itself within her classic precincts,—her Bacon, Newton, Milton, Barrow,—as she will be proud in the future of her later child, who spake of their greatness to the world. Such is reported to have been his distaste for mathematics, that he did not compete for honours; but he twice carried off the Chancellor's medal for prize poems, on the subjects respectively of “Pompeii,” and “Evening;” gained the Craven scholarship; and in 1822 obtained his Bachelor's degree. It should not be forgotten, and the mention of it may hearten into hope again some timid youth who has been discouraged by partial failure, that a third poem, on the inspiring subject of “Waterloo,” failed to obtain the prize. In 1825 his Master's degree was taken, and in the year following he was called to the bar.

It was during his residence at the University that he started as an adventurer into that world of letters which is so stony-hearted to the friendless and the feeble, but which, once propitiated or mastered, speeds the vigorous or the fortunate to the temple of fame.

He was happy in the enterprising individual who first enlisted his ready pen. There were times when the publisher was as a grim ogre, who held the writer in his thrall; and there would be material for many an unwritten chapter of the "Calamities of Authors," if one could but recount the affronts put upon needy genius by vulgar but wealthy pride. They are to be congratulated who find a publisher with a heart to sympathize, and a soul to kindle, as well as with brows to knit and head to reckon. It was well for Macaulay, though his genius would have burst through all trammels of poverty or sordidness, that he was a kind and genial leader under whose banner he won his spurs of literary fame. There are few names which the literature of modern times should hold in dearer remembrance than the name of Charles Knight, at once the Mæcenas of youthful authorship, and a worthy fellow-labourer with the band whom he gathered around him. He yet lives in the midst of us, though in the winter of his years. Long may it be ere Jerrold's apt epitaph be needed, and the last "Good Knight" be breathed above the turf that wraps his clay!

A goodly band of choice spirits those were, who, under various names, enriched the pages of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. It is not too much to say, however, that though John Moultrie, Nelson Coleridge, and Winthrop Praed were among the valued contributors, the great charm of the magazine, during its brief but brilliant existence, was in the articles signed "Tristram Merton," which was the literary alias of Thomas Macaulay. In these earlier productions of his pen there are the foreshadowings of his future eminence,

the same flashes of genius, the same antithetical power, the same prodigious learning, the same marvellous fecundity of illustration, which so much entrance and surprise us in his later years. His versatility is amazing. Nothing comes amiss to him : Italian poets and Athenian orators—the revels of Alcibiades, and the gallantries of Cæsar, the philosophy of history, and the abstruser questions of political science,—all are discussed with boldness and fervour by this youth of twenty-four summers ; while those who read his fragments of a parish law-suit, and a projected epic, will pronounce him “ of an infinite humour ; ” and those who read his *Songs of the Huguenots*, and of the *Civil War*, will recognise the first martial outbursts of the poet-soul which flung its fiery words upon the world in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. His old love of the ballad, which had been a passion in his schoolboy life, was not entirely overborne by his application to graver studies. Calliope had not yet been supplanted by Clio, and he sung the battle of Naseby, for example, with a force of rushing words which takes our hearts by storm in spite of olden prejudice or political creed, and which, in what some critics would call a wanton perversion of power, carries away the most peace-loving amongst us in a momentary insanity for war :—

“ Oh ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

“ Oh ! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

- “ It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine ;
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.
- “ Like a servant of the Lord with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.
- “ And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line—
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !
- “ The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes :—close your
ranks :—
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.
- “ They are here :—they rush on.—We are broken—we are gone :—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.
- “ Stout Skippon hath a wound :—the centre hath given ground :—
Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on our
rear ?
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here !
- “ Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.
- “ Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-Bar.
And he—he turns, he flies,—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dared not look on war !
-

“ Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay
 and bold,
 When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day,
 And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
 Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

“ And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword ;
 And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the
 Word.”

It has been said that a speech delivered by Macaulay, on the great question which absorbed his father's life, attracted the notice of Jeffrey, then seeking for young blood wherewith to enrich the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, and that this was the cause of his introduction into the guild of literature, of which he became the *decus et tutamen*. The world is now familiar with that series of inimitable essays, which were poured out in rapid and apparently inexhaustible succession, for the space of twenty years. To criticise them, either in mass or in detail, is no part of the lecturer's province; and even to enumerate them would entail a pilgrimage to many and distant shrines. As we surrender ourselves to his masterly guidance, we are fascinated beneath a life-like biography, or are enchanted by some sweet spell of travel; we pronounce upon canons of criticism, and solve problems of government with a calm dogmatism which is troubled by no misgivings; we range unquestioned through the court at Potsdam, and mix in Italian intrigues, and settle Spanish successions; and under the robe of the sagacious Burleigh

peer out upon starched ruffs and colossal head-dresses in the presence-chamber of Elizabeth herself. Now, with Clive and Hastings, we tread the sultry Ind—our path glittering with “barbaric pearl and gold”—now on bloody Chalgrove we shudder to see Hampden fall; and anon we gaze upon the glorious dreamer, as he listens musingly to the dull splash of the water from his cell on Bedford Bridge. We stand aside, and are awed while Byron raves, and charmed while Milton sings. Addison condescendingly writes for us, and Chatham declaims in our presence; Madame d’Arblay trips lightly along the corridor, and Boswell comes ushering in his burly idol, and smirking like the showman of a giant. We watch the process curiously as an unfortunate poet is impaled amid the scattered Sibyllines of the reviews which puffed him; and we hold our breath while the Nemesis descends to crucify the miscreant Barère. In all moods of mind, in all varieties of experience, there is something for us of instruction or of warning. If we pause, it is from astonishment; if we are wearied, it is from excess of splendour; we are in a gorgeous saloon, superbly draped, and from whose walls flash out upon us a long array of pictures, many of them pre-Raphaelite in colour; and we are so dazzled by the brilliant hues, and by the effective grouping, that it is long ere we can ask ourselves whether they are true to nature, or to those deeper convictions which our spirits have struggled to attain. Criticism, for a season, becomes the vassal of delight; and we know not whether most to admire—the prodigality of knowledge, or the precision of utterance—the sagacity which foresees, or

the fancy which embellishes—the tolerant temper, or the moral courage.

In these essays Macaulay has written his mental autobiography. He has done for us in reference to himself what, with all his brilliancy, he has often failed to do for us by his portraits of others. He has shown us the man. He has anatomized his own nature. As in a glass, we may here see him as he is. He is not the thinker—reverent, hesitating, troubled; but the rare expositor of the thoughts of elder time. He is not the discerner of spirits, born to the knowledge of others in the birth-pangs of his own regeneration; but the omnivorous reader, familiar with every corner of the book-world, and divining from the entrails of a folio, as the ancient augurs from the entrails of a bird. He is not the prophet; but has a shrewdness of insight which often simulates the prophet's inspiration. He is not the philosopher, laying broad and deep the foundations of a new system; but the illustrator, stringing upon old systems a multitude of gathered facts; not dry and tiresome, but transmuted into impetuous logic or inspiring poetry by the fire that burned within him. He is not the mere partisan, save only "in that unconscious disingenuousness from which the most upright man when strongly attached to an opinion is seldom wholly free;" but the discriminating censor, who can deride the love-locks and fopperies of the Cavalier, and yet admire his chivalrous loyalty; who can rejoice in the stern virtues of the Puritan, and yet laugh at his small scruples, and at his nasal twang. He is not, alas! the Christian apostle, the witness alike amid the gloom of Gethsemane and

on the mount of vision ; not for him are either those agonies or that mountain-baptism ; he would have "feared to enter into the cloud." He is rather the Hebrew scribe, astonished at the marvellous works, eager and fluent in recording them, and yet retaining his earthward leanings, and cherishing his country's dream of the advent of a temporal Messiah.

The first essay, that on Milton, at once established Macaulay's fame. In later years he spoke of it as overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament, and "as containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved." There are many yet, however, with whom its high moral tone, courage, and healthy freshness of feeling will atone for its occasional dogmatism, and for the efflorescence of its youthful style. Who has not glowed to read that description of the Puritan worthies, "whose palaces were houses not made with hands ; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language ; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand" ?

Scarcely less eloquent, though much less known, is the description of the influence of the literature of Athens, which I quote as a fair example of the essayist's early style :

"It is a subject on which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge in the veneration of a worshipper, and the gratitude of a child. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination,

the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect—that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humour of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling: by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage?—to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house

and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens. The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilisation and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief—shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, 'exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the

intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.'"

You will not fail to perceive in the last sentence of this quotation the first sketch of the celebrated New Zealander, who has certainly earned the privilege of a free seat on London Bridge, by the frequency with which he has "pointed a moral and adorned a tale." In his finished form, and busy at his melancholy work, he appears in an article on *Ranke's History of the Popes*, to illustrate Macaulay's opinion of the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church:—"She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." As one reads this oracular announcement, one is ready to inquire, "Is it really so? Is the tide to roll back so far? Are all the struggles of the ages fruitless? Has the light streamed into the darkness only that the darkness may not comprehend it? The blood of our fathers, shed in the battle for dear life, that life of the spirit which is costlier far than this poor life of the body—has it flowed in vain?" Ah! he sees but events on the level, and the mists of the past dim the

eyes that would penetrate the future. Let us get up higher, higher than the plain, higher than the plateau, higher than the tableland, even on to the summit where Faith rests upon the promises and awaits patiently their fulfilment; and in the light of that clear azure, which is unclouded by the fog or by the shadow, we shall learn other lessons than these. We shall see one purpose in the history of the nations, in the preparation of agencies, in the removal of hindrances, in the subordination, both of good and evil fortune, to the unfolding of one grand design. We shall see a profound religious movement awakened, growing, gathering strength, and preparing in secret for the ministry which its manhood is to wield. We shall see that Protestantism has hold of the world's intellectual wealth, spreads herself among new peoples as a missionary power, breathes even in Romish countries as a healing and salutary breath, and is heaving unconsciously in every trampled land which yearns and groans for freedom. We shall see science extending her discoveries, and Popery is at variance with science; Education diffusing her benefits, and Popery shrinks from knowledge; Liberty putting forth her hand that serfs may touch it, and leap at the touch into freemen, and Popery cannot harbour the free; Scripture universally circulated, and Popery loves not the Bible; and then, remembering that we have a sure word of prophecy, and gazing down upon the city of harlotry and pride, where foul corruptions nestle, and the ghosts of martyrs wander, and the unburied witnesses appeal, we know that its doom is spoken, and that, in God's good time, Popery shall

perish,—thrown from the tired world which has writhed beneath its yoke so long,—perish, from its seven hills, and from its spiritual wickedness, utterly and for ever, before the Lord, “slain by the breath of his mouth, and consumed by the brightness of his coming.”

To the wealth of Macaulay in illustration we have already made reference, and also to the fact that his images are drawn but rarely from external nature. In books he found the enchanted cave which required but his “open sesame” to disclose to him the needed treasure; and in his discursive reading the highest book was not forgotten. The reader of his various works will not fail to be struck with his frequent scriptural allusions; and if he is in search of a peroration, and hits upon an image which rings more musically on the ear, or which lingers longer in the memory than another, it will be strange if he has not drawn it from that wonderful Bible which dispenses to all men, and grudges not, and is none the poorer for all the bounties of its magnificent giving. I select but two brief passages; the one from the essay on Lord Bacon, and the other from that on Southey’s *Colloquies of Society*:—“Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the *Novum Organum*, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a

wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest, and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey; while the multitude below saw only the flat, sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba." The other extract represents the evils of the alliance between Christianity and Power, and commends itself to our literary taste, even if we suppose that there are two sides to the shield:—"The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded by the arms of earthly defenders. In captivity its sanctity was sufficient to vindicate it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to every house of mourning, in the light which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a system it can bring no addition of dignity or strength, that it is part and parcel of the common law. It is not now for the first time left to rely on

the force of its own evidences, and the attractions of its own beauty. Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in the fair conflict of reason with reason. The bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing, when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the Kingdom that was not of this world. The victory which Porphyry and Diocletian failed to gain is not, to all appearance, reserved for any of those who have, in this age, directed their attacks against the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched. The whole history of Christianity shows that she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power, than of being crushed by its opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes treated her Author. They bow the knee, and spit upon her; they cry, 'Hail!' and smite her on the cheek; they put a sceptre in her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they crown her, but it is with thorns; they cover with purple the wounds which their own hands have inflicted on her; and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain."

Every reader of the essays must be impressed with the marvellous versatility of knowledge which they disclose. What has he not read? is the question which we feel disposed to ask. Quotations from obscure writers, or from obscure works of great writers; multitudinous allusions to ancient classics, or to modern authors whom his mention has gone far to make classic—recondite references to some less studied book

of Scripture—names which have driven us to the atlas to make sure of our geography—or to the Biographical Gallery to remind us that they lived;—they crowd upon us so thickly that we are wildered in the profusion, and there is danger to our cerebral symmetry from the enlargement of our bump of wonder. It is said that, in allusion to this accumulation of knowledge, his associates rather profanely nicknamed him “Macaulay the Omniscient;” and, indeed, the fact of his amazing knowledge is beyond dispute. Then, how did he get it? Did it come to him by the direct fiat of Heaven, as Adam’s in Paradise? Did he open his eyes and find himself the heir of the ages, as those who are born to fair acres and broad lands? Did he spring at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, full-armed, a ripe and furnished scholar? Or was he just favoured as others, with a clear mind and a resolute will—with a high appreciation of knowledge, and a keen covetousness to make it his own? He had a wonderful memory, that is true; so that each fragment of his amassed lore seemed to be producible at will. He had a regal faculty, that also is true, by whose high alchemy all that he had gathered goldened into a beauty of its own; but it was the persevering industry of labour which brought stores to the retentive memory, and material to the creative mind. Work, hard work, the sweat of the brain through many an exhausting hour, and through many a weary vigil, was the secret, after all, of his success. Many who slumber in nameless graves, or wander through the tortures of a wasted life, have had memories as capacious, and faculties as fine as he, but they lacked the steadiness of purpose,

and patient thoughtful labour, which multiplied the "ten talents" into "ten other talents beside them." It is the old lesson, voiceful from every life that has a moral in it—from Bernard Palissy, selling his clothes, and tearing up his floor to add fuel to the furnace, and wearying his wife and amusing his neighbours with dreams of his white enamel, through the unremunerative years; from Warren Hastings, lying at seven years old upon the rivulet's bank, and vowing inwardly that he would regain his patrimonial property, and dwell in his ancestral halls, and that there should be again a Hastings of Daylesford; from William Carey, paunting after the moral conquest of India, whether he sat at the lap-stone of his early craft, or wielded the ferule in the village school, or lectured the village elders when the Sabbath dawned. It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness that is undaunted by difficulties, and, in ordinary circumstances, success. Do you say that you are not gifted, and that therefore Macaulay is no model to you?—that yours is a lowly sphere or a prosaic occupation, and that even if you were ambitious to rise, or determined to become heroic, your unfortunate surroundings would refuse to give you the occasion? It is quite possible that you may not have the affluent fancy, nor the lordly and formative brain. All men are not thus endowed, and the world will never be reduced to a level uniformity of mind. The powers and deeds of some men will be always miracles to other men, even to the end of time. It is quite possible, too, that the conditions of your life may be unfavourable, that your daily course may not glow with

poetical incident, nor ripple into opportunities of ostentatious greatness. But, granted all these disadvantages, it is the part of true manhood to surmount natural hindrances, and to make its own occasions. The highest greatness is not that which waits for favourable circumstances, but which compels hard fortune to do it service, which slays the Nemæan lion, and goes on to further conquests, robed in its tawny hide. The real heroes are the men who constrain the tribute which men would fain deny them—

“Men who walk up to Fame as to a friend,
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir
They have wrested ; from the world’s hard hand and gripe,
Men who—like Death, all bone, but all unarmed—
Have ta’en the giant world by the throat, and thrown him,
And made him swear to maintain their name and fame
At peril of his life.”

There are few of you, perhaps, who could achieve distinction ; there are none of you who need be satisfied without an achievement that is infinitely higher. You may make your lives beautiful and blessed. The poorest of you can afford to be kind ; the least gifted amongst you can practise that loving wisdom which knows the straightest road to human hearts. You may not be able to thrill senates with your eloquence, but you may see eyes sparkle and faces grow gladder when you appear ; you may not astonish the listeners by your acquirements of varied scholarship, but you may dwell in some spirits, as a presence associated with all that is beautiful and holy ; you may neither be a magnate nor a millionaire, but you may have truer honours than of earth, and riches which wax not old. You may not rise to patrician estate, and

come under that mysterious process by which the churl's blood is transformed into the nobleman's, but you may ennoble yourselves, in a higher aristocracy than that of belted earl. Use the opportunities you have ; make the best of your circumstances, however unpromising. Give your hearts to God, and your lives to earnest work and loving purpose, and you can never live in vain. Men will feel your influence like the scent of a bank of violets, fragrant with the hidden sweetness of the spring, and men will miss you when you cease from their communions, as if a calm, familiar star shot suddenly and brightly from their vision ; and if there wave not at your funeral the trappings of the world's gaudy woe, and the pageantry of the world's surface-honour, " eyes full of heartbreak " will gaze wistfully adown the path where you have vanished, and in the long after-time, hearts which you have helped to make happy will recall your memory with gratitude and tears.

The union of great acquirements and great rhetorical power, so manifest in Macaulay's mind, could not fail to render him a desirable acquisition to any political party ; and as he had imbibed, and in some sort inherited, Whig principles, an opportunity was soon found for his admission into Parliament, where he appeared in time to join in the discussions on the Reform Bill. He was first returned, in February 1830, by the influence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, for the nomination borough of Calne. He sat for Calne until the passing of the Reform Bill, when he was elected one of their first representatives by the newly-created constituency of Leeds. In 1834 he

was appointed a Member of Council in India, and devoted himself to the construction of a new penal code for that part of Her Majesty's dominions. This was his sole legislative offspring, and, from the best estimate which we can form from imperfect knowledge, it would seem to have been exquisite on paper, but useless in working—a brilliant, but impracticable thing. During his residence in India he continued on the staff of the *Edinburgh*, and contributed some of his superb criticisms from beneath an Eastern sky. Here, also, it is probable that he gathered the material and sketched the plan of those masterly articles which, perhaps, more than most others, aroused English sympathies for India—the articles on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive. In May 1839, he reappeared in Parliament, on the elevation to the peerage of Mr. Speaker Abercromby, as the representative of Edinburgh. He was re-elected at the general election of 1841, and twice on occasion of his accession to office. In 1847, at the general election, he failed to obtain his seat, partly, as it is said, from the brusque manner in which he treated his constituents, and partly from his consistent support of the enlarged Maynooth grant, to which many of those who had previously supported him were conscientiously opposed. The papers were loud in condemnation of the Edinburgh electors, who were represented as having disgraced themselves for ever by their rejection of a man of so much excellent renown. Well, if a representative is to be chosen for his brilliant parts, or for his fluent speech, perhaps they did; but if men vote for conscience' sake, and they feel strongly on what they consider a vital

question, and if a representative is to be what his name imports—the faithful reflex of the sentiments of the majority who send him—one can see nothing in the outcry but unreasoning clamour. I cannot see dishonour either in his sturdy maintenance of unpopular opinions, or in his constituents' rejection of him because his sentiments were opposed to their own; but I can see much that is honourable to both parties in their reconciliation after temporary estrangement—on their part, that they should honour him by returning him in 1852, unsolicited, at the head of the poll—on his part, that he should, with a manly generosity, bury all causes of dissension, and consent to return to public life, as the representative of a constituency which had bidden him for a season to retire. There is, indeed, no part of Macaulay's character in which he shows to more advantage than in his position as a Member of Parliament. We may not always be able to agree with him in sentiment, we may fancy that we discover the fallacies which lurk beneath the shrewdness of his logic, we may suffer now and then from the apt sarcasm which he was not slow to wield; but we must accord to him the tribute, that his political life was a life of unswerving consistency and of stainless honour. In his lofty scorn of duplicity he became, perhaps, sometimes contemptuous, just as in his calm dogmatism he never seemed to imagine that there were plausible arguments which might be adduced on both sides of a question; but in his freedom from disguise, and abhorrence of corruption, in his refusal to parley when compromise would have been easy, and in his refusal to be silent when silence would have

wounded his conscience but saved his seat, in the noble indignation with which he denounced oppression, and in his fearless independence of all influences which were crafty and contemptible, he may fairly be held up as a model English statesman. Before the Reform Bill, the member for the city usually subscribed fifty guineas to the Edinburgh races, and shortly after the election of 1841, Mr. Macaulay was applied to on this behalf. His reply is a fine specimen of manly decision. "In the first place," he says, "I am not clear that the object is a good one. In the next place, I am clear that by giving money for such an object in obedience to such a summons, I should completely change the whole character of my connection with Edinburgh. It has been usual enough for rich families to keep a hold on corrupt boroughs by defraying the expense of public amusements. Sometimes it is a ball, sometimes a regatta. The Derby family used to support the Preston races. The members for Beverley, I believe, find a bull for their constituents to bait. But these were not the conditions on which I undertook to represent Edinburgh. In return for your generous confidence I offer faithful parliamentary service, and nothing else. The call that is now made is one so objectionable, that I must plainly say I would rather take the Chiltern Hundreds than comply with it." All honour to the moral courage which indited that reply! Brothers, let the manly example fire you. Carry such heroism into your realms of morals and of commerce, and into all the social interlacings of your life; let no possible loss of influence or patronage or gold tempt you to the doing of that which your judgment and

conscience disapprove. Better a thousand times to be slandered than to sin; nobler to spend your days in all the bitterness of unheeded struggle, than become a hollow parasite to gain a hollow friend. Worthier far to remain poor for ever, the brave and self-respecting heir of the crust and of the spring, than, in another sense than Shakespeare's, to "coin your heart," and for the "vile drachmas," which are the hire of wrong, to drop your "generous" blood.

Macaulay's speeches, published by himself in self-defence against the dishonest publication of them by other people, bear the stamp and character of the essay rather than of the oration, and reveal all the mental qualities of the man—his strong sense and vast learning, his shrewdness in the selection of his materials, and his mastery over that sort of reasoning which silences if it does not convince. They betray, also, very largely, the idiosyncrasy which is, perhaps, his most observable faculty, the disposition to regard all subjects in the light of the past, and to treat them historically, rather than from the experience of actual life. Thus in his speeches on the East India Company's charter, on the motion of want of confidence in the Melbourne Ministry, on the state of Ireland, on the Factories Bill, on the question of the exclusion of the Master of the Rolls from Parliament, he ransacks for precedents and illustrations in the histories of almost every age and clime, while he gives but vague and hesitating solutions on the agitating problems of the day. Hence, though his last recorded speech is said to have been unrivalled in the annals of parliamentary oratory for the number of votes which it won, the

impression of his speeches in the general was not so immediate as it will, perhaps, be lasting. Men were conscious of a despotism while he spoke, and none wished to be delivered from the sorcery; but when he ceased the spell was broken, and they woke as from a pleasant dream. They were exciting discussions in which he had to engage, and he did not wholly escape from the acrimony of party strife. There are passages in his speeches of that exacerbated bitterness which has too often made it seem as if our politicians acted upon the instructions which are said to have been once endorsed upon the brief of an advocate—"No case, but abuse the plaintiff's attorney." It was in one of these irritating debates, that on the enlarged grant to Maynooth, that he made use of what his friend, Mr. Adam Black, calls "his unguarded expression" about the "bray of Exeter Hall." There were many who thought, remembering the antecedents of the orator, that it was an expression which might well have been spared. I am not going, however, to be the *advocatus diaboli*, recalling reasons for the condemnation of an offender. I had far rather be retained for the defence; and, considering that the expression was used in the heat of party strife, and in honest indignation against a Government which had adopted the very policy because of which they had hounded their predecessors from power—considering that fifteen years have elapsed since its utterance—considering that none of us has been so prudent that we can afford to be judged by the Draconian law, which would make a man an offender for a word—considering that it was one of the most effective war-cries which routed him from the

field in Edinburgh, and that by English fair-play no one should be tried and punished twice for the same offence—considering that the word expresses the call of a trumpet as well as the music of a not very complimentary quadruped, and that we need not, unless we like, prefer the lower analogy when a higher one is ready to our hand—considering, though one must very delicately whisper it, that amid the motley groups who have held their councils in Exeter Hall, it is not impossible that less noble sounds have now and then mingled with the leonine roar—considering that no one takes the trouble to impale a worm, and that therefore the very mention of the name of an adversary is in some sort a confession of his power—considering that Macaulay's writings have done so much to foster those eternal principles of truth and love, to whose advocacy Exeter Hall is consecrated—and considering, especially, that Exeter Hall survived the assault, and seems in pretty good condition still, that it has never ceased its witness-bearing against idolatry and perfidy and wrong, and that its testimony is a word of power to-day—I should like to pronounce that Exeter Hall is generous to forgive him, and that this, its very latest “bray,” is a trumpet-blast which swells his fame.

There is one extract from the speeches which I quote with singular pleasure. It will answer the double purpose of affording a fair specimen of his clear and earnest style, and of revealing what, to a resident in India, and one of the most shrewd and sagacious observers, appeared sound policy in reference to the method in which that country should be governed. It is from his speech on Mr. Vernon Smith's motion

of censure on Lord Ellenborough anent the celebrated gates of Somnauth. "Our duty, as rulers, was to preserve strict neutrality on all questions merely religious; and I am not aware that we have ever swerved from strict neutrality for the purpose of making proselytes to our own faith. But we have, I am sorry to say, sometimes deviated from the right path in an opposite direction. Some Englishmen, who have held high office in India, seem to have thought that the only religion which was not entitled to toleration and respect was Christianity. They regarded every Christian missionary with extreme jealousy and disdain; and they suffered the most atrocious crimes, if enjoined by the Hindoo superstition, to be perpetrated in the open day. It is lamentable to think how long after our power was firmly established in Bengal, we, grossly neglecting the first and plainest duty of the civil magistrate, suffered the practices of infanticide and suttee to continue unchecked. We decorated the temples of the false gods. We provided the dancing girls. We gilded and painted the images to which our ignorant subjects bowed down. We repaired and embellished the car under the wheels of which crazy devotees flung themselves at every festival to be crushed to death. We sent guards of honour to escort pilgrims to the places of worship. We actually made oblations at the shrines of idols. All this was considered, and is still considered, by some prejudiced Anglo-Indians of the old school, as profound policy. I believe that there never was so shallow, so senseless a policy. We gained nothing by it. We lowered ourselves in the eyes of those whom we meant to

flatter. We led them to believe that we attached no importance to the difference between Christianity and heathenism. Yet how vast that difference is! I altogether abstain from alluding to topics which belong to divines; I speak merely as a politician, anxious for the morality and the temporal well-being of society; and so speaking, I say that to countenance the Brahminical idolatry, and to discountenance that religion which has done so much to promote justice, and mercy, and freedom, and arts, and sciences, and good government, and domestic happiness, which has struck off the chains of the slave, which has mitigated the horrors of war, which has raised women from servants and playthings into companions and friends, is to commit high treason against humanity and civilisation." I should like to commend this manly and Christian utterance to our rulers now. The old traditional policy is yet a favourite sentiment with many, though it has borne its bitter fruits of bloodshed. While we thankfully acknowledge an improved state of feeling, and the removal of many restrictions which in former times hindered the evangelization of India, we must never forget that at this day, not by a company of traders, but the Government of our beloved Queen, there is in all Government schools on that vast continent a brand upon the Holy Bible. It may lie upon the shelf of the library, but for all purposes of instruction it is a sealed book. The Koran of the Mussulman is there, the Shastras of the pagan are there, the Zend Avesta of the Parsee is there; and their lessons, sanguinary or sensual or silly, are taught by royal authority, and the teachers endowed by grants from the royal treasury;

but the Book which this nation acknowledges as the fountain of highest inspiration, and the source of loftiest morals; from whose pure precepts all sublime ethics are derived; which gives sanction to government, and majesty to law; on which senators swear their allegiance, and royalty takes its coronation oath;—that Book is not only ignored but proscribed, subjected to an Index Expurgatorius as rigid as ever issued from Rome; branded with this foul dishonour before scoffing Mussulmans and wondering pagans, at the bidding of time-serving statecraft, or spurious charity, or craven fear. It is time that this should end. Our holy religion ought not to be thus wounded in the house of her enemies, by the hands of her professed friends. An empire which extends “from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas,” “far to the east of the Burrampooter and far to the west of the Hydaspes,” should not demean itself before those whom it has conquered by a proclamation of national irreligion. We ask for Christianity in India neither coercive measures nor the boastful activity of Government proselytism. Those who impute this to the Christians of this land are either ignorant of our motives, or they slander us for their own ends. The rags of a political piety but disfigure the Cross around which they are ostentatiously displayed, and to bribe a heathen into conformity were as bad as to persecute him for his adhesion to the faith of his fathers. All we ask of the Government is a fair field; if Alexander would but stand out of the way, the fair sunshine would stream at once into the darkness of the Cynic’s dwelling; if they will give freedom to the Bible,

it will assert its own supremacy by its own power, and Britain will escape from the curse which now cleaves to her like a Nessus' robe—that in a land committed to her trust, and looking up to her for redress and blessing, she has allowed the Word upon which rest the dearest hopes of her sons for eternity, to be forbidden from the Brahman's solicitude, and trampled beneath the Mollah's scorn.

In the year 1842, Mr. Macaulay appeared in a new character, by the publication of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. This was his first venture in acknowledged authorship. It is not safe often to descend from the bench to the bar. The man who has long sat in the critic's chair must have condemned so many criminals that he will find little mercy when he is put upon his own trial, and has become a suppliant for the favour which he has been accustomed to grant or to refuse. The public were taken by surprise, but surprise quickly yielded to delight. Minos and Rhadamanthus abdicated their thrones to listen; every pen flowed in praise of that wonderful book, which united rare critical sagacity with the poetic faculty and insight; and now, after the lapse of years, the world retains its enthusiasm, and refuses to reverse the verdict of its first approval. By one critic, indeed, whose opinions are entitled to all respect, the ballads are said to be as much below the level of Macaulay, as the "Cato" of Addison was below all else which proceeded from his pen. But there is surely more in them than "rattling and spirited songs." These are expressions which hardly describe those minutely accurate details; that gorgeousness of classic

colouring, those exquisite felicities of word ; and, above all, that grand roll of martial inspiration which abounds throughout their stirring lines. Another critic strangely says that " none of the characters have the flesh and blood, the action and passion of human nature." The test of this, I suppose, should be the effect which they produce upon those who hear or read them. It has not been an unfrequent charge against Macaulay that he had no heart, and that he was wanting in that human sympathy which is so large an element of strength. He who has no heart of his own cannot reach mine and make it feel. There are instincts in the soul of a man which tell him unerringly when a brother-soul is speaking. Let me see a man in earnest, and his earnestness will kindle mine. I apply this test in the case of Macaulay. I am told of the greatest anatomist of the age suspending all speculations about the mastodon, and all analyses of the lesser mammalia, beneath the spell of the sorcerer who drew the rout at Sedgemoor and the siege of Derry. I see Robert Hall lying on his back at sixty years of age, to learn the Italian language, that he might verify Macaulay's description of Dante, and enjoy the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso* in the original. I remember my own emotions when first introduced to the Essays ; the strange, wild heart-throbs with which I revelled in the description of the Puritans ; and the first article on Bunyan. There is something in all this more than can be explained by artistic grouping or by the charms of style. The man has convictions and sympathies of his own, and the very strength of those convictions and sympathies forces an answer from the " like passions "

to which he appeals. It is just so with the poetry. It were easy to criticise it, and perhaps to find in it some shortcomings from the rules of refined melody, and a ruggedness which the linked sweetness of the *Lakers* might not tolerate; but try it in actual experiment, sound it in the ears of a Crimean regiment, and see how it will inspirit them to the field; rehearse it with earnestness and passion to a company of ardent schoolboys, at the age when the young imagination has just been thrilled with its first conscious sense of beauty and of power, and you shall have the Bard's best guerdon in their kindling cheeks and gleaming eyes. "The Prophecy of Capys" is perhaps the most sustained, "Virginia" the most eloquent, and "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" the one which contains the finest passages; but I confess to a fondness for "Horatius," my first and early love, which all the wisdom which ought to have come with maturity has not been able to change. Perhaps you will bear with a few stanzas of it, just to try the effect upon yourselves.

"But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wail,
And darkly at the foe.
'Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once but win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?'

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temple of his gods ?'

“ ‘Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?’

“ Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
‘ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.’
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he :
‘ I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.’

“ ‘Horatius,’ quoth the Consul,
‘ As thou sayest, so let it be.’
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

“ Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor.
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

“ But all Etruria’s noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three.
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

“ Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack ?
But those behind cried ‘ Forward !’
And those before cried ‘ Back !’
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

“ But meanwhile axo and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
‘ Come back, come back, Horatius !’
Loud cried the Frasers all.
‘ Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !’

“ Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more ;

“ But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream :
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

• • • • •
“ Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
‘ Down with him ! ’ cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
‘ Now yield thee,’ cried Lars Porsena ;
‘ Now yield thee to our grace.’

“ Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“ ‘ O Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ’
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

“ No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

“ Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

“ ‘Curse on him !’ quoth false Sextus ;
‘ Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town.’
‘ Heaven help him !’ quoth Lars Porsena,
‘ And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.’

“ And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

“ They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night :
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

- “ And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest’s din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within—
- “ When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows—
- “ When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet’s plume ;
When the goodwife’s shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.”

It is undoubtedly as the historian that Macaulay will be longest remembered. His work, which, fragment though it is, yet possesses a sort of dramatic unity, will survive at once the adulation of servile flattery and the snarl of cynical criticism, and will be shined among the classics of our literature in calmer times than ours. It is amusing to read the various opinions of reviewers, each convinced, after the manner of such literary craftsmen, that he is nothing if not critical, and gloating over some atom of inaccuracy or some discovery of Oriental colouring, as if he had

found hidden treasure. I deemed it my duty in the preparation for this lecture to go through a course of review reading, if haply I might find confirmation of the sentiments I had entertained, or some reason to change them; and while I have been delighted with and proud of the vast and varied talent of the articles, the result as to opinion has been only to unsettle my own, and to induce a mental dyspepsia from which I have hardly yet recovered. I have been told that it is *the* history of England—a history of England—an attempt at history—a mistaken notion of history—an historiette—an historical picture-gallery—an historical novel. I have been informed that it is thoroughly impartial, and I have been informed that it is thoroughly factious; one critic tells me that his first object is to tell the story truly, another that his first object is picturesque effect. Some christen him Thucydides, and others Walter Scott. One eulogist exalts my confidence by assuring me that “he does not lie, even for the Whigs;” and just as I have made up my mind to trust him thoroughly, I am thrown into terrible bewilderment by the averment of another learned Theban, that “his work is as full of political prejudice as any of his partisan speeches, and is written with bad taste, bad feeling, and bad faith.” The impression left upon my mind by all this conflict of testimony is a profound conviction of Macaulay’s power. All the faults which his censors charge upon him reappear in their own writings, as among the supple courtiers of Macedon was reproduced the wry neck of Alexander. They charge him with carelessness, but it is in flippant words. If they call him

vituperative, they become atrabilious. If he is said to exaggerate, not a few of them out-Herod him; and his general impartiality may be inferred from the fact, that while his critics are indignant at the caricatures which they allege that he has drawn of their own particular idols, they acknowledge the marvellous fidelity of his likenesses of all the world beside. Moreover, for the very modes of their censorship, they are indebted to him. They bend Ulysses' bow. They wield the Douglas brand. His style is antithetical, and therefore they condemn him in antitheses. His sentences are peculiar, and they denounce him in his own tricks of phrase. There can be no greater compliment to any man. The critics catch the contagion of the malady which provokes their surgery. The eagle is aimed at by the archers, but "he nursed the pinion which impelled the steel." To say that there are faults in the history is but to say that it is a human production, and they lie on the surface and are patent to the most ordinary observer. That he was a "good hater" there can be no question; and Dr Johnson, the while he called him a vile Whig, and a sacrilegious heretic, would have hugged him for the heartiness with which he lays on his dark shades of colour. That he exaggerated rather for effect than for partisanship, may be alleged with great show of reason, and they have ground to stand upon who say that it was his greatest literary sin. There are some movements which he knew not how to estimate, and many complexities of character which he was never born to understand. Still, if his be not history, there is no history in the world. Before his entrance, history was

as the marble statue; he came, and by his genius struck the statue into life.

We thank him that he has made history readable; that it is not in his page the bare recital of facts, names, and deeds inventoried as in an auctioneer's catalogue, but a glowing portraiture of the growth of a great nation, and of the men who helped or hindered it. We thank him that he has disposed for ever of that shallow criticism, that the brilliant is always the superficial and unworthy, and that in the inestimable value of his work he has confirmed what the sonorous periods of John Milton, and the long-resounding eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, and the fiery passion-tones of Edmund Burke had abundantly declared before him, that the diamond flashes with a rarer lustre than the spangle. We thank him for the happy combination which he has given us of valuable instruction and of literary enjoyment, of massive and substantial truth, decorated with all the graces of style. We thank him for the vividness of delineation, by which we can see statesmen like Somers and Nottingham in their cabinets, marshals like Sarsfield and Luxembourg in the field, and galliard-intriguers like Buckingham and Marlborough, who dallied in the council-room and plotted at the revel.

We thank him for the one epical character which he has left us—William, the hero of his story, whom he has taxed himself to the utmost to portray—the stadtholder adored in Holland—the impassive, sagacious monarch who lived apart in the kingdom which he freed and ruled—the audacious spirit of whom no one could discover the thing that could

teach him to fear—the brave soldier who dashed about among musketry and sword-blades, as if he bore a charmed life—the reserved man upon whom “danger acted like wine, to open his heart and loosen his tongue”—the veteran who swam through the mud at the Boyne, and retrieved the fortunes which the death of Schomberg had caused to waver—“the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England” at Landen—the acute diplomatist who held his trust with even-handed wisdom—the faithful friend, who, when he loved once, loved for a lifetime—who kept his heart barred against the multitude, but gave pass-keys to the chosen ones, so that they might go in and out at pleasure—the stern and stoical sufferer, who wrote, and hunted, and legislated, and devised, while ague shook the hand which held the pen or the bridle, and fever was burning away the life which animated the restless brain—the rigid predestinarian, who though he grieved over noble works unfinished, and plans which could never become deeds, submitted himself calmly as a child when the inevitable hour drew nigh. We feel that, if there had been nothing else, the working out of that one character, its investiture with “newer proportions and with richer colouring,” the grand exhibition which it gives us of the superiority of mind over matter and circumstance, and native repulsiveness and alien habits, is in itself a boon for which the world should speak him well.

Above all, we thank Macaulay for the English-heartedness which throbs transparently through his writings, and which was so marked a characteristic of his life. It has been well said, “He loved his country

as a Roman the city of the Seven Hills, as an Athenian the city of the Violet Crown." Herein is his essential difference from the hero whom he celebrated, and whom in so many things he so closely resembles. William never loved England. She was but an appanage of Holland to him. One bluff Dutch burgomaster would outweigh with him a hundred English squires, and he was never so happy as when he could escape from the foggy Thames to the foggier Meuse, or be greeted with a Rhenish welcome by a people to whom an enthusiasm was as an illness which came once in a lifetime, and was over. But with Macaulay the love of country was a passion. How he kindles at each stirring or plaintive memory in the annals he was so glad to record! Elizabeth at Tilbury; the scattering of the fierce and proud Armada; the deliverance of the Seven Bishops; the thrilling agony and bursting gladness which succeeded each other so rapidly at the siege of Derry; the last sleep of Argyle; Lord Russell's parting from his heroic wife; the wrongs of Alice Lisle; the prayer upon whose breath fled the spirit of Algernon Sidney: they touch his very soul, and he recounts them with a fervour which becomes contagious until his readers are thrilled with the same joy or pain.

It is not unfashionable among our popular writers to denounce the England of to-day, and to predict for us in the future, auguries of only sinister omen. The mediæval admirers sigh in the midst of us for the past, and are never weary of recalling the days when feudalism displayed its brilliant but barbaric chivalry, when the baldrick of the noble was answered by the

horn of the freebooter in the glens of merry Sherwood ; when the thane upon his dais held wassail in the Saxon homestead, and the baron feasted his retainers, or caroused with jolly monk and swarth Crusader as his boon companions, in his oaken and bannered hall ; and there is a school of prophets to whom everything in the present is out of joint ; who can see nothing around them but selfishness, and nothing beyond them but the undiscoverable bourn, to whom there is " cold shade " in an aristocracy, and in the middle classes but a miserable mammon-worship ; and beneath a trampled people, in whom the sordid and the brutal instincts strive from day to day. Of these extremes of sentiment, meeting on the common ground of gloomy prophesyings about England, her history, as Macaulay has told it, is the best possible rebuke. He has shown us the steps by which, in his own eloquent words, " the England of the Curfew and the Forest laws, the England of Crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade." He has shown us how, through the slow struggles of years, the component forces of society become equalized in their present rare and happy adjustment ; how each age has added to the conquests of its predecessors, by the truer solution of political problems ; by the readier recognition of human rights ; by the discovery of richer resources in nature, and of more magnificent capabilities in man. He has shown us how in health, in intelligence, in physical comfort, in industrial appliances, in social and moral culture, the tide of progress has rolled

on without a refluent wave. He has shown us how the despairs and hopes, the passions and lassitudes of the former generations, have helped our national growth; how our country has been rallied by her very defeats, and enriched by her very wastefulness, and elevated by her disasters to ascendancy; how the storms which have howled along her coast have only ribbed her rocks the more firmly; and the red rain of her slaughtered sires has but watered the earth for the harvest of their gallant sons. Oh, if the young men of our time would glow with a healthy pride of race; if they would kindle with the inspirations of patriotism; if they would find annals wealthier in enduring lesson, and bright with the radiance of a holier virtue, than ever Rome embraced or Sparta knew, let them read their own land's history, as traced by the pen of its most fervent recorder; and while grateful for the instruction of the past, let its unwavering progress teach them to be hopeful for the future. What hinders that the growth of England's past should be but the type of the yet rarer splendours of its coming time? There are many who wait for her halting, "wizards that peep and that mutter" in bootless necromancy for her ruin; but let her be true to herself and to her stewardship, and her position may be assured from peril. On the "coign of vantage" to which she has been lifted, let her take her stand; let her exhibit to the wondering nations the glad nuptials between liberty and order; let her sons, at once profound in their loyalty and manly in their independence, be fired with ambition greater than of glory, and with covetousness nobler than of gain; let her exult that her standard, however

remote and rocky the islet over which it waves, is ever the flag of the freeman; let her widen with the ages into still increasing reverence for truth and peace and God, and "she may stand in her lot until the end of the days," and in the long after-time, when the now young world shall have grown old, and shall be preparing, by reason of its age, for the action of the last fires, she may still live and flourish, chartered among the nations as the home of those principles of right and freedom which shall herald and welcome the coming of the Son of man.

The one great defect in Macaulay's life and writings, viewed from a Christian standpoint, is his negativism, to use no stronger word, on the subject of evangelical religion. Not that he ever impeaches its sacredness; no enemy of religion can claim his championship: he was at once too refined and too reverent for infidelity, but he nowhere upholds Divine presence or presidency; nowhere traces the unity of a purpose higher than the schemes of men; nowhere speaks of the precepts of Christianity as if they were Divinely sanctioned; nowhere gives to its cloud of witnesses the adhesion of his honoured name. As we read his essays or his history, when he lauds the philosophy of Bacon, or tells of the deliverances of William, we are tempted to wonder at his serene indifference to those great questions which sooner or later must present themselves to the mind of every man. Did it never occur to him that men were deeper than they seemed, and restless about that future into which he is so strangely averse to pry? Did the solemn problems of the soul, the whence of its origin, the what of its purpose, the

whither of its destiny, never perplex and trouble him? Had he no fixed opinion about religion as a reality, that inner and vital essence which should be "the core of all the creeds"? or did he content himself with "the artistic balance of conflicting forces," and regard Protestantism and Popery alike as mere schemings of the hour, influences equally valuable in their day and equally mortal when their work was done? Did it never strike him that there was a Providence at work when his hero was saved from assassination, when the fierce winds scattered the Armada, when the fetters were broken which Rome had forged and fastened, when from the struggles of years rose up the slow and stately growth of English freedom? Did he never breathe a wish for a God to speak the chaos of events into order, or was he content to leave the mystery as he found it, deeming "such knowledge too wonderful for man"? Why did he always brand vice as an injury or an error? Did he never feel it to be a sin? Looking at the present, why always through the glass of the past, and never by the light of the future? Did he never pant after a spiritual insight, nor throb with a religious faith? Alas, that on the matters on which these questions touch, his writings make no sign! Of course, no one expected the historian to become a preacher, nor the essayist a theologian; but that there should be so studious an avoidance of those great, deep, awful matters which have to do with the eternal, and that in a history in which religion, in some phase or other, was the inspiration of the events which he records, is a fact which no Christian heart can think of without surprise and sorrow.

It has become fashionable to praise a neutral literature, which prides itself upon its freedom from bias, and upon the broad line of separation which it draws carefully between things secular and things sacred; and there are many who call this liberality; but there is an old Book, whose authority, thank God, is not yet deposed from the heart of Christian England, which would brand it with a very different name. That Book tells us that the fig-tree was blasted, not because it was baneful, but because it was barren; and that the bitter curse was denounced against Meroz, not because she rallied with the forces of the foe, but because in her criminal indifference she came not up to the help of the Lord. Amid the stirring and manifold activities of the age in which we live, to be neutral in the strife is to rank with the enemies of the Saviour. There is no greater foe to the spread of his cause in the world than the placid indifferentism which is too honourable to betray, while it is too careless or too cowardly to join him. The rarer the endowments, the deeper the obligation to consecrate them to the glory of their Giver. That brilliant genius, that indefatigable industry, that influencing might of speech, that wondrous and searching faculty of analysis, what might they not have accomplished if they had been pledged to the recognition of a higher purpose than literature, and fearless in their advocacy of the faith of Christ! Into the secret history of the inner man, of course we may not enter; and we gladly hope, from small but significant indications which a searcher may discover in his writings, as well as from intimations, apparently authentic, which were published shortly after his death

that if there had rested any cloud on his experience, the Sun of Righteousness dispersed it, and that he anchored his personal hope on that "dear Name" which his earliest rhymes had sung; but the regret may not be suppressed that his transcendent powers were given to any object lower than the highest. And when I see two life-courses before me, both ending in Westminster Abbey, for the tardy gratitude of the nation adjudged to Zachary Macaulay's remains the honour which it denied to his living reputation; when I see the father, poor, slandered, living a life of struggle, yet secretly but mightily working for the oppressed and the friendless, and giving all his energies in a bright summer of consecration unto God; and when I see the son, rich, gifted, living a life of success, excellent and envied in everything he undertook, breathing the odours of a perpetual incense-cloud, and passing from the memory of an applauding country to the tomb, but aiming through his public lifetime only at objects which were "of the earth, earthy," I feel that if there be truth in the Bible, and sanction in the obligations of religion, and immortality in the destinies of man, "he aimed too low who aimed beneath the skies;" that the truer fame is with the painstaking and humble Christian worker, and that the amaranth which encircles the father is a greener and more fragrant wreath than the laurel which crowns the forehead of the more gifted and brilliant son.

In 1856 he resigned his seat for Edinburgh, in consequence of failing health; and in 1857 literature was honoured with a peerage in the person of one of the noblest of her sons, and the peerage was honoured

by the accession of Lord Macaulay's illustrious name. Thenceforward in his retirement at Kensington he devoted himself to his history, "the business and the pleasure of his life." The world rejoiced to hope that successive volumes might yet stimulate its delight and wonder, and wished for the great writer a long and mellow eventide, which the night should linger to disturb. But suddenly, with the parting year, a mightier summons came, and the majestic brain was tired, and the fluttering heart grew still. Already, as the months of that fatal year waned on, had the last harvestman multiplied his sheaves from the ranks of genius and of skill. There had been mourning in Prussia for Humboldt, and across the wide Atlantic there had wailed a dirge for Prescott and Washington Irving; Brunel and Stephenson had gone down in quick succession to the grave; men had missed the strange confessions of De Quincey, and the graceful fancies with which Leigh Hunt had long delighted them; Hallam and Stephen had passed the ivory gates; but, as in the sad year which has just closed upon our national sorrow, it seemed as if the spoiler had reserved the greatest victim to the last, that he might give to the vassal world the very proudest token of his power.

If Macanlay had an ambition dearer than the rest, it was that he might lie "in that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried;" and the walls of the great Abbey do enclose him "in their tender and solemn gloom." Not in ostentatious state, nor with the pomp of sorrow, but with hearty and mourning affection, did rank and talent, and office and authority, assemble to lay him in

the grave. The pall was over the city on that drear January morning, and the cold, raw wind wailed mournfully, as if sighing forth the requiem of the great spirit that was gone; and amid saddened friends—some who had shared the sports of his childhood, some who had fought with him the battles of political life—amid warm admirers and generous foes, while the aisles rang with the cadences of solemn music, and here and there were sobs and pants of sorrow, they bore him to that quiet resting-place, where he “waits the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body.” Not far from the place of his sepulture are the tablets of Gay, and Rowe, and Thomson, and Garrick, and Goldsmith; on his right sleeps Isaac Barrow, the ornament of his own Trinity College; on his left, no clamour breaks the slumber of Samuel Johnson; from a pedestal at the head of the grave, serene and thoughtful, Addison looks down; the coffin which was said to have been exposed at the time of the funeral, probably held all that was mortal of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; Campbell gazes pensively across the transept, as if he felt that the pleasures of hope were gone; while from opposite sides, Shakespeare, the remembrancer of mortality, reminds us from his open scroll that the “great globe itself, and all that it inhabit, shall dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind;” and Handel, comforting us in our night of weeping by the glad hope of immortality, seems to listen while they chant forth his own magnificent hymn, “His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.” There are strange thoughts and lasting lessons to be gathered in this old

Abbey, and by the side of this latest grave. From royal sarcophagus, and carven shrine; from the rustling of those fading banners, which tell of the knights of the former time; yonder where the Chathams and Mansfields repose, here where the orators and poets lie, comes there not a voice to us of our frailty, borne into our hearts by the brotherhood of dust upon which our footsteps tread? How solemn the warning! Oh for grace to learn it!

Earth's highest glory ends in—'Here he lies!'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

And shall they rise, all these? Will there be a trumpet blast so shrill that none of them may refuse to hear it, and the soul, re-entering its shrine of eminent or common clay, pass upward to the judgment? "Many and mighty, but all hushed," shall they submit with us to the arbitrations of the last assize? And in that world, is it true that gold is not the currency, and that rank is not hereditary, and that there is only one name that is honoured? Then, if this is the end of all men, let the living lay it to his heart. Solemn and thoughtful, let us search for an assured refuge; childlike and earnest, let us confide in the one accepted Name; let us realize the tender and infinite nearness of God our Father, through Jesus our Surety and our Friend; and in hope of a joyful resurrection for ourselves, and for the marvellous Englishman we mourn, let us sing his dirge in the words of the truest poet of our time:—

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver!

England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled ;
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Let the bell be tolled,
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled,
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled.
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

.
“Hush ! the dead march wails in the people's ears,
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns—the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes—dust to dust ;
He is gone who seemed so great.
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the solemn temple leave him :
God accept him, Christ receive him.”

IV.

WILBERFORCE, HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FELLOW-WORKMEN.

ON Saturday, August 3d, 1833, there was a sight in London which, if a man had leisure, he would have turned aside to see. Starting from Temple Bar, and taking a course westward, almost every third person met in the Strand was dressed in mourning. If he wended his way through Parliament-street towards Westminster Abbey, he had to press through a vast crowd, whose voices were unwontedly hushed, as by a common trouble. Presently there appeared a funeral procession, whose line of carriages seemed as if it would have no end. If he entered the fine old Abbey, he would find it thronged with people, many of them of noble birth, but all wearing some garment of sorrow. As the coffin was borne in, he might trace among the pall-bearers the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord High Chancellor, and one of the Princes of the blood. He would see among the mourners at that funeral, Members of both Houses of Parliament, Bishops of the Church, Ministers of the State, the chiefs of the Law and of the Army, at least three Peers of the realm who had been First Lords of the Treasury, and those marvellous brothers Wellesley—the one as great in diplomacy

as the other in arms;—and all these, the highest in rank, the most renowned in fame, had asked to be permitted thus to honour the memory of the dead. After the body had been lowered to its resting-place in the north transept, he would learn, if he gazed around him, that it was laid amidst glorious dust, for the tablets hard by are inscribed with some of the greatest names of England—Chatham, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Canning.

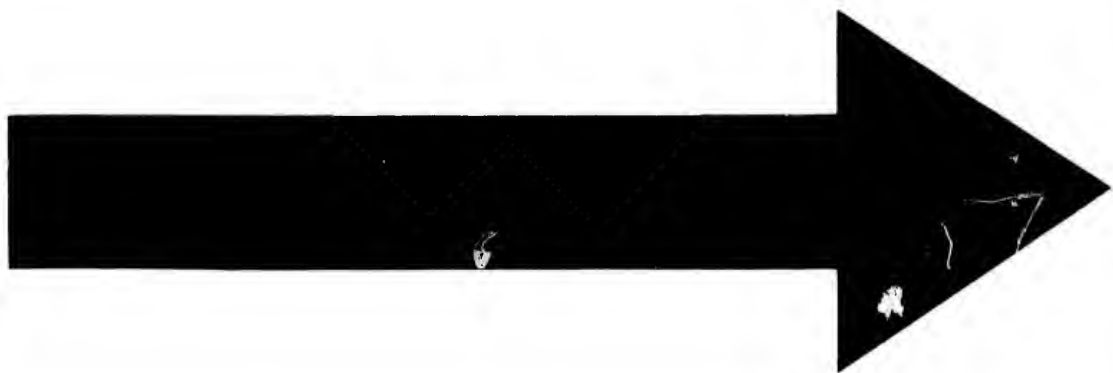
Impressed by all he saw, a stranger would naturally ask, who is it whom the nation thus delighteth to honour? Knowing that this is a country in which rank is a heritage, it might be supposed that he was some child of a noble house, who had added to the honours of birth the claims of personal service. But a glance upon the plate of the coffin would have shown an untitled name, and a search into the records of the family would have discovered no ennobled ancestor. Then he was a soldier, surely, who had fought his country's battles, and had won his right to her sorrow by the sword which he had wielded in her cause. No—he was never trained to arms, and if he had triumphs, they were those of mercy, not of blood. Then he was a statesman, in whose wisdom the Crown had trusted, who had made the name of his country to be feared abroad, or who had guided her government at home. Nay, he never held an office, he spoke with no official authority, he was no blind follower of any government, through the whole of his public life his conscience was his only leader; and for eight years, quite long enough for a politician to be forgotten, he had withdrawn from the strife altogether. These

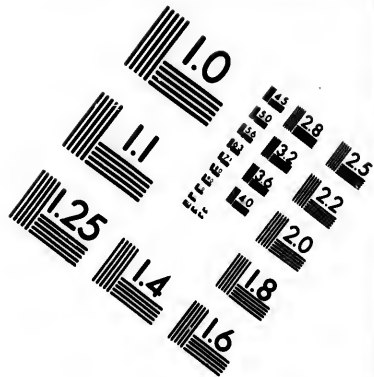
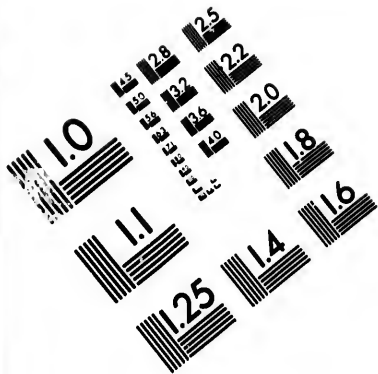
things would but increase the stranger's wonder. That a private gentleman should be honoured with a public funeral—one who was no Minister of State, not renowned in arms, and who bore the same name from his christening to his burial, and that the mention of that name, William Wilberforce, should be deemed sufficient to explain it, these facts would justify the inquiry which would rise to his lips, and which it is my purpose for your benefit to enter upon to-night. And as the story of his life is told, the great lessons taught at every step of it will be that, while wealth can bribe, and talent dazzle, and bravery awe, and power command, goodness lives; and that by embodying in the life those two commandments of God "upon which hang all the law and the prophets," it was said of Wilberforce, in words whose filial piety was but sober truth, "For departed kings there are appointed honours, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies; it was his nobler portion to clothe a people with spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

William Wilberforce was born in Hull on the 24th August 1759. He was the third child of his parents, but their only son. The township of Wilberfoss, eight miles from York, gave a name to the family. The grandfather of Wilberforce, who altered the spelling of the name, was a Baltic merchant of good repute in Hull, and his father was, later, a partner in the firm. The quaint old house in which he was born stands back from the High-street—now the place where merchants most do congregate, but which was then filled with the dwellings of the wealthy. Of the early

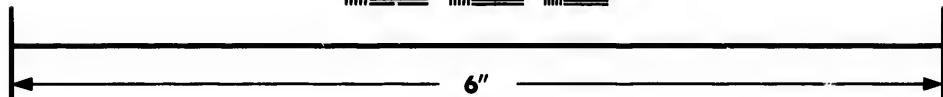
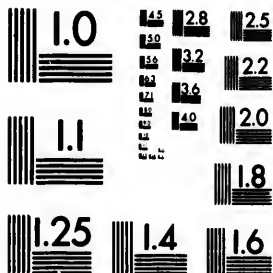
years of Wilberforce little is known. He was of small stature, feeble frame, and weak eyes—one of those delicate children who, among savage tribes, would have been thrown into the river; and who, in the rough days of our ancestors, would have been killed by cruel care. His father's death, when he was nine years of age, transferred him to the care of an uncle in Wimbledon, and at St. James's Place. Here he was sent to a school which seems to have been a sort of Dotheboys' Hall; not, however, in Yorkshire, but in London. He describes it as a place where they "taught everything and nothing," and his most lasting impressions were of the "nauseous food which they ate, and of the red beard of an usher, who scarcely shaved once a month." Although he got at this time small store of learning, the home influence of his uncle's house was unconsciously working out his higher education. His aunt had been brought into connection with some of the early Methodists, and from their conversations he became serious and prayerful, a student of the Scripture, and impressed with the importance of a godly life. He said, in after life, that these views of his youth agreed, in the main, with his matured thoughts upon religion. The reproach of Methodism, however, was in those days a formidable thing, and as the rumours of his seriousness reached Hull, his friends became alarmed, and his mother was despatched with all speed to London, to remove him from such dangerous guardianship. With a shrewd knowledge of human nature, his grandfather put the case before him as a matter of profit and loss. The grand tour was at that time a selecter privilege

than at present, and the command of money was as enviable then as now. Hence the force of the argument: "Billy shall travel with Milner as soon as he is of age, but if he turns Methodist, he shall not have a sixpence of mine." This bitter opposition, and the natural charm of worldly society, weaned him in time from his religious desires, and for some years his life was a round of gaiety at home, and a protracted idleness at school. When seventeen years old, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, a youth of ample fortune, quick wit, generous disposition, and agreeable manners—all sources of strong temptation in the new society into which he was thrown. He describes the morals of the set to which he was first introduced as being loose in the extreme; and even when he had become "the centre of a higher circle," he says that the object of every one around him seems to have been to make and keep him idle. "Why in the world," said they, "should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?" He almost entirely neglected mathematical studies, and was told that he was too clever to require them. His love for the classics was intense, and when he acquitted himself well in the college examinations, it was said in his hearing by some tutor with the soul of a tuft-hunter, "that his companions were mere saps, but that he did all by talent." Thus surrounded by evil influences and flattering friends, it is matter of surprise and gratitude that his morals escaped the contagion, and that his mind was in any wise furnished for his future life. Though thoughtless, he was never dissolute; and though he lacked the accuracy and self-control of the thorough student, he





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filled his mind with useful and varied knowledge. Before he left college, he formed the purpose to enter upon public life, and with sufficient courage, offered himself as a candidate for his native town while he was yet under age. A premature dissolution of Parliament had nearly proved fatal to his early ambition, but the session lingered on, and within a month of his twenty-first birthday, he was engaged in an election contest, battling against a coalition which was thought all-powerful, and returned at the head of the poll. It is a curious illustration of the mode in which elections were managed, that, by an established tariff, two guineas were paid for a vote, four guineas for a plumper, and that a voter's expenses from London averaged £10 a piece. Of course our fathers had as holy a horror of the penalties of bribery as we have, and therefore the money was not considered due until the fifteenth day after the meeting of Parliament, being the last day on which petitions could be presented complaining of an undue return. Moreover, there was a certain class of Hull freemen dwelling on the banks of the Thames, whose love inclined rather to eating than to eloquence; these he propitiated with hot suppers in the various public-houses of Wapping. He did not disdain also to avail himself of muscular aid. An athletic butcher, well known in the town, was enlisted as an ally. Wilberforce's pride took alarm at the idea of buying the man's help by those small flatteries which often bribe the men who are too sturdy to accept of money, but his scruples were silenced by one of his staunch supporters. "O sir! but he's a fine fellow if you come to bruising." Altogether, his first election cost

him nearly £9000, or something above £8 each for every vote which was polled. With his after principles, there was nothing which he more condemned than this disgraceful traffic, by which men put up their consciences to auction, and place their manhood in the market to be purchased by the highest bidder.

Thus elected into Parliament, he became at once a favourite in society, and absorbed by the twin pursuits of politics and pleasure. There were few in that age who did not gamble, and he was in danger of being snared by the fascinations of the faro table. His deliverance from the evil habit was effected in a way so singular, that it deserves to be recorded, though I gravely doubt its use as a cure for other cases of the kind. Most men are sickened of the gaming table by their losses. He left it, because on one particular night he won £600. The thought that men of straitened means, or portionless younger sons, might be crippled by his gains, preyed upon his sensitive spirit, and he resolved to play no more, that he might be free from the blood-guiltiness of adding to the list of victims, whom gambling has hurled from wealth to beggary, and from happiness to suicide.

While at Cambridge, he had formed an acquaintance with William Pitt, which now ripened into intimacy, and in spite of occasional differences, the intimacy lasted until Pitt's untimely death. They often spent their leisure in company, and the glee was sometimes frolicsome when each young Atlas threw off the world which he was daily bearing. They went down into Dorsetshire for shooting, and it is said that Wilberforce had well-nigh quenched the hopes of a nation by

bringing down a Pitt instead of a partridge. Their first journey abroad was undertaken together, and after some strange adventures, they were welcomed at the Court of Fontainebleau. Wilberforce was most impressed during their brief tour by the position of the celebrated Lafayette. One of the old noblesse, and the heir to a large fortune, he had served as a volunteer in the war of American independence, and had just returned to France with the thanks of Congress and the laurels of war. He lived with republican strictness in the midst of the voluptuous court, and spoke with contemptuous freedom of the follies of the old regime. And yet he was treated with extreme deference, and though his presence at the Court of the Bourbons was as if a sturdy Ironside of Cromwell's army had sat down to banquet with a troop of Cavaliers, not a tongue spoke to his discredit, and he had established for himself a position and a name. He was in fact the shadow of the coming time—the political petrel significant of the rising storm.

It is not unlikely that what Wilberforce saw and heard in connection with this remarkable man took effect upon his future action. He would see in him a standing proof that the days of feudalism were gone, that there was a class between knight and serf which had gradually climbed to power, that there was a majesty of the people which might not be safely disregarded even by the majesty of the king. He would see that a strong, resolute, earnest manhood of the middle-class had risen among the nations, linked to the present by interest and affection, looking to the

future in enterprise and hope—acting as a sort of breakwater between the rock of patrician prejudice and the billows of popular fury—moderate in counsel, and practical in working—and thus claiming to be an element in national administration, and a sinew of national strength. It is certain that whether he was thus led to ponder or not, the great triumph which he shortly achieved, the proudest, though not the greatest, of his political life, was a practical recognition of this new power in the state. Hence, as his *Life* tells us: “As the man of the middle-classes, he took his place in public life; as their representative, he was opposed alike to party influence and democratic licence; as their representative he demanded and obtained the Abolition of the Slave Trade.”

The circumstances which led to the triumph in question—Wilberforce's first election for the great county of York—may be described in few words. In 1782, the good Lord Rockingham died. Lord Shelburne accepted, it is said without consultation with his colleagues, the post of First Lord of the Treasury. Fox, Burke, and others, immediately resigned their offices. Fox seems to have been prompted by personal as well as political bitterness, and in his passion he hurried into the coalition which is the great blot upon his Parliamentary fame—a coalition with a Minister whom not a year ago he had threatened with impeachment—to drive from power a Minister who had but lately been his own colleague, and with whom on most points he heartily agreed. The country felt that compromises like this were hollow and worthless, and struck at the roots of all political morality.

The King, who was a good hater, hated Fox and his party, and through the land there smouldered a discontent, which, when Fox proposed his India Bill, burst at once into a flame. Addresses condemning the coalition were adopted in many parts of the country. But Yorkshire had not yet spoken. The great houses of Howard, Cavendish, and Wentworth were supposed to be too mighty to be opposed, and it was with hesitancy and fear that a county meeting was called. Late in the day, when the address had been moved, and the answers given, and the people were getting weary, Wilberforce mounted the table, and by the magic of his eloquence, enchained them for upwards of an hour. The storm pelted upon them, and the crowd were tired, but the address was carried with enthusiasm. "I saw a shrimp mount upon the table," said Boswell to Dundas, "but as I listened it grew and grew, until the shrimp had grown into a whale." The stalwart yeomen and clothiers, who, like Cowper's honest man, wore "broadcloth without, and a warm heart within," were delighted above measure. "This is the man for us," spread rapidly from lip to lip. "Wilberforce and liberty" became the rallying cry of the party. Lord Mulgrave spoke of him as "the bosom-friend of the Minister, and second only to him in eloquence unexampled at their years." The opposition ventured only to the nomination, and retired before the poll; and at twenty-five years of age he—the son of a merchant, with no aristocratic connection, with no train of tenantry—had borne down the powerful houses which had for years held the county in their hands; and by his personal ability alone, had

become, without a contest, Knight of the Shire which had the largest constituency in the realm.

This was the highest elevation, considering him merely as a politician, which he ever reached, and his life might have been a series of such triumphs, alternating, like the lives of other statesmen, with mortifying failures, but for an event which laid hold of his inner soul, and at once changed and ennobled every purpose of his being. That event was the reawakening of his thoughts about religion, and his decisive consecration to God. On his twenty-fifth birthday he was in complete prosperity and success. His position established, his fortune ample—caressed by the great, and popular with the multitude, of winning manners and eloquent speech, with an ambition large but not larger than his warrant, with a keen relish for life, with a fund of that sparkling small-talk which is the conversational currency of society, and with no shadow either upon his family, spirits, or health—this world had no greener garlands with which to crown him, and he “withheld not his heart from any joy.” But there was a higher life awaiting him. After the prorogation, he set off for a tour to the Continent, choosing Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, as his travelling companion. Just before he started, his eye glanced casually upon a little book, Doddridge’s *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. “What is that?” he asked. “One of the best books ever written,” was the reply of Milner; “let us take it with us, and read it on the journey.” The reading of that book led him to the study of the Bible, and the study of the Bible was blessed by the Divine Spirit to the

enlightenment of his mind, and to the renewal of his heart. It was not in his nature to be either rash in forming his convictions, or cowardly in hiding them when they had once taken possession of his soul. In the beginning of his religious course, however, he felt it a great struggle before he could unburden his mind. There then lived in Coleman-street Buildings a wise and kind old man, out of whose heart Christ's love had burned all savage and carnal passion, and who lived only that he might tell others of the grace which had rescued him from profanity almost without a parallel. The shrewd sailor's wisdom gleamed out in many an arch turn of words, but of all thresholds in that great London thoroughfare, there was none oftener trodden by strangers than that of good John Newton, a household name in those days for men who wished counsel and healing for souls. To him, after many misgivings, Wilberforce applied, binding him to let no one living know of the application or of the visit until he was released from the obligation.

Are any of you disposed to blame this secrecy, and to vaunt your own superior courage? Think you that with such convictions you would have run all hazards, that without an effort you would have conquered shame and banished fear, and that you would not have paid the Saviour so ill a compliment as to come to him by night, like the Nicodemus whom you call a coward? It would be well for you, before you brand the ruler with cowardice, to ask yourselves whether, with his hindrances, you would have ventured to Jesus at all. The faith, thus timid at the onset, was the strongest in the hour of need. The comer by

night, the secret disciple, and two brave women, were the only mourners at the burial, when those who had publicly followed him were affrighted by the first shock of danger, and, with craven impulse, forsook him and fled. It is Faith, not daring, which is the stuff of which martyrs are made; and the most sensitive natures, natures which have quivered like an aspen at the threatening of trouble, have been enbraved into the very heroism of sacrifice when the trial came. It was so in the case of Wilberforce in the matter of his religious decision. Timid as a child in the outset of his inquiries, he became valiant as a confessor when the truth came home to him in power. In the fearlessness with which on all occasions, and in all companies, he bore the reproach of Christ, there was a display, such as is rarely met with, of grandest moral courage. It was no easy thing to be a Christian in those times, and in the higher ranks of life. Although the Great Reformation had roused among the masses an earnest religious feeling, "not many noble" had embraced the truth. The educated classes largely associated fervour with fanaticism, and a devout feeling with a narrow mind. It was considered a breach of politeness to be careful about the religion of others, and that a man should acknowledge his own was to make himself the scoff of the profane, and to excite in polished circles a look of well-bred wonder. Now it was in this state of society, when the persecution of the gibe and banter, keener for the spirit's wounding than the persecution of the sword, prevailed on every hand, that Wilberforce made his decision, withdrew his name from all the clubs to which he had

been admitted, avowed the change of his feeling to his political associates, ran the gauntlet of genteel regret and of rebellious scorn, and withstood even those dearer pleadings, which had warped him from religion before. The choice was made, moreover, in the early prime of manhood, made neither by a hermit who had never tasted life's cup of pleasure, nor by a sated worldling, in whose mouth it had turned to ashes. With the accidents of birth and station in his favour with youth upon his side, fortune at his feet, and fame and power within the grasp of his outstretched hand—when life was in its summer, and he was compassed, so to speak, with its gladness, and music, and flowers—with everything at hand which it is deemed the most costly to surrender—he stepped forth in the sight of the world, for which his name had already a charm, took the crown of his manliness, and cast it humbly at the feet of Christ. I can see in the act a courage of that sort which is the truest and rarest, but which is, notwithstanding, within the reach of you all. The true idea of Power is not embodied in Hercules or Samson, brute forces with brute appetites, takers of strong cities, but slaves to their own Passion. Nor is it in the brave soldier who can storm a fortress at the point of the bayonet, but who yields his manhood to the enticements of sinners, and hides the faith which the scoffer's sneer has made him frightened to avow. The real power is there, when a man has mastered himself, when he has trampled upon the craven and the shameful in all their disguises, and when, ready on all fit occasions to bear himself worthily among his fellows, and “give the world assurance of a

man," he dares to say to that world, the while it scorns and slanders him, "I will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Wilberforce returned to his parliamentary duties with higher principles than either ambition or patriotism could furnish, "prepared by the fear and love of God to become the champion of the liberties of man." The House of Commons was then in its Augustan age of eloquence, and night after night the walls echoed to strains of argument, or invective, or appeal, whose memories are inspirations still. Shall we take our seats, as in the gallery, and look at some of the famous ones as they wrestle below?

There are two central figures, both Commoners to the last, although cadets of noble houses—

"Beneath whose banners proud to stand,
Look up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world are known
The names of Pitt and Fox along."

It is sometimes a disadvantage to a man to have had an illustrious father, for the father's name is as a shadow out of whose luminous darkness the son finds it difficult to emerge. The memory of Chatham was otherwise to *William Pitt*. It was the inspiration of his genius, and his introduction to the sphere in which, of all others, he was the most fitted to shine. Of slight frame, and of such feeble health that he was never trusted at a public school, his mind grew into an early, but not unhealthy ripeness, and he had mastered some of the most difficult classics before he came of age. He passed through his college course with cold

regularity, making no friends, but laying in great store of learning, and in the autumn of the year in which he attained his majority, he startled the scarlet-robed Doctors of the University by offering to represent them in Parliament. They resented his presumption by placing him at the foot of the poll; but a seat was found for the young aspirant in the borough of Appleby. His first speech secured his fame, and it is said that during the whole of his career he scarcely added a cubit to his oratorical stature. "He is not a chip of the old block," said Burke, with tears in his eyes; "he is the old block itself." "He will be one of the first men in Parliament," said some one to Fox. "He is so already," was the generous reply. This reputation was won neither by variety of style nor grace of manner, neither by brilliant speech nor happy illustration, but by a grand unbroken flow, clear as a river, and as pleasant as the murmur of its waters, and by the dignity with which the majestic words rolled forth as from the lips of a king. His pride, whether it was simple exclusiveness, or the deep consciousness of his own merit, had nothing vulgar about it, but rose into a superb self-confidence which might almost be mistaken for a virtue. Thus at twenty-two he declined a lucrative post in Lord Shelburne's Ministry, and announced in the House that he would take no office which did not bring him into the Cabinet. Thus, in a difficult crisis, when he had to struggle almost single-handed against a powerful Opposition, he says, "I place much dependence upon my colleagues, but I place more on myself." At twenty-five years of age he was Prime Minister of England, in

a minority in the Commons, but the idol of the people, the mightiest subject in Europe, and influential enough, like the old French mayors of the palace, to have control over the councils of the king. With the love of power as his commanding idolatry, there was no room in his heart for the meaner idols of lust and gold. He was "married only to his country"—but as son, brother, and friend, his affections were warm and pure. Cold and haughty with strangers, there was a Lutheran playfulness where he made himself at home, and a bright humour cleft its way through the strength of his character, like a rill from a mountain's heart. He had a noble scorn of money, remained poor while enriching others, declined the offered Garter for which dukes were struggling, made lords by the score, but continued plain William Pitt to the end, and when £100,000 were offered to free him from embarrassment, by the willing generosity of his friends, said that "no consideration on earth should force him to accept it." There are few measures of benefit which bear his name; and though his opinions were in advance of his age, and he spoke them in long remembered thunder, they either lacked the force of convictions, or he was hindered from carrying them into effect. It were thankless to seek for stains upon so fair a shield. However opinions may differ as to the great Minister's policy, there are few who will deny to him the credit of surpassing ability, of sincere love of his country, and of stainless integrity and honour. "The Austerlitz look," as it was called, shadowed his fine countenance during the last months of disaster; the brave heart failed beneath his country's

troubles, and at the zenith of his power, if not of his influence,—

“ The stately column broke,
The beacon-light was quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound was still,
The warder silent on the hill.”

But his country has not forgotten him, and so long as there is history, and so long as there are hearts which kindle at great names and deeds—so long will live the name of William Pitt, a national possession and pride.

When Pitt entered Parliament, the greatest debater in the House was acknowledged to be *Charles James Fox*, who led His Majesty's Opposition during the long and stormy years of the American war. Of unwieldy person, rendered less comely by excesses, with a shrill voice, and little, and that ungraceful, action, he also was one of those whose claim to marvellous eloquence rests rather upon the tradition of the elders than upon anything which the present times can read. With an exquisite classical taste, and a subtle knowledge of history; with a pronunciation singularly beautiful, a pure style, a quick insight into the bearings of a question, and a wit which could either play harmlessly about a subject, or scathe and scorch an adversary; with a close logical faculty, and a stern justice, which made him state his opponent's arguments so strongly that his friends trembled lest he should not be able to answer them—we need not doubt the tales which charmed listeners tell of Fox's wonderful power. In private he was a fascinating talker, the life of social parties, and a fast and generous friend.

"When I have trembled before him," said Curran, "I have caught a smile rippling the fine Atlantic of his countenance." His errors sprang largely from vicious training, and from the evil habits of the time, and neither gambling nor profligacy hardened his kindly heart, nor quenched the intense human sympathies which were in him as a well-spring of life. Vehement, and at times terrible in his sarcasm, he rose far above malice and envy. The prize of power for which he had been long contending, fell at last into a hand which had lost the nerve to grasp it, and after a few months of office he slept by the side of his great rival in the temple of silence and peace. There are few statesmen around whose memory so much affection lingers. He lives as much in hearts as on marble. His fame, which is broad and lasting, rests not upon his ministerial life, but upon his generous temper, his deep love of country, his burning hatred of oppression—his efforts in the cause of suffering liberty.

"When he all-eloquent for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood ;
The voice that cries thro' all the patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains ;—
Of power, to bid the storm of passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
But spake in vain till with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death."

By the side of these men, though somewhat elder, lived and laboured another, who, in many respects, was greater than either. A young Irishman, the son of a Dublin attorney, came over to seek his fortune in London. He had written himself into notice as

a hack of the booksellers, and had got a name at the clubs as the only talker who was fit to rank with Johnson. Lord Rockingham took him as his private secretary, and by his influence the British Parliament was enriched by the presence of *Edmund Burke*. He made his first speech in the House in the debate on which Chatham made his last speech before the glory of the great commoner was hidden beneath the coronet of the earl; and, in the words of Macaulay, "It was a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn." His impeachment of Warren Hastings established his claim to the possession of the highest eloquence, for Hastings himself was so aroused by it that for a while he believed himself as guilty as his fiery accuser painted him, and it was only when reflection followed upon excitement that the spell of the magician ceased to work its will. In the House, however, he outlived his popularity, and whether from envy, or from honest incapacity, or from his own hot blood and bitter words, he, a greater than his age, and whose greatness is for all time, was coughed down by impatience, and dulness voted him a bore. He was often beyond his audience, and as Goldsmith has it—

" Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

His grasp of great principles, the far-stretching insight of his political vision, the loftiness of his language, and the remote analogies by which his views

were sustained, were not to the taste of those who were absorbed in party strifes, and who fretted for office during their little hour. But he spoke for the future, and the great world listens still. As a writer he could write in many styles, and in all almost equally well. A critic says of his works that they are "by turns statistics, metaphysics, painting, poetry, eloquence, wit, and wisdom." He was endowed with a union of faculties which are seldom found together—acuteness of mind, and great caution—an imperial fancy, and a creative genius—a perseverance which would master every depth and detail, and an imagination whose flight, like the eagle's, was ever toward the sun. In strange variation from the usual order, his imagination was more subdued in his youth than in his age, as if like the cereus, it could bloom only, in its fullness, in the night. His *Letters on a Regicide Peace* are at once the most gorgeous and the most passionate of his works, and though written but a year before his death, they show intense earnestness, and no decay of strength. He wrote as a seer would write to whom his message was a burden, and to whom it was a necessity that his words should be words of fire. The latter days of this great man have a sublimity about them on which it is beautiful and solemn to gaze. His two rivals were smitten down in the heat of strife—he lingered through a season of retirement, during which many were wont to seek his counsel, and Wilberforce says the attention shown to him was like the treatment of Ahithophel of old: "It was as if one went to inquire of an oracle of the Lord." The reverses of political neglect, and the sundering of old

friendships befell him. His ungovernable temper had created some enemies, and had alienated some friends. He had to struggle with straitened means and failing health. But the brave spirit bore nobly up, until the horror of great darkness fell upon him in the death of his son, upon whom he had lavished all the love of his wealthy heart. This blow shattered the life which it sublimed. It was as the shadow of the sepulchre. But from out that shadow spake "the old man eloquent" with a tenderness and a power which he could not have gathered before, for the tenderness was of the nearing grave, and the power was of the world unseen. "The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate; indeed, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors." This is majestic sorrow, mingled with uncomplaining trust. It is the moan of a great heart, like that which the mighty waters make upon the shore, and big, like it, with the hope of a to-morrow. And into that shadow of the sepulchre the light beyond did shine. The thoughts of religion, which had never been wholly shaken off, became clear, and bright, and comforting,

at last. During the last two days of his life, Wilberforce's book on *Practical Christianity* was his study, and he expressed the comfort it had given him, and his thanks that such a book had been brought into the world, and there is reason to believe that this man, bright in his time as Orion among the stars of heaven, passed from the world a humble believer in Jesus—

“And fell, with all his weight of cares,
Upon the great world's altar stairs,
Which slope through darkness up to God.”

Other names of note, though they attained not to “the first three,” crowd upon the memory, but may only be seen to-night in rapid glimpses of their presence.

There is *Sheridan*, the brilliant and versatile, who exaggerated both the talents and the frailties of his countrymen—the orator to whom the House paid the unparalleled compliment of adjournment at the close of his speech, on the ground that they could not transact business calmly while under so mighty a spell—the wit who made his jokes at home and let them off with seeming promptness on the first apt occasion, as when he said to the composer of music who had turned wine merchant, “Then you'll import your music, and compose your wine,” or, as when he thundered at Dundas as “the gentleman who resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts”—the gay spendthrift who was about as well acquainted with duns as with dinners, and whose difficulties may be gathered from one of the current stories of the time, that, in a moment of anger, he threatened to cut his

son off with a shilling. "Then you must borrow it, father," was the cool reply.

There is *Dundas*, for a long time Pitt's solitary helper against a host of foes, a straightforward, business-like speaker, who would not let a man misunderstand him, a man of immense industry and steady friendship, who wielded in Scotland an almost boundless influence, until "Dundas and patronage" became an alliance almost as well understood as crown and covenant.

There is *Windham*, the soldier's friend, a man of elegant scholarship and subtle wit, but too ingenious to be safe, and too violent to be much regarded.

There is *Perceval*, of an energetic nature, and of dauntless courage, a ready speaker, and a high-principled and conscientious, if somewhat narrow statesman, who died by the hand of an assassin too soon for his enduring fame.

There is *Grenville*, bold and honest, tolerant and true-hearted, for whom was reserved the distinction of abolishing the Slave Trade, and who cheerfully gave up for principle twenty years of power.

There is *Eldon*, a fine example of his own recipe to make a celebrated lawyer, that a man should "live like a hermit, and work like a horse," an able and painstaking servant of the crown, who, if he had lived in Bunyan's days, might have sat for the portrait of the Captain of the Doubters, so full was he of shadowy difficulties in common things, but who, when the peril came, could be swift as an eagle, both in device and execution, and who, though parchment puzzled him, knew how to manage men.

There is *Henry Grattan*, the Irish patriot and orator,

whose speech sparkled with epigrams, which had principles hidden in their heart; who kept the zealous temperance of words, which is the orator's best weapon; and whose reputation, won in Ireland, did not suffer when the first minds of England were his peers, for he was like a tree which can bear transplanting, and thrives on foreign soil.

There is *Erskine*, a man of noble form and dauntless courage, with a port of graceful pride, and an eye whose glance prepared the way for his words, as the lightning heralds the thunder. He had a voice of strange sweetness, a mind keen to apprehend, a memory strong to retain, a constant presence of mind, and a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and of the easiest way to reach it. He fulfilled the advocate's noblest duty, and that in critical times. He fought for the liberty of the press, and for the rights of the people, when corruption would have smothered the one, and when cruelty would have strangled the other. The Court, the Parliament, the judges, the demagogue, the infidel, were alike resisted as the cause of his client demanded it, with a fearless eloquence which charmed even those who suffered from it; and he was as independent of his clients themselves, for when Thelwall was dissatisfied with the way in which his defence was conducted, and sent a written message to Erskine, "I'll be hanged if I don't conduct my own cause;" all the answer he got was the counterpart to his own dry humour, "You'll be hanged if you do."

And not to enlarge a list already too long, there is *George Canning*, last, and not least worthy of the band, an accomplished scholar, a brilliant wit, a skilful if

not an impassioned declaimer, the architect of his own fame, who had no cause to blush for the plans he drew; fond of power, but a man of principle, carrying on a keen contest within himself between the rival loves of politics and letters; left, as a statesman, a leader without a party, or at best with a party who coldly followed, while his enemies rancorously assailed him, but as posterity is not slow to acknowledge, "just alike to freedom and the throne." The appreciation which was denied him in life, has since flowed in upon him like a remorseful tide. He lived among men as some rare bird, of whose beauty they knew not, until the parting wing revealed it, for he was just beginning to be understood and valued when the arrow sped untimely, and the wit and the worth were hidden in the covetous grave.

These were among the men who led the senate, "the hardy Spartans exercised in arms," when Wilberforce took his part in their midst, and began that long and seemingly hopeless struggle against oppression which was henceforward the business of his life. He went among them, renowned though they were, on equal terms. He marched at once to the foremost rank, and kept the place he took, conscious of quiet power. When he supported, his aid was that of a strong arm. When he opposed, even the mightiest, he was "a foeman worthy of their steel."

Animated by the highest motives, the common instincts of right and wrong sharpened into keener discernment, and clothed with more spiritual sensibility, his religion was felt to be an element of his being, and shone forth from every action of his life,

not obtrusively, but with a light both clear and kind.

Very soon after his decision for God, Wilberforce meditated the writing of a tract upon the nature of religion as he now understood it, which might serve as a manifesto of his own principles, and be rendered useful to others. He had a deep conviction that there were few in his own rank of life who had any thought of religion except as a seemly form. He mourned the ungodliness around him, even of those whose moral character was without a stain. He pondered upon these things until the burden was laid upon him to write, and hence sprang his *Practical Christianity*. In this book he shows the difference between the Christianity of the New Testament and that which was current in the fashionable world; traces this difference to a forgetfulness of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel; shows that faith, working by love the purity of the heart, and the guidance of the life, is the principle of Christian consecration, and urges the devotion of the life to Christ, as the only way in which Christianity could become both a happy experience and a spiritual force. There was nothing new in these truths. They were in the writings of the Reformers, and in the Articles and Homilies of the Church. They were the same truths which had been carried home to the hearts of the masses from the lips of Wesley and Whitfield. But from the pen of Wilberforce they came to many like a new revelation. He was a layman, so it was not a professional utterance. He lived before the public, so men could judge of the agreement between his creed and his life. The style

of the work was interesting, and the illustrations were happy. It was a readable book on religion. The writer was undoubtedly in earnest, and he had written from the heart as well as from the mind. These were conditions of advantage, and although his friends were anxious about the issue, and the publisher thought the name might possibly justify a venture of 500 copies, the result rebuked their fears; 7500 were called for within six months of the publication, it passed through fifteen editions in England, and twenty-five in America, was translated into five languages, and it is said that not a year passed during his after life in which he was not gladdened by the news that some had been led to seriousness, or some wavering faith confirmed, or languid piety quickened by its appeals.

Oh the power, the mysterious but mighty power, by which the labour of one man's life is felt for ages! No work, either of good or evil, ends with itself. It is trite to say that men leave "footprints on the sands of time." Footprints! They do vastly more. They make or mar the generations which follow them. How many have been offered upon the altar of ambition because Napoleon lived! What numbers have sunk into the lees of sensuality because Byron sang! How many have been won to goodness by the eloquence of Howard's life! "No man liveth to himself," and a man's light words of to-day may fix the destiny of many who never heard the speaker's name. It is impossible, therefore, to overrate the importance of the conversion of one soul to Christ, or of the hardening of one heart in sin. In both cases you have started

a series of influences whose vibrations reach to the farthest land, and to the latest time. See the beautiful train of blessing in the case before us. An old Puritan doctor writes a book more than two hundred years ago, called *The Bruised Reed*, which falls into the hands of Richard Baxter, and leads his penitent spirit to its trust in Christ. Baxter's ministry is like that of a giant in his strength, and when he dies, his *Call to the Unconverted* goes preaching on to thousands to whom Baxter himself had never spoken with human tongue. Philip Doddridge, prepared by his pious mother's teaching, hears this piercing "Call," devotes the summer of his life to God, and becomes a "burning and a shining light." Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* fell, as we have seen, into the hands of Wilberforce, and led him to thought and to prayer. Wilberforce's *Practical View* cleared the faith and fired the zeal of a clergyman in the sunny south, and he wrote the simple annal of a Methodist girl, which has borne fruit of blessing in every quarter of the globe, for who has not heard of Legh Richmond and *The Dairyman's Daughter*? And then the same book had a ministry in the bleak north, and in a country parish found out a Scottish clergyman, who was preaching a Gospel which he did not know, and he embraced the fulness of the glad tidings, and came forth a champion for the truth, "furnished in all 'things and ready," until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers. And what is the moral of all this? Why, that there is not one of you who need live in vain; that, though your sphere be of the humblest, there is some brother-man whom you can reach and rescue; and that for the poorest of you

there is a vast field of toil, and an awaiting recompense of honour. It may not be given you to speak with tongues, but you may loosen other tongues which have been dumb too long. You may not be able to work miracles of healing, but you can carry the paralysed into the Healer's presence. If you cannot wield the influence which commands, you can exert the influence which blesses, and while those who have been merely gifted will die out of remembrance, like the flaring street-lamps when the great morning shines, your life of goodness may be as the name of the woman who anointed the Saviour, a fragrant memory both for earth and heaven.

It is time, however, that we refer to the great work which more than any other has contributed to Wilberforce's fame. When he became a changed man, his parliamentary position was felt to be not only a trust from his constituents but a stewardship from God. He cast about to find a question worthy of his advocacy, and he tells us in his journal that he believed God had called him to labour for two things—the Reformation of Manners, and the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

In reference to the first of these objects, it was greatly owing to him that a Royal Proclamation was issued against vice and immorality, and that a Society was formed to carry its provisions into effect. But the latter object was the work of his life. There was already in many minds a conviction of the giant evils of slavery. God sows his truth-seeds broadcast, and they spring up in different furrows when once the time of harvest comes. Hence we may settle in a

word a controversy which ought never to have arisen, whether Wilberforce or Clarkson was the earliest and best friend of the slave. If a twin superlative may be allowed for the occasion, they were both earliest and both best. Each did a work which the other could not have done so well, and "the tongue could not say to the hand, I have no need of thee." In the order of time, indeed, the first blow at the monster was struck by neither of the twain, but by the stalwart arm of Granville Sharpe. This hard-working Ordnance clerk, believing that there could be no slavery upon British ground, took up the cause of a negro who had escaped, but whom his master claimed in London. With three of the judges against him, one of them bearing the honoured name of Mansfield, Granville Sharpe "supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning required for the great controversy;" and after two years' fighting and weariness, it was established, to use the words of Curran, "as the spirit of the British law, that liberty is inseparable from British soil; that no matter in what language the man's doom may have been pronounced, no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him, no matter in what disastrous battle his liberties may have been cloven down, no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust."

This decision was given in 1772, and in the year following, Wilberforce, then a schoolboy fourteen

years old, sent a letter to the *York Herald*, "in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh." Eight years afterwards, he applied to a friend, who was going to Antigua, to collect information for him on the subject of the Slave Trade, and expressed his hope that he might be able at some time to redress the wrongs of slaves. In 1784, came the application of Ramsay's tract on *The Treatment of Slaves*. In 1785, a prize essay on the subject was written by Thomas Clarkson. In 1786, Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham, roused by the earnestness of his noble wife, wrote to Wilberforce, urging him to take the parliamentary conduct of the cause. In 1787, the Abolition Committee was formed, with Granville Sharpe for chairman. In the same year Clarkson and Wilberforce were introduced to each other, and in the same year, after much thought and consultation with Pitt and Grenville, Wilberforce resolved to give notice of his intention to bring the subject forward. The resolution was made in the open air "at the foot of a large tree at Holwood, just before the steep descent into the vale of Keston" in Kent. You will forgive the weakness, if you think it one, which is thus minute in its mention of the spot where so high a purpose was formed. If Runnymede is not forgotten, if Iona is a sacred name, if the blood flows the fleeter in the veins as we tread that field among the Belgian dykes which men call Waterloo, if Marathon is a holy shrine, beaten by the pilgrim feet of the world, why should not the old oak at Holwood be remembered, where a brave heart resolved to do battle with a foul wrong, and to cancel the

shame of ages by loosing the shackles from the slave ?

From this time, Wilberforce gave the most anxious study to the subject of the Slave Trade and slavery, wishing neither to damage his cause by rashness, nor to weaken the force of his appeals by hasty, unguarded, or exaggerated statements, which he could not bring evidence to sustain. At length, on the 12th May 1789, the matter was brought before the House in twelve resolutions, which embodied the case of those who were friendly to the Abolition of the Slave Trade. The speech of Wilberforce was a masterly argument, warmed by a kindly humanity, and brought home with singular power. He described the horrors of the Middle Passage, in words which thrilled through his audience, and summoned Death as his "last witness, whose infallible testimony to their unutterable wrongs can neither be purchased nor repelled." Burke said of this speech, "that it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not perhaps to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." Pitt and Fox were equally warm in their praises, and equally hearty in their support of the cause. The planters succeeded in deferring the decision of the House until counsel had been heard, and evidence tendered, and thus threw it to so late a period of the session, that it was of necessity postponed. One argument which was urged by the opponents of the motion was, that if we, from generous motives, abandoned the trade in slaves, France would be sure to take it up, and so the old commercial jealousy was excited to defend the iniquity. It was thought that

if France and England could act in concert, this objection would be removed. Mr. Clarkson accordingly spent five months in Paris, trying to interest the leaders of public opinion in his cause. He was sanguine of success, and wrote home that "he would not be surprised if the National Assembly would do themselves the honour of voting away the diabolical traffic in a night." It would have been quite in accordance with the practice of that motley assembly, to dispense with a stray abomination as readily as with an old regime, for with them age had no charm, and prescription no claim to regard; but this correspondence with the early chiefs of the Revolution hindered the Abolition of the Slave Trade for years. The opposition could hardly fail to seize upon so fair a cry, and the charge of "French principles," fastened upon the friends of the slave, had great effect upon the unreasoning and the timid. In 1792, Mr. Dundas, no friend of the cause, carried through the Commons a Bill for the gradual Abolition of the Slave Trade, and the year 1796 was fixed as the time when it should cease. In 1793, however, the House refused to confirm its vote of the preceding year. Wilberforce acted on the maxim of Cromwell, that while "it is good to strike when the iron is hot, it is better to make the iron hot by striking," for, from this time until 1806, the question was annually renewed, sometimes with partial success, sometimes with absolute and mortifying failure. During this period, the efforts of the negro's friends never relaxed. Wilberforce lived in faith and hope through the dreary years of the French Revolution, often disheartened, often

abused, but cheered by the zeal of his helpers, whom Pitt had christened "the white negroes," by the conscience of right, and by the deepening convictions of the thoughtful and godly throughout the land. Almost the last work in which John Wesley was engaged was to write to Wilberforce, urging him to go on in the name of God, and in the power of his might, in opposing "that execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature." This was written on the 24th February 1791, and on the 2d March the faltering hand which wrote it had lost its cunning. The Churches woke up to the unrighteousness of the commerce in slaves, and that cause which had commended itself by its policy and mercy, took hold of the public conscience, and was baptized by the inspirations of religion.

It could not be expected that a work which assailed so many vested interests could be undertaken without violent opposition. Where there is a temple of Diana, there will always be a large class who make silver shrines, and the cause was damaged both by the ceaseless activity of its enemies, and by the indifference or treachery of its professed friends. The motives of those whom Wilberforce led out into the lobby were not in all cases equally pure. You remember the anecdote of the gentleman who fell from his horse in the park. A crowd gathered round him. "If the gentleman had but taken lessons in my school," said one, "this accident would not have happened." He was a riding-master. "How finely the figure was foreshortened in falling," said a man with an artist's eye. A mathematician affirmed that "he made a

parabolic curve." A lawyer speculated "whether the poor man had made his will." There seemed only one sensible man in the company, who had wit enough to say, "Send for a doctor, and let us get the poor man home." All these characters were found on the side of the slave. Some had crotchets of their own. Some were sentimental. Some balanced the chances, and went with the stronger party. Some speculated upon the division of the property, and there were few who were disposed at all hazards to do the right, because it was the right, and from no other motive in the world. Hence, what with those who had crooked principles, and those who had no principles at all, he could not count upon the sustained enthusiasm in his followers which made the cause a holy thing to him. Then he grieved over the flippancy of many who were glad enough to share the triumph, but who shrank from the danger of the battle, characters such as vexed the soul of Hotspur—

" For he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds.
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly ;—and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."

In the defeat of 1796, when the Bill was thrown out by four on the third reading, Wilberforce says, "There were enough at the Opera to have carried it."

They acknowledged it to be a noble cause, but "The Two Hunchbacks" was brought out that night, and a bleeding slave had no chance against a splendid singer. Moreover, the most dismal results were prophesied to flow from the Abolition of the Slave Trade—French supremacy, the ruin of Liverpool and Bristol, the revolt of the colonies, unexampled massacre of human life, the dismemberment of the empire; all these horrible spectres were conjured before the eyes of well-meaning but frightened squires, and as appeals to selfish fears are nearly always successful, it is not wonderful that the end was so long delayed. The talent of the House was on the side of the slave. There was scarcely a man of mark on the other side, except Dundas, who trimmed, and Windham, who hated the cause as soon as it became popular. So much was this felt, that the opposition was described by one of themselves as having entered upon the war of the Pigmies against the Giants; but the planters had many friends, the Lords as usual were averse to innovations, a prince of the blood denounced the proposal in unmeasured terms, and it was known that it had to contend against the determined opposition of the king.

The character of the leading Abolitionists was fiercely assailed. Ramsay was done to death by slander. Zachary Macaulay suffered reproach and loss; and Wilberforce was exposed to the rancour of exasperated foes. A West Indian captain haunted him for two years with threats of personal injury. He was called a saint, a hypocrite, a regicide, a Jacobin, a liar. In some of the West Indian Islands

the papers of his correspondents were seized. The petition from Glasgow was directed to another, that it might not be suspected, and a friend writing to him from Liverpool implored him to be kind enough not to frank his reply. The violence of the feeling may be gathered from a humorous passage in a letter of Thomas Gisborne, in which he says, "I shall expect to read in the newspapers of your being carbonadoed by West Indian planters, barbecued by African merchants, and eaten by Guinea captains; but do not be daunted, for I will write your epitaph." "So you intend to be a reformer of men's morals, young man," said an old peer; "that is the end of reformers," and he pointed to a picture of the crucifixion, which, as his biographers say, was "no likely sight to frighten a Christian warrior." In the House the opposition was sometimes carried on with very unparliamentary fierceness, but his temper and his courage stood the test. It is said that only once during his public life was he known to retort upon an opponent with anything like sarcastic bitterness. This was when he was called "the honourable and religious member," and the vigorous irony with which he stung the assailant caused his friends to marvel, not that he possessed such powers, but that, having them, he should have restrained them so nobly and so long. The greatest cause of delay, however, in the passing of the measure was the political aspect of the world. The events in France at the close of the last century—the revolution, whose early promise was lost in its after carnage, and profanity, and blood—coupled with the fact that many of those who favoured abolition

were known to look upon the revolution, at least in its early stages, with favour, made the discussion of the subject impossible for several years, and the Haytian insurrection was regarded as but a type of the atrocity which would follow if the views of the friends of liberty were suffered to prevail. Yet this very insurrection was in proof of one of the positions which the advocates of freedom were obliged to establish and defend. There were not wanting those who denied the manhood of the African, his fitness for self-government, his capacity to acquire and to retain ideas, his sense of degradation and of slavery, and with a strange perversion of the spirit of Scripture, it was maintained that God had fixed the curse of Ham upon his children to the latest generation. The refutation of these calumnies was not easy, until St. Domingo repelled them in blood. The burning sense of bondage, suffering hidden for years but sternly repressed lest it might hinder the purpose, genius to combine and patience to wait the hour, valour in fight, and withal much of human passion, and revenge, and pride, were displayed in that rebellion; and there was a terrible force in the climax of those noble words in which James Montgomery vindicated the manhood of the slave:

“ Is he not man, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not man, though sweet religion's voice
No'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice?
Is he not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is he not man for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the negro's powers! In headlong will
Thy brother, Christian, thou shalt prove him still.
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stamped him Man.”

But in spite of all who disgraced, or dallied with, or opposed, or betrayed the cause, the Slave Trade was destined to fall. A conviction of its iniquity grew upon the national mind, and a righteous anger was kindled in the national heart, and although, from the frequent defeats of the motion, it had come to be regarded as Wilberforce's hobby, which he must ride once a year into the House, there was rising among the people a resolve that the share of England in the guilt and shame of the unholy traffic should be purged away. "They willed the deed, and therefore it was done." The great men whose eloquence had helped the cause in its beginnings were gone, even Fox did not live to share the victory which he had contributed to gain; but in the early part of 1807, the Abolition of the Slave Trade was made a Government measure. Lord Grenville carried it gallantly through the Lords, and Lord Howick in the Commons did the first of that long series of patriotic services which have thrown so rich a lustre on the name of Charles, Earl Grey. There had been some alarm about a "terrific list of doubtfuls," but when the division came only sixteen were found to vote against the Bill, while 283 votes were recorded in its favour. In the eloquent speech of Sir Samuel Romilly, who had given to the cause every energy of his fine nature, he contrasted the feelings of Napoleon in all his greatness with those of the honoured individual who, after twenty years of labour, would that night lay his head upon his pillow, and remember that the Slave Trade was no more. The House caught and welcomed the allusion, and applause burst forth such as was scarcely ever heard

before in either House of Parliament. And right well did he deserve the honour. It is the fashion to decorate the man who leads the army to triumph. I would rather see the stars upon the man who did the night-work in the trenches, or who led the forlorn hope against the foe. But here both are one. It must have been indeed a happy day. Congratulations poured in upon him on every side, while he, the observed of all observers, was clothed with humility as with a garment, the same genial, earnest, unaffected Christian as before. "What shall we abolish next?" was his half-playful, half-practical question as his friends gathered to rejoice in their success. "Let us make out the names of the sixteen," said William Smith, whose zeal would have pilloried them all. "Never mind the miserable sixteen, think rather of the glorious 283," was Wilberforce's generous reply. Even yet the measure had almost been delayed because of a threatened breaking up of the Cabinet. It was the last act of the Grenville Ministry, and received the royal assent on the 25th of March 1807. In the very year in which this hateful commerce was abolished, victory, which had long been doubtful, began to wait upon our arms, and there started that series of successes which gave peace to Europe, and which sent her oppressor to fret in exile through the remorseful years, and in St. Helena's loneliness to slumber in a nameless grave.

The next object of Wilberforce and his friends was to garner up the results of the victory. The registers of succeeding years are full of the efforts which were made by diplomatic and other correspondence to induce

other nations to follow in the wake of England in the work of humanity, and so great was the success that North America, Venezuela, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, France, successively abolished the Slave Trade; promises of gradual abolition were wrung even from Portugal and Spain; and in 1823, so far as the influence of England could reach, no trace remained of the barbarous trade in slaves. The mind of Wilberforce then dreamed of a grander issue. Researches into the evils of the Slave Trade had impressed him with the purpose to battle against slavery itself. His failing health warned him that the cause must be entrusted to other hands, but the appeal which he wrote and published gave the first impulse to that successful agitation which, about the time of his own death, brought slavery to an end throughout the dominions of the British Crown. Although his name is identified with the cause of the slave more than with any other public question, it must not be supposed that he was a man of one idea, or that it could be said of him in the words of Grotius, that he "spent his life in strenuously doing nothing." Everything which bore upon social and moral improvement could count upon his hearty support; every outrage upon toleration or freedom found in him an eloquent enemy. His superiority to party, while it exposed him to the charge of inconsistency, made his advocacy the more valuable, because it was known to be independent; and when he was fairly prepared, and the object was one that stirred him, his eloquence was of a high order. The purifying of elections, the relief of oppressed consciences, whether Nonconformist, Quaker, Jew, or

Catholic, the lessening of the number of oaths, the mitigation of the criminal law, the national obligation to instruct and evangelize India, the sacredness of the Sabbath, the promotion of peace—all these were objects which he introduced or aided. He was firm in his opposition to extravagant expenditure, as when he resisted the increased allowance to the embarrassed princes of the blood. He was firm in his denunciation of corruption, as on Lord Melville's trial; and in his defence of religious liberty, as when he fought against Lord Sidmouth's bill; and during forty-four years he so bore himself, that he retired from public life amid the respect of friends and foes, with the reputation of being an advocate whom no bribes could buy, and whose clients were the friendless of the world.

He was as independent of his constituents as of his peers; yet, though he was rarely in the county, and his absorption in great questions left him little time to attend to local claims—they greatly valued him. Four times he was returned without a contest, and their estimate of his worth was manifest in the great contest of 1807. The rival houses of Lascelles and Wentworth had each a son in the field, and were determined, at whatever cost, to win. The contest threatened to be ruinous to a man of moderate means, but nearly £70,000 were subscribed in a few days to meet the expense of Wilberforce's return. Not quite £30,000 of these were needed, though the joint expenses of his opponents amounted to the pretty fortune of £200,000. York was then the only polling-place for the entire county, and the election lasted fifteen days. His opponents, well drilled and

disciplined, had secured the greater part of the carriages, but freeholders poured into York from all quarters and in all styles—on foot, by barge, by waggon, on the back of the farmer's horse or the humbler donkey, until he was carried to the head of the poll, and kept there to the end. It was a great county's tribute to faithful service, and such was the enthusiasm, that many who had travelled long distances, declined to receive their expenses—one, a clergyman of scanty means, begging that the sum might be added to the subscription to defray the candidate's charges; and another, a sturdy freeholder, protesting that his journey had cost him nothing, for "he had ridden all the way at the back of Lord Milton's carriage."

When Wilberforce resolved upon retiring from Parliament, he wrote to Mr. Buxton, to whom he had committed the leadership of the anti-slavery cause, desiring him, as his parliamentary executor, to move the new writ for Bramber, as he had accepted "the only place which he had ever asked of Government in his life—the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds." His last speech in the House was a solemn protest against leaving the question of slavery to be dealt with by the Colonial Legislatures; and at the close, as if there was some inner consciousness, that it became him to gather up in one emphatic sentence the labours of his public life, he said, "It is with reluctance and pain that I come forward, but I esteem it my bounden duty to protest against the policy on which we are now acting. *Liberavi animam meam.* I have delivered my soul." Thus willingly did he resign a trust which for forty years he had worthily and con-

scientifically fulfilled. The Christian principle which had chastened his early ambition regulated his study of every question upon which he was called to decide, preserved him from the bitterness of party strife, and from the evil of corrupt alliances, won for him a name which neither statesmanship nor eloquence could have gained, and possessed him of an influence which in the House was a tower of strength, which acted upon the people like a sorcerer's spell, and which was felt, in its vibrations, to the very ends of the world.

The connection of Wilberforce with slavery is a subject so absorbing that little time is left to speak of his character either as a man or a Christian. Madame de Staël said of him, "I have long heard of him as the most religious; I find him to be the wittiest man in England." In social life he was a blameless and beautiful character, a tender husband, a loving father, a generous friend. He was indeed the charm of every company, and nothing could be more delightful than to roam with him among the flowers, which he said were "the smiles of God's goodness," and catch from him the contagious joy. While his children were infants, his engagements were so incessant that he rarely saw them, so that when one of them was unwilling to go to him, the nurse said, with great simplicity, "They always were afraid of strangers;" but as their minds expanded, he watched over their training with intense solicitude, joining all the while in their amusements with a boy's heart—eager as they in the joy of some bright image, or in the sight of some fair landscape, or in the strife of some romping or wit-quickenening game. His benevolence was a

passion, and in its exercise he knew no distinction of land or creed. He was generous even to prodigality. Upwards of £3000 were written off in one year's balance-sheet to the account of charity, bestowed often upon strangers whose only claim was distress, and often, like the gentle dew, a balm which dropped unseen. His religion was an earnest, cheerful, working piety, whose faith wrought by love, and was never so trustful as when thus employed. Through life he was an attached member of the Established Church, and had a reasonable dislike of anything which weakened its influence or interfered with its supremacy. He praises the goodness of God in his removal from his uncle's house as that which opened the way to his sphere of usefulness in life. "If I had stayed with my uncle," he says, "I should probably have been a bigoted, despised Methodist." This marriage of active and passive adjectives must have been suggested by some wayward association of ideas, for though he could not help being "despised," he could choose whether the other ugly adjective might be rightfully applied to his name. However, I am here to-night to dissolve the partnership. I am a Methodist—therefore, I suppose, "despised"—but free enough from bigotry to rejoice with all sincerity that the lot of William Wilberforce was cast in another communion. The great work of God is above all our isms, and unless God had wrought a special miracle, the work which he was called to do could not have been accomplished by a Nonconformist, even if he had had an Apostle's commission and a Seraph's zeal. It required a position of advantage which nothing but the State Church

could give. His mission was to the formal and thoughtless, who trooped to fashionable churches on the Sabbath as to fashionable assemblies in the week, and they would listen only to one of themselves. But while I rejoice in this, I am glad, for his own sake and for the sake of his Christianity, that he had not so small a soul as hasty readers of his *Life* would be apt to suppose. He was a lover of good men wherever they were to be found; prized the ministry of good William Jay, as "one of the greatest of his Bath pleasures;" spoke "of the unaffected pleasure with which he reflected that their names would be permanently associated;" and said that he felt a "oneness and sympathy with the cause of God at large, which would make it delightful to hold communion, once every year, with all Churches holding Christ as their Head." He would have been a traitor to his own large heart if he had been otherwise. He preferred, doubtless, the uniform and discipline of what he thought was the regular army, but he was too good, and, withal, too shrewd, a man to despise the volunteers. The same spirit led him to join heart and hand in the formation of the Bible Society, an amiable weakness for which his biographers think he is "hardly to be blamed." The half-apologetic, half-admiring strain in which this is referred to in the Memoirs is irresistibly comical. It reminds one of the old Cumberland lady's apology for Wordsworth, "Ay, poor man, though he does go boozing his poetry among the woods, I assure you he'll sometimes come into my cottage, and say, 'How d'ye do, Janet?' as sensible as you or me." I fancy you will agree that he is "hardly to be blamed"

for assisting into being the grandest and most catholic institution in the world. And, perhaps, you may be disposed to wish that the same amiable weakness had descended as an heirloom, and you would not only "hardly blame," but heartily welcome the adhesion to the Bible Society of one who, in hereditary eloquence, worthily sustains the name.

The last years of his life were chequered, but hardly clouded, by opposition in the building of a church upon which he had set his heart, and by a serious reverse of fortune, which made it necessary greatly to retrench his style of living. He found a home, alternately, in the parsonages of two of his sons, whose filial piety rejoiced, like Æneas, to requite the good Anchises' care. Two days after the tidings of his loss had come, he took "a solitary walk with the Psalmist," and came back from the inspired fellowship trustful and happy; and when his home was broken up, and he had fairly realized the change which had happened to him, so sure and thankful was his faith in God that he says, "He can scarce understand why his life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." The fruits of his early decision for God were manifest in the quiet cheerfulness of his age, in "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," and in the calmness, free from excitement as from despondency, with which he awaited his change. He had always taken sunny views of life, he had felt much of the rapture of existence, and his closing days were one long psalm of praise. He died on the 29th July 1833, having nearly completed his seventy-fourth year.

Meanwhile, in his retirement the great work of his life was speeding to its fulfilment. The Abolition of Slavery aroused as much hostility on the one hand, and as much enthusiasm on the other, as the Abolition of the Trade in Slaves. Fowell Buxton brought to his work the same holy passion, the same fervour, the same perseverance, as indomitable an energy, a homelier, but still forceful eloquence, and in some respects a bolder courage. He was well sustained by Mackintosh and Denman, names which it were idle to praise, and but that "sacrifice to heroes is reserved till after sunset," it were easy to enlarge upon the services of Stephen Lushington and Henry Brougham. Their efforts were nobly sustained by their allies outside of Parliament, and by the missionaries of the various Churches, who thrilled the Christians of England by the energy of their appeals, and to whom the cause of freedom owes a debt which another world only can repay. The early years of the Anti-Slavery struggle were employed chiefly in the exposure of the evils of the existing system, for the most sanguine among them scarcely dared to hope for the speedy success of their cause. The Government was anxious that the matter should be taken up by the Colonial Houses of Assembly, but their circulars were disregarded, an attitude of defiance was assumed, and the motives and conduct of the Abolitionists were attacked with a fierceness which showed at once the venom of the serpent, and the consciousness that he was writhing in the mortal agony. "We will pray the Imperial Parliament," said the *Jamaica Journal*, "to amend their origin, which is bribery; to cleanse their

consciences, which are corrupt; to throw off their disguise, which is hypocrisy; to break with their false allies, who are the saints; and finally, to banish from among them all the purchased rogues, who are three-fourths of their number." In the meantime, public opinion, the mightiest advocate of any question, was gathering force year by year. The planters, by their contempt and recklessness, as well as by their cruelty, had alienated many who were inclined to their side. The most atrocious severities were proved against them, facts were disclosed at which the people shuddered as at the breath of a pestilence, and the nation rose as one man, flung forth the twenty millions of compensation with indignant scorn, and demanded that slavery should cease throughout the realm. Petitions poured in in shoals. One from the Ladies of England, to which there were 187,000 signatures, was as large as a feather-bed, was borne up the House by four stalwart members, and, as an eye-witness assures me, deposited on the floor, in pity for the overtaxed strength which would have been required to place it on the table. The Bill was introduced by the present Lord Derby on the 14th May, and on the 7th August it passed the House of Commons. The masterly eloquence of the Colonial Secretary found ample scope in the subject, and for nearly four hours the House listened unwearied to old truths in a new setting, till at the close the following tribute aroused them to irrepressible enthusiasm:—"Sir, what will be the joy of that venerable man, now lying, it is feared, on his deathbed, who, for so many years, through evil and through good report, firmly and consistently

laboured in the cause of the slave? The language of that venerable man will surely be to-night, in the last words of the prophet, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' These words were at once a homage and a prophecy, for the Bill was read a second time on Friday, 26th July, and on the following Monday the veteran Christian entered into the joy of his Lord. Thus, within the short period of one man's life, by the blessing of God upon the efforts of persevering goodness, were achieved two of the noblest triumphs of humanity, triumphs which redeemed colour from the catalogue of crime, and which gave the right to 700,000 of our fellows, made in the image of the same dear God, to stand up in the face of the world and of the sun, no longer chattels, but with the words on every lip—"I myself also am a MAN."

And are they lost, these toils of the past? Did these, our noble fathers, strive in vain? Men tell us so sometimes. They tell us that the old horror of slavery has passed away, that English blood has become cold, and its righteous anger no longer burns, and it can listen calmly to tales of bondage and of wrong. But it is not true. It is a libel upon the land and race of freemen. The English hatred of slavery lies deeper than a chance protest against its cruelty at the bidding of some mighty voice. It is a hatred of the thing itself—as a thing vile and damnable, condemned by the unchangeable principles of morals; an outrage upon man, and a dishonour against God. Tell us that it has sometimes been

unworthily opposed. Tell us that vapouring and hollowness have marred the noble efforts of its enemies. Tell us that personal kindness, and a valour like that of chivalry, have sometimes redeemed the injustice of its friends. Tell us that the cruelties have been overstated, and that the benefits have been undervalued. Tell us that Legrees exist now but in fancy, and that the slavery of to-day is swept of their accursed race. Strip the thing of all its public deformity, remove away from it its coarser horrors, it is the same still. It defies you to refine it into beauty. There is *THE THING*—foul, dastardly, bad from beginning to end, an insult to humanity, an affront upon our common manhood, a curse upon every country which cleaves to it, a loathing to every heart that is true, a lie against the Majesty of Heaven.

Oh, remember that it is at once the proof and the duty of freedom, that we labour to make others free!

“ Truest freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the Truth they needs must think.
Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there lives a man whom ye
By your labour can make free,
Then ye are not free and brave
While there breathes on earth a slave.”

THE HUGUENOTS.

FROM the Reformation may be dated a new era in the history of history. As presented to us in the writings of the older historians, history consisted, for the most part, of the bare recital of events, unaccompanied by philosophical reflections, or by any attempt to discover the mutual relations and tendencies of things. After the Reformation, the adherents of the rival Churches, each from his own standpoint, moralized upon that wondrous revolution, and upon the circumstances, political and social, which introduced and attended it. That which had been chronicle became thus controversy. Writers not only narrated events, but fringed them with the hues of their own thought, and impressed upon them the bias of their own opinions, and as one result of this there sprang up the Philosophy of History. Men began to think that if the Reformation, and the events connected with it, might be canvassed in their sources and issues, all national changes, all events upon the mighty stream of tendency, might be legitimately subjected to similar criticism. Gradually this survey of the past took a loftier stand, and spread over a wider range. The causes of the rise and fall of empires—the elements of national prosperity or decline—the

obsoleteness or adaptation of various forms of government—the evidences of growth and transition among the peoples of mankind,—all in their turn were made matters of historical inquiry. Thus history, at first narrative and then polemical, has become, in our day, a record of progress, a triumphal eulogy of the growth of civilisation.

But both writers and readers of history form an unworthy estimate of its province if they restrict it within such limits. They only realize its mission who see in its transitions the successive developments of Providence, ever working without pause and without failure the counsel of the Divine will. It is not enough, if we would study history aright, that we should follow in the track of battle, and listen to the wail of the vanquished, and to the shouts of conquerors; it is not enough that we should philosophically analyze the causes of upheaval and remodelling; it is not enough that we regard it as a school for the study of character, and gaze, with an admiration that is almost awe, upon "the world's foster-gods," the stalwart nobility of mankind; it is not enough that we should regard it as a chaos of incident, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan;" we realize the true ideal of history only when we discover God in it, shaping its ends for the evolution of his own design, educing order from its vast confusions, resolving its complications into one grand and marvellous unity, and making it a body of completeness and symmetry, with himself as the informing soul.

Let this faith be fastened on our spirits, and history becomes a beautiful study. The world is seen linked

to Christ—an emerald rainbow round about his throne. In his great purpose its destiny of glory is secure. There is sure warrant for the expectation of that progress of which the poet-watchers have so hopefully sung; progress, unintermitting, through every disaster of the past, heralding progress, yet diviner, in every possibility of the future. The eye of sense may trace but scanty foreshadowings of the brightness; there may be dark omens in the aspects of the times—clouds may gather gloomily around, and the wistful glance, strained through the darkness, may discern but faint traces of the coming day; but it *shall* come, and every movement brings it nigher—for “the word of the Lord hath spoken it,” and that word “endureth for ever.”

In our study of the history of France, or, indeed, of any other nation, we must remember certain peculiarities, which, though apparently of small account, are influential elements in national progress, and means towards the formation of national character. Each race, for example, has its distinctive temperament, which it transmits from generation to generation. The character which Cæsar gave of the Gallic tribes two thousand years ago, is, in its most noticeable features, their character still. “They are warlike, going always armed, ready on all occasions to decide their differences by the sword; a people of great levity, little inclined to idleness; hospitable, generous, confident, and sincere.” This transmission of qualities, while it fosters the pride of a nation, stamps upon it an individuality, and prevents the adoption of any general changes which have no affinity with the national mind.

In like manner, the traditions of a nation are potent influences in national culture. The memory of its heroes, and of the battle-fields where their laurels were won; of its seers of science, its prophets of highest-mounted mind; of its philosophers, the high-priests of nature; of its poets, who have played upon the people's heart as upon a harp of many tunes; of its great men, who have excited wonder; of its good men, who have inherited love; all the old and stirring recollections of the romantic past, which pride the cheek and brighten the eye;—all these are substantive tributaries to an empire's education, and aid us in forming our estimate of its career and destiny.

But more potent than either of the causes we have mentioned, are those external agencies which from time to time arise in the course of events, to stamp a new form and pressure on the world. The sacred isolation of the Hebrew commonwealth—the schools of Greece—the militocracy of Rome—the advent of the Redeemer—the Mohammedan imposture—feudalism with its blended barbarity and blessing—the Crusades—the invention of Printing—the Reformation,—all these were not only incidents, but POWERS, exerting each of them an appreciable influence upon the character of the nations of mankind. In tracing the history of the Huguenots, therefore, we are not merely following the fortunes of a proscribed people, nor reciting a tale of individual suffering—we are depicting the history of France, we are evolving the subtle cause of that mysterious something which has been, through a long course of years, an element of national disquiet, which has alternately impelled the

attack of passion, or furthered the schemes of tyranny, and under which that sunny and beautiful land has groaned in bondage until now.

The doctrines of the Reformation took early root in France. The simultaneous appearance of its confessors in different countries, is one amongst the many collateral proofs of its Divine origin. Movements which men originate are local and centralized, arranged in concert, and gathering ripeness from correspondence and sympathy. When God works there is no barrier in geographical boundaries, nor in the absence of intercourse. He drops the truth-seed, and it falls into world-wide furrows. When the hour is ripe—full-grown, heroic, and ready, there springs forth the MAN. Events had long been preparing the way for the mighty change. In the Church, whether through ignorance or faithlessness, pagan ceremonies had been grafted upon the "reasonable service" of the worship; discipline had become rather a source of immorality than a guard to holiness; the traffic in indulgences had shaken the foundations of every social and moral bond; and the masses of the people were irritated at the pretensions of a religion which had its tariff of vice, a price for every crime, and at the rapacity of a priesthood which never said, "It is enough." Former protests against encroachment and error, though crushed by the strong hand of power, were not utterly forgotten. The voices of Claude and Vigilantius yet echoed in the hearts of many; traditions of Albigensian confessors, and of saints in Vaudois valleys, were in numerous homes; the martyr songs of the Lollard and the Hussite lingered—strange and solemn music—in

the air. By and by, in contemporaneous blessing, came the revival of learning, and the invention of printing. The common mind, waking from its long, deep slumber, felt itself hungry after knowledge, and more than three thousand works were given to appease its appetite in the course of seventy years. The sixteenth century dawned upon nations in uneasiness and apprehension. Kings, warriors, statesmen, scholars, people, all seemed to move in a cloud of fear, or under a sense of mystery, as if haunted by a presentiment of change. Everything was hushed into a very agony of pause, as nature holds her breath before the crash the thunder. Men grew strangely bold and outspoken. Reuchlin vindicated the claims of science against the barbarous teaching of the times. Ulrich von Hütten, who could fight for truth if he had not felt its power, flung down the gage of battle with all the knightly pride of chivalry. Erasmus, the clear-headed and brilliant coward, lampooned monks and doctors, until cardinals, and even the pope himself, joined in the common laughter of the world. All was ready,—the forerunners had fulfilled their mission, and the Reformation came.

In 1517, Tetzl, the indulgence-pedlar, very unwittingly forced Luther into the van of the battle, and the ninety-five propositions were posted on the cathedral at Wittenberg. In 1518, Bernardin Samson, another craftsman in the sorry trade, performed in Switzerland the same kind office for Ulrich Zwingli; and in 1521, while Luther was marching to the Diet of Worms, Lefevre, in a green old age, and Farel, in a generous

youth, proclaimed the new evangel in the streets and temples of one of the cities of France. The city of Meaux was the first to receive the new doctrine, and Briçonnet, its bishop, a sincere protester against error—though not made of the stern stuff which goes to the composition of heroes—published and circulated widely an edition of the four Gospels in the French language. So rapid was the spread of the truth, so notable the amendment in morals throughout the provinces which were pervaded by it, so loud were the complaints among the monks and priests of lessened credit and diminished income, that the dignitaries both of Church and State became alarmed and anxious; and as the readiest way of putting the testimony to silence, they began to proscribe and imprison the witnesses.

The doctors of the Sorbonne had already declared Luther's doctrine to be blasphemous and insolent, "such as should be answered less by argument than by fire and sword." The parliament, though no friend to monkish rule, could not understand why, when people were satisfied with one form of government, they should want two forms of religion. The court, remembering that the pope had an army at his back which would have astonished St. Peter not a little, even in his most martial moments, and wishful to secure the aid of that army in the wars of Italy, favoured the spirit of persecution. Louisa of Savoy, queen-regent in the absence of her son, who was then a prisoner at Madrid, asked the Sorbonne, in 1523, "by what means could the damnable doctrines of Luther be soonest extirpated from the most Christian kingdom;" and the clergy, not to be outdone in zeal, held councils, at which

cardinals and archbishops presided, in which they accused the Reformer of "execrable conspiracy," exhorted the king "to crush the viper's doctrine," and proposed to visit yielding heretics with penance and prison, and to hand over obstinate ones to the tender mercies of the public executioner.

This combination of purpose soon resulted in acts of atrocity and blood. The names of Leclerc, Pavaues, and the illustrious Louis de Berquin, deserve to be handed down to posterity as the proto-martyrs of the Reformation in France. In 1535 there was a solemn procession through the streets of Paris. Never had such a pomp of relics been paraded before the awe-struck faithful. The veritable head of St. Louis, a bit of the true cross, one of the nails thereof, the real crown of thorns, and the actual spear-head which had pierced the body of the Saviour,—all were exhibited to an innumerable crowd of people, who swarmed upon the house-tops, and sat perched upon every available balcony or abutment of stone. The shrine of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, was carried very appropriately by the corporation of butchers, who had prepared themselves for the occasion by a fast of several days' duration. Cardinals and archbishops abounded, until the street was radiant with copes, and robes, and mitres, like a field of the cloth of gold. In the midst of the procession came the king, bareheaded, as became a dutiful son of the Church, and carrying a lighted taper, for the blessed sun was not sufficient, or its light was too pure and kind. High mass was celebrated, and then came the choicest spectacle of the raree-show. Six Lutherans were burned, with their

tongues cut out, lest their utterances of dying heroism should palsy the arm of the hangman, or affect the convictions of the crowd. A moveable gallows was erected, which alternately rose and fell—now plunging them into the fire, and now withdrawing them for a brief space from the flame, until, by the slow torture, they were entirely consumed. Such was the villanous punishment of the *estrapade*—a refinement of cruelty which *Heliogabalus* might have envied, and which even the Spanish Inquisition had failed to invent for its Jewish and Saracen martyrdoms. The executions were purposely delayed until Francis was returning to the Louvre. He gazed upon his dying subjects, butchered for no crime, and the eyes of ecclesiastical and courtly tigers in his train glared with savage gladness at the sight of Lutheran agony.

Shortly after came the yet more horrible butcheries of *Mérindol* and *Cabrières*, by which the *Vaudois* of Provence, a whole race of the most estimable and industrious inhabitants of France, were exterminated because of their religion. Men, women, and children were slain in indiscriminate massacre, some in the frenzy of passion, others, more inexcusably, after a show of trial, and therefore in cold blood. Their cities were razed to the ground, their country turned into a desert, and the murderers went to their work of carnage with the priests' baptism on their swords, and were rewarded for its completion by the prayers and blessings of the clergy.

The usual results of persecution followed. In the fine old classical fable, the dragon's teeth were sown in the field, and the startling harvest was a host of

armed men. It is a natural tendency of persecution to outwit itself. A voice is hushed for the while, but eloquent though it may have been in its life, there issues from the sepulchre of the slain witness more audible and influencing oratory. A community is broken up, and companies of worshippers are scattered in many lands of exile; but though there be dispersion of families, unlike the banishment of Babel, there is no confusion of tongues; each in his far-off wandering becomes a centre of truth and blessing, until "their sound has gone forth through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

There is something in the inner consciousness of a religious man which assures him that it must be so. You may practise on a corpse without let or hindrance. Wrap it in grave-clothes, it will not complain; perpetrate indignities upon it, it will be sealed in silence; let it down into the cold earth, no rebuke will protest against its burial. But life is a more intractable thing. With a touch of the old Puritan humour, it abides not the imposition of hands; it *will* move at liberty and speak with freedom. Cast among barbarous peoples, where men babble in strange speech around him, the man who has Divine life in his soul will somehow make it felt; the joy of his bounding spirit will speak and sparkle through the eye, if it cannot vibrate on the tongue; the new song *will* thrill from the lips, though there be only the echoes to answer it; how much more when there is the neighbourhood of sensitive and impressible men!

Hence you will not wonder that it happened to

the Reformed as it happened to the Israelites of old, "The more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew." The progress of the Reformation during the closing years of the reign of Francis I. and during that of his son and successor, Henry II., was rapid and continual. Several large provinces declared for the new doctrines; and "some of the most considerable cities in the kingdom—Bourges, Orleans, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, and 'the brave' Rochelle—were peopled with the Reformed." It was calculated that, in a few years, they amounted to nearly one-sixth of the entire population, and almost all classes ranged beneath the Reformation banner. The provincial nobles were nearly all secretly inclined to it. Merchants who travelled into other countries witnessed the development, under its influence, of industrial progress, and the display of the commercial virtues, and brought home impressions in its favour. The people of the *tiers-état*, who had received a literary education, perceived its intellectual superiority, and on that account were prejudiced to give it welcome. "Especially," says Florimond de Reimond, a Roman Catholic writer, with a simplicity that is amusing, but with an ingenuousness that does him credit,— "Especially painters, watchmakers, goldsmiths, image-makers, booksellers, printers, and others, who in their crafts *have any nobleness of mind*, were most easily surprised." There were, indeed, scarcely any classes which collectively adhered to Rome, except the higher ecclesiastics, the nobles of the court, and the fanatic and licentious mob of the good city of Paris. This was the purest and most flourishing era of the

Reformation in France. They of the Religion, as they were afterwards called, meddled not with the diplomacy of cabinets, with the intrigues of faction, nor with the feuds of the rival houses of the realm. "Being reviled, they reviled not again; being persecuted, they threatened not, but committed themselves to him who judgeth righteously," and the record of their constancy and triumph is on high.

The Reformation in France may be considered as having been fully established at the time of the first Synod. This was held at Paris in 1559. From this assembly, to which eleven churches sent deputies, were issued the *Confession of Faith* and the *Articles of Discipline*, which, with little alteration, were handed down as the doctrinal and ecclesiastical standards of the Protestants of France.

The reign of Henry II. was mainly distinguishable for the Edict of Chateaubriand, which made heresy a civil as well as an ecclesiastical offence, and for the massacre of the Rue St. Jacques, and the arrest and sentence of the celebrated Anne Dubourg. The martyrdom of this distinguished and pious councillor, which the king's death by the lance of Montgomery did not suspend, inspired many with the persuasion that the faith professed by such a man could not be a bad one, "melted the students of the colleges into tears," and more damage accrued to Rome from that solitary martyr-pile than from the labours of a hundred ministers, with all their sermons.

Meanwhile the affairs of the kingdom were daily involved in newer and more embarrassing complica-

tions. The new king, Francis II., the husband of the unhappy Mary Stuart, was imbecile in mind, and had a sickly constitution of body. The factions of the realm, which had been partially organized in the preceding reign, practised upon his youth and feebleness, that he might aid them in their struggles for power. There were at this time three notable factions in the field, and it may be well for a moment to suspend our interest in the narrative, that the *dramatis personæ* may appear upon the scene.

The leaders of the various parties were all remarkable men. The real heads of the Catholic party were the two celebrated brothers of the House of Guise. Claude de Lorraine, the ancestor of the family, came to seek his fortune in France "with a staff in his hand, and one servant behind him;" but his immediate descendants were all in high places, and wielded, some of them, a more than regal power. Francis, Duke of Guise, the eldest son, was a skilful and high-spirited soldier, whose trusty blade had carved its way to renown in many a well-fought field. He possessed a sort of barbaric generosity, but was irascible, unscrupulous, and cruel. He pretended to no learning save in martial tactics, and held his religion as a sort of profitless entail, which, with his name, he had inherited from his father. "Look," said he to his brother, after the massacre at Vassy, "at the titles of these Huguenot books." "No great harm in that," replied the clerkly cardinal; "that is the Bible." "The Bible!" rejoined the Duke, in extreme surprise; "how can that be? This book was only printed last year, and you say the Bible is fifteen hundred years

old." Knowing little, and caring less, about religious controversies, a man of ceaseless energy and ready sword, he was the strong hand which the crafty head of the cardinal wielded at his will.

His brother, Charles of Lorraine, Cardinal and Archbishop of Rheims, of courtly address and pleasing elocution, sagacious in foresight, and skilful in intrigue, was the soul of all the projects which, ostensibly for the honour of the Holy Church, were really for the advancement of the fortunes of the House of Lorraine. He was a man of no personal valour, but influential enough to make a jest of his own cowardice. The pope of that time—for, in spite of presumed infallibility, popes and cardinals do not always see eye to eye—was uneasy at his ambition, and was accustomed to call him "the pope on the other side the mountains;" and, in fact, it was the dream of his restless life to see the crown of France upon his brother's brow, and the tiara of the supreme pontificate encircling his own.

The chiefs of the Politiques, as they were called, the middle party in the state, who counselled mutual concession and forbearance, were the Chancellor l'Hôpital and the Constable de Montmorency. The chancellor was one of those statesmen of whom France has reason to be proud. A man of stern integrity and of high principle, he worked his way through various offices of trust into one of the highest positions in the Parliament of Paris. As superintendent of the royal finances, by his good management of affairs, and by his inflexible resistance to the rapacity of court favourites, he husbanded the national resources, and

replenished the exhausted treasury. Wise in counsel, tolerant in spirit, and with views broader than his age, he was the unfailing advocate of religious freedom. For his efforts in this behalf, he was ultimately deprived of his seals, and ran in danger of being included in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. So great was his peril, that the queen-mother sent a troop of horse with express orders to save him. When they told him that those who made out the list of proscription had forgiven him, "I was not aware," was his sublime reply, "that I had done anything to merit either death or pardon."

The Constable de Montmorency was a rough-hewn valiant knight, rude in speech and blunt in bearing, of an obstinate disposition and of a small soul. He had two articles in his creed,—the first, that he was the first Christian baron; and the second, that the kings whom he served were Catholics. From these he deduced the very substantial corollary that it was his duty to show no quarter to heresy wherever it was found. Hence it is almost wonderful that he should have allied himself with the Moderates in counsel; but the Chatillons, the chief Huguenot family, were his nephews, and he had a sort of old-fashioned loyalty towards the princes of the blood. The Abbé Brantôme has transmitted to us the particulars of his extraordinary piety; he fasted regularly every Friday, and failed not to repeat his paternosters every morning and every night. It is said, however, that he occasionally interjected some matters which were not in the Rubric. "Go and hang such a man for me; tie that other to a tree; make that one run the gauntlet; set fire to

everything all round for a quarter of a league"—and then, with exemplary precision, would begin again just where he had left off, and finish his *aves* and *credos* as if nothing had happened.

The individual whom circumstances rather than merit had thrown into the position of one of the leaders of the Huguenot party, was Antoine de Bourbon, the husband of the heroic Jeanne d'Albert, and, through her, titular King of Navarre. Indolent and vacillating—a mere waif flung upon the wave—a Calvinist preachment or a Romish *auto-da-fè* were equally in his line, and might both rejoice in the honour of his patronizing presence. Destitute both of energy and principle, his character shaped itself to the shifting occurrences of each successive day, or to the wayward moods of each successive companion. The purpose of his life, if that may be so called which attained no definiteness, and resulted in no action, was to exchange his nominal sovereignty for a real one, over any country, and upon any terms. He was one of those whom the words of the poet accurately describe:—

“ So fair in show, but, ah ! in act
So over-run with vermin troubles,
The coarse, sharp-corner'd ugly Fact
Of Life collapses all his bubbles ;
Like a clear fountain, his desire
Exults and leaps toward the light ;
In every drop it says 'Aspire,'
Striving for more ideal height ;
And as the fountain, falling thence,
Crawls baffled through the common gutter,
So, from his bravery's eminence,
He shrinks into the present tense,
Unking'd by sensual bread and butter.”

To say that he abjured his faith were to do him too much honour. The pope's legate, the cardinals, the princes of Lorraine, and the Spanish ambassador angled for him as for an enormous gudgeon, and they baited the hook with crowns. Tunis in Africa was suggested as a somewhat desirable sovereignty. Sardinia, which was represented fertile as Arcadia, and wealthy as Aladdin's cave, might be had on easy terms. Nay, Scotland dangled from the glittering line, and the poor befooled hungerer after royalty put up his conscience to perpetual auction, and, like others of such unworthy traffickers, "did not increase his wealth by its price." The Reformation owes nothing to Antoine of Bourbon. By him the selfish and the worldly were introduced into its claims, and, shorn of its spiritual strength, it dwindled in after-reigns into a politico-religious partisanship, linking its high destinies with the personal ambitions of the rufflers of the camp and court, a menial at the levee of ministers, a sycophant in the audience-rooms of kings. Shame on thee, Antoine of Navarre! renegade and companion of persecutors! the *likeness* of a kingly crown is decoration enough for a puppet-head like thine. Pass quickly out of sight! for we are longing to look upon a MAN.

Behold him! Of ordinary stature, his limbs well proportioned, his countenance calm and tranquil, and with a lambent glory resting on it, as if he had come recently from some Pisgah of Divine communion—his voice agreeable and kindly, though, like Moses, slow of speech—his complexion good, betokening purity amid courtly licentiousness, and temperance in an age

of excesses—his bearing dignified and graceful—a skilful captain, an illustrious statesman, magnanimous in good fortune, unruffled in disaster—a patriot whom no ingratitude could alienate—a believer whose humble piety probed its own failings to the quick, but flung the mantle of its charity over the errors of others—Behold a MAN! That is Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, the military hero of the Reformation, whose only faults seem to have been excessive virtues—who was irresolute in battle, because too loyal to his king—who was lacking in sagacity, because, his own heart all transparent, he could scarcely realize the perfidy of others—Gaspard de Coligny, who lived a saint—Gaspard de Coligny, who died a martyr—one of the best, if not the greatest of Frenchmen. France engraves upon her muster-roll of worthies no braver or more stainless name.

Whilst the rival leaders were contending for power, another influence, which all by turns feared and courted, was that of the queen-mother, the many-sided Catharine de Medicis. It is humiliating to our common nature to dwell upon the portraiture which, if history says sooth, must be drawn of this remarkable woman. Her character is a study. Remorseless without cruelty, and sensual without passion—a diplomatist without principle, and a dreamer without faith—a wife without affection, and a mother without feeling—we look in vain for her parallel. She stands “grand and gloomy, in the solitude of her own originality.” See her in her oratory! devouter Catholic never told his beads. See her in the cabinet of Ruggieri the astrologer! never glared fiercer eye into Elfland’s glamour and mystery

—never were philter and potion (alas! not all for healing) mixed with firmer hand. See her in the council-room! royal caprice yielding to her commanding will; soldiers faltered beneath her falcon glance who never cowered from sheen of spears, nor blenched at flashing steel; and hoary-headed statesmen who had made politics their study, confessed that she out-matched them in her cool and crafty wisdom. See her in disaster! more philosophical resignation never mastered suffering; braver heroism never bared its breast to storm. Strange contradictions are presented by her, which the uninitiated cannot possibly unravel. Power was her early and her life-long idol, but when within her grasp she let it pass away, enamoured rather of the intrigue than of the possession; a mighty huntress, who flung the game in largess to her followers, finding her own royal satisfactions in the excitement of the chase. Of scanty sensibilities, and without natural affection, there were times when she laboured to make young lives happy—episodes in her romantic life, during which the woman's nature leaped into the day. Toiling constantly for the advancement of her sons, she shed no tear at their departure, and sat intriguing in her cabinet, while an old blind bishop and two aged domestics were the only mourners who followed her son Francis to the tomb. Sceptical enough to disbelieve in immortality, she was prudent enough to provide, as she imagined, for any contingency; hence she had her penances to purchase heaven, and her magic to propitiate hell. Queenly in her bearing, she graced the masque or revel, smiling in cosmetics and perfumes—but Vicenza daggers glittered in her boudoir,

and she culled for those who crossed her schemes flowers of most exquisite fragrance, but their odour was death. Such was Catharine de Medicis, the sceptred sorceress of Italia's land, for whom there beats no pulse of tenderness, around whose name no clinging memories throng, on whom we gaze with a sort of constrained and awful admiration, as upon an embodiment of power,—but power cold, crafty, passionless, cruel—the power of the serpent, which cannot fail to leave impressions on the mind, but impressions of basilisk eye, and iron fang, and deadly gripe, and poisonous trail.

The first false step of the Protestants was the enterprise known as the conspiracy of Amboise. Exasperated by petty persecutions, and goaded by the remembrance of their wrongs, they plotted to expel the Guises from the land, and to restore the real government to the king. Terrible was the vengeance which succeeded. Twelve hundred conspirators were put to death without investigation or trial, until the Loire was choked with the corpses of those who had been flung into its waters to drown. The immediate results of this ill-concerted scheme were to establish the Duke of Guise as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, with a powerful army at his bidding, and to enable the cardinal to fulminate an edict against heresy, by which it might be judged and doomed at an Episcopal tribunal. This roused the Huguenots to passion, and in some parts of the provinces to arms.

Then followed the Fontainebleau assembly, at which, in presence of the king and nobles, Coligny presented the petition of the Reformed, asking for

the free performance of Protestant worship. "Your petition bears no signature," said Francis. "True, sire," was the admiral's reply; "but if you will allow us to meet for the purpose, I will undertake, *in one day*, to obtain fifty thousand signatures in Normandy alone." Such an assertion, from such lips, was no unholy gasconade, but indicated a threatening and deep reality of danger. As the result of the debates which followed, as no one seemed able to grasp the great idea of liberty of conscience, it was agreed that a national council should be summoned to determine upon the religious faith of France. The princes of Lorraine had prepared for this convocation arguments that were somewhat peculiar. One was the assassination of the princes of Bourbon; the other was the banishment of every one who refused to sign a creed of the cardinal's devising—"a creed," says Jean de Serres, "that no man of the religion would have either approved or signed for a thousand lives." The first of these projects failed from some touch of humanness or cowardice which arrested the kingly dagger; the second failed because a pale horse, in the meanwhile, stood before the palace gate, and the rider passed the warders without challenge, and summoned the young king to give account at a higher tribunal. The death of Francis was, in fact, a revolution. For a while the court became Calvinist, feasting in Mid-Lent upon all the delicacies of the season, making sport of images and indulgences, of the worship of the saints, and of the authority of the pope. Another intrigue, however, restored the Guises to power, and their return was marked by

the edict of 1561, which showed at once the animosity and the caution of the princes of Lorraine. The private worship of the Huguenots was sanctioned, but their public celebrations were forbidden, and they were promised a national council to adjust all differences of religion. This council met in the convent of Poissy, on the 9th of the following September. The boy-king, Charles IX., sat upon the throne. Six cardinals, with him of Lorraine at their head, and doctors whose name was Legion, appeared as the Catholic champions. Twelve ministers and twenty-two deputies from the Calvinistic churches were, by and by, admitted, rather as culprits than as disputants. The Genevese prized the safety of Calvin so highly, that they required securities for his protection, in the absence of which the more courtly and eloquent Beza appeared in his stead. The discussion, like all others, failed utterly of the purpose which it was intended to effect. A dispute arose about the laws of the combat, and about the very issue that was put upon its trial. What were to be the questions of debate? "The whole round of the doctrines," said the Huguenots. "The authority of the Church, and the Real Presence in the sacrament," said the creatures of the cardinal. What was to be the test? "Holy Scripture as interpreted by tradition, and by the Fathers and Councils," said the followers of the Papacy. "Holy Scripture alone," was the sturdy reply of the Reformed. Who are to adjudge the victory? "The civil government," said Beza and his friends. "The Church authorities," was the Romanist rejoinder. Why dispute at all

when all the conditions of controversy seem so hopelessly involved? Both parties agree in the answer—"Not to overcome our antagonists, but to encourage our friends." We shall not wonder, after this, that the colloquy at Poissy came to a speedy and resultless conclusion. The Huguenots were at this time estimated by the chancellor to amount to one-fourth of the population, and though such calculations are of necessity uncertain, it is evident that they were no obscure sectaries, but a compact and powerful body, who could demand privilege in worship and redress from wrong.¹ The Guises, however, were incessant in their hostility; and after the secession of the frivolous Antoine of Navarre, who, with the proverbial animosity of the renegade, was rancorous in his hatred of his former friends, they sought aid for the extirpation of heresy from the forces of Spain. As the Duke of Guise was marching to Paris in support of this enterprise, he heard the bells of the little town of Vassy, in the province of Champagne, summoning the faithful to their prayers. With an oath, he exclaimed, "They shall soon Huguenotize in a very different manner," and he ordered them to be attacked. Unarmed as they were, they could only defend themselves with stones. It is said that one of these stones struck the Duke upon the face, and that, in his anger, he let loose upon them all the fury of his armed retainers. Sixty were left dead upon the spot, and two hundred more were severely, some mortally, wounded. The news

¹ An edict was passed in January 1562, which permitted them to meet for worship without the walls of any city of France.

of this onslaught was carried speedily to Paris, and the Duke on his entry had a triumphal ovation from the populace, whom the priests had taught to regard him as the Judas Maccabæus of his country—the heaven-sent and heaven-strengthened defender of their endangered faith. Encouraged by his success, he seized upon the persons of the queen-mother and her son, and kept them in strict, but in gentle captivity. Then the whole land was roused. The butchery of those unarmed worshippers was the red rain which made the battle-harvest grow. Fearfully was the slaughter of those slain witnesses avenged; for from the massacre at Vassy, and from the seizure of the king, may be dated the commencement of the sad wars of religion; and of all wars there are none so fierce and so terrible as those of intestine strife, when fanaticism sounds the clarion, and nerves the frantic hand.

“ When rival nations, great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Rush in ranks at war's alarms,
And feel a temporary hate ;
The hostile storms but rage awhile,
And the tired contest ends ;
But oh, how hard to reconcile
The foes that once were friends ! ”

It is not our province to dwell largely upon the sad period which followed, nor to enter here into the vexed question as to how far the use of the sword is, under any circumstances, defensible for the maintenance of religion. War is a terrible scourge, one of the direst and most appalling of the effects of sin. There is no more Christianity in the consecration of banners than

there is in the baptism of bells—they who battle for the glory of renown, or for the lust of dominion—*sin*. The conqueror, who fights for conquest merely, is but a butcher on a grander scale: but when it becomes a question of life and liberty, of hearthstone and altar, of babes and home, it is a somewhat different matter; and one can hardly fancy a sublimer sight than “the eternal cross, red with the martyr’s blood, and radiant with the pilgrim’s hope, high in the van of men determined to be free;” though even in the sternest necessity that can compel to arms, so deceitful is the human heart, so easily can it mistake pride for patriotism, and baptize the greed of glory with the inspirations of religion, that we must ever feel that the camp should not be the chosen school for godliness, and that they have deepest need to claim a Saviour’s intercession who have to meet their Maker with sword-hilt stained with slaughter, and with the hands uplifted in the dying litany, all crimsoned with a brother’s blood. The sentiments of Agrippa d’Aubigné, an historian of the sixteenth century (whose name has again become illustrious in the field of historic literature in the person of Dr. Merle d’Aubigné, his lineal descendant), are worthy of being mentioned here. “It is ever worthy of note, that whenever the Reformed were put to death under the form of justice, however unjust and cruel the proceedings, they presented their necks, and never made use of their hands. But when public authority and the magistrates, tired of kindling the piles, had flung the knife into the hands of the mob, and by the tumults and wholesale massacres of France had deprived justice of her venerable countenance, and

neighbour murdered neighbour by sound of trumpet and by beat of drum, who could forbid these unhappy men opposing force to force, and sword to sword, and catching the contagion of a just resentment from a resentment destitute of all justice? Let foreign nations decide which party has the guilt of civil war branded on their forehead."

Both parties asked for aid from other nations in the struggle. Spearmen from Spain, and soldiers from Italy, obeyed the summons of the pontiff to the new crusade; Germans and English enrolled for the assistance of the Huguenots; and the Swiss, with mercenary impartiality, stood ready for the cause which had the longest purse and readiest pay. Both sides put forth manifestoes, both professed to be moved with zeal for the glory of God, and both swore fealty to their lawful sovereign. At the commencement of hostilities the Huguenots gained some advantages, but they wasted their time in useless negotiation while their adversaries acted with vigour. They laboured, indeed, under the misfortune of being led by the Prince of Condé, who, though a brave soldier, was of the blood-royal of France, and might one day, if he did not commit himself too far, be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. It is a grievous thing, in a struggle for principle, to be cursed with a half-hearted commander. Fancy the sturdy Puritans of our own country led to battle by some gay Duke of Monmouth, instead of "trusting in God, and keeping their powder dry," at the bidding of Ireton and Cromwell!

The death of Antoine of Navarre, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Rouen, the fall of Marshal St.

André on the field of Dreux, and the assassination of the Duke of Guise, which to the soured temper of the homicide seemed but a legitimate act of reprisal, were the occasions of that suspension of hostilities which resulted in the hollow treaty of Amboise. It satisfied neither party, and was at best only an armed truce, during which frightful enormities were committed on both sides. War speedily broke out again, and the Catholics triumphed on the plains of St. Denis, though the Constable de Montmorency, the last of the triumvirs, died of a wound which he had received upon the field. Again, during the progress of the conflict, did the Huguenots appear to prevail; and again did the matchless cunning of the queen-mother triumph over the unstable leader, and he signed the peace of Longjumeau, "which," says Mezeray, "left his party at the mercy of their enemies, with no other security than the word of an Italian woman." The treaty never existed, save on paper; the foreign mercenaries were still retained in the kingdom; the pulpits resounded with the doctrine that no faith should be kept with heretics; the streets of the cities were strewed with the corpses of the Huguenots, ten thousand of whom, in three months of treaty, were barbarously slain. The officer of the Prince de Condé, while carrying the terms of peace, was arrested and beheaded, in defiance of the king's safe-conduct; and the prince and the admiral, fleeing from an enemy whom no ties could restrain, nor oaths could bind, flung themselves into the city of Rochelle. Thither came the heroic Queen of Navarre with an army of four thousand men; thither flocked also the most renowned captains of the party; so that,

at the commencement of the third war of religion, the Huguenots had at command a more considerable force than ever, and Coligny repeated the aphorism of Themistocles—"My friends, we should have perished, if we had not been ruined." On the bloody fields of Jarnac and Montcontour, where the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., won his first spurs of fame, their ruin seemed to be complete; for their army was well-nigh exterminated, and of their leaders, the Prince of Condé and D'Andelot, the brother of Coligny, were slain, and the admiral himself was carried, weary and wounded, from the field. But nothing could daunt the spirit of this brave soldier, and while the victors were quaffing their nectar of triumph, and carousing in the flush of victory, he appeared before the gates of Paris at the head of a still stronger and better disciplined army. Again peace was concluded, and the Reformed in appearance obtained more favourable terms. The leaders came to Paris, and were received with fair show of amity by the king and court; but it was only a brief interval of repose, soon to be succeeded by dismay and confusion, for even then the dark Italian and the fanatic Spaniard were brooding over the fierce tragedy to follow.

For the honour of humanity, let us pass rapidly over the massacre of St. Bartholomew—that pre-meditated and most infamous atrocity. On the 24th August 1572, at the noon of night, fit time for deeds of blood, the queen-mother and her two guilty sons were shivering in all the timidity of cruelty in the royal chamber. They maintained a sullen silence, for conscience had made cowards of them all. As they

looked out uneasily into the oppressed and solitary night, a pistol-shot was heard. Remorse seized upon the irresolute monarch, and he issued orders to arrest the tragedy. It was too late, for the royal tigress at his side, anticipating that his purpose might waver, had already commanded the signal, and even as they spoke the bell of St. Germain aux Auxerrois tolled, heavy and dooming, through the darkness. Forth issued the courtly butchers to their work of blood. At the onset the brave old admiral was massacred, the Huguenots in the Louvre were despatched by halberdiers, with the court ladies looking on. Armed men, shouting "For God and the king," traversed the streets, and forced the dwellings of the heretics. Sixty thousand assassins, wielding all the weapons of the brigand and the soldier, ran about on all sides, murdering, without distinction of sex or age, or suffering, all of the ill-fated creed; the air was laden with a tumult of sounds, in which the roar of arquebus and the crash of hatchet mingled with blaspheming taunt and dying groan.

"For hideously, 'mid rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter."

The populace, already inflamed by the sight of blood, followed in the track of slaughter, mutilating the corpses, and dragging them through the kennels in derision. The leaders, the Dukes of Guise, Nevers, and Montpensier, riding fiercely from street to street, like the demons of the storm, roused the passion into frenzy by their cries—"Kill, kill! Blood-letting is good in August. By the king's command. Death to

the Huguenot! Kill!" On sped the murder, until city and palace were gorged. Men forgot their manhood, and women their tenderness. In worse than Circean transformation, the human was turned into the brutal, and there prowled about the streets a race of ghouls and vampires, consumed with an appetite for blood. The roads were almost impassable from the corpses of men, women, and children—a new and appalling barricade; "the earth was covered thick with other clay, which her own clay did cover." Paris became one vast Red Sea, whose blood-waves had no refluxing tide. The sun of that blessed Sabbath shone with its clear kind light upon thousands of dishonoured and desolate homes; and the air, which should have been hushed from sound until the psalm of devotion woke it, carried upon its startled billows the yells of fierce blasphemers, flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits, like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The massacre was renewed in the provinces; for seven long days Paris was a scene of pillage; fifteen thousand in the capital, and one hundred thousand throughout the whole of France, are supposed to have perished, many by the edge of the sword, and many more by the protracted perils of flight and of famine.

Consider all the circumstances of St. Bartholomew's massacre;—the confederacy which plotted it in secret; the complicity of the king and court; the snares laid for the feet of the Huguenots; the solemn oaths of safety under whose attestation they were allured to Paris; the kisses by which, like the Redeemer whom

they honoured, they were betrayed to ruin; "the funeral meats which coldly furnished forth the marriage tables;" the dagger of wholesale murder, whetted upon the broken tables of the Decalogue, and put by priests and nobles into the hands of a maddened crowd; the long continuance of the carnage—the original as it was of the Reign of Terror; and, lastly, the uplifting of red hands in thanksgiving, the ringing of joy-bells at Madrid and Rome, and the baptism of all this horrible butchery by the insulted name of religion;—and we cannot avoid the conclusion that nothing in the annals of human history involves such flagrant violations both of earthly and heavenly law—that there is a combination of atrocious elements about it for which we look elsewhere in vain, and that it stands in unapproachable turpitude, the crime without a shadow and without a parallel.

We dwell upon the wars of religion and the tragedy of St. Bartholomew, not to keep alive olden animosities, but to induce our thankfulness that we live in kindlier times; to inspire a more reverent appreciation of the priceless heritage of religious freedom; and not least, to impress upon our hearts the truth that banded armies and battle's stern array are no meet missionaries of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Oh, never, we may boldly say it, never did the cruelties of war, nor the tortures of tyranny, advance one iota the cause of our holy religion. The Crusader's lance reclaimed no Saracen from his error. The scimitar of the Moslem might establish a military domination, but the fear of it wrought no spiritual change. Covenanters still gathered in the dark ravine, and raised the perilous

psalm, though the sleuth-hound tracked them through the wild wood, and some whom the soldiers of Claverhouse had slaughtered were missing from each successive assembly. With the torture and the stake in prospect, the coward lip might falter, and the recreant hand might sign the recantation, but the heart would be Protestant still. Christianity is a spiritual kingdom, and no carnal weapons glitter in her armoury. To her zealous but mistaken friends who would do battle for her, she addresses the rebuke of her Master, "Put up thy sword into its sheath again, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A beautiful and healing presence! she comes to soothe, not to irritate—to unite, not to estrange; and, spurning adventitious aids, and disdaining to use common methods of aggrandisement, she relies for triumph upon her own kingly truth, and upon that Divine Spirit who has promised to give it power. Oh, believe me, Christianity forges no fetters for conscience; she rejoices not, but shudders at the stream of blood! While, on the one hand, it were insult to the sincerity of faith to proffer boon in requital for devotion; on the other, it were foul felony of the crown-rights of man to rob even a beggar of a single motive for his worship, and that were an unworthy espousal, which would wed the destiny of heaven to the intrigues of earth, and "hang the tatters of a political piety upon the cross of an insulted Saviour."

Alas! that in our fallen nature there should be such a strange disposition to make persecution coeval with power. Calvin raised no voice in the Genevan Council against the sentence which adjudged Servetus

to the stake. The fanatic Roundhead, in his day of power, searching the baronial hall for hidden cope and missal, was, to the full, as brutal and unlovely, and because he had clearer light, more criminal than was the roystering cavalier. The Pilgrim Fathers, men honoured for conscience' sake now as much as they were despised a century ago, were not long established in their Goshen home, when, mindless of their own sharp discipline, they drove out the Quakers into the Egypt of the wilderness beyond. The fact is, that persecution generates persecution, the lash and the fetters debase as well as agonize the races of the captive and the slave. Hence, wars have been waged, cities sacked, property pillaged, lives massacred, all in the judgment of the perpetrators of the crimes "for the glory of God." Hence, history presents us with so many lustrations of blood offered at the shrine of some pagan Nemesis in the sacred name of liberty. Hence, also, there is yet among the marvellous inconsistencies of the world, a nation with the cry of freedom ever on its lips, defiant of all others in its rude and quarrelsome independence, and at its feet, with heart all wildly beating, and eye all dim with tears, there crouches an imploring sufferer, type of thousands like him, whose only crime is colour, who dare not lift himself up openly and in the face of the sun, and say, "I myself also am a MAN."

While, however, we admit this tendency, and watch over its beginnings in ourselves—while we confess that in the sad wars of religion there were Michelades as well as Dragonades, Huguenot reprisals as well as Romanist massacres, we ought not to omit to notice one essential difference which should be ever kept in

mind: when Protestants persecute, they persecute of their own "malice aforethought," and in direct opposition to the rescripts of their holy religion—in the other system, persecution is no exotic growth, but springs indigenous and luxuriant from the system itself. Persecution, in the one case, is by Protestants, not of Protestantism; in the other case, it is not so much by Romanists, as of Popery. I rejoice to believe that there are multitudes of high-hearted and kindly Roman Catholics who are men, patriots, ay, and Christians too, in spite of their teachings in error. And I am proud of my country and of my humanity, when, in the breach and in the battle, on the summit of Barossa or in the trenches at Sebastopol, I see nationality triumph over ultramontaniam, and the inspiration of patriotism extinguish the narrowness of creed. But if the spirit of persecution be not in the heart of the Catholic, it is in the *book* of Popery, in the decretal, in the decision of the council, in the fulmination of the pope. The Church of Rome can only save her charity at the expense of her consistency. Let her erase the "*Semper eadem*" which flaunts upon her banner. There is an antiquated claim of infallibility, too, put forward on her behalf sometimes, which she had better leave behind her altogether. But she cannot change. When she erases penal statutes from her registers, and coercion and treachery from her creed—when we see her tolerant in the countries where she lords it in ascendancy, as she would fain have us think her in our own, where, thank God, she yet only struggles for the mastery—when she no longer contemplates haughty and insolent aggression—when

lady tract-distributors are no longer incarcerated, and when Madiais are free—when papal protection comes not in the form of grape-shot over Tahitian women—when metallic arguments are no longer threatened from French corvettes against King George of Tonga—when all these marvels come to pass (and when they do, there's hope of the millennium),—then, possibly, we may listen more willingly to the advances of Popery; but until then it is the duty of us all—while careful to preserve our own charity, wanting neither gags, nor gibbets, nor penalties, nor prisons, discarding all the questionable modes in which the earth has sometimes helped the woman, allowing the fullest liberty to hold and to diffuse opinion, robbing of no civil right, and asking for no penal bond—to take our stand, as did our brave and pious fathers, by the precious altars of our faith, and to cry in the homesteads of our youth, and in the temples of our God, “All kindness to our Romanist fellow-subjects, but a barred door to Popery, and NO PEACE WITH ROME.”

Horrible as was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the subsequent celebrations of it were yet more revolting. Rome and Madrid were intoxicated with joy. Pope Gregory and his cardinals went to church, amid the jubilee of citizens, and the booming of cannon, to render God thanksgiving for the destruction of the Church's enemies. A medal was struck to commemorate the event to the faithful, and a picture of the massacre embellished the walls of the Vatican. Protestant Europe was struck with astonishment and horror. Germany began to hold the name of Frenchmen in abhorrence. Geneva appointed a day of

fasting and prayer, which continues to this day. Knox in the Scottish pulpit, denounced vengeance for the deed, with all the boldness of the Hebrew Prophet; and when the French ambassador made his appearance at the court of Queen Elizabeth, she allowed him to pass without a word of recognition through files of courtiers and ladies clad in the deepest mourning.

Shortly after these events, Charles IX. miserably died, consumed with agonies of remorse, and whether from corrosive sublimate, or from some new and strange malady, with blood oozing out of every pore of his body. Henry III., his brother and successor, was a strange medley of valour and effeminacy, of superstition and licentiousness. His youth of daring was followed by a voluptuous and feeble manhood. He was crafty, cowardly, and cruel. One of the chief actors in St. Bartholomew's tragedy, he afterwards caused the assassination of his *confrère* the Duke of Guise, who was poniarded in the royal presence-chamber. When revolt was ripe in his provinces, and treason imperilled his throne, he would break off a council assembled on gravest matters, that he might sigh over the shipwreck of a cargo of parrots, or deplore in secret the illness of some favourite ape. The Leaguers hated him, and preached openly regicide and rebellion. The Huguenots distrusted him, and Henry of Navarre routed his armies on the field of Coutras. Gifted with high talents, and of kingly presence, he shrank into the shadow of a man—a thing of pomatums and essences—the object of his people's hate and scorn. His reign was a continual succession of intrigue and conspiracy between all the parties in the realm; and in 1589, he fell by

the knife of Jacques Clement, who was canonized by the pope for the murder; and the Vicar of Christ, seated in full consistory at Rome, dared the blasphemous avowal, that the devotion of this assassin formed no unworthy comparison with the sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer. In Henry III. terminated the "bloody and deceitful" race of Valois, "who did not live out half their days." Francis I. died unregretted; Henry II. was killed by the lance of Montgomery; Francis II. never came of age; Charles IX. expired in fearful torments; Henry III. was murdered by a Dominican friar; the Duke d'Alençon fell a victim to intemperance; Francis and Henry, successive Dukes of Guise, fell beneath the daggers of assassins. The heads of the persecutors came not to the grave in peace. It is not without an intelligible and solemn purpose, that retribution should thus have dogged the heels of tyranny. Oh, strange and subtle affinity between crime and punishment! Lactetelle, in his *History of the Wars of Religion*, has accumulated the proofs that nearly all the actors in the massacre of St. Bartholomew suffered early and violent deaths. In the earlier persecutions of the Reformed, the clergy instigated the cutting out of the tongues of the victims, to stifle their utterances of dying heroism. See the sad example followed by the frantic populace against the clergy, two hundred and fifty years afterwards, in the reign of terror! In the time of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Loire was choked with common victims; in the time of Carrier of Nantes, it ran with noble blood! Henry, Duke of Guise, kicked the corpse of Coligny on the day of St. Bartholomew, with the

exclamation, "Thou shalt spit no more venom." Sixteen years passed over, and the monarch of France, spurning the slain body of this very Duke of Guise, exclaimed, "Now at length I am a king." Charles IX., in the frenzy of cowardice, or in the contagion of slaughter, pointed an arquebus at the flying Huguenots; two hundred years after, Mirabeau brought from the dust of ages that same arquebus, and pointed it at the throne of Louis XVI. Beza spoke truly when he said, "The Church is an anvil upon which many a hammer has been broken." "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and though "the heathen have raged, and the kings of the earth taken counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed," drifted corpses on the Red Sea shore, Babylon's monarch slain in his own palace, scattered vessels of a proud Armada, wise men taken in their own craftiness, the downfall of a fierce oppressor, the crash of a desolated throne, tiny things working deliverance, the perfection of praise ordained from the lips of babes—all these have proved that "he that sitteth in the heavens doth laugh, the Lord doth have them in derision." The bush in the wilderness has been often set on fire, flames have been kindled on it by countless torches, flaring in incendiary hands; but the torches have gone out in darkness, the incendiaries have perished miserably, and the bush itself has

" Mounted higher,
And flourish'd, unconsumed, in fire."

Henry of Navarre succeeded to the throne, but found himself in the peculiar position of a king who had to conquer his kingdom. The Leaguers refused

allegiance, and set up as king the old Cardinal of Bourbon, under the name of Charles X. The Duke of Mayenne had convened the states-general in Paris, and was ready to be the Catholic champion, and many of the nobles attached to the party of the court refused to march under a Huguenot leader. The Protestant captains remained faithful, and were less exacting. The chief of them, the Duke de Bouillon, De Chatillon, the son of Coligny, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Lanoue, the illustrious Duplessis Mornay, and the still more illustrious Baron de Rosny, afterwards Duke of Sully, rallied round him and inspirited his small army of seven thousand men. At the head of this army, scanty in numbers, but sturdy in valour, and having the new obligation of loyalty added to the old obligation of religion, Henry joined battle with his adversaries, and triumphed both at Arques and on the memorable field of Ivry. A few days before the latter battle, Schomberg, general of the German auxiliaries, demanded the arrears of payment for his soldiers. The finances fell short, and the matter was reported to the king. In the first moment of impatience, he said, "They are no true men who ask for money on the eve of a battle." Repenting of his ill-timed vivacity, he hastened before he went into action to offer reparation. "General," said he, in the presence and hearing of his troops, "I have offended you; this battle will perhaps be the last of my life. I know your merit and your valour, I pray you pardon and embrace me." Schomberg replied, "It is true, sire, that your Majesty wounded me the other day; but to-day you have killed me, for I shall feel proud to die on this

occasion in your service." In the hour of danger Henry called to mind the instructions of his pious mother. Raising his eyes to heaven, he invoked God to witness the justice of his cause. "But, Lord," said he, "if it has pleased thee to ordain otherwise, or if thou seest that I shall be one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me my life and crown together, and may my blood be the last that shall be shed in this quarrel." Then riding through the ranks cheerful as a lover speeding to his bridal, he thus addressed his soldiers, "You are Frenchmen, I am your king, and yonder is the enemy." Pointing to a white plume which he had fastened in his helmet, "My children," he said, "look well to your ranks. If the standards fall, rally round my white plume, it will show you the short road to glory." Animated by strains like these, the soldiers fought like heroes, the Leaguers were utterly routed, and the French historians say that this single field of Ivry has covered Henry of Navarre with a wreath of immortal fame. It has indeed immortalized him, though in a manner on which they would hardly calculate, for it has throned his memory in the clarion stanzas of Macaulay's undying song:—

"Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears:
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land,
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand.
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

"The King has come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest ;
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high :
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing
 Down all our line a deafening shout, ' God save our Lord the King.'
 ' An' if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray ;
 Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre :
 Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein,
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale.
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight,
 And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white ;
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
 Up with it high : unfurl it wide ; that all the host may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his Church
 such woe ;
 Then on the ground while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
 Fling the red shreds—a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

" Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
 Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;
 Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night :
 For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise and valour of the brave.
 Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are,
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !"

After this spirit-stirring eulogy, it may seem rather

an anti-climax to question whether the cause of the Huguenots has, in the long-run, been furthered or damaged by the patronage of Henry of Navarre. Indeed, it was in many respects a grievous misfortune to the interests of Protestantism in France that it was allied for so many years to the fortunes of the house of Bourbon. It was deserted and betrayed by them all. Anthony of Navarre forsook it in hope of a sovereignty; his brother, Louis of Condé, for the chance of becoming lieutenant-general; the younger Condé, to save his life on St. Bartholomew; Henry IV., not content with one apostasy, was recreant twice, first for the preservation of his life, and then for the preservation of his crown; and the three following Bourbons "persecuted this way unto the death." Surely, if they of the Reformed had been docile scholars, apt to learn the lessons of experience and wisdom, they would have profited earlier by the admonition, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." The abjuration of Protestantism by Henry IV. has found some earnest and zealous defenders. It is said, that by adhering to the Reformed Church, he would have prolonged war, dismembered France, been a king without a crown and without a kingdom, abdicated in favour of the Guises, and delivered up the defenceless Huguenots to the blind fury of the Leaguers and their party. On the other hand, by returning to the Romish communion, he would have restored peace, secured toleration, established an empire, and transmitted a dynasty. With what reason, say they, in the prospect of such consequences, could he persist in the maintenance of a

creed, to which he had only given, at any time, a traditional and thoughtless adhesion? Such apologists are worse than any accusers. Henry of Navarre, with all his faults, was a truer man than these defenders make him. He was no hypocrite when he led his gallant troops at Coutras and at Ivry; and to suppose that for long years he conducted one of the deadliest civil wars which France has ever known without one honest enthusiasm or a solitary religious inspiration, is to fasten upon him the brand of a colossal blood-guiltiness for which history would scarcely find a parallel. Some ascribe his apostasy to a humane and politic foresight; others, quite as plausibly, to the absence of commanding principle, the power of seductive influences, and a weakness for sensual pleasure. But whether prompted by godless expediency, or by fatal flexibility to the influences of evil, it was a great sin. It deserves sharp and stern reprobation. Taking the best view of it, it exalted human sagacity above God's great laws of truth and right, which cannot be violated with impunity. Taking the worst view of it, it was an impious blasphemy against all sacred things,—in the strong, but just words of a modern French historian, “a lie from beginning to end.” But honesty is the best policy, as well as the noblest practice; and it may be questioned fairly whether the abjuration was not, *à la* Talleyrand, “worse than a crime—a blunder;” whether the political results of it were not fraught as much with mischief as with blessing. It conciliated the Catholics, but by presenting religion as a profession which might be changed like a garment, it tended to sap the foundations of all piety,

and prepared the way for those godless philosophizing ideas which cursed the France of the future with a blaspheming and destructive infidelity. It gave the Huguenots a comparative and mistrusted toleration, but it robbed them of their severer virtues, and imperilled their consistency by the contagion of its scandalous example. It secured to himself a reign of seventeen years, but they were years of vice and terror, abruptly terminated by the assassin's dagger. It rescued France from the rivalry of a disputed succession, but it entailed upon her two centuries of misrule and despotism. It transmitted the crown to seven of his posterity in succession; but one was a monkish hypochondriac, one has left an infamous and execrated name, three were deposed by their tumultuous subjects, and one perished on the scaffold. Louis XIV. seems to be the only exception to the fatality which, like a weird-spirit of disaster, waited upon the house of Bourbon, and even he—a despot and a debauchee, a prodigal and a persecutor—entailed ruin, if he did not suffer it, upon his name and race. So true are the maxims of the Holy Book—"A lying tongue is but for a moment, but the lip of truth shall be established for ever." "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

We have said that there was in the character of Henry of Navarre a fatal flexibility to evil influences, and we are inclined to think that if we regard him as too indolent to rebel against the pressure of present advisers, constant only in fickleness, we shall explain many of the seeming inconsistencies of his conduct

and of his reign. He seems to have had mingled with the bravery and intellect which he undoubtedly possessed, a marvellous ductility, which yielded to well-nigh every touch of interest or passion. He never seems to have said "No" to any one. "My son," said Jeanne d'Albret, "swear fealty to the cause of the Reformed." The oath was taken. "My brother," said Charles IX., "don't bury yourself in the country, come to court." Henry came. "Don't you think you had better marry Marguerite of Valois?" No objections. "The mass or the massacre," thundered out the assassins on the day of St. Bartholomew. "Oh, the mass, by all means." "Follow after pleasure," whispered Catharine de Medicis; "kings and princes are absolved from too strict adhesion to the marriage vow." Henry too readily obeyed. "Let us form an alliance," said Henry of Valois, although he had told the States at Blois that they were not to believe him, even if he promised with most sacred oaths that he would spare the heretics. "With all my heart," was the reply of Navarre. "Become Catholic," shouted the nobles of the court, "and we will swear allegiance." "Wait a bit," was the answer of the king. "Abjure," was the soft whisper of the all-powerful Gabrielle d'Estrées; "the pope can annul your marriage, and then ours shall be love and gladness." Henry abjured. "Sire, we look to you for protection," respectfully said the Reformed. "Oh, of course; only if I should seem to favour the Catholics, remember the fatted calf was killed for the prodigal, and you are the elder son." "Sire, don't you think it rather hard upon the Jesuits that they should be banished from France? May

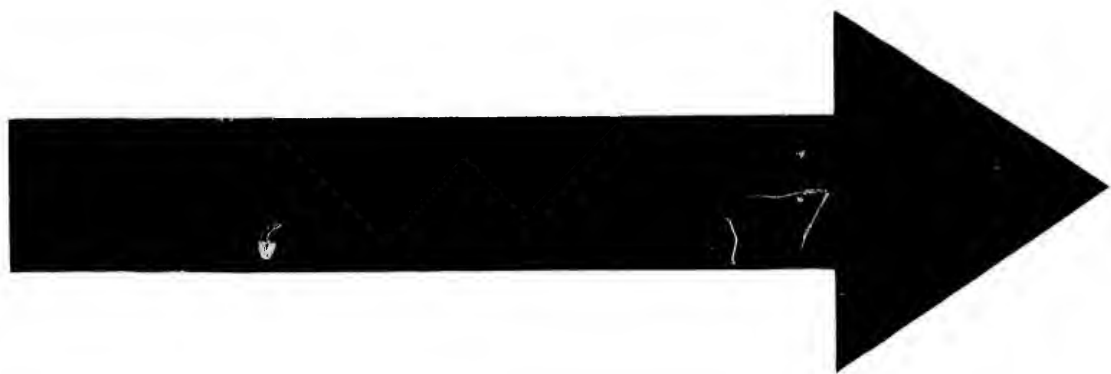
they not come back again?" "Oh, certainly, if they wish it;" and they came—and among them Ravailiac the assassin. Throughout the whole of his life there is scarcely a recorded instance of his maintenance of an individual opinion, or of his assertion of a commanding will. Oh, these men who cannot say "No," what mischief they have wrought in this world! Their history would be a sad one if we could only trace it. Advantages thrown away, opportunities of golden promise unheeded, fortune squandered, friends neglected; one man drawn into difficult controversy, another involved in ruinous speculation, a third wallowing in the mire of intemperance, a fourth dragged into the foul hell of a gaming-house. Gambling, drunkenness, felony, beggary, ruin both to body and soul, all because men could not say "No." A lively essayist of modern times has humorously depicted some of the evils which rise out of this inability to utter negatives:—

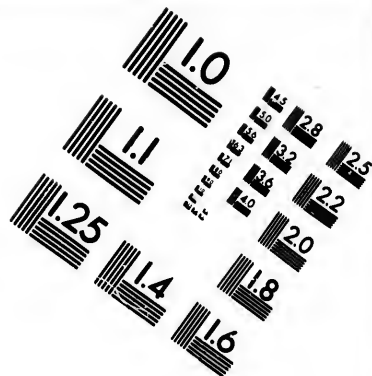
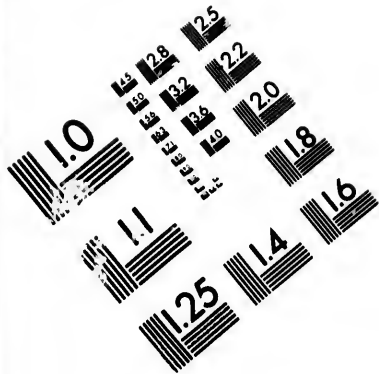
"Is he a rational being who has not an opinion of his own?—No! Is he in possession of his five senses who sees with the eyes, who hears with the ears of other men?—No! Does he act upon principle who sacrifices truth, honour, and independence on the shrine of servility?—Again and again we reply, No! no! no!

"There's Sir Philip Plausible, the Parliament man. He can make a speech of nine hours, and a calculation of nine pages. Nobody is a better hand at *getting up* a majority, or palavering a refractory oppositionist. He proffers an argument and a bribe with equal dexterity, and converts by place and pension when

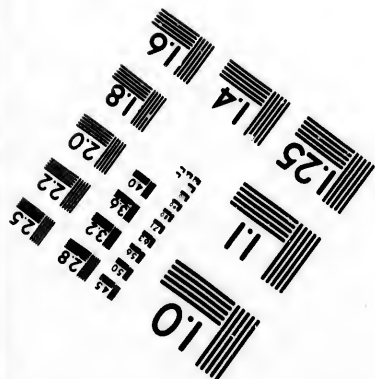
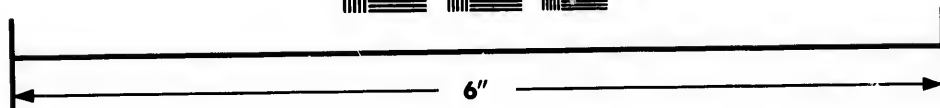
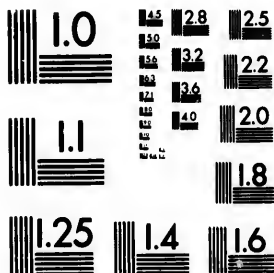
he is unable to convince by alliteration and antithesis. What a pity it is he can't say 'No!' 'Sir Philip,' says an envoy, 'you'll remember my little business at the Foreign Office?' 'Depend upon my friendship!' says the minister. 'Sir Philip,' says a fat citizen, with two votes and two dozen children, 'you'll remember Billy's place in the Customs?' 'Rely on my promise!' says the minister. 'Sir Philip,' says a lady of rank, 'Ensign Roebuck is an officer most deserving promotion!' 'He shall be a colonel!' says the minister. Mark the result! He has outraged his friendship; he has forgotten his promise; he has falsified his oath. Had he ever an idea of performing what he spoke? Quite the reverse! How unlucky that he cannot say 'No!'

"Look at Bob Lily! There lives no finer poet! Epic, elegiac, satiric, Pindaric, it is all one to him! He is patronized by all the first people in town. Everybody compliments him, everybody asks him to dinner. Nay! there are some who *read* him. He excels alike in tragedy and farce, and is without a rival in amphibious dramas, which may be called either the one or the other; but he is a sad bungler in negatives. 'Mr. Lily,' says the duchess, his patroness, 'you will be sure to bring that dear epithalamium to my conversazione this evening?' 'There is no denying your grace!' says the poet. 'I say, Lily,' says the duke, his patron, 'you will dine with us at seven?' 'Your grace does me honour!' says the poet. 'Bob,' says the young marquis, 'you are for Brookes's to-night?' 'To be sure!' says the poet. Mark the result! He is gone to eat tripe





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with his tyrannical bookseller; he has disappointed his patroness; he has offended his patron; he has cut the club! How unlucky he cannot say 'No!'

"Ned Shuttle was a dashing young fellow who, to use his own expression, was 'above denying a thing.' In plainer terms, he could not say 'No.' 'Sir,' says an enraged Tory, 'you are the author of this pamphlet!' Ned never saw the work, but he was above 'denying a thing,' and was horsewhipped for a libeller. 'Sir,' says an unfortunate pigeon, 'you had the king in your sleeve last night!' Ned never saw the pigeon before, but he was 'above denying a thing,' and was cut for a blackleg. 'Sir,' says a hot Hibernian, 'you insulted my sister in the Park!' Ned never saw the lady or her champion before, but he was 'above denying a thing,' and was shot through the head the next morning. Poor fellow! How unlucky that he could not say 'No!'"¹

Believe me, he who can say "No," when to say it is to speak to his own hurt, has achieved a conquest greater far than he that taketh a city. Let me exhort you to cultivate this talent for yourselves. You need not mistake sauciness for strength, and be rude, and brusque, and self-opinionated in your independence. That extreme were as uncomely as the other. But let it be ours to be self-reliant amid hosts of the vacillating—real in a generation of triflers—true amongst a multitude of shams—when tempted to swerve from principle, sturdy as an oak in its maintenance; when solicited by the enticements of sinners, firm as a rock in our denial. I trust that

¹ Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

yours may never be the character which, that you may be the more impressed by it, I give you in the poet's pleasant verse :—

“ ‘ He had faults, perhaps had many,
But one fault above them all
Lay like heavy lead upon him,
Tyrant of a patient thrall.
Tyrant seen, confess'd, and hated,
Banish'd only to recall.’

“ ‘ Oh ! he drank ? ’ ‘ His drink was water ! ’
‘ Gambled ? ’ ‘ No ! he hated play.’
‘ Then, perchance, a tenderer feeling
Led his heart and head astray ! ’
‘ No ! both honour and religion
Kept him in the purer way.’

“ ‘ Then he scorned life's mathematics,
Could not reckon up a score,
Pay his debts, or be persuaded
Two and two were always four ! ’
‘ No ! he was exact as Euclid,
Prompt and punctual—no one more.’

“ ‘ Oh ! a miser ? ’ ‘ No.’ ‘ Too lavish ! ’
‘ Worst of guessers, guess again.’
‘ No ! I'm weary hunting failures.
Was he seen of mortal ken,
Paragon of marble virtues,
Quite a model man of men ? ’

“ ‘ At his birth an evil spirit
Charms and spells around him flung,
And with well-concocted magic,
Laid a curse upon his tongue ;
Curse that daily made him wretched—
Earth's most wretched sons among.

“ ‘ He could plead, expound, and argue,
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow

But one word for ever fail'd him,
Source of all his pain and woe :
Luckless man ! he could not say it,
Could not, dare not, answer—No !”

The sole result of advantage, immediately flowing from the king's apostasy, was the power which it gave him to promulgate the celebrated Edict of Nantes, the great charter of the French Reformation. In the preamble it was acknowledged that God was adored by all the French people, with unity of intention, though in variety of form; and it was then declared to be a perpetual and irrevocable law—the main foundation of union and tranquillity in the state. The concessions granted by it were—1. Full liberty of conscience (in private) to all; 2. The public celebration of worship in places where it was established at the time of the passing of the edict, and in the suburbs of cities; 3. That superior lords might hold assemblies within the precincts of their chateaux, and that gentlemen of lower degree might admit visitors to the number of thirty to their domestic worship; 4. That Protestantism should be no bar to offices of public trust, nor to participation in the benefactions of charity; 5. That they should have chartered academies for the education of their youth; 6. That they might convene and hold national synods; and 7. That they should be allowed a certain number of cautionary towns, fortified and garrisoned to secure against infractions of the covenant. This edict, though, as it appears to us, recognising an *imperium in imperio*, and as such giving freedom but in grudging measure, was for eighty-seven years the rule of right,

if not the bulwark of defence for the Protestants of France. Those years, after all, were years of distrust and suspicion, of encroachment on the one hand, and of resistance on the other. The fall of Rochelle, and the edict of pardon in 1629, definitively terminated the religious wars of France, and the Protestants, excluded from court employment, and from civil service, lost their temptations to luxury and idleness, and became the industrial sinews of the state. They farmed the fine land of the Cevennes, and the vineyards of Berri. The wine-trade of Guienne, the cloths of Caen; the maritime trade on the seaboard of Normandy, the manufactures in the north-western provinces; the silks and taffetas of Lyons, and many others, which time would fail us to mention, were almost entirely in their hands; and by the testimony of their enemies, they combined the highest citizenship with the highest piety; industry, frugality, integrity—all the commercial virtues hallowed by unbending conscientiousness, earnest love of religion, and a continual fear of God.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked on 22d October 1685. The principal causes which led to this suicidal stroke of policy, were the purchased conversions and the Dragonades. Louis XIV. had a secret fund which he devoted to the conversion of his Protestant subjects. The average price for a convert was about six livres per head, and the abjuration and the receipt, twin vouchers for the money, were submitted to the king together. The management of this fund was entrusted to Pelisson, originally a Huguenot, but who became a convert to amend his fortunes, and a con-

verter to enrich them. The establishment was conducted upon strictly commercial principles. It had its branches, correspondents, letters of credit, lists of prices current, and so forth, like any other mercantile concern. There is extant a curious letter, perhaps we should say circular, of Pelisson's, which shows that, amid all his zeal, he had a keen eye for business, and was not disposed to be imprudent in his speculations with the consciences of others. "Although," he says, "you may go as far as a hundred francs, it is not meant that you are always to go to that extent, as it is necessary to use the utmost possible economy; in the first place, to shed this dew (O blessed baptismal dew!) upon as many as possible, and besides, if we give a hundred francs to people of no consequence, without any family to follow them, those who are a little above them, or who bring a number of children after them, will demand far larger sums." Pelisson's success was so great, that Louvois was stimulated with the like holy ambition, only his converting agency was not a charge of money, but a charge of dragoons. Troops were quartered upon Huguenot families, and the soldiers were allowed every possible licence of brutality, short only of rape and murder. All kinds of threat and indignity were practised to induce the Protestants to abjure; the ingenuity of the soldiers was taxed to devise tortures that were agonizing, without being mortal. Whole provinces were reported as being converted. One of the agents in the Cevennes wrote to the Chancellor thus:—"The number of Protestants in this province is 240,000. I asked until the 25th of next month for their entire con-

version, but I fixed too distant a date, for I believe that at the end of this month all will be done." No day passed without bringing to the king the news of thousands of conversions; the court affected to believe that Protestantism in France was at an end, and the king, willingly deluded, no longer hesitated to strike the last blow. On 22d October 1685, he signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The following were the chief provisions:—The abolition of Protestant worship throughout the land, under penalty of arrest of body and confiscation of goods. Ministers were to quit the kingdom in a fortnight, but if they would be converted they might remain and have an advance of salary. Protestant schools were closed, and all children born after the passing of the law were to be baptized by the priests, and brought up in the communion of Rome. All refugees were to return to France in four months, and to abjure, otherwise their property was declared confiscate, under pain of the galleys for men, and imprisonment for women. Protestants were forbidden to quit the kingdom, and to carry their fortunes abroad. All the strict laws concerning relapsing heretics were confirmed; and finally, those Protestants who had not changed their religion, might remain in France *until it should please God to enlighten them*. This last sentence sounds bravely pious, and liberal, and many of the Protestants began to rejoice that at least private liberty of conscience remained to them; but they soon found that the interpretation of it was, "until the dragoons should convert them as they had converted whole provinces before." The provisions of the edict were

carried out with inflexible rigour. The pastors were driven into immediate banishment, the laity were forbidden to follow them, but in spite of prohibitions and perils, in the face of the attainder and of the galleys, there were few abjurations and many refugees. Some crossed the frontier sword in hand, others bribed the guards and assumed all sorts of disguises; ladies of quality might be seen crawling many weary leagues to escape at once from their persecutors and their country. Some put out to sea in frail and open boats, preferring the cruel chances of winds and waves to the more cruel certainty of their fierce human oppressors; and fair women who had lived all their lives in affluence, and whose cheeks the air of heaven had never visited too roughly, fled without food or store, save a little brackish water, or gathered snow by the roadside, with which the mothers moistened the parched lips of their babes. Protestant countries received the refugees with open arms. England, America, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Holland—all profited by this wholesale proscription of Frenchmen. It is difficult to estimate the numbers who escaped. Luban wrote, a year after the revocation, that France had lost 100,000 inhabitants, 60,000,000 of francs in specie, 9000 sailors, 12,000 veterans, 600 officers, and her most flourishing branches of manufacture and trade. Sismondi considers the loss to have exceeded 300,000 men; and Capefigue, the latest writer on the subject, and an adversary to the Protestant cause, reports that at least 225,000 quitted the kingdom. But all are agreed that the refugees were among the bravest, the most

loyal, and the most industrious in the kingdom, and that they carried with them the arts by which they had enriched their country, and abundantly repaid the hospitality which afforded them in other lands that asylum which was denied them in their own.

So early as the latter half of the sixteenth century, thousands of French fugitives had taken refuge in England from the persecutions which followed the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The first French church in London was established in 1550, and owed its origin to the piety of King Edward VI., and to the powerful protection of Somerset and Cranmer. Churches were subsequently founded by successive emigrations, in Canterbury, Sandwich, Norwich, Southampton, Glastonbury, Dover, and several other towns; so that at the period when the Edict of Nantes was revoked, these were centres of unity around which the persecuted ones might rally. It is estimated that nearly eighty thousand established themselves in this country during the ten years which preceded or followed the revocation. About one-third of them settled in London, especially in the districts of Long Acre, Seven Dials, and Spitalfields. Scotland and Ireland received their share of refugees. The quarter in Edinburgh long known as Picardy, and French Church Street in Cork, are attestations of their presence there. The French Protestants were very efficient supporters of William of Orange, in those struggles for principle which drove the last of the Stuarts from the throne. The revolution in England was effected without bloodshed; but in Ireland numbers of the refugees rallied

round the Protestant standard. A refugee, De la Melonière, was brigadier at the siege of Carrickfergus; a refugee, Marshal Schomberg, led the troops at the battle of the Boyne; and when William was established in London, and, breaking off diplomatic relations, enjoined the French ambassador to quit within twenty-four hours, by one of those caprices which are strangely like retribution, a refugee, De l'Estang, was sent to notify his dismissal; and a refugee, St. Leger, received orders to escort him safely to Dover.

The influence which the refugees exerted upon the trade and manufactures of the country was more widespread, and more lasting. The commercial classes of England ought, of all others, to feel grateful to the Protestants of France; for the different branches of manufacture which were introduced by them have mainly contributed to make our "merchants princes, and our traffickers the honourable of the earth." They established a factory in Spitalfields, where silks were woven on looms, copied from those of Lyons and of Tours; they taught the English to make "brocades, satins, paduasos, velvets, and stuffs of mingled silk and cotton." They introduced also the manufacture of fine linen, of Caudebec hats, of printed calicoes, of Gobelin tapestry, of sailcloth, and of paper. Most of these things had previously been obtained only by importation; and where native manufactories were at work, they produced articles of coarser material, and of less elegant design. It has been ascertained by calculation, that the manufactures introduced into this country by these same despised Huguenot traders deprived France of an annual return of £1,800,000.

There is an old proverb, "Whom the gods will destroy they first madden;" and certainly the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not only an atrocious wickedness, but an act of unparalleled folly.

Many of the refugees and their descendants attained honourable positions, and well served the country of their adoption in art, and science, and statesmanship, and jurisprudence, and literature, and arms. Thomas Savery, a refugee, was the inventor of a machine for draining marshes, and obtained a patent for it so long ago as 1698. Dennis Papin, a refugee, realized, a century before Watt watched the tea-kettle, the great idea of steam-power, and had a notion, which they called "a pretension" then, of navigating vessels without oars or sails. Saurin burst into the reputation of his eloquence at the Hague; but at the old French church in Threadneedle Street he "preened his wings of fire." Abbadie discoursed with mild and earnest persuasion in the church at the Savoy, and then wrote, with ability and effect, from the deanery of Killaloe. The first literary newspaper in Ireland was published by the pastor Droz, a refugee, who founded a library on College Green, in Dublin. The physician, Desaguliers, the disciple and friend of Newton; Thelluson (Lord Rendlesham), a brave soldier in the Peninsular War, more distinguished than notorious; Thelluson, the millionaire, the eccentric will-maker, more notorious than distinguished; General Ligonier, who commanded the English army at the battle of Lawfield; General Prevost, who distinguished himself in the American War; General de Blaquièrre, a man of high personal valour and military skill; Labouchere, formerly in the

cabinet; Lord Eversley, who, as Mr. Shaw Lefèvre, was the Speaker of the House of Commons; Sir John Romilly, the present Master of the Rolls; Sir Samuel Romilly, his humane and accomplished father; Majendie, some time Bishop of Chester; Saurin, once Attorney-General for Ireland; Austen Henry Layard, the excavator of Nineveh,—all these, it is said, are descendants of the families of the French refugees.

The descendants of the Huguenots long remained as a distinct people, preserving a nationality of their own, and entertaining hopes of return, under more favourable auspices, to their beloved fatherland. In the lapse of years these hopes grew gradually fainter, and both habit and interest drew them closer to the country of their shelter and of their adoption. The fierce wars of the Republic, the crash of the first revolution, and the threatened invasion of England by the first Napoleon, severed the last ties which bound them to their own land, and their affinities and sympathies being for the most part English, there was an almost absolute fusion both of race and name.

One hardly knows, indeed, where to look for a genuine Saxon now, for the refugee blood circulates beneath many a sturdy patronymic, whose original wearer we might have sworn had lived in the Heptarchy, or trod the beechen glade in the times of Eanwolf and Athelstan. Who would suppose for a moment that there can lurk anything Norman in the colourless names of White and Black, or in the authoritative names of King and Masters, or in the juvenile name of Young, or in the stave-and-barrel-suggesting appellation of Cooper, or in the light and

airy denomination of Bird? Yet history tells us that these are the names now borne by those who at the close of the last century rejoiced in the designations of Leblanc, Lenoir, Loiseau, Lejeunes, Le Tonnellier, Lemaitre, Leroy. The fact was, that when Napoleon threatened to invade England—to which they owed so much—they felt ashamed of being Frenchmen, and translated their names into good sturdy Saxon. Thus did these noble men—faithful witnesses for God, brave upholders of the supremacy of conscience—enrich the revenues and vindicate the liberty of the land which had furnished them a home, and then, as the last tribute of their gratitude, they merged their nationality in ours, and became one with us in feeling, in language, in religion.

Protestantism in France—oppressed by many restrictions, suffering equally under a parricidal republic, and under a “paternal despotism”—yet lives and struggles on. Though small in its numerical extent, it does no unworthy work—though unostentatious in its simple worship, it bears no inglorious witness against apostasy and sin. There is hope for the future of France—hope in the dim streaks of the morning, that the day will come—hope in the hoariness of Popery, for it is dismally stricken in years—hope in the inability of scepticism and philosophy, falsely so called, to fill a national heart, around which an unsatisfied desire keeps for ever moaning like the wind around a ruined cairn—hope, above all, in the unexhausted power of that Divine Word, which, when it has free course, *will* be glorified; and in the sure promise, faithful amid all change, that “the kingdoms

of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever."

And England, what of her? The dear old land—rich in ancestral memory, and radiant with a younger hope; the Elim of palms and fountains in the exile's wilderness—whose soil the glad slave blesses as he leaps on her shores a freeman: England—standing like a rock in mid-ocean, and when the tempest howls elsewhere, receiving only the spent spray of the revolutionary wave; or as the ark in the deluge, the only mission of the frantic waters being to bear it safely to the Ararat of rest: England—great by her gospel heritage, powerful by her Protestant privileges, free by her forefathers' martyrdoms—what of her? Is she to be faithful or traitorous? gifted with increasing prosperity, or shorn of her strength, and hasting to decay? The nations of old have successively flourished and faded. Babylon and Carthage, Macedon and Persia, Greece and Rome—all in their turn have yielded to the law of decline. Is it of necessity uniform? Must we shrivel into inanition, while "westward the course of empire takes its way?" I may be sanguine, that is an error of enthusiasm—I may be proud of my birthland, of all pride that is the least unholy—but both the patriot's impulse and the seer's inspiration prompt the answer, No—a thousand times No!—if only there be fidelity to principle, to truth, to God. Not in the national characteristics of reverence and hope—reverence for the struggling past—hope in the beautiful future; not in the absence of class antagonisms, nor in the fine community of interest in all things sacred and free; not in the true practicalness

of the British mind, doing, not dreaming, ever; not in any or all of these, valuable and influential as they unquestionably are—put we our trust for the bright destiny of England. Her history has facts on record which we would do well to ponder. “*One uniform connection,*” as Dr. Croly has accurately shown, “*between Romish ascendancy and national disaster—between Romish discountenance and national renown.*” To the question of Voltaire, then, “Why has England so long and so successfully maintained her free institutions?” I would not answer, with Sir James Stephen, “Because England is still German,” though that may be a very substantial political reason; but rather, “Because England is still Protestant, with a glad gospel, a pure altar, an unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible.” Let her keep her fidelity, and she will keep her position, and there need be no bounds to the sacred magnificence of her preservation. For nations as for individuals, that which is right is safe. A godless expediency or an unworthy compromise are sure avenues to national decline. Oh, if we would retain that influence which, as a nation, we hold in stewardship from God, there must be no adulterous alliances between Truth and Error, no conciliations at the expense of principle, and an utter abhorrence, alike by Church and Cabinet and Crown, of that corrupt maxim of a corrupt creed, that it is lawful “to do evil that good may come.”

“‘Do ill that good may come,’ so Satan spake;
Woe to the land deluded by that lie;
Woe to its rulers, for whose evil sake
The curse of God may now be hovering nigh:
Up, England, and avert it! boldly break
The spells of sorceress Rome, and cast away

Godless expedience ; say, Is it wise,
Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day,
To dare the vengeance from to-morrow's skies ?
Be wiser thou, dear land, my native home,
Do always good—do good that good may come.
The path of duty plain before thee lies,
Break, break the spells of the enchantress Rome."

And now, at the close, let me repeat the sentiment advanced at the beginning—God is working in the world, and therefore there shall be progress for ever. God's purpose doth not languish. Through a past of disaster and of struggle, "Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne ;" through centuries of persecution, with oppressors proud, and with confessors faithless, amid multitudes apostate and shame-hearted, with only here and there an Abdiel, brave, but single-handed—God has been always working, evolving, in his quiet power, from the seeming, the real, from the false, the true. Not for nothing blazed the martyrs' fires—not for nothing toiled brave sufferers up successive hills of shame. God's purpose doth not languish. The torture and trial of the past have been the stern ploughers in his service, who never suspend their husbandry, and who have "made long their furrows." Into those furrows the imperishable seed hath fallen. The heedless world hath trodden it in, tears and blood have watered it, the patient sun hath warmed and cheered it to its ripening, and it shall be ready soon. "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Lift up your eyes," and yonder, upon the crest of the mountain, the lone watcher, the prophet with the shining forehead, looking out upon God's acres, announces to the waiting people—"The

fields are white unto the harvest. Thrust in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe." But the Lord wants reapers. Who of you will go out, sickle in hand, to meet him? The harvest is ripe; shall it droop in heavy and neglected masses, for want of reapers to gather it in? To you, the young, in your enthusiasm—to you, the aged, in your wisdom—to you, men of daring enterprise and chainless ardour—to you, heirs of the rare endurance, and strong affection of womanhood—to you, the rich, in the grandeur of your equalizing charity—to you, the poor, in the majesty of your ungrudging labour, the Master comes and speaks. Does not the whisper thrill you? "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Up, there's work for you all—work for the lords of broad acres, work for the kings of two hands. Ye are born, all of you, to a royal birthright. Scorn not the poor, thou wealthy—his toil is nobler than thy luxury. Fret not at the rich, thou poor—his beneficence is comelier than thy murmuring. Join hands, both of you, rich and poor together, as ye toil in the brotherhood of God's great harvest-field—heirs of a double heritage—thou poor, of thy queenly labour—thou rich, of thy queenlier charity—and let heaven bear witness to the bridal.

"The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

"The rich man's son inherits cares,—
The bank may break, the factory burn,

A breath may burst his bubble shares ;
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn :
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

“What doth the poor man’s son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art :
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

“What doth the poor man’s son inherit ?
A patience learn’d of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door :
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

“Oh, rich man’s son ! there is a toil
That with all others level stands,
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands ;
This is the best crop from thy lands :
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being *rich* to hold in fee.

“Oh, poor man’s son ! scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great ;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign :
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

“Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last,
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By records of a well-fill’d past :
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.”

VI.

WESLEY AND HIS TIMES.

THE history of Christianity has not been a continuous progress. It has had its times of decay and of revival. Now it has appeared as though all hearts would welcome it—and as though, like an undisputed king, it had only to proclaim itself to be received and crowned. Again it has languished from the affections of a people, and has seemed to live only by effort and struggle. In the time of the Apostles its march was a triumph. Ere the last of them fell asleep beneath the purple sky of Ephesus, it had reached and subdued the most considerable cities of the world, and everything seemed fair and promising for the speedy conversion of men. But then came a season of indifference. Through the dreary ages succeeding, the light shone more dimly, until, like the torches at a funeral, it shone only on one mourner for the dead. The Church became formal and haughty, ambition seized upon the truth, and established upon its possession a vast ecclesiastical power, and thus the Popery of Hildebrand overlaid the Christianity of Paul. Then again came a season of revival. The world was weary for the light. Morality and faith were languishing together—men's minds brooded over the state of things, some with

a strange disquiet, some with a stranger hope—the hour was ripe for change, either by amendment or by ruin. From German cloisters, amid Alpine heights, from the plains of France, there rose the simultaneous cry of multitudes of spiritual bondsmen. God heard and answered, and the Reformation came. Yet again, as if with the regularity of a law, there came a period of decay. The zeal of the Churches became fitful, their faith loosely held, the morals of the people dissolute, until there grew a need of a second Reformation, which should put life into the truth which had been established by the struggles of the first.

All accounts agree to represent the sad religious state of England when George the Second succeeded to the throne. The righteousness which exalteth a people was hidden in secret places, and, to the mourning eyes of the few faithful, it seemed as if a cloud hung darkly over the land, and as if the vials of Divine wrath were almost full. The literature of the age, which may be regarded as the index to its prevalent tendencies, was for the most part corrupt or irreligious. There were exceptions, of course, for this was the period at which the British classics started into being; but the design of Steele and Addison, and, still later, of Johnson, was to counteract the follies and vices whose desolations they deplored; and it may be easily conceived that the moral aspects of society were of no doubtful badness when Pope's Pantheism and Bolingbroke's Infidelity were fashionable; when, according to Dryden, the loose wit of Congreve was the only prop of a declining stage;

when the popular novelists were Smollett and Fielding and Mrs. Aphra Behn; and when even divinity could so far forget its sacred calling as to pen the ribaldries of Swift and Sterne. If you look into the Churches, the decline is equally lamentable, and you find, even among the reputedly orthodox, the looseness of thought which too frequently introduces to looseness of life. There had been hard thinkers and great preachers, men of massive thought and burning word, both in the established and nonconforming Churches, but the words of the preachers fell powerless, and it was as though the theology of the writers was embalmed. The works of Collins and Tindall were more in vogue than those of Baxter and Howe. Men sat at the feet of Chesterfield rather than of Tillotson. Whiston lapsed into Arianism at Cambridge, and Clarke dispensed it at the church of St. James. Among Dissenters, if the truth was held, it was as a sentiment rather than as a power, and while a large number of the clergy sought relief from subscription to articles which they had long disavowed, others drank or dreamed away their lives; shepherds were profligate or idle, while the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed.

It would be easy to multiply testimonies that these are not random shafts from a bow that is drawn at a venture. Butler, Burnet, Secker, Leighton, and many others in the Establishment, Watts, Guyse, Doddridge, and many more among the Nonconformists, have left their sorrowful witness on record, and there is everything to assure us that, in Isaac Taylor's forcible words, "the Anglican Church was a system under which men had lapsed into heathenism," and that

“languishing nonconformity was in course to be found nowhere but in books.”

There are strange omens in the midst of us to-day—the sneer and the scoff mingle with the welcomes which are given to godliness—the truth is still cast into “the place for gold where they fine it;” the ravens wander forth from the ark and return not; but there is morality in place of shameless vice, and we breathe a bracing atmosphere instead of tainted air; and in view of the times of rebuke and trouble to which we have referred, there is much to make us thankful for present privilege, and that with all our faults our condition has not fallen so low.

The Rectory of Epworth—a small town among the flat-lands of Lincolnshire, where ague is a frequent visitant, and melancholy pollard-willows rise, on dreary winter's days, through levels often lying under water—was held, in the first years of the last century, by a brave and much enduring man, who, with a noble wife, like minded, struggled with a small income to rear and educate a large family. This man was Samuel Wesley. His own sturdy independence was rooted in him by the like virtue in his ancestors. Bartholomew Wesley, his grandfather, was one of the ejected ones at the Restoration. John Wesley, son of Bartholomew, attained still higher rank in the spiritual peerage than his father, for he endured repeated imprisonment, and at length sank into the grave a brave confessor for the truth he loved so well. Samuel Wesley inherited the strong soul of his father, with a more robust habit of body. Designed originally for a Nonconformist minister, he saw reason

to review and change his opinions, and with characteristic decision he trudged off to Oxford, and entered himself as a poor scholar at Exeter College. He was known through his University life as a devout, laborious man, whose leisure was occupied in maintaining himself by his pen, save when he snatched an hour for a visit to a poor man's cottage, or to the felon's prison. After his marriage he accepted a cure in London, and was "passing rich on thirty pounds a year." A brave fearlessness distinguished him through life, and sustained him under the trials to which, sometimes by his imprudence, sometimes by his fidelity, he was exposed. For years he had but fifty pounds, and one child additional, per annum. His dedication of a work to Queen Mary procured for him the Rectory of Epworth, where he struggled on a nominal salary of two hundred pounds to sustain the nineteen hostages which he had given to society, ten of whom grew up to adult years. He eked out his living by his verses, and his thoughts ran in rhyme so swiftly that his publisher declares that two hundred couplets were born, on the average, per day. His searching ministry and his unpopular politics gave great offence to the rabble of his parish, who vented their spleen, sometimes by drumming beneath his windows to the damage of the symmetry of his sermons, and sometimes by acts of more serious annoyance and cruelty. They broke his doors, they wounded his cattle, they stole his tithe corn, they cut off the legs of his house-dog, and, on two several occasions, they set fire to his house. His friends advised him to remove, but he said that would be cowardly, and by his fierce crusade

against evil he earned his right to the escalop-shell which was graven upon his family arms. Arrested at the doors of the church for a small debt which he could not at the moment discharge, he remained three months in Lincoln prison; but there, like the Vicar of Wakefield, he began to preach to the prisoners, and wrote to the Archbishop of York that "he expected to do far more good *in his new parish* than in the old one." He had a stubborn will and a firmness which bordered upon obstinacy, and withal a relish for joking, and a rich vein of native humour. He lived long enough to rejoice in the labours of his noble sons, to see, with an insight which approaching death had sharpened, the dawn of a brighter moral day for England; to testify to his own inward witness of acceptance with God; to exult, though in the chastening of strong pain, that he could "thank, love, and bless God for all;" and then the brave heart broke, and the strong and gentle spirit mounted to heaven upon the breath of the communion prayer.

Yet even more largely than to his father, was John Wesley indebted to "the elect lady" who shared her husband's fortunes, and gave him heart by the sight of an endurance that was even more heroic than his own. In all galleries of noble and illustrious women SUSANNA WESLEY deserves a foremost place. Dr. Annesly, her father, was a noted Puritan leader, and his daughter inherited his spirit and his bravery. At thirteen years of age she examined for herself the points of difference between Dissenters and Churchmen, and though familiar with her father's wrongs, and "rich," as Isaac Taylor says, "in a dowry of nonconforming virtues,"

she became a zealous Churchwoman. After her marriage with Samuel Wesley she was most exemplary in her discharge of every social and parental duty, and exhibited the completeness of her character in all the sweet sanctities of home. She bestowed great pains and skill upon the education of her children, watching over them with a vigilance which never slumbered, and teaching them with a patience which was never tired. She was asked, "Why do you tell that boy the same thing twenty times over?" "Because nineteen times telling were not enough," was her common-sense reply. During her husband's absence she established services for her poor neighbours in the kitchen of the rectory, which so scandalized the affrighted curate that he sent post haste to apprise the rector that a conventicle had been set up in his house. In answer to her husband's remonstrances she calmly stated her reasons for the step she had taken, and the results which had followed, and then said, "If you wish me to desist, do not advise, but command me," thus recognising her conjugal duty, and preserving, at the same time, her own good conscience towards God. Her healthful piety enabled her to warn her sons against the mysticism towards which they often wavered. Her sagaciousness saw the good which lurked in the employment of lay agency, and she urged the early recognition of Thomas Maxfield and others, foremost of a bright succession of true workers for the kingdom of God. Her cheerful soul smiled on amidst various fortune, through years of struggle, almost of hunger—when sharper sorrows came—when the rings from her fingers went to comfort her husband

in his prison—when she bowed heavily over nine fair children claimed early by the covetous grave—when she waded with scorched hands and face through the fires of her own dwelling—when she mourned over the sorrows of her living children with a fiercer pang than had smitten her at the burial of her dead. Of rare classic beauty, dignified and graceful, as became her noble blood, one of those firm but gentle natures which, like sunbeams, shine without an effort, and leave us genial like themselves; with a far-seeing sagacity and with excellent common-sense—a pattern of all womanly virtues—a lightener of all manly cares, ruling her household with a quiet power, yet alive to the accomplishments of society, and ready to pass her verdict upon books and men—faithful in the common things of life, withal an heiress of the heavenly, and holding daily converse with the place where she had hid her treasure, she moved on in her course, a queen uncrowned and saintly—

“ Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants ;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts ; breathing Paradise ;
Interpreter between the gods and men ;
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tip-toe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too great to tread.”

Wise in counsel, with a discernment which was almost prophetic, attracting to herself the reverent love of her children, she lived for years in the house which John Wesley had provided for her, a very marvel of green and kindly age, until at length, in an almost absolute negation of death, she finished her course, whispering

"Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." Then, leaving a fragrant name and an affluent inheritance of prayer, she looked calmly upward, and all was still until the hymn arose in the death-chamber, and Heaven was the richer for another of those "honourable women" who with gladness and rejoicing "are to be brought into the palace of the King."

Of such parents was John Wesley born. The world is familiar with his marvellous deliverance from the burning house in the sixth year of his age. When thirteen years old he was sent to the Charter House, to proceed with the education which had been commenced beneath the home discipline of his mother. That discipline had wonderfully prepared him for life at a public school, so that, though the flogging system was in full operation, and he had to bear his share of oppression and robbery, he was neither crushed into the spirit of a slave, nor goaded to be the despot when his own upper-form days came. The little Methodist preserved his health by a morning scamper, in which he thrice made the circuit of the garden, nor would he suffer any gloom either of spirits or of weather to frighten him from his trinity of rounds. There was even thus early a combination of buoyancy and manliness about him which attracted the notice of his masters, and made the shrewder among them predict that his life would not be an unnoticed calm. The half-confessed presentiment of ordination to distinguished service seems to have been upon him almost unconsciously, and as a student of Christ Church, and subsequently as a fellow of Lincoln College, he

subordinated everything to the preparation for that future which as yet he knew not, save in the high hopes which bounded in his breast, and in the patient watching for the light, as a sleepless one watcheth for the morning.

Thomas à Kempis, William Law, and Jeremy Taylor were the three writers who, at this period of his history, took the greatest hold upon his mind. It is needless to dwell in detail upon the methods in which his convictions of sin prompted him to seek rest of soul. He toiled painfully through an ascetic discipline which almost consumed him. He was rigid in the observance of each rite and rubric, mapping out every moment of his time, and accounting for every farthing of his property as if with a morbid hope that he might lacerate himself into holiness, or purchase acceptance by a devotion which ceased not from its prayers. At one time he contemplated flight from the fellowship of men, and sought a school in some wild Yorkshire dale as most congenial to the temper of his soul. He went to Georgia on a bootless journey, where his rigorous interpretation of the glad tidings brought "not peace but a sword" throughout the whole colony. He returned to England to discover that he, who had been labouring for the conversion of the Indians, was not himself converted, for in those ends of the earth Moravian cheerfulness had rebuked his severity, and Moravian simplicity had chided his ritualism, and Moravian resignation had contrasted with his unbelief. And we see, in all these incidents of his life, parts of the great discipline by which he was prepared for service, by which he was taught

sympathy and patience and courage—those apostolic graces which his apostle's life required.

How marvellous are the ways in which God works to fulfil his plans! The sower sows his seed, rejoices over the filled furrows, mourns over that which the birds of the air snatch and scatter; but those winged wanderers are often, like the ravens of Elijah, charged to bear fruit to some famishing prophet, or to sow the germs of harvests where plough was never driven. Slight as the thistledown may be the breath of prayer, but God marks it as it rises to heaven. Quietly, as the acorn to the earth, the pleading word may fall, but its influence shall be fruitful and mighty, even as the "oak which looseneth golden leaves in a kind largess to the soil it grew on." Man, in the ardour of enterprise, sounds a trumpet to the living, but when God gives his clarion-call, he gives it in the valley full of bones, and among the corpses breathes the generous life which springs armed and eager to the battle. The feeblest agency and the lowliest worker, the heart which has strange struggles between the hero's purpose and the coward's fear, with God's help may drive the aliens before them, and shout in the raptures of victory. Ay, and when the dank grass waves over the sepulchres of wearied or slaughtered ones who have died disheartened for the cause they loved, their spirits may walk the earth in a prophetic resurrection. Like the Bruce's heart, they may be silent leaders of armies, and thousands of exulting followers, catching inspiration from their memory, may be proud to follow where their ashes lead the way.

More than 300 years had rolled away since the sky

of Constance reflected the fires by which the initial martyrs of the Reformation were consumed. The sapient council which offered Jerome and Huss in sacrifice, and wreaked its puny vengeance upon Wickliffe's bones, wist not that they were both rooting and spreading the doctrines they were wishful to destroy. Scarcely had the council been dissolved when the Bohemian peasantry arose to avenge their teachers and to battle for their own religious freedom. For twenty years, under the brave Count Ziska, did they maintain the strife with varying fortune, but with a spirit which never quailed; and though persecution afterwards arose, and the Hussites filled the prisons, the truth was preserved, and handed down from the father to the children as a heritage more precious than of lands or gold.

In the early part of the eighteenth century one of these Bohemian confessors, Christian David by name, led a few followers into Lusatia, where dwellings were built for them upon the domain of the young Count Zinzendorf. Hence arose the establishment of the Moravian brotherhood, who, starting from Herrnhut, as they named their settlement, spread their earnest missions into many a land, won grand gospel triumphs among the most forlorn and hopeless, and became, in the providence of God, powers for good to lead into the perception of a better life some who were to accomplish yet mightier works than theirs. About a week after his arrival from Georgia, John Wesley, still striving to establish his own righteousness, went to a select meeting which these indefatigable Moravians had established in London. Here he met with Peter Böhler, a name never to be forgotten in connection

with Wesley's history, because God chose him to be the Ananias to his later Paul. Böhler convinced him of his unbelief, pressed home upon him the necessity and happiness of a living faith in Christ, urged him to immediate reliance, and thus cleared away the mists which had obscured to him the shining of the sun. At length, on the 24th May 1738, the hour of deliverance came. In a meeting in Aldersgate Street, while a layman was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, John Wesley says, "I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ alone for salvation, and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." Thus it is that truth can never die, that the good which men do lives after them, reproducing itself like multiplying grain. Through the intervening centuries John Huss becomes an instrument in the conversion of John Wesley, and the apostle of the Second Reformation is quickened from the death of sin through the living words of the dead apostle of the First.

Here, then, we have the starting-point of Wesley's labours—the key to the solution of all his mysteries of toil and triumph. Consciously reconciled to God, and having peace by faith in Jesus, he burned to declare the glad tidings which had made himself so happy. All estimates of his character will be unworthy if they do not start from his conversion. All histories of him will be unsatisfactory if this great fact fails to be apprehended. The real reason which barbed many a contemporaneous slander, and guided the pens of such critics as Lavington and Nightingale, which led Sydney

Smith to scoff profanely at the thing he knew not, which threw a warp over the fine mind of Southey, so that he understood but dimly the character he would fain have drawn, is perhaps to be found, not in personal malignity, not in wilful disingenuousness, but in the simple postulate of Scripture: "The natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

While John Wesley was thus receiving his fitness for his great mission, his coadjutors were led, by the same Providence, to the same end. A bright rosy lad, with the blue apron of a common drawer in an inn, struggling with a confusion of great thoughts about himself and about his destiny, which he could neither exclude nor comprehend—a pale servitor of Pembroke College, choosing the meanest drudgery, wearing the coarsest serge, eating the homeliest food, and but little of that; standing in the biting frost until he had no feeling either in feet or fingers; wandering in Christ Church meadows at the gloomy nightfall; trying hard to fast through the whole forty days of Lent; the chosen butt for the ridicule and insult both of town and gown—these are the glimpses we get of the childhood and youth of George Whitefield, who afterwards became an evangelist such as the world has never known since Peter the Fisherman witnessed a Pentecost under the first Gospel sermon. Rescued from his self-righteousness in an illness, and opening his heart to receive the love of the Saviour, he went forth to his loved work of preaching, beginning in the church where he had been baptized and had humbly

knelt to receive his first communion. His directness offended the sinful, and his earnestness startled the timid, so that church after church was closed against him, until at length, thinking little of irregularity, and less of the revival he was beginning to inaugurate, he went forth into the open air, and proclaimed to listening thousands the unsearchable riches of Christ. The effects which followed were extraordinary. As he stood forth, his frank, manly countenance seemed to bespeak a hearing, and when once his voice was heard, so exquisitely was it toned, and so skilfully wielded, that high and low were subject to its spell. Add to this a wealth of eloquent action which made every sentence dramatic, an earnestness which the heat of holy passion kindled, and above all a subject which had stirred his strongest convictions, and which bore him as with a torrent's force upon its stream, and you will not wonder that with all these advantages, and withal the "demonstration of the Spirit," his should be a mighty and transforming word. His power of description must have been marvellous. Men saw the scenes he painted. They heard the ripple of the Galilean waters. They felt the awful shadows of the Tabor cloud. They shivered as the fierce wind swept among the olives, or the pale moon gleamed upon the paler brow of the sufferer in Gethsemane. They crouched as if they heard the tramp of nearing demons when he prophesied of doom.

Not only were Garrick and Pulteney, themselves orators, eager listeners to his burning words, but David Hume hearkened till he forgot to sneer; the philosophic Franklin acknowledged the sorcery, and emptied his

pockets like a common man ; the artificial Chesterfield yielded for once to an impulse of real feeling, and sprang forward to arrest the fall of the blind beggar whom the speaker pictured on the cliff's extremest verge. Among the rude and turbulent his triumphs were greater still. "I came to break your head, and you have broken my heart," said a ruffian, as the brick-bat dropped out of his nerveless hand. "He preaches like a lion," was the testimony of one whom he had terrified by some strong appeal. In single-handed defiance he went into Bartholomew Fair, and while he spoke the booths were deserted, the acrobats tumbled in vain, and the baffled showmen found their occupation gone. The deaf old woman who had cursed him as he passed along the street was found presently clambering up the pulpit stairs that she might not lose a syllable of his sermon. "The prisoners heard him," and they wept and trembled. The flowing tears made little rills of cleanliness down the swarth faces of Kingswood colliers, ruder than the foresters who dwelt in the old Chase before them. Children hung upon his lips with loving, earnest eyes ; and perhaps the most touching illustration of his influence was in the case of a little boy, who sickened after he had heard him preach, and whose sole cry in the pauses of his pain was, "Let me go to Mr. Whitefield's God."

All description must fail to make us realize his wonderful power, unless we could transfer the countenance, and fix the flashing eye and sweeping hand upon the page. And this power was not, as has been said, "the power of the cambric handkerchief or of the

simulated tears." He could not help being an orator, but he aimed to be an evangelist; and so great was his success that he is said in one week to have received 1000 letters from those who had been blessed by his ministry. He had no great grasp of mind, nor was he born to organize or to command. "I hate to head a party. If I were to raise societies, I should only be weaving a Penelope's web." These were his words. When he went to Scotland he was received by the Associate Presbytery, who were about to elect a Moderator and proceed to business. "What about?" he asked. They told him it was to set him right on some matters of Church government. He answered that they might save themselves the trouble, that his time was wanted for highways and hedges, and that, if the Pope himself would only lend his pulpit, he would gladly preach the righteousness of Christ therein. His work was preaching, and he knew it. The pulpit was his throne, and never monarch filled a regal seat with kinglier presence. Worn down with labour, the physicians prescribed a perpetual blister. He says he tried perpetual preaching, and found that it answered as well. When winter prevented his journeys he mourned like a smitten child—when spring opened his way he bounded to his beloved labour, glad as a gazelle upon the hills. His seal had for its device a winged heart, soaring above the globe, with the motto, "*Astra petamus*;" and this was emblematic of the business to which he had consecrated his life. "I hope to die in the pulpit, or at least soon after I come out of it. It is your cowardly Christians, who have borne no witness while they live, whom God honours at the last. I shall die

in silence ; my testimony has been given in my life." Such was his language as, after thirty-four years of labour, he gathered himself up for what proved a final discourse. For two hours, though he had recently suffered from the cruel asthma which destroyed him, he spoke with a pathos and power which he had never surpassed, to a people who lingered like the hosts on Carmel, and as if they knew that for another Elijah there awaited a chariot of fire. The pavement and entrance-hall of the house in which he lodged were thronged with people, who craved a parting word. Exhausted with his labours, he requested another minister to speak to them, and with the candle in his hand was ascending the stairs to rest. Suddenly he turned, and, as if with a sense of opportunity rapidly vanishing, and of moments more precious than gold, addressed them from the stairway, and paused not in his labour of love until the candle burned down into the socket as he held it in his hands. The next morning he was not. In the night the messenger came, and, like his Master, he ascended from the summit of the mountain of prayer. Such was George Whitefield, strangely reviled in his day, but whom time has amply avenged :

“ We need not now, beneath well-sounding Greek,
Conceal the name the poet dared not speak.”

His praise is in all the Churches, and he belongs to them all. You can no more chain him to a sect than you can tame the libertine breezes or control the wilful spring. The works that follow the good man

will keep his memory green, and cause his fame to grow, until world-wide as his benevolence and his ministry shall be the estimation in which he is held; and ages yet unborn, as they read the marvel of his life, shall bless God for this Prince of Preachers, this noblest, grandest embodiment of the Revelation angel, who "flies through the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach to every nation and people and tongue."

"Let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws," was a great man's saying. If there be force in this statement, and it is a just recognition of the marvellous power of song, Charles Wesley deserves a more extended notice than our time will allow us to render. Like his brother, he was below the middle stature, but of stouter build. He was short-sighted, warm-tempered (for did he not belong to the *genus irritabile* of the poets?), and had an abrupt and rapid manner. It is said that his visits at college used to be dreaded by his exacter brother, for he would stumble against the table, disarrange the papers, offend against the small proprieties which neat men covet, and perhaps ask a dozen questions, and bounce out of the room before he had heard the answer to any one of the number. A child of feeling, with a soul formed for friendship, and blessed with the endearments of a happy home, he entered more deeply than most men into the common grief and cheerfulness of life. With less evenly-balanced faculties than his brother, and with a more limited range of vision, he had a heart which yearned as tenderly over sinners, and an eloquent tongue which

spoke with warmth and freedom of the things concerning the King.

As a linguist he greatly excelled. He was well acquainted with five languages, had a critical knowledge of the Scriptures, and was so enamoured of Virgil that he had the *Æneid* almost by heart. This latter accomplishment sometimes stood him in good stead. Dr. Johnson is said to have once silenced an abusive fishwife by calling her an isosceles and a parallelogram. Charles Wesley defended himself in Latin against a drunken sea-captain with whom he sailed from Charleston; and when John Wesley's unhappy wife had secured the brothers in a room, and opened upon them, like a very Xantippe, the whole battery of her feminine wrath, Charles Wesley pelted her with Virgil until he obtained for them respite from clamour and permission to escape.

His joy in the great work of Reformation was ardent and sincere, though checked often by alarm about irregularity, and by a misgiving of the consequences whereunto these things might grow. He neither soared above the times nor looked keenly beyond them; but, with a uniform inconsistency of which he was hardly conscious, his mind clung to opinions which his heart prompted him daily to violate. Hence, though in theory a rigid Churchman, so much so that he requested he might not be buried in any but consecrated ground, in practice he was the most daring innovator of his time. He preached in church hours without scruple; was the first, it is believed, to administer the Lord's Supper in a Methodist place of worship; defended lay preaching

when bishops impugned it ; and, in fine, he manifested, through a long course of years, that while his mind reposed in all the seemliness of ecclesiastical order, the glorious irregularities which he witnessed and shared commanded the deeper passion of his soul, and all the activities of his honoured life. He publicly censured some of his brother's proceedings, but he would allow no one else to blame him. He declined to write an epitaph for Hervey's tomb, because he conceived that the "letters" which were posthumously published did a great wrong to John Wesley's name ; and when Lady Huntingdon attempted to alienate them, he endorsed her letter with the words, "Un-answered by John Wesley's brother." Though the brothers were sometimes opposed in their views of polity, their love for each other was inviolate, and their influence to some extent mutually beneficial. If John went often too fast for Charles, Charles not unfrequently moved considerably too slow for John. Charles was prudential when John was sanguine, timid when John was daring, the drag upon the wheel not always put on when the coach was going down hill—the brake, perhaps of safety, upon the flying train. The difference between the brothers was once quaintly illustrated. "Brother John," said Charles, "if the Lord were to give me wings I'd fly." "Ah ! Brother Charles," was John's reply, "if the Lord told me to fly I'd do it, and leave him to find the wings." In his later years he resided principally in London and Bristol, preaching as often as he was able, and pouring out his soul in song. He lingered until close upon eighty years of age, though oft "in feebleness

extreme," and then, with a hymn to Christ upon his lips, he sweetly fell asleep. In the terse obituary which his brother inserted in the "Minutes," he says, "His least praise was his talent for poetry;" but it will be by his incomparable hymns that he will be longest remembered. Few have left a wealthier legacy than these noble lyrics which he has bequeathed to the Church and to the world. Entering into the heart's deep secrets; striking every chord of subtlest and holiest feeling; giving forth, not echoes from old harp songs, but melodies of the present, poured from a soul which enacts all the melodies that it sings; now plaintive as the breath of evening, now with a grand roll, like that of the thunder of God; expressing every variation in the changing music of life, and, moreover, piercing the invisible, and standing like a seraph in the full vision of the throne—seldom has the sacred lyre been swept by a more skilful hand. It is renown enough to satisfy the most covetous seeker after fame, that he has furnished to tens of thousands their happiest utterances of religious hope and joy. His words abide in the memory of multitudes, second only to the words of inspiration in their charm and power. They have chased away trouble from the sorrowful, as David from the melancholy Saul. They have inspired the Christian warrior as the "Marseillaise" the passions of France, or the "Ranz des Vaches" the patriotism of the brave Swiss peasantry; and — greatest triumph — in cases without number they have been the Hallelujahs of the dying, who have lingered upon the notes of the song until they caught the notes of the trumpet

which was "sounding for them upon the other side."

I cannot do more than mention other names which deserve to be remembered in connection with the great revival: Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who, in spite of the contempt of courtiers, threw the influence of her rank into the movement, and, by her piety and benevolence, conciliated the esteem of the many who derided her enthusiasm. Howell Harris, the fervent and successful herald of the Gospel in Wales. James Hervey, the pious and the scholarly, whose fancy revelled in the beauty of the truth, and whose zeal wasted his frail body till you could almost see the spirit through the veil; whose gay style has allured towards godliness many who have been afterwards charmed by its native loveliness, just as the child, whose first love of flowers is awakened by the tulip-bed, becomes enamoured in manhood of the rarer beauty of the algæ and the ferns. John Berridge, the wise and witty Vicar of Everton, of whom it was said that he thought in proverbs, whose quaintness attracted the sinners who were slain from his quiver, and who feathered his arrows so pleasantly that men were scarcely conscious of their flight until the barb was in their heart, and they cried with the sore smart of pain. William Romaine, who early in life committed the unpardonable offence of overcrowding St. George's, Hanover Square, and disturbing the calm devotions of its worshippers by the intrusion of a mob of vulgar people who had souls; and who for fifty years bore sturdy witness which threats could not silence—preaching, when they put

out the lights of the church, by a solitary candle which he held in his hand. William Grimshaw, the gallant West Riding evangelist—hardy as the heather which grew upon the moors around him, humble and lowly as the mosses which peep from out their shadow—a brave trooper in his Master's service, who used to chase men out of the taverns while the hymns before the sermon were being sung, and who made such head against the heathenism of his little parish that his name was a terror to evil-doers long years after his death. John Newton, the tamed lion, transformed from a marvel of profanity to a miracle of grace, with the old sailor's fondness for yarns and the old sailor's shrewdness in telling them, the kindly adviser of half the godly people in the city—the sweet correspondent who wrote and warbled by turns his hymns, setting to music the "cardiphonia" which his letters traced. John Nelson, whom the clergy of his neighbourhood contrived to get pressed for a soldier, and who sang hymns in the dungeon with a chorus of friends outside—a mason who shaped many stones for the temple, "polished after the similitude of a palace." Thomas Olivers, one of the "consecrated cobblers" against whom Sydney Smith would have sneered, but a poet of no mean order, and who in the tilt of controversy bore himself so bravely that his adversary lost his temper, and for once a baronet forgot to be a gentleman. Thomas Coke, Wesley's tried friend and counsellor, who belted the globe in his missionary travel, and at last sank down in death with the great sea for a sepulchre, as if so mighty a heart could not rest in a narrower grave. Charles

Simeon, moulding the University to an evangelical type, and standing in his commanding pulpit, like a pharos on a hill, a light for the storm-tossed who were anxiously making for the land. And last, not least, John Fletcher, in many respects the goodliest in the band, so that "no tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty." Of fine talents, accurate scholarship, and almost seraphic piety, his face shining as if, like Moses, he had lingered on the mount until he had stolen the glory; keen in irony and powerful in rebuke, but with a temper which no abuse could ruffle, and a zeal which no labour could satisfy; preaching with the death-dews on his forehead—exclaiming, as he passed feebly from the pulpit to the altar, "I am going to throw myself under the shadow of the Mercy-seat"—then carried fainting to his bed, from which he rose only to ascend to his reward. Oh, they are a bright brotherhood—never country boasted truer hearts and purer lives! Though the godless deride them, and the annals of common fame pass them by, their record is on high, and in the majority of the world, that grand coming time when it shall "put away childish things," and enter upon its moral manhood, these will be the names which will be treasured as its choicest inspirations, and which will stir the pulses of its holiest pride.

With such helpers did John Wesley enter upon that course of marvellous labour which continued for half a century almost without pause, certainly without holiday. With no aim but to warn the careless and save the lost, never dreaming of personal enrichment, either of wealth or fame, with no ambition but a

passion for saving souls, with no enthusiasm but a strong faith in God, and, perhaps, a too ready trust in man, these evangelists of the later time emulated the first heralds of the Gospel in toil, in peril, in success.

The record of Wesley's labours is something wonderful, whether you consider their kind, their number, or the circumstances under which they were done. Rapid, punctual, earnest, he is the "man of one business" throughout. One day of his work would furnish some of us with ample employment for three. One of his weeks would tell heavily upon the relaxed nerves and feeble throats of his degenerate sons. At the rate of fifteen sermons a week and 5000 miles a year, done on horseback, when railways were not, and when roads, uneducated by Macadam, were often feeble compromises between swamp and sludge, he manfully journeyed—at all hours, in all weathers, riding himself into a fever, and then preaching himself out of it—now entertained hospitably, now treated like an angel, and, by consequence, offered no food—now hooted in the streets, now honoured by the authorities, but never faltering in his purpose, whether the learned would bribe him to silence, or the persecutor snarled at his heels. Outwardly calm, while his heart burned within him; with an even temper held in almost perfect control, with a fine flow of animal spirits, which, he says, he never remembers to have been for a quarter of an hour below zero; never unemployed, but never in a hurry; moving every one around him to activity, but keeping calm and lordly the possession of his own soul, and, above all, smitten with a high sense of duty, whose spell bore him

onward through every discouragement, he had all human conditions of success; and when the Divine influence breathed upon his ministry, it is not wonderful that the startled people heard and wept and lived. His preaching was not the announcement of novelties; the doctrines he taught lay in the formularies of the Church, and had been enforced by other lips before him; he was no iconoclast of ancient institutions, nor did he gain a hearing by exposure of the errors of others. Man a sinner, all men sinners, exposed to wrath, but embraced in a covenant of mercy; another world close at hand, with its unalterable and solemn issues—so near that men could almost see the gleams of glory or the forks of flame; the truth pressed home upon the conscience, "You are lost;" and when that was apprehended, that other golden sentence, "God is love," presented for the soul's comfort, like a sheltering splendour to relieve and scatter the cloud. These were the burden of the message which he spake, and he spake it with a prophet's singleness, authority, and power.

It is not needed that we should dwell either in analysis or in apology upon the physical phenomena which at times waited upon the word. These phenomena, which have staggered the philosophers and furnished scoffers with choice material for derision, were no essential parts of the revival—were produced under calm and logical preaching, and, when the subjects of discourse were rather comforting than terrible, seized upon both sexes, often upon those who had been bitterest in their complaint against the scandal, and astonished the preachers full as much as their

critics, leaving them in doubt whether they were the works of confusion, or whether they were done by the finger of God. The proof of success, however, was not in bodily convulsions, but in reclaimed lives. Out of the inevitable disorder Christianity could recognise its own, and the result was a revived life in the Churches, a large recovery from among the vilest to Christ, and a moral reformation more complete and lasting than had ever before been dreamed of.

The spots in which Wesley preached were, in many cases, highly romantic, and added as secondary causes to the effect of his ministry. In quiet rural glens which nestle here and there in the neighbourhood of large towns; on green hillsides, with fair branches of the woodland above, and a lively stream laughing on its course below; in the Gwennap Amphitheatre; on the fragment of rock at St. Ives, with the great sea in sight, and the clear swell of the preacher's voice finding a grand accompaniment in the low murmur of the waves; on his father's tombstone, overhung by the funereal cypress, and with "the grassy barrows" of the dead around him; under the spreading sycamore, screened from the heat of the summer, or sheltered by the roofless walls of a ruined cathedral while frost was in the air and the hills were still white with snow; in places like these, as well as in every available building, from the university church and the large Foundry chapel to the court-house in Alnwick and the St. Ives round-house, built of brazen slags, which he supposes "will last as long as the world," he rejoiced to preach the Gospel. By the blessing of God upon his word, the drunkards became sober, the dishonest upright, the

licentious chaste; "sharp arrows of the mighty" fastened in the hearts of turbulent and scornful sinners; and, when the results were not so marked and decisive, there was a leavening power, as if there broke upon society the air-waves of a fresher atmosphere: and the health, and the beauty, and the manliness remain as our heritage to-day.

It could hardly be expected that a work like this could be suffered without hindrance and insult. The prince of this world had reigned too long in quiet to be dispossessed without a struggle. Hence the work of the Wesleys and their compatriots was subjected to the oddest misunderstandings, assailed with foulest slanders, and hunted by a persecution as malignant in its spirit as those of the early Church, though the power of the oppressor was not always equal to his rage. Many among that species of the clergy, now happily almost extinct, to whom a full church was an impertinence, and a consistent life a perpetual rebuke, were the bitterest enemies of the revival. They instigated, in some cases even headed, the mob. They coaxed or threatened the magistrates. They abused the teachers, repelled them and their converts from communion, and punished them as vagrants for whom the most effectual remedy was the duck-pond or the pillory. The cold dislike of the gentry chimed with the coarse passions of the baser sort, until Methodism became a thing for or against which nearly every man took up his parable, and the nation was divided into those whose delight it was to listen to the earnest preachers and those whose delight it was to hunt them down. The most absurd ideas had currency about the

men and about their communications. In Oxford they were the "Bible moths" and the "Godly club." Some said they were Atheists and allies of the Pretender. In Cornwall they were called, with some propriety, considering their sufferings and their valour, the Maccabees. In Ireland, from the text of one of their preachers, who preached about the Child in swaddling-bands on a Christmas-day morning, they were christened Swaddlers. One sapient critic thought he had hit upon the thing exactly when he said they were "Presbyterian Papists." "The Methodists!" asked an acute Irish Colonel of Dragoons, "isn't that the new sect which has risen up whose religion it is to wear long beards and whiskers?" (Some of you may, perhaps, imagine that the honest colonel was for once, like Saul, "among the prophets," and that his chief mistake was in speaking of the new sect about a century before its time.) Wesley was said to be a Jesuit, a correspondent of the Pope, in league with France, in the pay of Spain; and so thorough and deep-rooted was the enmity against them that, in his own forcible words, they were "forbidden from Newgate lest they should make men wicked, and from Bedlam lest they should drive men mad." Nor were ruder assaults wanting. They were arrested, imprisoned, drafted into the ranks of the army. Churchwardens and constables panted for the chase after the Methodists like a leash of eager hounds. The mob were too glad to gratify their love of disorder and their hate against religion together, and outrages were perpetrated, now by the impulse of passion—now by bands organized for purposes of cruelty, by which many were seri-

ously injured, and others driven into a martyr's grave.

John Wesley was often in personal danger; often had he to confront enraged mobs and suffer personal violence at their hands. But his faith in God sustained him, and, with a courage which might shame many of the world's chartered heroes, he blenched not from his duty and from his work. Meeting with hard fare and little food during a tour in Cornwall, he congratulates himself that "blackberries are plentiful," and after three weeks' lying upon the floor, in the same county, with the brave John Nelson beside him, one having for a pillow an overcoat and the other *Burkitt's Notes*, he cries out in the middle of the night, "Be of good cheer, the skin is only off one side yet." Alone with the rabble at Walsall, with torn clothes and bleeding mouth, he subdued a noted prize-fighter by his calmness and by his words, passed with his strange escort harmless through the crowd, and records in his journal that at the door of his lodgings they "parted with much love." Threatened with being thrown into the river, he says that he was as collected as if seated in his study, and that his only thought was that the papers in his pocket would be spoiled. Told that the mob were coming to pull down the house at Epworth in which he was preaching, he assured the congregation that if the report was true they had better make good use of it while it was still standing. Like Paul, he knew when to stand upon his privilege—"a Roman and uncondemned." A pompous chief magistrate, big with the small dignities of his office, sent to discharge him from preaching within the limits

of his borough. "Tell his worship," was Wesley's cool rejoinder, "that as long as King George gives me leave to preach I shall not ask the Mayor of Shaftesbury."

When his moral character was slandered by fierce opponents, from whom better things might have been hoped, and to whom I grant in this lecture the mercy of my silence, his faith rose into sublimity. "Brother, when I gave to God my life, my time, my all, I did not leave my reputation out." When asked how he would spend the intervening hours if he knew that he should die on the morrow, he answered with the same cheerful calmness, "Just as I intend to spend them now. I should preach at Gloucester to-night, and at five o'clock in the morning ride on to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to Friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." Surely neither legends of chivalry nor annals of authentic heroism can surpass the grandeur of this simple trust in God.

You talk of heroes, large, world-renowned, kingly men, men of colossal fame, who have filled the great spaces of the world with their names; men who have leaped into renown from the corpses of the trampled, or cleaved their stern way to it through the battle's dust and blood. What are their claims to his? Look at his brave life from the time of its devotion to the Gospel. See him as he loosens his grasp upon the things he loved the most, mortifies his desire after honour, spurns the lust of wealth as only nobler natures

can, foregoes the endearments of social and the delights of cultivated life. Mark him as, little in stature but great in soul, he stands calmly amid the mob who burn to kill him, and they are subdued at his glance, as the manly eye can awe the lion into fear. See him as, in conscious integrity, still as the patient stars, he bids slander do her worst to defame him, smiles at nearing danger, holds all hardship light, and regards death but as a vassal—a vassal without a terror and without a sting;—and then tell me whether in that life-long devotion, fearless outspokening of the truth, and fervent trust in God, there is not greatness as lofty as was ever recompensed by glittering orders or embalmed in minstrel's song.

My time fails me to proceed further with the history on which I have already lingered too long. On the separation from Whitefield; on the dignity with which he offered the costliest sacrifice to God—the sacrifice of slain affections; on his ill-judged and unfortunate marriage, three days after which he makes the significant entry in his journal, "Met the single men of the society, and exhorted them to continue single;" on his accurate and varied scholarship—an accomplished logician, and one of the first Greek scholars of his time; on his subsequent labours, prosecuted without intermission through a long course of years; on the organization of his societies, and his care for their purity and extension;—on all these matters I must forbear to dwell. Neither can I do more than mention the gradual growth of honour which sat upon his forehead like a crown—how prejudice changed into respect, and "troops of friends"

gave reverence in his kindly age ; how John Howard blessed his loving words, and under their inspiration went forth to his prison journeys with greater heart than ever ; how Bishop Lowth sat at his feet, and hoped he might be found there in another world ; how Samuel Johnson delighted in his conversation, and was only vexed because he would take his leave just when the great Moralist had stretched his legs for the luxury of an intellectual evening ; how Alexander Knox kindled in rapture as he recalled the fine old man, 'with a child's heart and a seraph's faith,' realizing his notion of angelic goodness, and impressing him with the pang at parting that he "ne'er should look upon his like again ;" and finally how, in perfect peace, and leaving a reformed nation and a flourishing Church as his monument, the good John Wesley died : these are tempting subjects for enlargement, but the inexorable hand moves on.

A brief estimate of some of the more noticeable features of John Wesley's character must not, however, be omitted. During his life he endured more abuse than any man of his time, and since his death so many Daniels have "come to judgment" upon him, that he has been credited with almost every fault and virtue that can be named. Many failings have been gratuitously ascribed to him, and some from which I am by no means concerned to defend him. It is said he was *ambitious*. He was, but not with the vulgar lust of power or fame or gold. His ambition was a large and lofty thing, a yearning magnanimity, like that of Moses—a ceaseless self-sacrifice, like that of Paul. It is said that he was *enthusiastic*. He was,

but his enthusiasm was neither a wild rant nor a delusive expectation of the end without the means; it sprang from a passion to do good, and was sustained by faith in God—the results justified him. It is said that he was *arbitrary*. In the true sense of the word, he was—for never man was born who exerted more influence upon other men; but he valued and used his power, not for its own sake, but as a trust. His was the legitimate influence of mind and character; and was neither got by despot force nor wielded for despot ends. From the charge of credulity he cannot be deemed wholly free, but those who consider that the age in which he lived was an age of scepticism, and that it was necessary for the doing of his great work that he should realize the nearness of the other world, will hardly wonder that he shared, though in no excess by comparison with others of his time, the prevalent infirmity of noble minds. That in fifty years he sometimes erred in judgment; that he chose not a helpmeet worthy of him; that his ideas of the education of children were severe and impracticable, as proved by the successive failures of his plans at Kingswood school; that his continual submission to what he believed to be the will of God involved him in inconsistencies which he was not careful to reconcile, and which gloriously vindicate the disinterestedness of his life: these things may be admitted, with no other result, on the part of those who love him, than that they can look without being dazzled upon a brightness which would otherwise be insufferable. But after you have made all the subtractions which candour and even honest prejudice demand, the manhood of his excellence

remains, and it is a manhood of loftiest type and truest soul—human, and therefore leavened with human frailty, but living as near to Heaven as merely human may :

“ Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow,
Through either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work—whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Greatest, yet with least pretence,
Foremost-hearted of his time :
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.”

This *simplicity* was indeed the great feature of his character, to which everything else must be referred as to a central motive power. From the time of his entrance upon his public work he was a man of one purpose. That purpose absorbed him, and against that purpose he would not harbour a thought that was disloyal. If ever man was perfectly devoted to the service of God, it was he. He was a “ living sacrifice.” The usual and strong instincts which prevail among men, love of ease, fame, wealth, were almost trampled out of his soul. Even the fondest affections were crucified, though he had as warm a heart as ever beat in the breast of man ; and, at the bidding of the high purpose which possessed him, he could surrender the dearest friend, and expend the costliest tribute, endure the keenest pang, and be unmoved under the foulest

slander, with a courage which to us, who dwell in lower regions, seems well-nigh stoical, and which we must breathe the upper air to understand. The secret of this self-control, as of the marvellous power of his ministry, was in the morning hour, which for many years he was accustomed to spend in the closet. If in Luther's prayers was the mystery of the Reformation, in Wesley's prayers may be found one explanation of the great revival. He could afford to be calm in human tumult, who had memories of the lone mountain-top and of the manifested glory. To him it was a necessity to be in earnest, who had just come from the ford of Jabbok, where the strange wrestler had striven with him until the breaking of the day. He could surely calculate upon a blessing, to whom the Lord had pledged it in the secret place of his pavilion. And it is so still—prayer can preserve any peace unbroken and any arm in strength. If the pulpit be powerless, the Churches feeble, the truth wounded in the house of her friends, the source of the languor is here. Let the closet fires be bright and the flame is sure to spread, and, like that which brave Hugh Latimer saw in the vision of his martyrdom, it shall never be put out. Give us the men of prayer, and from every hill of Zion there shall be baptisms of power from on high.

Wesley's *indefatigable industry* has already been noticed, and when we consider the object for which he redeemed the time, his frugal and conscientious use of it cannot be sufficiently admired. Incessantly travelling, constantly preaching, he conducted an extensive correspondence, dealt with cases of conscience, settled

family disputes, wrote or abridged 200 volumes, kept himself abreast of the literature of the times, maintained his classical studies, and managed the whole concerns of a society which numbered at his death more than 70,000 souls. With all this, as he once said, "he had no time to be in a hurry," was always ready for a visit of sympathy, for a sight of a fair landscape or a fine building, for a cheerful evening or part of one with a friend; and now and then for recreation, as when he listened to the oratorios of "Judith," and "Ruth," and "The Messiah." Do you ask how he managed to have this wealth of leisure at command? I answer, by his practice of early rising, by his methodical habits, and by the patient avarice with which he hoarded each moment as it flew. Thus he tells us that he read "History, Philosophy, and Poetry, for the most part, on horseback." We do not wonder, by the way, that his poor steed so often stumbled. Detained in Wales because the tide was over the sands, so that he could not cross them, he tells us: "I sat down in a little cottage and translated Aldrich's Logic." His mind could not fail to be stored so richly when he thus diligently fed it. If a man will pile up the moments of life, he will be sure to have a pyramid at last. It is hard work washing in the cradle the sand of the gully-stream, but it hath dust of gold.

Wesley's *benevolence* was, perhaps, never surpassed. Beyond what was absolutely necessary to sustain and clothe him, he gave all he had in charity. There were no bounds to his generosity save his means. "Two silver spoons in London and two silver spoons in Bristol," thus he made his return of plate to the

astonished Commissioners of Excise ; "and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread." He was accustomed to declare that his own hands should be his executors, and said, in print, that if he died worth ten pounds, independent of his books, he would give the world leave to call him a thief and a robber. Although this was an incautious announcement, made in the excess of his zeal, yet, as his friends expected, he almost literally kept his word, for when the silver cord of his great life was loosed, his chaise and horses and his clothes were about all that he left behind him, except, as has been quaintly said, "a good library of books, a well-worn clergyman's gown, a much-abused reputation, and — the Methodist Church."

His *charity*, in the wider sense, was as remarkable as his beneficence. With a temper naturally quick, as is perhaps inevitable in all lively natures, he was enabled so far to conquer himself that he bore personal injury not only without anger, but without apparent emotion, and it was as easy for him as to breathe. Gathering the materials of his judgment from his own transparent goodness, he suspected no evil in others, and it was difficult to make him think that any had intended to deceive him. Although this trustful spirit exposed him to the schemes of the designing, it sets forth in beautiful relief the guilelessness of his own blameless life. His moderation in controversy was remarkable, and was maintained under provocation which might well have kindled any scorm which "ran in the shifting currents of the blood." On the testimony of one of his

unfriendly critics, "he kept his temper and his ground," and it is refreshing to find him receiving the sacrament from the hands of Bishop Lavington, and sitting down to a cosy breakfast with his old antagonist, Father O'Leary. His catholicity, indeed, was extraordinary. He had as keen a scent for goodness as slanderers have for evil. Even among the nightshade and the nettles it was hard if he could not discover some fragrant violet or balm of healing. Hence he speaks of the "strong faith" mingled with the "gross superstition" of the Church of Rome; commends and publishes the life of Thomas Firmin, a Unitarian, "whose real piety — notwithstanding his erroneous notions on the Trinity—he says he dares not deny," and "makes no doubt that Marcus Antoninus, the heathen Emperor of Rome, shall be of the many who shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

While Wesley thus preached and lived a high state of religious purity, his *freedom from asceticism* was a marked and fine characteristic. There was about him, especially as he grew in years, a courtesy and grace which made him the charm of social circles, and which especially attracted the young. He often selected them as the companions of his walks, and was wont to give them his blessing and some small trifle of money. Alexander Knox speaks of his "sportive sallies of innocent mirth, which delighted the young and thoughtless," and when his wit had play, his conversation would sparkle as when the moon glances upon the silver sea. He often used his native humour to record his observations on men and

things, to silence a troublesome opponent, or teach a lesson to some refractory helper. Thus he records: "Spent an agreeable hour with Dr. S., the greatest genius in little things that ever fell under my notice. I really believe, were he seriously to set about it, he could invent the best *mouse-trap* that ever was in the world." Again, with a sly hit at the glorious uncertainties of the law, he says: "To oblige a friendly gentlewoman I was a witness to her will, wherein she bequeathed part of her estate to charitable uses, and part, during his natural life, to her dog Toby. I suppose, though she should die within the year, her legacy to Toby may stand good, but that to the poor is void by the statute of mortmain." He was troubled by a visit from some pretended prophets, who told him he was to be *born'd* again, and that they were to wait till it was done. He politely showed them into what he calls a "tolerably cold room," and kept them twelve hours without food or fire, after which, he says, "they quietly went away." One came to him professedly with a warning from the Lord, that he was living in luxury, and heaping up treasure upon earth. He told her the Lord knew better, and that if he had sent her he would have given her a more proper message. A very weak little man, one of Wesley's helpers, Michael Fenwick by name, came to him with an imploring countenance and begged a favour, which was that as Wesley was revising his journals for the press, and as these journals would live, Michael might have a place in them, and so stand some chance of immortality. Wesley promised compliance, and the entry appeared: "About one preached at Clayworth;

I think none was unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick." These are but random instances of a wit which ever played across the clear sky of Wesley's life, like summer lightning, having no fork to wound, and only seen in the still evening, when the labours of the day were done.

It marks a great man that he is before his age, and that he initiates plans upon which after ages can improve. It would be difficult to name a man more endowed with this prophetic and forecasting goodness than John Wesley. There is scarcely an enterprise of the Church or an active form of charity, scarcely an acknowledged good at work amongst us, which he did not attempt, and often with a success which later times can only strive to parallel. You talk of a cheap press and its blessings. John Wesley was the first man to write for the million, and that not for gain but for the people's benefit. His were the first popular Grammars, Dictionaries, Histories, Compendiums, and they were issued not in a learned leisure, but in the intervals of the busiest life of the age. You rejoice in the Tract Society's labours. Though the *Jubilee Memorial* makes no mention of his name, he was a diligent writer and systematic distributor half a century before the Tract Society was born. Do you hail the Strangers' Friend Society, with its open hand for the friendless and the alien? It was of Wesleyan origin. Do you believe in Ragged Schools? Wesley's Orphan Houses were the germinant idea. Do you subscribe to Loan Libraries? He established them a hundred years ago. Are you proud of your country

as you see the sick huddling together before the Dispensary gates, and think that charity has furnished them with the skill and the medicines which they are too poor to buy? The first Dispensary that I read of was set up by John Wesley at the Foundry. And not only in matters of active charity did he thus anticipate the future, but in the silent revolutions of opinion. Take his *Primitive Physic*, with which wits make merry, and which is certainly funny enough to win even Niobe from her tears; but it compares very favourably with a treatise published but a little earlier by the celebrated Robert Boyle; and the Pharmacopœia of the day, which was in constant use among the faculty, contains offensive and frivolous prescriptions which Wesley disdains to mention. He was a Temperance advocate when Total Abstinence Societies were not. He was a Law Reformer, speaking of that "foul monster—a Chancery Bill," and declares that he will "no more encourage that villainous tautology of lawyers, which is a scandal to the nation at large." He believed in the marvels of electricity while the sceptic world yet sneered at Franklin's name. With a far-sighted view of the magnificent capabilities of India, he spoke of it as "enslaved to a company of merchants" while Leadenhall Street was still in its glory. And, finally, when the nation was only half alive to the evils of slavery—when Lady Huntingdon trafficked in human nature, when George Whitefield held slaves—John Wesley roused himself in behalf of the poor trampled bondsmen; denounced slavery in general as "the sum of all villainies," and American slavery in particular as "the vilest that ever saw the sun."

Looking at these things, who shall say how much of our present philanthropy and privileges are the results of the merciful shadow which John Wesley projected upon the coming age? If you decorate the conqueror with stars, who at the head of his gallant armies achieves a victory, look upon the man whose genius drew the plan of the battle, and let his breast glitter too. If you reward the reaper who gathers amid the inspiration of plenty and the voice of singing, put by—of your justice I claim it—for the sower, who alone, under the grey wintry sky, went forth for the scattering of the seed.

And now, to sum up the whole, look upon this character, at first "like the young moon with a ragged edge, still in its imperfection beautiful," but waxing lovelier and larger, until, full-orbed and calm, it shines in its completeness before men. Think of the elements which you suppose necessary to moral greatness. Fervent piety, strong faith in God, a self-sacrificing purpose in life, manly daring, womanly tenderness, an industry which never tires, a benevolence which never says "it is enough," an almost perfect control over passion, an almost perfect abnegation of selfishness, a catholic heart and a world-wide sympathy, a gentleman's courtesy and a scholar's learning;—if these things, combining in an individual, make up an artistic wholeness of character which the world should reverence, then look at that little old man with the band and cassock, walking at a brisk pace down the street, neat in his dress and busy in his manner, "with aquiline nose and quick bright eye, silver hair, and clear smooth forehead, and colour fresh as a boy's."

Go, mark him well, for that wholeness of character is his, and his name is John Wesley, and, in the apt words of one who has deeply studied him, "a greater and, by the grace of God, a better man the world has not known since the days of St. Paul."

And now for one parting word. It is for us these great men labour. All the past is ours. Its splendour flashes that we may not walk in darkness. Its manhood appeals to our own. The records of its greatness and goodness abide that we may be inspired by the example, and "quit ourselves like men" in the common struggles of every day. Brothers, to your duty! Let your lives show that the heritage has descended into no unworthy hand. Be not the poor pensioners upon the bounty of the past. Be not the gay spendthrifts of its riches. Be it yours to husband its resources that you may increase its returns, so that the legacy you bequeath, enriched by your own personal tribute, may be wealthier than the portion which you received. "Give me place for my lever," said a great one of old, "and I will move the world." We do not lack in our moral machinery either the fulcrum or the power. Of small account and limited sphere of action, considered as individuals, most of us may be, but from each of us there is shed an influence which, by the law of accelerated force, will gather intensity as it spreads, and will tell upon the future as with avalanche power. There is something grandly terrible in this aspect of it in an assembly like this. Flung upon life, unable to rid yourselves of life; compelled, whether you will or no, to wield the responsibilities of life, like charged clouds which must discharge their contents either in

the havoc of storms or in the kind weeping of the summer rain, you must go on, influential every moment, a blast or a blessing for ever. Oh, choose the good—choose it from this moment, if you have never chosen it before—renew, if you have already chosen it, your high and grand consecration! I would fain bind it upon you by a spell from which you cannot disenchant yourselves, and under whose power you shall pass to your eternity. It is done—surely it is done. You *will* be the Lord's servants; and, for His sake, the servants of men.

This is an age of transition, and, in many respects, of surprise. Amidst its endless activities for good and evil, it is difficult to trace the progress which, in spite of all discouragements, is constantly going on. But that progress is not the less real because we cannot see it, for that our poor human eyes are dimmed by the films of sense or blinded by the tears of sorrow. There is a lesson for us in the recently published experiences of those intrepid voyagers who, for scientific purposes, have entered into the regions of upper air. They tell us that "they experienced as they ascended a feeling of profound repose;" by and by they record that "it was very dark beneath, but light above, with a clear sky," and "amid the solemn stillness the only sounds they heard were the striking of a clock and the sounding of a bell." Oh, rare and beautiful teaching for us—tossed about with many fears, depressed by the clouds which hang over us, and longing for the coming of the day! The rest and hope of the spirit must come with the faith which leaves this earth behind it. Though to us—the toilers—it is night

still, to him—the Master who watcheth our labour—
and to them—our fellows whose labour is done—
“there is light with a clear sky.” Though to us, down
below, there is but the deafening roar, the shriek of
discord, the wail of pain, blent in one jargon of strange
sounds which have no chime; to them, above in the
high calm silence, there are heard only the striking of
the hour which tells of the sure speed of time, and the
voice of the joy-bells already ringing for the world’s
great bridal. And it is always so in respect of the
matters which bewilder us and make our hearts sad.
Down below, strange struggles between hope and fear,
problems of existence which baffle our poor wit to
solve, mourning over new-made graves of wise or kind
ones snatched from the midst of us ere yet, to mortal
thought, their life’s great work is done. Up above,
a throne that is never vacant, a King who sits assured
of an accomplished purpose, and waiting an expected
and—grand solutions of life which make all Heaven
wonder, and stir the spirits of the just made perfect
with new throbs of joy—rest from earth’s weariness,
and rapture in the stead of its sorrow—the joining of
hands and hearts long unclasped from each other’s
welcomes, in the eternal re-union of the sky.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing from the woods and on the shore;
Burdened with a grand, majestic secret,
Which keeps sweeping from us ever more.

Up above, a music that entwineth,
In eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the grave within the churchyard,
And the anguish on the young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro with long, sad wail.

Up above, a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in light and love for ever,
Ordered in his place among his peers.

O, the sobbing of the winds of autumn !
O, the sunset streak of stormy gold !
O, the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard,
Night is coming and the grave is cold !

O, the rest forever, and the rapture !
O, the hand that wipes the tears away !
O, the golden homes beyond the sunset !
O, the God—that watches o'er the clay !

VII.

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

THERE were giants in the earth in those days, for those old Hebrew prophets were a marvellous race of men. It is difficult for us to regard them as parts of the ordinary creation of God. Only in such an age, when Revelation was a simple thing, and men felt, as they saw the symbol or the vision, that the Divine was "not far away from any one of them:" only beneath such a sky, whose sun, as it blasted the desert into desolation, or greened the olive slope into beauty, was a perpetual monition both of threatening and of promise: only among such a people, of deep religious instincts, and impressible in a high degree, could they have lived, and flourished, and become the powers they were. They were not soldiers, but when they rebuked kings, theirs was a courage which the most stalwart crusader might have envied. They were not priests, but never priest spake solemn words with greater seemliness of utterance, nor with diviner power. As we trace their long and lofty line, and their notable ones crowd upon our memories, we seem to shrink from any discussion of their characters, as if they were creatures from the spirit-land. Some such feeling steals over us, as might have prompted the affrighted Gadarenes when they prayed for the

departure of the Saviour, or as might have burdened the wondering soul of Peter when, in his first vision of Christ's miraculous power, he said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." They seem to be *in* the nature of humanity rather than *of* it, to be surrounded by conditions, and to dwell in an existence of their own, with which the rest of the world can have but a scanty sympathy, or rather a mingled feeling, which is half admiration and half awe. They are not men so much as distinct individual influences, passive beneath their swelling inspiration, standing before the Lord, like the lightnings, which are his messengers, or as the "stormy wind, fulfilling his word."

It is evident that the peculiarities of their office, and their comparative isolation from the experiences of common humanity, prevent us, in the general, from acknowledging their fitness as examples by which to regulate our own life and conduct. There is a shrewd impiety in human nature, which has formed its own estimate of what its patterns ought to be, and which demands that certain initial conditions shall be rigidly fulfilled. There must be identity of nature, and there must be similarity of circumstance. The man must have like passions, and those passions must have been powerfully tried. Failure in these conditions would at once neutralize the force of the example, even as a blemish in physical beauty would, to a Greek of the olden time, have ostracized Apollo from the fellowship of the gods.

There is none among the brotherhood of the Prophets who so thoroughly comes home to us as

that Hebrew youth, of the royal line of Judah, from whose history we are purposing to be instructed now. He was inspired, but he had a life apart from his inspiration, and we recognise in it the common elements of which lives are made. Principle and persecution—sorrow and success—the harp-song of thankfulness and the breeze-like voice of grief—all the constituents which are shapely in the formation of character; we meet with them in his experience, just as we have felt them in our own. He comes to us, therefore, no stranger, but robed in our own humanness. He is no meteor vision—sweeping out of darkness to play for a brief space the masque of human living, and then flitting into darkness as unbroken—he comes eating and drinking, doing common things, thrilled with common feelings—though those feelings prompt him to heroic action, and those common things are done in a majestic way. My object is to teach lessons from the life and character of Daniel. My chief purpose, I am not ashamed to avow, is to do my listeners good, and though the platform is broader than the pulpit, and may be indulged with wider latitude of range and phrase, I should be recreant to my great, loved life-work, if I were not to strive mainly to make my words tell upon that future when eternity shall flash upon the doings of time.

It is affirmed of the religion of Jesus, that it is adapted for all changes of human condition, and for all varieties of human character. Clearly, a religion which aims to be universal must possess this assimilating power, or, in the complexities of the world, it

would be disqualified for the post which it aspires to fill. The high claims which its advocates assert for Christianity, have been passed through the crucible of the ages, and have been verified by the experience of each generation. It is not hemmed in by parallels of latitude. It is not hindered by any "wall of partition." It can work its marvels in every clime. It can translate its comforts into every language. Like its Founder, its delight is in the "*habitable* parts of the earth," and wherever man is, in rich metropolis or in rude savannah, whether intellect has exalted or savagery degraded him, there, in the neighbourhood and in the heart of *man*, is the chosen sphere of Christianity, where she works her changes, diffuses her blessings, raises up her witnesses, and proves to every one who embraces her his angel of discipline and of life. It may be that you are thinking, some of you, that your circumstances are exceptional; that Religion is a thing only for stream-side villages and quiet hours—not for the realm of business, nor "the tragic hearts of towns." That is a grave error, my brother. Heaven is as near the great city as the breezy down. You can preserve as bright an integrity, you can hold as close a fellowship with the true and the Divine in the heart of London, the modern Babylon, as did Daniel in Babylon, the ancient London.

This brings me to my first thought—*the earnest piety which was the foundation-fact of Daniel's consistent life.* He was a religious man. His religion influenced his character, kindled his heroism, and had largely to do with his success. His religion, more-

over, was not a surface sentiment, traditionally inherited, and therefore loosely held. Opinions have often been entailed with estates, handed down as revered heirlooms from one generation to another. Men have rallied round a crimson banner, or shouted lustily for the buff and blue, for no better reason than that the same colours had sashed and rosetted their fathers perhaps for a century of years. In the history of human opinion it would be curious to inquire how much of it has been the pride of partisanship, or the inheritance of affection, how little of it the force of conviction, and the result of honest thought and study. But Daniel's was an inwrought piety, whose seat was in the heart, and it was of that brave sort which no disaster was able to disturb.

And it was no easy matter to maintain it. Look at him as he is first introduced to our notice. He was lonely, he was tempted, he was in peril. Loneliness, temptation, danger—these are words which perhaps, from painful personal experience, some of us can understand. Add to these the further condition of bondage, a word, thank God, whose full meaning a free people does *not* understand, and you have some conception of the position of Daniel, when we first become acquainted with him in the palace of the King of Babylon.

Moreover, the circumstances of Babylon, at the time when he was carried there, would necessarily expose his piety to greater hazards. It is always difficult for a slave to profess a faith other than the faith of his master. The victory which Nebuchadnezzar had gained would barb the tongue of the Chaldean scoffer

with sharper sarcasms against the Hebrew creed. Babylon was wholly and earnestly given to idolatry. There Belus was magnificently worshipped. There the soothsayer wrought his spells, and the astrologer affected to read in the heavens, as in a sparkling Bible. There the followers of Zoroaster lingered, and clung tenaciously to their pure and ancient error, for of all idolatries fire-worship is at once the most primitive and the most plausible. There the commonest things of life were linked with idol associations, and consecrated by idol ceremonies; so that the conscience of the Hebrew was in momentary danger of attack, and active resistance became the duty of every day.

But Daniel's piety did not fail, because it was thorough in its consistency and in its grandeur. It has been a favourite scoff in all ages, ever since the words "Doth Job serve God for nought?" fell from the lips of the old original liar, that Christians are Christians only when no motive tempts them to the contrary, and when their policy is on the side of their religion. He, some Chaldean sceptic, or some captive of a Sadducean spirit, might have flung the gibe at the young enthusiast Hebrew, "Ah! there will come a change upon him soon. He has breathed a Hebrew atmosphere, and been bound by Hebrew habits. His soul is but the chrysalis just emerging from the cocoon of dormant thought and dull devotion. Wait until he is fledged. Wait until he has preened his wings amid the sunshine and the flowers of Babylon. The Jordan is but a narrow stream, the Euphrates rolls grandly in its rushing silver. Translate him

from the slopes of Olivet to the plains of Shinar. Let him taste the luxury of Chaldean living, and join in the pomp of Babylonish worship, you will soon hear of his abandonment of his former friends, and he will plunge, as eagerly as any, into the gaities of the capital." But that scoffer, like most others of his kindred, would have been grievously mistaken. Did Daniel's piety fail him? Was he entangled in the snare of pleasure, or frightened by the captor's frown? Kneelt he not as fervently in the palace at Shushan as in the temple at Jerusalem? Amid the devotees of Merodach or Bel, his Abdiel-heart went out, as its manner was, after the one Lord of earth and heaven. Oh, what are circumstances, I wonder, that they should hinder a true man when his heart is set within him to do a right thing? Let a man be firmly principled in his religion, he may travel from the tropics to the poles, it will never catch cold on the journey. Set him down in the desert, and just as the palm tree thrusts its roots beneath the envious sand in search of sustenance, so will he manage somehow to find living water there. Banish him to the dreariest Patmos you can find, he will get a grand Apocalypse among its barren crags. Thrust him into an inner prison, and make his feet fast in the stocks; the doxology will reverberate through the dungeon, making such melody within its walls of stone that the gaoler shall relapse into a man, and the prisoners, hearing it, shall dream of freedom and of home.

Young men, you who have any piety at all, of what sort is it? Is it a hothouse plant, which must be framed and glassed, lest March, that bold young fellow,

should shake the life out of it in his rough play among the flowers?—or is it a hardy shrub, which rejoices when the wild winds course along the heather or howl above the crest of Lebanon? We need, believe me, the bravery of godliness to bear true witness for our Master now. There is opposed to us a manhood of insolence and error. The breath of the plague is carried on the wings of the wind. Ours must be a robust piety—which does not get sick soon in the tainted air. The forces of evil are marshalled in unwonted activity, and there are liars in wait to surprise and to betray. Ours must be a watchful piety, which is not frightened from its stedfastness by the “noise of the captains and the shouting.” Through the heavy night, and beyond the embattled hosts, there glitters the victor’s recompense. It must be ours to press towards it on our patient way, saying to all who differ from us, “Hinder me not, I mean to wear that crown.”

One main cause of Daniel’s consistency, which I would fain commend for your imitation, was this. He made the stand at once, and resisted on the earliest occasion of encroachment upon conscience and of requirement to sin. He purposed in his heart that he “would not defile himself with the king’s meat, nor with the portion of wine which he drank.” Now, as a true Hebrew, bound by the rescripts of the Mosaic law, certain meats were forbidden to him which other nations ate without scruple. Moreover, the chances are that the bread and the wine had been idolatrously consecrated, for those old Pagans were not ashamed, *as we are*, to pervade the common things of life with

their religion. To Daniel, therefore, these things were forbidden—bidden by their ceremonial uncleanness, forbidden equally by their idolatrous association—and it was his duty to refuse them.

I see that curl of the lip on the face of that unbeliever, and as it might hurt him, possibly, if his indignation had not vent, I will try to help it into words. "A small thing, a very insignificant occasion for a very supercilious and obstinate display! What worse would he have been if he had not been so offensively singular? He was not obliged to know that there had been any connection with idolatry about it. Why obtrude his old-world sanctimoniousness about such a trifle as this?" A trifle! Yes! but are not these trifles sometimes among the mightiest forces in the universe? A falling apple, a drifting log of wood, the singing and puffing of a tea-kettle! Trifles all!—but set the royal mind to work upon them, and what comes of the trifles then? From the falling apple, the law of gravitation. From the drifting log of wood, the discovery of America. From the smoke and song of the tea-kettle, the hundred-fold appliances of steam. There are no trifles in the moral universe of God. Speak me a word to-day;—it shall go ringing on through the ages. Sin in your heedless youth;—I will show you the characters, long years afterwards, carven on the walls of "the temple of the body." Hence the good policy as well as piety of Daniel. He made the stand at once, and God honoured it; and, the foremost champion of the enemy slain, it was easy to rout the rest. Do I address some one now over whom the critical moment impends?

You are beset with difficulties so formidable that you shudder as you think of them. Does wealth allure, or beauty fascinate, or endearment woo, or authority command you to sin? Does the carnal reason gloss over the guiltiness, and the deprecating fancy whisper, "Is it not a little one?" and the roused and vigorous passion strive with the reluctant will? Now is the moment, then, on your part for the most valorous resistance, on my part for the most affectionate and solemn warning. It is against this beginning of evil, this first breach upon the sacredness of conscience, that you must take your stand. It is the first careless drifting into the current of the rapids which speeds the frail bark into the whirlpool's wave. Yield to the temptation which now invites you, and it may be that you are lost for ever. Go to that scene of dissipation, enter that hell of gambling, follow that "strange woman" to her house, make that fraudulent entry, engage in that doubtful speculation, make light of that Sabbath and its blessings—what have you done? You have weakened your moral nature, you have sharpened the dagger for the assassin who waits to stab you, and you are accessory, in your measure, to the murder of your own soul. Brothers, with all a brother's tenderness, I warn you against a peril which is at once so threatening and so near. Now, while time and chance are given, while in the thickly-peopled air there are spirits which wait your halting, and other spirits which wait to give their ministry to the heirs of salvation—now, let the conflict be decided. Break from the bonds which are already closing around you. Frantic as a bondsman to escape the living hell of

slavery, be it yours to hasten your escape from the pursuing evil of sin. There, close at your heels, is the vengeful and resolute enemy. Haste! Flee for your life! Look not behind you, lest you be overtaken and destroyed. On—though the feet bleed, and the veins swell, and the heart-strings quiver. On—spite of wearied limbs, and shuddering memories, and the sobs and pants of labouring breath. Once get within the gates of the city of refuge and you are safe; for neither God's love nor man's will ever, though all the world demand it, give up to his pursuers a poor fugitive slave.

Having mentioned the piety of Daniel, the Corinthian pillar of his character, we may glance at some of the acanthus leaves which twine so gracefully round it.

It will not be amiss if we learn to be as contented, under all change of circumstance, as Daniel's piety made him. He is supposed to have been about twenty years old when he was carried away to Babylon. He was then in the flower of his youth; at an age when the susceptibilities are the keenest, when the visions of the former time have not faded from the fancy, when the future stretches brightly before the view. His connection with the royal family of Judah might, not unnaturally, have opened to him the prospect of a life of state and pleasure, haunted by no pangs of ungratified desire. It was a hard fate for him to be at once banished from his fatherland and robbed of his freedom. Every sensibility must have been rudely shocked, every temporal hope must have been cruelly blighted, by the transition from the courtly to the menial, and from Jerusalem to Babylon. How will

Daniel act under these altered circumstances, which had come upon him from causes which he could neither control nor remedy? There were three courses open to him, other than the one he took. He might have resigned himself to the dominion of sorrow, have suffered grief for his bereavement to have paralyzed every energy of his nature, and have moaned idly and uselessly, as, beneath the trailing willows, he "wept when" he "remembered Zion." He might have harboured some sullen purpose of revenge, and have glared out upon his captors with an eye whose meaning, being interpreted, was murder. Or he might have abandoned himself to listless dreaming, indolent in present duty, and taking no part at all for the fulfilment of his own dreams. But Daniel was too true and brave a man, and had too reverent a recognition of the Providence of God, to do either the one or the other. He knew that his duty was to make the best of the circumstances round him, to create the content, and to exhibit it, though the conditions which had formerly constrained it were at hand no longer. Hence, though he was by no means indifferent to his altered fortunes, though there would often rise upon his softened fancy the hills and temples of his native land, he was resigned and useful and happy in Babylon. It may be that some among yourselves may profitably learn this lesson. Wearied with hard work, done for the enrichment of other people, you are disposed to fret against your destiny, and to rebel against the fortune which has doomed you to be the toiler and the drudge. Ambition is, in some sort, natural to us all; and could we borrow for a night

a spirit more potent than the lame demon of Le Sage, and could he unroof for us hearts as well as houses, there would perhaps be discovered a vast amount of lurking discontent, poisoning the springs both of usefulness and of happiness for many. Under the influence of this embittered feeling some rail eloquently at class distinctions in society, and sigh for an ideal equality with an ardour which the first hour of a real equality would speedily freeze; while some drivel into inglorious dreamers, and are always on the lookout, like the immortal Micawber, for something to "turn up," which will float them into the possession of a Nabob's fortune, or into the notoriety of some easily-acquired renown.

I am not sure whether our dispensation of popular lecturing is altogether guiltless in this matter. Young men, especially, have been so often exhorted to aspire, to have souls above business, to cultivate self-reliance, to aim at a prouder destiny, and all that sort of thing; and we have heard so much of the men who have risen from the ranks to be glorified in the world's memory—Burns at the plough-tail, and Claude Lorraine in the pastry-cook's shop, and Chantrey the milk-boy, and Sir Isaac Newton with his cabbages in the Grantham market, and John Bunyan mending the kettles, and Martin Luther singing in the streets for bread—that it is hardly surprising if some who have listened to these counsels have been now and then excited into an anti-commercial frenzy; not, it is hoped, so fiercely as that silly lad who attempted, happily in vain, to destroy himself, and left a note for his employer, assigning as the reason of the rash act, as the newspapers always

call it, that "he was made by God to be a man, but doomed by man to be a grocer." Well, if we lecturers have fostered the evil, it should be ours to atone by the warning exhibition of its peril. I can conceive of nothing more perilous to all practical success, more destructive of everything masculine in the character, than the indulgence in this delirious and unprofitable reverie. The mind once surrendered to its spell has lost all power of self-control, and is passive, like the opium-eater, under the influence of the horrible narcotic. Real life is discarded as unlikely, and the dream is arranged with all the accuracy, and very much of the adventure, of a three-volumed novel. A high-born maiden becomes suddenly enamoured of the slim youth who serves her with the silks she rustles in, or some rich unheard-of uncle dies, just at the critical time, or the youth turns out to be somebody's son, and by consequence heir to a fortune or a large-acred landed proprietor, or he is hurtling an imaginary senate with very imaginary eloquence, or, fired with the hope of hymeneal bliss, he is whirled off with a bride and a fortune (always a fortune) in a chariot and four; and so he revels in these impossible heavens, until, as in the dream of Alnaschar, crash goes the crockery, or down falls the bale of muslin upon his most bunioned toe, or an equivocal river of gamboge is too sure prediction of the annihilation of the basket of eggs. But how unreal and foolish all this is! how hurtful to all healthiness of moral sentiment, and to all industry of patient toil! How nearly akin to the spirit of the gambler, who has lost all his fortune at hazard and then risks his last quarter just because it

is so small! "But," says some indignant youth, "what do you mean? Are all the counsels to which we have listened in the former time to go for nothing? Are we not to aspire? Are we to grovel always? Are we never to rise above the sphere of society in which we move to-day?" Oh yes! some of you may, and if the elements of greatness are in you, *they will come out*, ay, though an Alp were piled upon them, or though the sepulchre hewn out of the rock hid them in its heart of stone. But it is no use hiding the truth; ninety out of every hundred of you will remain as you are. "Grocers" to-day, you will be grocers or something like it to the end of the chapter. Well, and what of that? Better the meanest honest occupation than to be a dastard, or a deceiver, or a drone. Better the weary-footed wanderer, who knows not where the morrow's breakfast will be had, than to be the sordid or unworthy rascal, whirled through the city in a carriage, built, cushioned, horsed, harnessed, all with other people's money. God has placed you in a position in which you can be honest and excel. Do your duty in the present, and God will take care of the future. Depend upon it, the way to rise in life is neither to repine, and so add to the troubles of misfortune the sorer troubles of passion and envy, nor to waste in dreams the plodding energy which would go far to the accomplishment of the dreamer's wealthiest desire. If the Passions rule you, there will be a Reign of Terror. If Imagination be suffered to hold the reins, you will make small progress, if indeed there be no catastrophe, for though Phaeton was a very brilliant driver, yet he burnt the world.

Don't aim, then, at any impossible heroisms. Strive rather to be quiet heroes in your own sphere. Don't live in the cloudland of some transcendental heaven ; do your best to bring the glory of a real heaven down, and ray it out upon your fellows in this work-day world. Don't go out, ascetic and cowardly, from the fellowships of men. Try to be angels in their houses, that so a light may linger from you as you leave them, and your voice may echo in their hearing, "like to the benediction that follows after prayer." The illumination which celebrates a victory is but the vulgar light shining through various devices into which men have twisted very base metal ; and so the commonest things can be ennobled by the transparency with which they are done. Seek, then, to make trade bright with a spotless integrity, and business lustrous with the beauty of holiness. Whether fortune smile on you or not, you shall "stand in your lot," and it shall be a happy one. The contentment of the soul will make the countenance sunny ; and if you compare your heritage with that of others who are thought higher in the social scale, dowered more richly with the favours of that old goddess who was said to be both fickle and blind, the comparison will not be a hopeless one if you can sing in the Poet's stirring words—

"Cleon hath a thousand acres,
Ne'er a one have I ;
Cleon dwelleth in a mansion,—
In a lodging I.
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Hardly one have I ;—
Yet the poorer of the twain
Cleon and not I.

- “Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
 But the landscape I ;—
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth
 Money cannot buy.
 Cleon harbours sloth and dulness,
 Freshening vigour I ;—
 He in velvet—I in broadcloth—
 Richer man am I.
- “Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
 Free as thought am I ;—
 Cleon fees a score of doctors,—
 Need of none have I.
 Wealth-surrounded—care-environed,
 Cleon fears to die ;—
 Death may come, he'll find me ready,
 Happier man am I.
- “Cleon sees no charms in nature,
 In a daisy I ;—
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing
 In the earth and sky ;—
 Nature sings to me for ever,
 Earnest listener I.
 State for state with all attendants,
 Who would change? Not I.”

The religion of Daniel influenced him further to be *courteous* to those by whom he was surrounded. In the early years of his residence in Babylon, he won “the favour and tender love of the prince of the eunuchs.” His resistance to what he deemed unworthy subserviency was not rudely nor harshly manifested. “He requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself.” He bore himself respectfully, yet without an atom of servility ; never compromising his fidelity to God, but neither insolent in his contempt of idolatry, nor forward to withhold honour and custom where honour and

custom were due. It will not, perhaps, be amiss to commend him in this matter to the age in which we live; and amid many incentives to independence, original thought, intolerance of shams and scorners, and the like, to whisper a word in favour of good manners. There is so much of outspokenness now-a-days, and it has been so much and so eloquently enforced, that there is some danger lest in our reaction from servility, we should exhibit the "falsehood of extremes." Some men fancy themselves extremely clever when they are only extremely coarse, and obtrude before all comers a boorishness which they mistake for bravery. I covet for you all, the more if you be Christians, the grand old name of gentleman — manhood and gentleness — inborn and influencing energy, but with affability and courtesy to temper it. You have heard of the Nasmyth hammer. It can chip an egg-shell without breaking it, or can shiver with a stroke the ponderous bar of iron. We are awed by the wonderful force, but we are especially attracted by the machinery which holds it in control. So a rough strength of character will repel even while it attracts us, but a frank and winning courtesy comes stealing into our hearts like a sunbeam, and flings an otto of July over the chilliest November air.

This courtesy which I recommend you to exhibit is not only auxiliary to your religion, but a part of it. "The wisdom which is from above," I leave you to guess where the other wisdom comes from, is "gentle, and easy to be entreated." "Christ," Emerson says, "was a Prince in courtesy, as well

as in beneficence and wisdom," and a Christian is not more bound to maintain his own rights than to be tolerant of the feelings and opinions of others. Even Fashion, at the bottom (though, as in a muddy road, the bottom may be a long way down), is based upon religion, and is a sort of Rabbinical perversion of Christianity. There is not a usage of cultivated society to-day which had not its origin in some real or fancied benevolence. Love is the essence of religion, and courtesy is but love in society—the "good Samaritan" genial in the drawing-room, as on the occasion he was self-sacrificing on the highway and in the field. The golden rule of all the politeness which it is worth A MAN'S while to seek after, is in the old music-master's counsel to his pupil when she asked him the secret of performing with expression and effect—"Cultivate your heart, Miss, cultivate your heart." There is no reason surely why you should be otherwise than courteous. Good men are not necessarily abrupt and disagreeable. There is no inevitable connection between Christianity and cynicism. Truth is not a salad, is it? that you must always dress it with vinegar. It will be foul shame if some of your quondam friends should be able, with any truth, to say, "He was a fine, frank, generous, open-hearted fellow *before he became a Christian,*" as if that had contracted the sympathies, which only can rightly expand them, as if that had frosted the heart, under whose warmth alone springs up "all that is of good report and lovely." Have a care to wipe away this reproach, even if it has but begun to cleave to you, or, so far as you are concerned, your religion

will be "wounded in the house of her friends." You should be so firm in your principles that you can afford to be kind. Let yours be the heroism which can sing even from a shattered heart,

"Ten thousand deaths in every nerve
I'd rather suffer than deserve."

Preserve this unfailing kindness whatever betide; though you are deafened by the strife of tongues, though, loudest in the scoff or the slander, you hear the changed tones of your own familiar one; though your heart be wrung until its very fibres start, yet beseech yourself as becomes God's child, the child of one who bears with "the unthankful and the evil." You will find your account in it; and in earnest prayers, and charity which never faileth, and compassions delicately shown, and opportunities eagerly embraced for piling up "coals of fire," you may secure the nobility of revenge.

And not for your own comfort only, but in your work of Christian witness-bearing, there must be gentleness in the rebuke and in the testimony, if either of them are to prevail. A bluff countryman once strayed into Westminster Hall, and sat, with edifying patience, for two mortal hours, while two lawyers wrangled over the merits of a case which was as much Greek *to him* as Curran's famous quotation from Juvenal was to the jury of Dublin shopkeepers. Some bystander, amused at his bewilderment, and amazed at his attention, asked him "which he thought had the best of it?" His reply was ready—"The little one, to be sure, *because he put the other man in*

a passion." There was shrewdness, if not logic, in the answer, and it shows how all argument is likely to shape itself to the bucolic mind. Believe me, neither Christianity, nor sound political dogma, nor any other good thing was ever yet permanently advantaged, either by the sword of the bigot, or by the tongue of the scold. The one only elevates the slaughtered into martyrdom, even though they were in life "lewd fellows of the baser sort;"—the other rouses resistance, and enlists manliness upon the side of error. Brothers, in all seriousness I protest against grafting upon our holy religion a spirit that is truculent and cruel. Speak the truth, by all means! Speak it so that no man can mistake the utterance. Be bold and fearless in your rebuke of error, and in your keener rebuke of wrong-doing, all Christ's witnesses are bound to be thus "valiant for the truth;" but be human, and loving, and gentle, and brotherly, the while. If you must deliver the Redeemer's testimony, deliver it with the Redeemer's tears. Look, straight-eyed and kindly, upon the vilest, as a man ought to look upon a man, both royal, although the one is wearing, and the other has pawned, his crown.

The religion of Daniel constrained *his fidelity to duty and his diligent fulfilment of every trust confided to him.* It is a grievous error, but partly from the mistakes of religionists, and partly from the malignity of infidels, it is one which has very largely obtained, that the interests of the life that now is are in direct antagonism to the interests of the life that is to come. You may hear it reiterated from many a Sanhedrim of worldly self-sufficiency, and from many a Rabbi's

supercilious lips. They will tell you that high moral excellence and deep religious feeling are inconsistent with shrewd business habits, and with the effective discharge of the commoner duties of life; and that, if a man would serve his God aright, he must forthwith abandon all hope of temporal advantage, and transfer his thought exclusively to the inheritance which awaits him in the sky. There is in this view, as in all prevalent errors, a substratum of important truth. A Christian will not hesitate to tell you that he lives in the recognition of Eternity, and there is that in his glad hope of the future which will smite down his avarice, and turn away his footsteps from the altar of Mammon, but he has not forgotten, that as the heir of promise, he inherits this world too. The present is his by a truer charter than that by which the worldling holds it, and his eye may revel in its beauty, and his ear may listen to its music, and he may gather up its competence with a thankful heart, while yet his faith pierces through the cloud, and sees in the wealthier heaven his treasure and abiding home.

How fine an illustration of diligent and successful industry we have in the character of Daniel! He rose rapidly in the king's favour, and by his administrative ability secured the confidence of four successive monarchs who sat upon the throne of Babylon. Darius the Median, who succeeded to the empire after Belshazzar had been slain, discerned early the excellent spirit that was in him, promoted him to be chief of the presidents, to whom the hundred and twenty princes were amenable, and thought to set him over

the whole realm. The duties thus devolved upon Daniel must have been of the most onerous and responsible kind. The empire extended southward to the Persian Gulf and northward to Mesopotamia. Naturally fertile, it had been cultivated to the uttermost. Babylon, the capital, to which Herodotus assigns dimensions of almost fabulous magnitude, had, on the lowest computation, an area twice as large as that of modern London, and enclosed within its walls a population of a million and a quarter souls. How complicated must have been the problems of government which Daniel was called upon to solve! He had to deal, in a foreign language, with foreign customs, and under different dynasties of kings. Many of those with whom he had to work were the "wise men of Babylon," not inconsiderably versed in starry lore and bearing a high reputation among their fellows. He must have therefore political sagacity and scientific research. His must be the ruling mind to disentangle a sophistry, and the seer's foresight to perceive the end from the beginning. Then the administration of justice formed no small part of his duty. Before him, as he sat in the gate, appellant and defendant came. It was his to hear the cause, to weigh the probabilities of evidence, to adjudicate, to execute the decision. Then, further, he must make provision for the contingencies which in those turbulent times were constantly occurring. He must be Argus-eyed against intestine faction, and against aggressions from beyond: quick to catch and quiet the murmurs of discontent at home; equally quick to scent the oattle from afar. On him also devolved, in the last event, the financial

administration of the realm. He had to get from each reluctant satrap the tribute assessed upon his province, to check the accounts of the presidents, and to see, as the tale was told into the treasury, that the king suffered no damage. Now, when you think of all the responsibility thus thrust upon one busy man, how he was at once Finance Minister, Lord Chief Justice, Home and Foreign Secretary, War Minister, and Premier to boot, you will readily conceive that Daniel had about enough on his hands, and that he would require, rightly to discharge his duty, both tact and energy, and a rigid and conscientious frugality of time.

In the differing play of mind before me, this consideration may have suggested different thoughts just now. I will imagine one or two of them, and turn them to profit as we proceed.

There may be perhaps what I will venture to call the narrowly pious thought; the thought of a mind, evil from the extreme of good; the apprehension of a sensitive spirit, which, like the mollusc of the rock, thrusts out its long antennæ at the barest possibility of danger. "Enough on his hands! yes! and far too much, more than any man ought to have who has two worlds to think about and provide for. It would be impossible, in this round of ceaseless secularity, to preserve that recognition of Eternity, and that preparation for its destinies which it is so needful for man to realize." The apprehension does you honour, my brother. I won't chide you for it; there are sadly too few who are thus jealous for the Lord in the midst of us: but you need not fear. See him! He comes out of the presence-chamber, where he has been having

audience of the king. Whither will he go? Ah! he goes to the closet, and the lattice is reverently opened and the knees are bent towards the unforgotten temple at Jerusalem, and there trembles through the air the cadence of some Hebrew psalm, followed shortly by some fervent strain of prayer. Oh! there is no fear, while the track to that chamber is a beaten one, while the memories of home and temple are so fragrant; while through the thrown-back lattice the morning sun shines in upon that silver-haired statesman on his knees. He who can thus pray will neither be faithless to man nor recreant to God. In that humiliation and thrice-repeated litany of prayer, he finds his safety and his strength, and he exhibits for your encouragement and mine that it is possible to combine, in grandest harmony of character, fidelity to duty and to God; and amid the ceaselessness of labour, whether of the hand or of the brain, to keep a loyal heart within, whose every pulse beats eagerly for heaven.

Then out speaks a frank and manly worldling, knowing little and caring less about religion, but delighted with Daniel because he is so clever; almost worshipping the diplomacy which is astute, and sagacious, and above all successful. "Time for thought of eternity. No, and why should he? His deeds are his best prayers. Surely if ever a man might make his work his worship, it is he. He is a brave, true man, doing a man's work in a right manly way. What needs he to pray, except perhaps that his own valued life may not come to a close too soon?" Ah! so you think that the thought of Eternity must paralyze the effort of Time. You think that your nature, when a

strong man wears it, may claim its own place among the gods. You, to whom prayer is an impertinence, and the acknowledgment of sin hypocrisy, alas for you that you are not in the secret! Why, this prayer is the explanation of everything which you admire in the man. Is he brave? What makes him so? Because the fear of God has filled his heart so full that there is no room for the fear of man to get in. Does he walk warily on a giddy height, which would make weaker brains dizzy? It is because he knows that the sky is higher than the mountain, and cherishes in all his ways the humbled feeling of dependence and faith. Is he rigid and conscientious in the discharge of daily duty? It is because he has learnt, and recollects, that "every one of us must give account of himself to God." Go then and learn his piety, and humble thyself in thy chamber as he does. It will teach thee higher views of life than thou hast ever realized yet. Immortality shall burst upon thee, as America burst upon Columbus, a new world, flashing with a new heaven, and thou shalt be shown that not in stalwart arm nor cunning brain shall be thy strength, but in quietness, and confidence, and in "the joy of the Lord."

It may be, though I would fain believe it otherwise, that a third discordant voice is speaking, the voice of one who hides, beneath a seemly exterior, a scoffing soul. "He a statesman! what! that man of psalm and prayer, who cants along about right, and conscience, and duty—you will find out differently by and by. I am greatly mistaken if he does not turn out incompetent or wicked; they will have a hard life who bear office under him. I hate these saints. Look

narrowly into his accounts, perhaps you will make some discoveries; there'll be a fine exposure some day of his blundering, and rapacity, and wrong." It would please you, I dare say, to find yourself among the prophets, but happily the answer is at hand. Your ancestors shall come forward (you are not the first of the line), and with their own reluctant lips they shall refute your sarcasm. Mark them how they gather, presidents, and princes, and counsellors, and captains—"vile conspirators, all of them, devising mischief against the beloved of the Lord." Now we shall know the worst, you may be sure. If Daniel's administration has been faulty or fraudulent, all the world will be privy to it now. Malice is on his track, and it has a keen scent for blemishes. Envy is at work, and if *it* cannot see, it will suborn witnesses to swear *they* see, spots upon the sun. All his administration is brought into unfriendly review. Home and Foreign politics, Finance, Justice, all are straitly canvassed. Well, what is the result? Come, scoffer, and hear thy fathers speak. "We shall not be able to find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." What? Did we hear aright? No occasion of charge against the chief minister of a great empire, when men are seeking for it with all their hearts! Was ever such a thing heard in this world? No failure of foresight! No lack of sagacity, which they might torture into premeditated wrong! no personal enrichment! no solitary nepotism in the distribution of patronage! This is very marvellous, and it is very grand. Speak it out again, for it is the noblest testimony which malice ever bore to

virtue. "We shall not be able to find *any* occasion against this Daniel!" There he stands, spotless on the confession of his enemies. It matters not what becomes of him now, the character—*which is the man*—has been adjudged free from stain. Cast him to the lions, if you like, his faith will stop their mouths. Fling him into the seven-fold heated furnace, you can't taint his garments with the smell of fire. Heir of two worlds, he has made good his title of inheritance for both:—Daniel, faithful among men! Daniel, the beloved of the Lord!

Brothers, if the exhibition of this character has produced the effect upon you which I fondly hope, you will have learnt some lessons, which will make all your after-life the brighter. You will learn that though there may be, here and there, a favourite of Fortune who goes up in a balloon to some high position without the trouble of the climbing, the only way for ordinary men is just to foot it, up the "steep and starry road." You will learn that Labour is the true alchemist which beats out in patient transmutation the baser metals into gold. You will learn that atheistic labour and prayerful idleness are alike disreputable, and you will brand with equal reprobation the hypocrite who is too devout to work, and the worldling who is too busy to pray. You will learn how hollow is the plea of the procrastinator that he has no time for religion, when the Prime Minister of a hundred and twenty provinces can retire for prayer three times a day. Above all you will learn that a reputation, built up by the wise masonry of years, does not fall at the blast of a scorner's trumpet, that

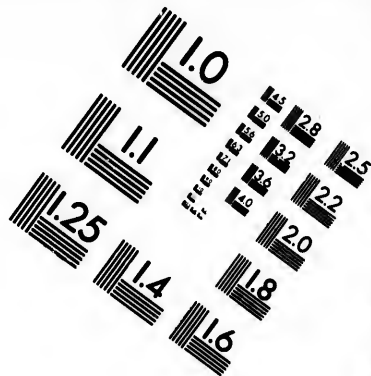
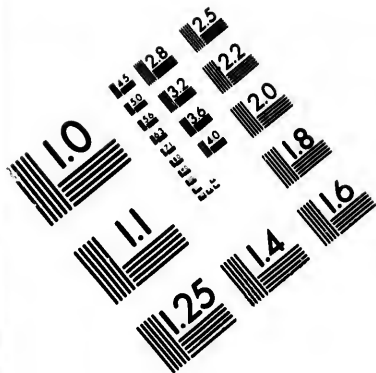
God thrones the right at last, in kinglier royalty because its coronation is delayed, and that neither earth nor hell can permanently harm you, if you be "followers of that which is good."

It needs only that I should remind you that *when the interests of the two worlds came into collision*, and there are periods in every man's life when they will, *Daniel dared the danger, rather than prove faithless to his God*. The vile council which met to compass his ruin laid their scheme cunningly. They knew him to be faithful, faithful in all respects, and it may be that like that other famous council of which Milton sings, they were about to separate in despair without accomplishing their purpose, when some Belial-spirit suggested that his fidelity to man should be pitted against his fidelity to God. The scheme succeeded. The king's consent was hastily gained to the promulgation of a decree, that for thirty days no petition should be offered to God or man, save to the king's own majesty, and the men, who knew Daniel's habit of prayer, exulted as they deemed his ruin sure.

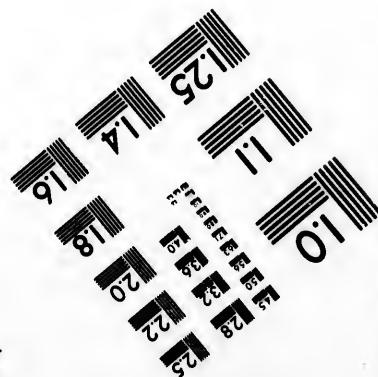
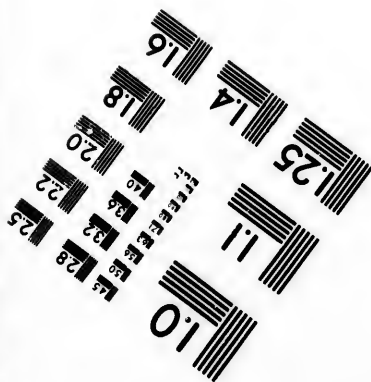
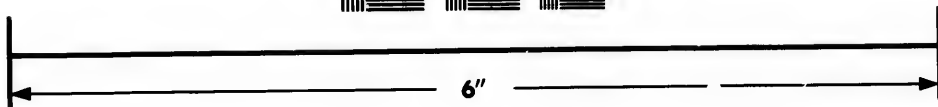
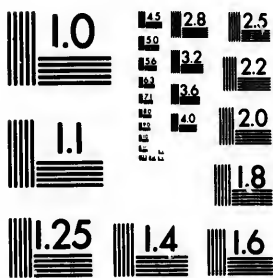
And what has he done, this man, whom they thus conspire to destroy? Alas for the baseness of human nature! his only faults are merit and success. It is the same world still. The times are changed from those of Smithfield and the Lollard's Tower; men fear not now the stake and the headsman, but the spirit which did the martyrs to the death is the spirit of the carnal heart to-day.

How will Daniel meet this new peril? It is inevitable—Darius cannot relent, for "the law of the Medes and Persians altereth not." Then shall Daniel





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yield? shall there be evasion, compromise, delay? His manner was to retire, that he might commune with God undisturbed; to kneel, in the prostration of a spirit at once contrite and dependent; to open his window towards Jerusalem, that the prayer which Solomon, as if prescient of their exile, invoked at the dedication of the temple, might be realized and answered. Shall he omit an observance, or suspend, even for an hour, the constancy of his devotion to his God? I think you could answer these questions from what you already know of the man. *He did exactly as he had been accustomed to do.* He did not then, for the first time, throw open his window. If he had done that, he would have been a Pharisee. He did not close his window, because, for the first time, there was danger in opening it. If he had done that, he would have been a coward. He was neither the one nor the other, but simply a brave, good man, who loved life well, but who loved God better; and who, when a thing was put before him, when Timidity whispered, "Is it safe?" and Expediency hinted, "Is it politic?" and Vanity suggested, "Will it be popular?" took counsel of his own true heart, and simply inquired, "Is it right?" You can see him as on the fated day he retires for his accustomed worship, and with a quickened pulse, for he knows that his foes are in ambush, he enters his room, and opens his western window. Now he reads in the law of the Lord—then the psalm rises, a little tremulous in its earlier notes, but waxing louder and clearer as the inspiration comes with the strain; then the prayer is heard—adoration, confession, supplication, thanksgiving, just

as it had arisen from that chamber through the seasons of some seventy years. And now the room is filled with the envious ones, their eyes gleaming with triumph, and they accuse him fiercely of a violation of the king's decree. He does not falter, though he might have faltered as he thought of the cruel death, from which the king laboured vainly until sundown to deliver him; though he might have faltered as he thought of the hungry lions, kept without food on purpose that they might the more fiercely rush upon their prey; but he does not falter; and rather than betray his conscience, goes calmly down to death, with the decision of the martyr, with the decision of the martyr's Lord.

Surely this is true heroism. It is not physical daring, such as beneath some proud impulse will rush upon an enemy's steel; it is not reckless valour, sporting with a life which ill-fortune has blighted, or which despair has made intolerable; it is not the passiveness of the stoic, through whose indifferent heart no tides of feeling flow; it is the calm courage which reflects upon its alternatives, and deliberately chooses to do right; it is the determination of Christian principle, whose foot resteth on the rock, and whose eye pierceth into heaven.

And now surely the enemies are satisfied. They have compassed the ruin of the Minister, they have wounded the heart of the king; they have removed the watchfulness which prevented their extortion, and the power which restrained them from wrong; now they will enjoy their triumph! Yes! *but only for a night*. The wicked do but boast themselves a moment, and the shrewd observers, who meditate upon their

swift destruction, remember the place where it is written, "They digged a pit for the righteous, and into the midst of it they are fallen themselves." Oh, vain are all the efforts of slander, *permanently* to injure the fair fame of a good man! There is a cascade in a lovely Swiss valley, which the fierce winds catch and scatter so soon as it pours over the summit of the rock, and for a season the continuity of the fall is broken, and you see nothing but a feathery wreath of apparently helpless spray; but if you look farther down the consistency is recovered, and the Staubbach pours its rejoicing waters as if no breeze had blown at all; nay, the blast which interrupts it only fans it into more marvellous loveliness, and makes it a shrine of beauty where all pilgrim footsteps travel. And so the blasts of calumny, howl they ever so fiercely over the good man's head, contribute to his juster appreciation and to his wider fame. Preserve only a good conscience toward God, and a loving purpose toward your fellow-men, and you need not wince or tremble, though the pack of the spaniel-hearted hounds snarl at your heels—

" Never you fear, but go ahead
In self-relying strength;
What matters it that malice said,
'We've found it out at length?'
Found out! Found what? An honest man
Is open as the light,
So search as keenly as you can,
You'll only find—all right.

" Ay! blot him black with slander's ink,
He stands as white as snow,
You serve him better than you think,
And kinder than you know.

Yes ! be the scandal what you will,
Or whisper what you please ;
You do but fan his glory still
By whistling up a breeze."

I trust there are many of you who are emulous of Daniel's heroism. The brutality of the olden persecutions has passed away. Saul does not now make havoc of the Church, nor Caligula nor Adrian purify it by lustrations of blood, but the spirit of the oppressor lives, and there is room enough in the most uneventful life for exemplary religious decision. The exigencies of the present times, regard for your own character and honour, the absolute requirement of God, all summon you to this nobleness of religious decision. Resist all temptations to become recreant to the truth. Remember that the Christian ought to be like Achilles, who could be wounded only in the heel, a part of the body which good soldiers *do not generally show*. Don't let the question ever be asked about you, "Is such an one a Christian?" The very necessity to ask suggests a negative answer. Some painters in the rude times of art are said to have put under their works, "This is a horse!" Of course! it was necessary, for no one could possibly recognise it without being told. But it is a poor sign when either a work of art or a work of grace needs to be labelled. Who thought of asking where Moses had been when he came down from the mount? They looked at him, and they saw the glory. Let your consistency be thus steadfast and pure. If you know that the "writing is signed" which will throw you upon the world's cold pity or cruel scorn because you will keep your conscience inviolate,

take heart from the example of Daniel. Don't shut your lattice-window. Men may ridicule you, but they will respect you notwithstanding; and if they do not, you can afford to do without their good opinion, while God looks down upon you with complacency, and the light of His countenance shines, broad and bright, upon your soul.

I have never despaired of the future of the world in which I live. I leave that to infidelity, with its sad scorn of the immortal and its vaunt of brotherhood with the brutes that perish. Humanity has been at once ransomed and glorified by Christ, and though there are still dark omens round us, though "this dear earth which Jesus trod is wet with tears and blood," yet there is a power abroad to whose call there is something in every man responsive, and the glad gospel of peace and blessing shall yet hush the voices of earth's many wailings, and speak of resurrection amid the silence of its many tombs.

And the work is being done. When I think of the agencies which are ceaselessly at work to make this bad world better, I am thankful that I live. From the eminence of the proud to-day, as from an Alp of clear and searching vision, I have looked backward on the past and forward on the illimitable future. I look, and that former time seemeth as a huge primeval forest, rioting in a very luxury of vegetation; with trees of giant bole, beneath which serpents brood, and whose branches arch overhead so thickly that they keep out the sun. But as I look there is a stir in that forest, for "the feller has come up against the trees." All that is prescriptive and all that is

venerable combine to protest against the intrusion. Custom shudders at the novelty; Fraud shudders at the sunlight; Sloth shudders at the trouble; "grey-bearded Use" leans upon his staff and wonders where all this will end; Romance is indignant that any should dare to meddle with the old; Affection, clinging to some cherished association, with broken voice and with imploring hands, says, "Woodman, spare that tree." But as I look the woodman hath no pity, and at every stroke he destroys the useless, or dislodges the pestilent, or slaughters the cruel. The vision vanisheth, but again—

"I look, aside the mist has rolled,
The waster seems the builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined old
I see the new!

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had,
Is living still."

The woodman is there still, but he has thrown his axe aside, and now drives the ploughshare through the stubborn soil, or delves in the earth as lustily as though he knew that the colours of Eden were slumbering in the clods, and close upon him come the planter and the sower, and soon upon the *cleared ground* there is the laugh of harvest, as reapers with their sickles bright

"Troop, singing, down the mountain-side."

That vision of the present vanisheth, and, yet farther

away, there dawns on me the sight of the To-morrow. The woodman and his co-workers are dead—all dead!—but the work lives on. The seeds of the former time have ripened into a goodly growth, and there, on the spot where once the swamp was sluggish, and where once the serpent writhed, lo! a Paradise, wherein is man the loving and the happy, into which angels wander as of yore, and where the “voice of the Lord is heard speaking in the cool of the day.”

Brother, this vision is no fable. It is for an appointed time, and it will not tarry. It is nearer for every outworn lie, and for every trampled fraud, for each scattered truth-seed, and each kindly speech and deed. Each of us may aid it in its coming. Children who fling seeds about in sport—Youth in its prime—Age in its maturity—Manhood in his energy of enterprise—Womanhood in her ministry of mercy—all may speed it onward. In a reverent mingling of Faith and Labour, it is ours to watch and to work for it. Do not mourn the past, my brother, it has given place to better times. Do not dread the coming of the future. It shall dawn in brighter and in safer glory. Come, and upon the altar of the faith be anointed as the Daniel of to-day, at once the prophet and the worker—the brow bright with the shining prophecy, the hands full of earnest and of holy deeds.

“Thine the needed Truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak ;
Thine to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad.
Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away,

Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting Heaven's warm sunshine in ;
Watching on the hills of Faith,
Listening what the Spirit saith,
Catching gleams of temple-spires,
Hearing notes from angel-choirs.
Like the seer of Patmos, gazing
On the glory downward blazing,
Till, upon earth's grateful sod,
Rests the city of our God."

VIII.

FLORENCE AND SOME NOTABLE FLORENTINES.

A GREAT city is a great poem, a poem whose story unfolds through the ages, and whose characters are striving and suffering human hearts. Unheard often amid the rattle of its busy streets there are plaintive undertones of rarest music. Beneath its outer life there is an inner one, in which Tragedy and Passion, Pity and Enterprise, Wrong and Sorrow, are the daily actors. If, moreover, the city has a history, if it has passed through those sharp transitions which wring the hearts of nations as they wring the hearts of men; if it kindle with the memories of a glorious past, or, amid present sorrow, glows with the prophecy of a more glorious future, the melody becomes more audible and strong—the voice has louder tones to soothe or to inspire; and a ramble through the streets of such a city, or a visit to its shrines, becomes at once a profit and a pleasure.

With this intent let me lead you for a while to what, until lately, was the capital of the new Kingdom of Italy—beautiful for situation, affluent in annals of the former time, far renowned in song; and let us

“ Muse in hope upon the shore
Of golden Arno, as it sl.oots away
Through Florence' heart beneath her bridges four.”

There are some pictures, world-wide in their reputation, the first sight of which disappoints the eye, and it is only by the study of their various parts that you grow into a perception of their wondrous beauty. Of such is Florence. Its river is the “golden Arno” only by a strong poetical licence, and its narrow streets, unfinished churches, and massive, prison-like houses, look sombre to a stranger after the artistic symmetry of Milan, and the superb palaces of Genoa. Each day's sojourn, however, lessens the impression of disappointment, until it is not difficult to emulate the Tuscan enthusiasm for “Firenze la bella.” The loveliness of Florence does not consist so much in separate gems as in the exquisite harmony of the whole. If you wish to see it to perfection, fix upon such a day as Florence owes the sun, and climbing the hill of Bellosguardo, or past the stages of the Via Crucis to the Church of San Miniato, look forth upon the scene before you. You trace the course of the Arno from the distant mountains on the right, through the heart of the city, winding along the fruitful valley toward Pisa. The city is beneath you, “like a pearl set in emerald.” From the midst of it rises Brunelleschi's dome, high above all the minor spires which flash back the noon-tide rays. Hard by is the beautiful campanile lifted by Giotto, “like an unperplexed fine question heavenward.” The hill behind the city is Fiesol , of which Milton sings :

“ The moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesolè.”

This is where Milton and Galileo met—neither of them then blind, but both heirs of such darkness as only purges the vision of the inner eye; patricians of the nobility of Genius, whose meeting was grander than of monarchs on some field of the Cloth of Gold. On the extreme right, dimly discernible, is the sanctuary of Vallombrosa, hidden in its wealth of beech and pine some twenty miles away. Far to the left is Pistoja, with the pillar of Catiline, and the majestic Apennines close up the view. All colours are in the landscape, and all sounds are in the air. The hills look almost heathery. The sombre olive and funereal cypress blend with the graceful acacia and the clasping vine. The hum of insect and the carol of bird chime with the blithe voices of men; while dome, tower, mountains, the yellow river, the quaint bridges, spires, palaces, gardens, and the cloudless heavens overhanging, make up a panorama on which to gaze in trance of rapture, until the spirit wearies from the exceeding beauty of the vision.

Florence is said to have sprung out of the ruins of the ancient Fiesolè. It is supposed to have been originally the place where the markets of Fiesolè were held, the commercial spirit of the age being not slow to perceive that there were fewer facilities for barter on the mountain summit than on the fertile plain. In pursuance of the wise policy of the time, a policy upon which after ages have been unable to improve, it was speedily colonized from Rome. The dwellings

of the traders gathered other dwellings round them. It was politic to dwell in company, both for accommodation and for defence. By cultivation, also, the earth is cleared from many noxious vapours, the air is purified by the kindling of household fires, and so places formerly unhealthy become fitted for the habitation of men. In the sixth century the new city was destroyed by Totila, king of the Ostrogoths. It remained in ruins for two hundred and fifty years, when it was rebuilt by Charlemagne. From this time it grew in numbers and influence; not rapidly, because of the oppression of its many rulers. Its history for a long series of years is but a record of the alternate triumphs and misfortunes of Guelph and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri, Cerchi and Donati—foolish partisans, who fretted for supremacy during their little hour, and heeded not that the city languished beneath the sickness of their perpetual distemper while the great world was moving on. As we read these stormy Florentine annals, and remember that those of other nations can furnish parallels, it is humiliating to think how long great nations linger in the swaddling-bands and primers of their childhood. The logic of the fist is a very juvenile branch of study, and is resorted to only until boys and nations become wise enough for the logic of the brain.

The history of Florence does not need to be followed until, about the end of the fourteenth century, Cosmo de Medici appeared upon the stage. He was born on the day of St. Cosmo, in the year 1389. His early years were full of trouble, and

the discipline prepared him for the government. He learned in captivity and exile the prudence which gained him a fortune, and which enabled him to wield an influence over a distracted State, admired both by friends and enemies for his consummate skill. He was as generous as he was wealthy, and as moderate as he was powerful. At the head of the State he remembered that he was one of the people; a mighty ruler, he had sagacity to see that the strength of his power lay in the discretion with which he used it; and amid a people so given to change as to be proverbs of inconstancy, he held his position until a generation had faded by his side. He encouraged the learned to make Florence their home, for he had that prescient wisdom which foretold by how much the glory of letters transcends and will survive the glory of war. Some of his sayings are notable, as indicating a sprightly mind, with some portion of the gift of prophecy. The rebels who had been banished gave him to understand that they "were not dreaming." He said he believed it, for he had "robbed them of their sleep." Rinaldo, his great rival, to warn him that he must not consider himself secure, sent him the enigmatical message that "the hen has laid." His only reply was that "she did ill to lay so far from her nest." After his own return from banishment he was told by some citizens that he was injuring the city by driving out of it nobles and monks. His answer was: "It is better to injure a city than to ruin it; two yards of rose-coloured cloth will make a gentleman, and it requires something more to direct a government than to play with

a string of beads." In his later years he suffered much from bodily infirmity, and from apprehension lest the glory would depart from the Florence which he loved so well. As his illness increased he shut his eyes, as he quaintly said, "to get them in the way of it;" and so died in the zenith of his power, leaving a name honoured by princes and people, and justifying the proud title of the "Father of his Country," which the city inscribed upon his grave. He was no vulgar or sordid miser of authority, but stands out amid Florentine history a "bright particular star," to trace whose orbit it is worth while to sweep the heavens. He showed how, amidst perpetual tumult, there can be empire in one commanding mind, and was the founder of that wondrous family of the Medici, who were the good or evil angels of their city through so many stormful years.

The state of Florence, during the long years in which the Medici governed her, was in the main peaceful and prosperous. There were many conspiracies, of course, and all the rulers were not equally competent, but Florence became a power in Italy under their ambitious rule. Their memorials are seen everywhere: in the palaces where they dwelt; in the magnificent galleries which they founded and enriched; in the Mausoleum which contains their dust, and sets forth their virtues as with a marble tongue. Arrogant, indeed, is the conception of this splendid sepulchre. The walls are covered with the richest Florentine mosaic, the roof of the dome is embellished with frescoes, and the shrines profusely ornamented with precious stones. Here are the urns and cenotaphs of six successive Grand Dukes,

whose ashes are in the crypt below. Nowhere in the world can be seen such pomp of marble piled upon the grave. These Grand Dukes were inferior, both in address and excellence, to the citizen princes of the earlier time, of whom alone we think when we speak of the greatness of the Medici. Cosmo il Vecchio, of whom I have already spoken, and his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, assume proportions of grandeur which dwarf their lesser kindred.

Of the character of Lorenzo de Medici it is not easy to speak, so conflicting is the evidence upon which any opinion must rest. His detractors are loud in their censure, his admirers indiscriminate in their praise. An air of romance attaches to him and his doings, through whose brilliant cloud one can hardly see him as he is. Judged by the light of his age, he must have been one of the Anakim, alike in the faults which were charged upon him and in the qualities which add lustre to his name. Born to a noble destiny, he leaped forth to meet it, as a war-horse scenteth the battle. Called to power while yet unripe to wield it, he gathered wisdom from the ready brain, and hope out of the boy's heart, and by his prudent enthusiasm became the man for the hour. Cautious as the most practised diplomatist, he had the reckless valour of the most daring soldier. Crafty in his policy, he was yet steady in his friendships, and generous, even to prodigality, with his wealth. Flung upon a rude, iron age, and forced to be a man of war, he was a munificent patron of letters, revelled in each golden legend or occult discovery, and peopled his city with the learned, until it became the Etruscan Athens, no unworthy

rival of the "city of the violet crown." Intent upon the aggrandizement of his family, and dreaded for his overshadowing authority, he made Florence a city of palaces, her neighbourhood a garden of delight, so that he seemed to rise only with the rise of the commonwealth, and was at once trusted by the citizens and the friend and counsellor of princes of ancient blood. With consummate address he rescued himself from the jaws of a conspiracy which had assassinated his brother, and won over, by his eloquence, the whole city to his side. With like address he concluded peace with the King of Naples, cajoled the Pope, courted the clergy, strengthened himself by alliances among the nobles, obtained diplomatic relations with other States, and had a son in the Roman Conclave, a Cardinal of Holy Church, not yet fourteen years old. His public policy was equally sagacious. Now he endowed a monastery, now he built and garrisoned a fortress. Now he startled the city by ostentatious conviviality, now he caused it to wonder by ostentatious devotion. He mingled freely with the people, but he kept train-bands in his pay and at his bidding. To-day he opens a University, to-morrow he will preside at a magnificent banquet. He held outwardly to the Church, but was an ardent patron of the philosophy which threatened to uproot it, and commemorated All Saints' Day by a festival in honour of Plato, when that "Attic Moses" furnished at once liturgy and gospel, and received intellectual homage which was little short of idolatry. In counsel he was acute, and in execution prompt and resolute. He delighted equally in the play of wit and the play of children, and,

indeed, seems to have had that union of the stronger and lighter qualities which are necessary to the full-orbed character of a man. His incessant anxieties told too early upon his constitution, and, like a sword so keen that it cuts through its scabbard, the fire of his soul consumed the tabernacle in which it was ordained to burn. In his forty-fourth year, when the prepossessions of youth are commonly over and the infirmities of age are yet afar, when the speed of the spirit is not that of the breathless, when the eye can look calmly forward, nor be dazzled by a broad sweep of vision—he was called to sicken and to die. Leaving Florence for his country-seat at Careggi, he wasted through some months of suffering, “now comparing himself to Lot in Sodom, and again to Orpheus leaving his Eurydice in hell,” borne down somewhat by the ingratitude of the people, burdened somewhat by the memory of sin, and giving vent to his feelings sometimes in plaintive song—as in the following stanzas, in which he breathes out his soul’s wistful desire :—

“Go, devout soul, enjoy that sacred fire
Which plenteous mercies in the heart inspire ;
Whither the shepherd bids thee haste away,
Hie thee submissive, and his voice obey.

“Or, if awhile thou weapest, and with sighs
Art scattering seed upon a barren soil,
Cherish thy holy madness, it shall rise
In fruit eternal to repay thy toil.

“The people have devised vain things, but thou
Sit still ; to Jesus hearken ; let them say
What lists them ; harmless is the tumult now—
At home, in Bethany, thy refuge, stay.”

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As his illness increased his physicians administered pearls in solution, and mixtures of amalgamated jewels, as if to conciliate that grim warder who is, after all, inaccessible to bribes. He received the viaticum with all humility on the 8th April 1492, confessed to Savonarola, whom he especially desired to attend him, and shortly afterwards passed away. Many affirmed that there were portentous omens about the time of his dying, and that the highest pinnacle of the cathedral was struck by lightning, as if in token of disasters that were to follow. Shrewd observers regarded him as the only man who could moderate the distractions of Italy. He was said to be like the isthmus which connects the Peloponnesus with the rest of Greece, and prevents the waves of the *Ægean* and *Ionian* seas from battling in perpetual storm. Being midway in position, and having both a reputation for prudence and an arm of power, he was as the breakwater between the pride of the King of Naples and the ambition of the Duke of Milan, upon which the rival billows broke, indignant but harmless as the spray. When he died all Italy grieved, as though smitten by a common trouble ; while Florence wept over him with a genuine sorrow, and, despite the faults of his person and of his family, glories in his memory still.

There is not a picture nor a statue in Florence, of any reputation, about which the reading public of the world is not sufficiently informed. It would be impertinent, therefore, and an endless task withal, to lead you through the rich galleries of the *Uffizi* and *Pitti* palaces. The latter, which is now the palace of the King, owes its erection to *Luca Pitti*, a wealthy

Florentine, and a great opponent of the Medici family. The Palazzo Strozzi was formerly the largest and richest in Florence. "I will build a palace," said Pitti, "large enough to hold the Strozzi in its courtyard." Before its completion, however, he had fallen from his high estate, and it was finished by other hands. Inferior in extent to the galleries of the Vatican and the Louvre, those in Florence are probably the richest in the world. "Here," to quote from one who has entranced thousands by his eloquent words, "in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient sculptors are immortal; those illustrious men of history beside whom its crowned heads and harnessed warriors show so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here the imperishable past of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown, when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when pride and power are so much cloistered dust."

There is one picture in the Pitti gallery which ought surely to be in English hands. It is an authentic portrait, painted by Sir Peter Lely, of Oliver Cromwell. It is said that the sturdy old Roundhead, heedless for the moment of that Puritan humour which objected to the imposition of hands, shook the artist roughly by the shoulder, and threatened him with severe displeasure if he dared to make the portrait one whit handsomer than the man. And there it is—the stern, rough face, with a world of energy latent in the mouth, and gleaming from the deep-set eyes; with every blotch and wart upon the countenance which Nature, or hard usage, or scrofula,

or excess, had placed there; a face which requires the jack-boots and the buff jerkin; which seems as if it would be more at home at Naseby than in St. James's; and yet a face with such a *power* in it, that through seam and scar you can almost see the lordly soul it shrined. It was a present from the Protector to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and as such things are not now, it is a pity that it should not lend its inspiration to the land which the King uncrowned did so much to uplift and to save.

On the way from the Arno to the Pitti palace, as the observant eye glances right and left with that eager restlessness which possesses one in a strange city, if the heart underneath the eye be susceptible, it will perhaps begin to beat quickly, as mine did, smitten by a sweet surprise. The cause of this emotion was a small square slab, inserted just above the door of a decent-looking house in a narrow street, bearing an Italian inscription, which, being translated, reads thus: "Here wrote and died *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, who to the heart of a woman joined the science of a scholar and the spirit of a poet, and who made with her golden verse a nuptial ring between Italy and England. Grateful Florence places this memorial." I could not help wondering how long it would be before similar tributes appealed to us from our walls at home. In the nineteenth century we are but beginning to learn that the pen is mightier than the sword, and that those who strike the harp of life, and sing to us its many-toned music, leave worthier memories than those who spill its heart out on the stained sward of some field of blood. All

honour to Florence for her appreciation and her gratitude; and all honour, too, to the great, true woman who wept over Cowper's grave, from whose wrung spirit wailed forth the "Cry of the Children," and who burned into the national soul the lessons of Aurora Leigh.

Among the charities of Florence there are two which are noticeable—one because it verges on the ridiculous, one because it approaches the sublime. Close under the shadow of the church of San Lorenzo there is a unique asylum, endowed in perpetuity under the will of some spinster of the former time. It is an asylum for cats. Here foundling cats are taken, and distressed ones sheltered. Supernumerary cats are saved from the Arno; all proper cat courtship is promoted within reasonable limits; and aspiring cats, anxious to go out into the world, are provided with suitable situations, in which, as the advertisements say, "salary is not so much an object as a comfortable home." Oh, poor human nature! If, sometimes, from our weaknesses our strongest principles of action are born, as the oak from the trampled acorn, how often are our best instincts warped to folly, and our virtues, by their own devious energy, become objects of derision!

Turn we from this eccentricity of benevolence to look at one of the noblest charities of Europe. Driving through the Piazza of the Duomo, I was met by what seemed to be a funeral procession. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of men, and they who bore and they who followed were dressed in long monastic robes of black, with crape hoods, masks con-

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cealing the face, into which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth. This was the "Compagna della Misericordia," which has existed in Florence for upwards of six hundred years. It is said to have had a moral origin, for it was established from a fund created by fines for profane swearing, imposed upon themselves by the porters in the cloth manufactories of the city. Gradually it assumed vaster proportions, until it grew into a corporation of honour, and the most distinguished citizens were proud to enrol themselves in its band. The city is divided into districts, and the members, of whom there are some hundreds, are told off for daily duty with all the discipline of military rule. Their office is to carry the sick to hospital, the wounded to some place of refuge, and the dead to burial. One of the bells in the Campanile is called the "Misericordia." It is tolled when their services are needed; and at the summons of that bell—whether it be heard at sunrise or on Sabbath; whether it strike upon the silence of midnight, or boom solemnly through the hall of banquet—each member of the brotherhood is bound, forsaking all other engagement, to obey its bidding. It is not an ecclesiastical fraternity, notwithstanding its hideous dress. The Florentines raise the hat, and the military present arms, when the "Misericordia" passes; and the Grand Duke himself, in the days when there was such a personage, has been known to leave his guests at the banquet, and take his turn, perhaps with the humblest, as a helper in this work of mercy. What an illustration at once of the sweetness and of the immortality of charity! Through all change of

dynasty, amid the rise and fall of nobles, while the sky has been dark with troubles, and the streets have been dishonoured with blood, while the tempest has uprooted governments which seemed so stable, and the fortunes of the city have been alternately on the crest and in the trough of the waves, this institution has survived—like a pharos in a stormy sea, flinging its white light across the waters, though the waves howled about it in fury, and the “broad shoulders of the hurricane” pressed heavily against its solid form. Oh, it is beautiful to think that wherever Christianity has gone, even in partial or corrupt manifestation, this human charity, a stranger from some other world, has found for itself a mission and a home. Who shall despair of a world, however fallen, when “one touch of sorrow can make all men kin”? We may not substitute charity for godliness; but there is room for the Divine love in the heart which has been touched by the human; and there is more than poetry in that exquisite Arabic parable which Leigh Hunt has crystallized into verse:

“Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room—
Making it rich, and like a lily in full bloom—
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
‘What writest thou?’ The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: ‘The names of those who love the Lord.’
‘And is mine one?’ said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,’
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, ‘I pray thee then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.’

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

One of the sacred spots which no stranger in Florence should omit to visit is the Church of Santa Croce, where are grouped the cenotaphs of the illustrious dead. In this "temple of silence and reconciliation," the Westminster Abbey of Florence, lie or are commemorated some of the greatest names in the history of the fair city. Alfieri, the sweet poet, Lanzi, the historian of the arts, Raphael Morghen, the engraver, Aretino, the illustrious scholar, live in company on the walls of this hallowed shrine. Here also is the monument of Galileo, sturdy Protestant of the pre-Protestant ages, whose "Yet it moves," uttered in the moment of enforced recantation, startled the conclave who had condemned him, like thunder out of a clear sky. Boccaccio has his tablet here, whose *Decameron* is among the classics of Italy. Here also, by the efforts of an English nobleman, is perpetuated the memory of Niccolo Machiavelli, who has had charged upon him, as the tempter, political crimes without number,—Niccolo Machiavelli, "out of whose surname," says Macaulay, "we have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the devil." Here also, mourned by the three sister arts—Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting—is the tomb of Michael Angelo, the site said to have been chosen by himself, that when the doors of the church were open it might be in sight of the cupola of the cathedral. Here also the remorseful gratitude of

Florence, swelling like the tide about a stranded wreck, too late, has given to the memory of Dante a monument, something less than a grave. There is an inspiration and a solemnity as you tread the marble pavement beneath, while, all unheeding of the feet which tramp above them, these great hearts lie still. But Italy has gazed into these graves somewhat too long. Her prophets have ceased out of the land; it is some four hundred years since the last bright-browed one vanished. Is it *therefore* that she has ceased to pray? Is she so enamoured of her sires' memory that she has no heart to imitate their example? She, whose citizens so often clave their way to freedom, will she ever be content again to be "no nation, but the poet's pensioner, with alms from every land of song and dream"? These men of cunning brain and stalwart arm, foster-gods of her glorious former times, can their successors ever be serfs, or men degenerate and lazy?

"Oil-eaters, with large, live, mobile mouths
Agape for macaroni."

Oh! it were to desecrate the sepulchre only to wail upon its marble. We dishonour the dead when we entomb our manhood with theirs. They loom, large and solemn, upon the sky, not to dwarf our stature, but to show us to what bigness we may grow. Confessors witness that the holy seed may follow. It is for the birth of heroes that the martyrs bled, and that the conquering human angel standeth in the sun. Thermopylæ were a rash impertinence if Sparta be not free. He who swears by Marathon must fight for

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Athens, if the leaguers threaten or the Medes surround. The dead but opened the door through which the living were to pass to valorous deed, to enterprise, to victory. If we ourselves would not shame an ancestry that is honoured, we shall haste forward with their memory to speed us on, that so, when we have borne our age yet nearer to the paradise it panteth for, our children may strew violets on our sepulchres, and evoke from us, as we from our fathers, the inspiration of the immortal dead.

Modern Florence is not backward in her recognition of the memory of Dante, and this is a name so illustrious that we may not pass it hastily by. In the narrow Via Ricciarda, a marble slab over a modern Gothic door tells you, "In this house was Alighieri born, the Divine poet." In the cathedral is his portrait, placed there by decree of the Republic in 1465. In the Palazzo del Podesta, which has an ancient chapel of its own, there is a fresco by Giotto, which with Vandal barbarism was covered with white-wash, nearly two inches thick, and with equally Vandal indifference was so suffered to remain for years, until English and American liberality subscribed to reveal it. On the south side of the Piazza del Duomo, a slab let into the pavement is inscribed, "Sasso di Dante," where he was wont

" to bring his quiet chair out, turned
 To Brunelleschi's church, and pour, alone,
 The lava of his spirit when it burned,
 While some enamoured passer used to wait
 A moment in the golden day's decline,
 With 'Good night, dearest Dante.' "

And in the centre of the piazza of Santa Croce, on the 12th May 1865, six hundred years after his birth, and on the spot where, just before he came into the world, the Florentine republic was proclaimed, his statue was uncovered amid flaunting of banners, and salvoes of cannon, and *vivas* of an enthusiastic people, by the King of a free Italian kingdom, holding his court in the Florence which the passionate exile loved so long and so well. At the time the poet-politician was born, Florence had become a considerable city. There were 100,000 inhabitants within its walls. Few cities exerted so imperial a command, and but for the intestine strifes which distracted it, it might have climbed to well-nigh unapproachable renown. There was much in the aspect of affairs, in a past of tradition and legend, in a present of tumult and hope, to fire a youthful imagination with patriotism and valour. With the romantic love, all free from passion, which filled him for the Beatrice of his dream and song, he had no room for meaner attachments, and the young Guelph partisan rode in the forefront of the battle, and was a trusted counsellor when victory had purchased peace. So great was his reputation for wisdom, even in early life, that he was nominated to many foreign embassies, and indeed it was during his absence on one of these that the wheel of Fortune turned his adversaries uppermost, and he was summoned to appear before the podesta within forty days, and pay a fine of 8,000 livres. The charge against him was that he had resisted the pacific mission of the French prince, to which was added an unworthy innuendo that he had misused the public money. We

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can fancy the high-souled scorn with which he would treat an accusation like this. Failing to appear at the summons he was declared a rebel, and banished from the city for ever. Then began those long and regretful wanderings which ended only with his life, and which caused him to lament over the bitterness of the bread which is eaten at the table of a foreigner, and the weariness of the feet which travel up a patron's stairs. The celebrated Can Francesca received him at his court and paid him honour; but the iron had entered into his soul. It was the fashion to have buffoons and jesters in the prince's pay, and the more licence and audacity they exhibited, the greater was the courtier's relish for their company. The Duke said to Dante, "I wonder that these buffoons, who are so grossly ignorant, should please us and be so much beloved, while you, who are reputed to be so learned, fail to win our love." The reply was bitter and bold: "Your Grace would not wonder if you consider that friendship is always based upon similarity of disposition." After some years an offer of recall was made, but on degrading conditions which Dante indignantly refused, and after the failure of a negotiation on behalf of Ravenna with the Council of Venice, his mortification induced an illness of which he died, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. There were many considerations which hindered the early popularity of his works. Men could hardly read poetry while its most tragic scenes were being enacted around them. The poet had mingled too sternly in the strifes of the day to be favourably judged by all. Bigots hated his writings because, though an

orthodox son of the Church, he was not insensible to her errors. He denounced the sale of pardons and indulgences, and was an unmistakable foe to the temporal power of the Pope. It sounds like an utterance of the after ages when he represents the Church as one which,

“Mixing two governments that ill assort,
Hath lost her footing, fallen into the mire,
And there herself and burden much defiled.”

Moreover, it commonly requires a century to create a classic. But Dante, in spite of all hindrances, gradually climbed to the throne. Professorships were established in the Universities of Italy to expound the *Divina Commedia*. The people, who rarely err on questions of standard reputation, when the matter submitted to them is one which they understand and feel, delivered their verdict of approval. The vernacular of modern Italian was henceforth as Dante had written it; and Italy rose, sad with the remorse of ages, and crowned him as the bard of truth and of religion—the teacher, perhaps the prophet, of his country's freedom. Political error! Misuse of funds out of the Treasury! He scorned to answer these charges, but what dust of their defilement settles upon Dante now? The ages have been empanelled as the jurors, and time has pronounced him free from sordid stain. Since his death the neglect and exile of his life have been mourned and atoned. If a man do the right, and can learn the secret of grandly waiting, he shall have a world to witness his acquittal or his triumph by and by. Not only did powers, civil and ecclesiastical,

gather to do honour to the man whom both had formerly decried, but the memory of Dante had an ampler atonement still. On the day when the first charter (afterwards shamelessly withdrawn) was given by the Grand Duke Leopold, the people, bright with such new hope as can kindle only in the eyes of freemen, gathered by thousands to welcome the charter of their liberty. But where was their trysting-place? Not on the broad *Cacine*, dedicate to fashion and pleasure. Not in front of the palace, laden with recollections of many an illegitimate Cæsar. Not by the *Loggia*, where stand superb the masterpieces of stone. None of these were sacred enough for the solemnity of such an occasion.

“ Not there ! The people chose still holier ground ;
The people, who are simple, blind, and rough,
Know their own angels, after looking round.”

They met by Dante's stone. The earliest charter of the modern liberties of Tuscany dated from the seat of Tuscany's most illustrious exile, as if, on that spot, hallowed alike by the memories of his rapture and of his banishment, it was meet that they should shake hands with Freedom.

Turn we to another shrine. In the *Via Ghibellina* is the *Palazzo Buonarotti*, the house, the veritable home, of Michael Angelo. It has been preserved inviolate, and much of the furniture is as it was in the artist's time. Here, in a snug little closet, are the table at which he used to write, his inkstand, his sandals, the sword which he took on his journeys, the crutch-handled walking-stick which he daily used,

notched with strong iron ferules, to prevent his falling on the slippery pavement; many of his original drawings; the model for his "David;" his sketch for his greatest work, "The Last Judgment;" his autograph correspondence with Vittoria Colonna; an early sculpture, chiselled before he was sixteen; the bronze bust of him by John of Bologna, his favourite pupil, which is considered the most faithful likeness, and which shows the broken nose which Torrigiani's jealousy gave him;—all are here, and you can enter into almost palpable communion with the proud, grand old man, whom one of his biographers describes as "unique in painting, unparalleled in sculpture, a perfect architect, an admirable poet, and a divine lover." He was born at the castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, of a good family, and his father was greatly chagrined at his son's attachment to art, for no amount of argument could teach him the difference between a sculptor and a stone-mason. The astrologers had cast the nativity of the young Buonarrotti, and had predicted for him great distinction, because at the hour of his birth the conjunction of Mercury and Venus took place, and they were received into the house of Jupiter with benign aspect. After this starry prophecy his father could not brook the idea of his following a pursuit which he deemed fitted only for the lowly born. Genius, however, is not always to be restrained, even by parental authority, so the youth won his father's reluctant consent that he should be placed in the studio of Ghirlandajo, that sculpture and painting might contend for the mastery. Here he devoted himself to art with an assiduity which soon led him to

distance all competitors, and was even bold enough to correct his master's errors. A tall dignified stranger one day entered, and scrutinizing the works of the students, paused before the easel of Michael Angelo. "By your leave," said he to the master, "I select this youth for the garden of St. Mark. Will it accord with his views?" "Ay," was the significant reply, "think ye the eagle does not ken his eyrie?" When the stranger left, Buonarotti asked of those near him who the noble was. "Do you not know?" they asked, in astonishment; "it was the Duke, Lorenzo de Medici." "I was not aware," the proud youth replied, "but henceforward we shall know each other." The death of Lorenzo, after three years of friendship, affected the artist so much that he retired to Caprese, brooding over his loss until he became misanthropical, but was softened at length by the tender preachings of Nature, and by the wise patience of the healer, Time. Pietro de Medici, Lorenzo's unworthy son and successor, was one of those feeble princelings whose rank is so much larger than themselves that their small souls crouch behind it. Though his taste was corrupt and his manners overbearing, he had just wit enough to know that a great artist would be an acquisition to his court. Hence he invited Michael to return, and lodged him in the same apartments which he had occupied in the time of the Magnificent. His estimate of his guest, however, may be gathered from his recorded boast: "I have two extraordinary persons in my house; the one a Spanish running footman, who is so rapid on foot, and so long breathed, that I cannot get before him when riding at full speed; and the

other is—Michael Angelo." It was in this character of patron, and perhaps to humble the genius which was getting somewhat too manly for the palace serfdom, that on a winter's day, in the Via Larga, he bade him carve a statue in the snow, and as he watched the mighty worker at his toil, laughed his paltry laughter from the palace window. For three days the statue was the admiration of Florence, so grand and sharp were the proportions ; on the fourth, the returning sun left nothing of it but a memory. It is not easy to divine the motives which bowed the artist-soul to consent to the humiliation. Perhaps the memory of the dead father threw a present halo round the meaner son. Perhaps he was conscious of power, and would impress upon the Florentines that genius is not dependent upon the fittest materials to create its forms of beauty. Perhaps he flung an eagle gaze into the future, and " read a wrong into a prophecy." You can fancy the world of scorn which would gleam through the honest eye, just lifted from its perishing labour to shoot a glance into the balcony where the Prince watched the people's enthusiasm.

" I think thy soul said then, I do not need
A princedom and its quarries, after all,
For if I write, paint, carve a word indeed,
On book or board or dust, on floor or wall,
The same is kept of God, who taketh heed
That not a letter of the meaning fall,
Or ere it touch and teach the world's deep heart ;
Outlasting therefore all your lordships, sir !
So keep your stone, beseech you, for your part
To cover up your grave-place, and refer
The proper titles. I live by my Art !
The thought I threw into this snow shall stir

This gazing people when their gaze is done ;
And the tradition of your act and mine,
When all the snow is melted in the sun,
Shall gather up, for unborn men, a sign,
Of what is the true princedom ; ay, and none
Shall laugh that day, except the drunk with wine."

There was a school of virtuosi in Florence who were never weary of decrying contemporary merit. To their sagacious criticism it was needful that a work should have the rust of years upon it before they would allow it to have any excellence at all. Michael Angelo taught these gentlemen a practical lesson. He made a statue of a Sleeping Cupid, which he stained to represent it as antique, and, having cut off an arm, he procured its burial in a vineyard, and its discovery in due course ; and, when all the works of modern artists were pronounced to be trash in the comparison, he quietly produced the arm, and covered the critics with confusion. Returning to Florence after a brief sojourn in Rome, he had to contend with Leonardo da Vinci for the sculptor's palm. The contest was on this wise. There was a huge block of marble, which had been embossed by Simon da Fiesol  for the statue of a giant ; but he had failed in his attempt, and the marble had lain neglected for years. Leonardo was asked to finish it, but he declared it to be impossible without additional material, because it had been irreparably injured. Michael Angelo took hold of the marble, thus marred in the hands of the designer, and at his bidding it grew into a colossal statue of David, with a face of perpetual youth, and the firm, lithe limbs of the athletic shepherd boy. Not only did he require no additional marble, but it is said that he left some of

his predecessor's work untouched, so that it was a common Florentine saying, that Michael Angelo had raised the dead. Soderini, the chief magistrate, who deemed himself bound, in his official capacity, to patronize art, and who, perhaps, imagined that criticism is at once the most enlightened and the most condescending form of patronage, said, as he looked at the statue, "The nose is too large." The artist mounted the scaffold with a chisel in one hand and a little marble dust in the other, and pretended to be working upon the face, letting the dust fall as if he were. Shortly he turned about, "How is it now?" "Excellent," was the reply, "you have given it life." The critic was not undeceived, and Michael Angelo, with proverbial self-confidence, said that Soderini's was as good as most criticism.

On the accession of Julius II. to the Papal Chair, Michael was invited to Rome, and received a commission, unlimited as to expense, to decorate a mausoleum, so gorgeous that it should hand down patron and artist to posterity. The design was approved, and the Pope ordered San Gallo, the architect, to devise the best means for placing the work in St. Peter's. San Gallo, struck with the grandeur of the design, represented to his Holiness that such a monument required a chapel that was worthy of it, at the same time suggesting that St. Peter's was an old church, and that any alteration would mar the unity of the building. The Pope listened and pondered, until the purpose arose in his mind to rebuild St. Peter's itself; and this was the origin of that wonderful edifice, which grew slow and stately for a hundred

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and fifty years. What great events from tiniest causes spring! What remote and subtle analogies run through life, like a silent spring through its bed of rock and sand! It would startle you to be told that Michael Angelo began the Reformation; but mark the unbroken chain of causes, and explain them as you may. The great sculptor designs a monument. The monument demands a worthy shrine. The existing buildings are all too poor, so that a new one must be built on purpose. Money is required to finish the building and to replenish the exhausted treasury. Indulgences are sold to raise the money. Tetzels, the friar, licensed hawker in this sorry trade, travels into Saxony to sell them. Martin Luther is startled, protests, searches, is converted, becomes a witness, girds himself for the battle, shakes the world. And so Michael Angelo began the Reformation.

Upon the later years of this great man we may not longer dwell. His paintings in the Sistine Chapel establish his fame as a painter. His conspicuous share in the building of St. Peter's assures his architectural reputation. His works, as Master of the Ordnance in Florence, are monuments of his engineering skill. His sonnets show a refined and tender soul, and no small mastery of the art of poetry. Sculptor, painter, architect, mechanic, poet; unparalleled in some, in others holding his own against the loftiest; excellent in all; living to enjoy the wealth which his labour had earned; unable to rid himself of the flattery for which he cared so little; the sternness and jealousy of his earlier years mellowing with the deeper study and the firmer faith; not

unloved, although Venus somehow dropped out of his horoscope, but receiving the homage of beautiful and gifted women. What crown could you put upon a destiny like his, except that "which fadeth not away"? Add to his other names the name of Christian, which there is reason to believe you may lawfully do, and you have one of the highest styles of men, second only to those whose lives have been a grand self-sacrifice, or who, after years of unrewarded labour, have got the glory of the martyr's grave. Michael Angelo lived through a pilgrimage of ninety years, and then, in his will, committed his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his possessions to his nearest relatives, adding that he died in the faith of Jesus Christ, and in the firm hope of a better life. His own words will fittingly close this endeavour to recall and exhibit him :

"Sculpture and painting ! rival arts !
Ye can no longer soothe my breast,
'Tis love Divine alone imparts
The promise of a future rest.
On that my stedfast soul relies,—
My trust the Cross, my hope the skies."

In the church of San Marco is the pulpit from which Savonarola spoke in thunder ; in the adjoining convent is the cell in which he wrote, and in the Piazza Gran Duca the fountain of Neptune stands upon the spot where his soul went out in fire. Any notice of Florence would be imperfect which should omit the reference to this courageous martyr for the truth. Just a generation after the ashes of John Huss had been given to the waters of the Rhine, he

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was born at Ferrara. He was early steeped in the works of Aristotle and Plato, Dante and Petrarch; the masters of Grecian philosophy, the masters of Italian song. In early life also he entered a Dominican convent. Like many other men of ardent imagination and austere morals, he was disappointed in a monastic life. He expected to find absorbing devotion, Christian fellowship, the real deadness to the world which the cowl and the cloister simulated. He found only passions intensified by their professed renunciation, languor in the chapel, and worldliness in the cell. After a seven years' novitiate he entered upon priest's orders, and as the brotherhood of the monastery felt that the reputation of Friar Jerome reflected honour upon his order, they encouraged his desire to preach, and he accordingly essayed in the church of San Lorenzo at Florence. The congregation was numerous, and high in expectation; but he delivered his sentiments with ungainly action, in a shrill, uncultivated voice, hesitatingly, and in meagre style, so that in a few days the thousands had dwindled down to twenty-five, and he vowed for the present to abjure the pulpit, saying, "I could not have moved so much as a chicken; I had neither voice, lungs, nor style." He felt, however, that the Divine gift was in him, and, like Demosthenes, he spared no pains to acquire the power of commanding speech. Hence in four years more we find him again in Florence, named by Lorenzo the Magnificent Prior of San Marco, no longer an ineffective preacher, but a master of the tribune, and of the hearts of men. The lecture-room soon became too small for the multitudes who thronged

to hear, so he lectured in the convent garden. Florence had by this time become both a commercial and a collegiate city, and it was a motley group which the friar gathered around him. There were merchants, scholars, priests, and princes. Here might be seen the Bohemian, privileged, above others, with the eucharistic cup; there, the cultured but sceptical adversary of ecclesiastical pride. Here would be the enterprising Lombard, there the zealous Wickliffite, and yonder, looking askance at the gathering, some wary stranger from Rome; and as the tall spare form of the monk stood forth, with the sky for the roof of his cathedral, the rosary for his chancel, and for his incense the sweet breath of a thousand flowers; and as he thundered out his denunciations of the corruptions of the Papacy, and the godlessness of the new philosophy into which many of its adherents had recoiled; every one felt that a power to control and to command abode in that emaciated frame.

As superior of the convent he was thrown into a new relation towards Lorenzo; this relation became at first an embarrassment and then a cause of quarrel. It is difficult to exonerate Savonarola from the charge of ingratitude. His independence revolted from being the Duke's minion, but the fear of being so regarded became a morbid one, and induced a studied discourtesy towards his patron which was as marked as it was bold and unlovely. San Marco had been built by the Medici, by them enriched with a costly library, raised by their munificence to a position of prosperity, and even of grandeur. Savonarola himself was indebted to Lorenzo for his introduction to Florence,

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and for the office which gave him all his power. There was a respect which would have been graceful, and a courtesy which he might have paid without compromising his principles by the breadth of a hair. The monk, however, was haughtier than the Medici, and, in his scorn of patronage, exhibited the proverbial "falsehood of extremes." It was a custom to pay a visit to Lorenzo when the new Prior was installed. Savonarola refused to go. "Who elected me Prior, God or Lorenzo?" Of course the monks said, God. "Then to God I will give thanks, and not to mortal man." The Duke, anxious to conciliate, sent some valuable presents. These Savonarola coldly received and coarsely alluded to: "The good dog will always bark to defend his master's house, and, if a thief comes, and tries to quiet him by throwing him a bone or a morsel, the good dog just picks it up, drops it on one side, falls a-barking again, and bites the thief." Lorenzo was present when Savonarola spoke these words, and could hardly fail to make the application. This irritating collision, however, was soon ended by Lorenzo's untimely death. On his death-bed he gave the most unequivocal mark of confidence by sending for Savonarola in preference to his own confessor, "for," he said, "I have not found another religious except him." It is said that in this latest interview the monk insisted upon three conditions before he would absolve the dying man. First—a spiritual one,—that he should exercise a lively faith; second—a pecuniary one,—that he should restore whatever had been acquired by unlawful means; and third—a political one,—that he should loose Florence from the

Medicean yoke, and re-establish the republic as of old. Lorenzo promised the two first, but demurred to the last, shrewd enough to see that to give such a promise was utterly out of his power; honest enough to refuse to disinherit his children of the authority which the State had conferred upon his family; and manly enough, even with the death-dews on his brow, to protest against political conditions of salvation, and to shake loose from the intolerable tyranny which would gag the departing spirit, and hide from it, beneath the cloak of a spurious patriotism, the Cross of an insulted Saviour.

After the death of Lorenzo, Savonarola entered with holy boldness upon that wider career in which we may follow him with admiration almost kindling into rapture. A preacher, famed for eloquence; a prophet, stern as Ezekiel in the inspired, or Cassandra in the fabled canon; a vigorous reformer both in Church and State; a legislator among distracted counsels,—he seemed to be possessed with the great idea of destiny, and went on his course heedless of discord or danger. He knew that it was impossible to speak as he had spoken without gathering against himself a rancorous opposition, and the hatred of that relentless enemy which dogs its victims to the death. "Do you ask me," he says, "*in general* what will be the end of the conflict? I answer, Victory! But if you ask me *in particular*, then I answer, Death. But death is not extinction. Rather it serves to spread abroad the light." His own mind, though it had largely freed itself from errors of morality, was still, and indeed always, bound by superstitions

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of doctrine. He stood among the ages, midway between two great periods, orphan of the old, prophet of the new, like Noah among the worlds of God. While behind him was the thick darkness, and before him the glorious morning, he lived and died in the gloaming, with dim ideas of truth and power which it was never given him fully to comprehend. Hence sacramental efficacy and personal trust in Christ; reverence for the Scriptures and pretension to an immediate revelation; the profoundest humility and the most marvellous fanaticism, alternated from his lips and in his life.

Under his influence the reformation of morals in the city was wonderful. Monasteries became pure, the churches crowded. His was no Ash Wednesday denunciation, following upon a permitted carnival. The carnival itself was restrained in its excesses, and religious entertainments were publicly given, to which the masses of the people thronged. Eight thousand children were banded into a sort of juvenile republic, and were called "The Children of Jesus Christ." They attended service in procession, stood by little portable altars in the streets on feast-days, soliciting the offerings of the people, and went from house to house, begging for immodest pictures, and vanities of apparel or furniture, which were given up to them to be destroyed. On the last day of Lent there was a grand and general burning. A pyramid was reared in one of the large squares, the inside of which was filled with combustibles, and on the steps of which, rising to the apex, were the motley vanities which were to be given to the fire. Latin and Italian poems, music-books, cards, lutes, pictures,

false hair, looking-glasses, wigs, beards, masks, chequerboards, cosmetics and perfumes, all were devoted in this harmless *auto-da-fe*. Four captain-boys, each with his torch, fired a corner when the trumpets gave the signal, the bells rang, the people shouted, the flames rose and swelled, and in a few moments luxuries and works of art and imagination, the hairdresser's stock-in-trade, the life-labours of the artist and the poet, were reduced to ashes. The intention of all this was doubtless good, and if the heart went with the sacrifice, and it was not a self-righteous complacency in trampling upon pride with greater pride, it might be a consecration as sublime as the burning of books at Ephesus; if otherwise, it was a notable act notwithstanding; it is a perpetual testimony of Savonarola's power.

Meanwhile the breach between the monk and the Papacy grew wider day by day. Alexander VI., who then filled the papal chair, perfidious, licentious, venal, covetous, cruel, to a degree so shameless that he, Borgia of the Borgias, stands on a bad eminence of his own, was not likely to commend himself to the Florentine monk's good-will. The Pope first silenced him in the pulpit, but by the interference of the magistrates the inhibition was withdrawn. The next step was an endeavour to bribe him. "Give him a red hat, and so make at once a cardinal and a friend." Savonarola answered from the pulpit of St. Mark, "I will have no other red hat than that of martyrdom, coloured with my own blood." Then came the trial to get the monk into his power, by the proposal, in a very affectionate letter, of a

journey to Rome. His answer was that his preaching was very useful in Florence, and that he begged to be excused. After the invitation came a brief, commanding him to appear in Rome. He answered the letter, but did not obey the summons, and, after a few weeks' silence, preached again in disregard of the Pontiff, saying he was urged to do so by him who is prelate of prelates and pope of popes. Attempts were made to take his life, by stiletto and poison, and ruffian hands—all of which were frustrated by the Providence of God, and by the watchfulness and valour of his friends. Invitation, inhibition, and brief having failed to subdue the unconquerable spirit, Alexander proceeded farther, and, in the Lent of 1498, fulminated the Bull of Excommunication. But the monk had got long past the age at which so very harmless a thing could make him tremble. Hear his answer: "He who commands a thing contrary to the law of Christ, is himself excommunicated. On what side then wilt thou stand? Shall they be blessed whom the Pope blesses, although their life is the curse of Christendom, or shall they be excommunicated whom he excommunicates, although all the fruits of the Spirit be displayed in their life? I may have failed in many respects, for I am a sinner, but I have not failed inasmuch as I have preached the Gospel of Christ freely and without fear of man. They threaten, too, that they will not bury us. That will give me no concern when I am dead. Fling me into the Arno if you will, my body will be found in the judgment, and that is enough."

Florence, however, was not equally brave. She had before her the terrors of interdict, and war, and the possible extinction of the State, so that her fickle people and her cowardly magistrates became the betrayers of the man who had deserved so well of their city. He was arrested under a safe-conduct, and a night attack upon the convent, and upon his friends in the streets, which, in its measure, was a minor St. Bartholomew. Of course the safe-conduct was violated. It could not be otherwise, when fear and hate combined to make his death a necessity. The closest examination furnished no proof either of sedition or impiety. Then the torture was applied, until beneath its agony he was weary of his life. Still there was nothing to criminate him, until a heartless rogue, Ser Coccone by name, altered and interpolated one of his written statements, so as to serve the purpose of his foes. And on this forged confession, brought about by an artifice which Savonarola disdained to expose, the iniquitous mockery ended, and he was adjudged to die. The official record says: "On the said 23rd day of May" (that is, May 1498), "Friar Jerome, Friar Dominic, and Friar Silvester were degraded at 13 of the clock, and then burnt in the Piazza di Signori." Three platforms were erected in front of the palace. Savonarola was taken up into the presence of a Bishop, clad in priestly robes. Then, piece by piece, the vestments were removed in the presence of the multitude, and the Bishop pronounced the degradation: "I separate thee from the Church Militant and from the Church Triumphant." "Nay," said the intrepid spirit, "from

the Church Militant if you please, but not from the Church Triumphant, that is more than you can do." He then mounted the pile, uttered but one sentence, "O Florence, what hast thou done this day?" Soon there was a glowing heap of ashes, from whose heart, as if in a fiery chariot, a *man* had arisen to the throne of God.

The reaction soon set in. Ere yet the flames of the martyr-fire were quenched, noble matrons and citizens, faithful to the last, snatched some of the charred bones as treasures more precious than gold. By order of the commune the ashes were thrown into the river, that they might be scattered beyond recovery. But, as in the case of all such impotent persecution, they could not kill the living words nor the immortal memory. That memory became an inspiration to the Italian people. It stirred them to a deep-seated anger against both ecclesiastical and civil oppression. Priests who courted popularity were forced to emulate Friar Jerome the martyr. Medals were struck in his honour, and sold under the eye and with the approbation of a future Pope. Poetry embalmed his virtues, and associated him with freedom and piety; at this day the friends of religious liberty inscribe his name upon their banners; and as his words of fire, "*Italia renovabitur*" (Italy shall be renewed), pass monthly into thousands of Italian homes, they stir every worthy purpose into life, and at once eloquence and prophecy shrine him in a remembrance as fragrant and more inspiring than the violets which for centuries regretful Florence was wont to strew upon the pavement of his doom.

The present state of Florence, and indeed of all the cities of the free Italian Kingdom, entails solemn responsibility upon the witnesses for God. The successive blows which have been already struck at the Papacy, and the bolder political changes which are sure to come, have of necessity brought with them much spiritual unsettlement and indecision. The whole country is in transition. Popery, as a vital force creative of other forces, a power from the heart upon the life, has lost its hold. It survives as a ceremonial, as a tradition, as an engine of political power; but as a conviction, a faith, an incarnation of the Divine, it lives no longer. There is fear lest in the fierce rebound from its discovered vanity, the nation should rush into infidelity defiant and terrible. Now is the time for Christian work. The people inquire. There is hunger of heart for knowledge. The people are filled with strange yearnings. There is hunger of heart for rest. The people are elate with the new intemperance of freedom. Can there be a nobler opportunity or a stronger need for Catholic-hearted Christianity to satisfy the avarice for knowledge by the revelation of God and his Christ; to still the quick trouble by the Gospel's divinest peace; to tell to the liberated, even in the fever of their joy, that

“ He is the freeman whom the Truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides ”?

Yes! Italy shall be renewed. There is an inner truth, which like a sound of power goes ringing through the ages, in Savonarola's prophetic word. The light,

which was the morning twilight to him, has climbed higher up the sky, and is broadening fast into a noon of splendour. Yes! Italy shall be renewed. The pure truth shall win its way, in spite of hindrance and insult, against banded foes, or traitorous or time-serving friends. The historical prestige of Popery has departed from it. France will never reproduce a House of Guise, nor Spain a Duke of Alva. The great wild souls who united a brilliant chivalry with a prostrate faith have passed away. No martial Julius or strong-souled Leo will fill the papal chair. The world is moving on. Men's minds march to its progress. The flowers upon the martyrs' graves will suggest the harvests which their offspring may gather, till

"They who have strewn the violets reap the corn,
And having reaped and garnered, bring the plough
And draw new furrows 'neath the healthy morn,
And plant the great hereafter in the Now."

Meanwhile, let the Anglo-Saxon race see to it that it be not again enslaved. The onset is steady and determined. Warders slumber at ease upon their posts. Traitors play into the enemy's hands. Already the light is in the eye, and the boast upon the lips, as if with the assurance of victory. And shall it really be so? Discrowned and fugitive in the lands where it has been accustomed to be honoured, is the error to find shelter and royalty in lands whose freedom dates from the shivering of her yoke of old? With the sun shining in the heavens, are we to choose the crypt for a dwelling? With the healing air at hand, shall we abide in the red-crossed houses where the

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plague waits for its prey? The wizards "peep and mutter," and croon in their distempered age—is it among homes of liberty that their ancient spells are to prevail? I am no prophet, nor the son of one, but I know this, if such a day should come, it will be in an oblivion of history and in an eclipse of faith; it will be from a fatal indifference or from a spurious charity; it will be when Anglo-Saxons shall have sunk into a degenerate manhood, whose eye kindles with no holy pride as they recall their gallant sires. Never more than to-day were needed the men of calm and resolute faith. Brothers, to your knees and to your ranks! To your knees in humblest supplication—to your ranks in stedfast bravery which no foe can cause to quail. Stand forth in courage and in gentleness for the Truth which you believe to be allied to Freedom, and Progress, and God. Be so strong that you are not afraid to be just. Cherish a tender humanity and a catholic heart. In your righteous anger against destructive error, show your manly compassion for the souls which bad systems enslave. Then take your stand, calm and moveless as the stars, and say to Ultramontane insolence and error: "The advancing tide shall not be rolled back with our good will. Our civil freedom! Our reformed faith! Our unsealed and open Bible! These are our landmarks, and they shall not be taken away. Amid many divisions these are our points of rallying. We abide here. Touch not this ark of our covenant. We will guard it, we will protect it, until we die!"

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IX.

 THE CONNEXION BETWEEN SCIENCE,
 LITERATURE, AND RELIGION.

IT cannot be expected that within the compass of a brief lecture much can be advanced upon a subject so vast and expansive as the one before us. Moreover, I am convinced that many of those whom I have the honour to address are better informed upon the matter, and would more lucidly illustrate and more forcibly apply it than myself. All, therefore, that I can hope to do, is to stir up your minds by way of remembrance, and haply to excite you onward to habits of investigation which may lay the foundation of character—character, beside which earth's mintage is valueless, and California trash in the comparison. An opinion is abroad in the earth which has been received in some quarters as conclusive, that Science and Religion are opposing principles, antagonist powers; that, as if they could not breathe the same atmosphere, the one instinctively flies at the approach of the other; and that it is impossible for a man who is deeply learned in this world's wisdom to be equally conversant with the wisdom which is of God. From this view of the subject, infidels, ever on the watch to tarnish the fair fame of Christianity, have been eager to deduce that the Gospel is a system of superstition

and ignorance, unworthy the attention of an intelligent being. We believe, and will endeavour to show, that between the subjects in question there exists no natural or necessary opposition. By Religion we mean Christianity, and by Christianity that system of revealed truth as contained in the Holy Scriptures; and we think that to this glorious revelation of the mind and will of God, the whole circle of the Sciences affords no ground of rational objection; nay, that Science is never so exalted as when submissive to Religion, and that Literature, as her handmaid, setting forth the transcript of her spirit, shines with a lustre not her own.

“That the soul be without knowledge is not good,” was the saying of the wisest of men, and all human experience justifies and corroborates the testimony. Ignorance, so far from being the “Mother of Devotion,” has been far more aptly designated as the “Mother of Vice;” and certainly the transition is most natural from an unenlightened mind to a sceptical and wicked one. The mind of man was never formed for rest. We may, in some sense, say of it, that like its great Creator, it “fainteth not neither is weary.” Its pinion was never formed to droop, its spirit to flag, its energies to die. Even now, clogged and trammelled as it is by the frailty and weakness of the body, its volitions are still noble and lofty, and, like the eagle soaring towards the sun, it seeks in the bright beams of the morning to replume its wing, and to renew its vision. Hence by the very constitution of its nature there seems enforced upon it an obligation to investigate and to inquire. That it is the duty of all, as

they have opportunity, to make themselves acquainted with the numerous works of creative power, is a proposition the truth of which will *now* scarcely be called in question. Time was when it was otherwise. Some theologians unwisely attempted to separate what God hath not sundered. Objections in various forms were urged against such inquiries; under pretence of doing honour to the Word of God, the Word of Nature was interdicted from study, and an arrest was attempted to be laid upon the progress of the immortal mind.

I think it is the duty of those who are set for the defence of our holy Religion, to rescue Christianity from the accusation that she frowns upon scientific pursuit—to scout the erroneous belief that the study of God's works tends to shake our confidence in the verities of his Word—and that the voices from the waves, and from the stedfast sky, and from the green earth, and from the various parts of the visible universe, are opposed to that which has spoken directly from God's invisible and uncreated throne. If the Christian revelation and the material system derive their origin from the same Almighty Being, the most complete harmony must subsist between the revelations they respectively unfold. God is a God of order. In the whole of his vast works there is nothing discordant. In the great lyre of the universe there is not a jarring string. Religion is not inimical to Science. Instead of attempting to fetter the understanding, she smilingly watches it as it careers along in the enterprises of advancing knowledge, and ever anon sheds a flood of fresher light upon its path. Most authoritatively does she issue the command, "Stand still and consider

the wondrous works of God." It is the complaint of the Author of Revelation against the indifference of men, "They regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operations of his hands." "Lift up your eyes on high," she says to the man immersed in worldliness, "and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number." "Look unto the heavens and see, and behold the clouds which are higher than thou." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Are we not then entitled to affirm, that the Sacred Volume inculcates scientific investigation as a duty, and brands with its disapprobation those who treat that duty with neglect? Christianity requires no disguises. She fears not the researches of the scholar or the savant. She snaps into fragments the fetters which would gyve the mind, and herself—man's pioneer and inspiration—leads him forth amid the glories of universal nature, that he may study and wonder and adore.

Astronomy, then, as the science which is conversant with the loftiest objects, claims our first attention; and the averment may fearlessly be made, that it affords no ground of objection to revealed Religion. "The system of universal gravitation is the most general principle of action in the universe. Its discovery is justly accounted the very highest achievement in philosophy. But does this amazing discovery in any way impugn the revelation of God? If so, in what? It presupposes the existence of masses of matter, placed at distances and holding relations that ensure

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the most perfect unity of action. It supposes also permanency of influence and perfection of design. This agrees most exactly with what the Bible teaches of God's goodness, wisdom, and power." The perfection of design, however, in the material universe has, in one instance, been denied. The Marquis de la Place, the great commentator of the doctrine of universal gravitation, imagined he had discovered it. He proved to a mathematical demonstration that a place could be found for the situation of our satellite, in which advantages would accrue to us superior to those we possess from its holding its present position. The satellite would be always full, its perturbations less irregular, and its attractive influences upon our planet more uniform than they are. Now the moon is just a satellite and nothing more. Had the sun's attraction been greater, or the earth's attraction less, or had the mass of the moon been either larger or smaller than it is, she would have circled her way through the heavens as an independent planet, and thus her revolutions round the earth would not have been performed, and we should have lost the benefit of her useful light. La Place's moon would have been sixteen times less than ours, the light would consequently have been sixteen times fainter. Its influence in the elevation of the tides would have been considerably diminished, and the rotation of the tides—that gigantic principle by which the mighty floods are kept in their regular and progressive march—would have been nearly extinguished and gone. The great infidel, in this attempt to dislocate the perfection of the Creator's work, did not then mend the universe. We wonder,

by the way, that the lovers of the beautiful did not rise *en masse* from the perusal of thoughts so sacrilegious. What could compensate for the loss of moonlight? "Tell it, ye who have wandered amid Gothic arch and carven shrine, whether those masses of holy architecture ever look half so sublime, or half so lovely, as when the pale moonlight is casting its rays of silver upon pinnacle, turret, and tower. Tell it, ye who walk by the waters, whether the clear lake is ever so glorious, even when the sun is changing it to floods of gold, as when it reposes in silence beneath the moonlight—as a mighty mirror stretched out, reflecting the glories of cloudland and the stars of heaven above." Ought it not to prompt our ascriptions of thankful praise, that the very object that lights up the old kirkyard, the beetling hill, the sleeping valley, as with the very smile of Heaven, is, humanly speaking, the mighty agent by whose kindly influence the unnumbered millions of earth's population sleep in peace?

Again, it is stated that the command given to the sun to stand still by Joshua is an impossible command, as it is evidently an absurdity to tell that to stand still which is not moving. It is sometimes said in answer to this objection, the Bible was sent to teach us Religion and not Philosophy, and consequently any inferences from the statements of Scripture with reference to philosophical truth are not legitimately drawn. Even the acute and eloquent Gilfillan argues in this strain, and seems wedded to this idea. But, with all due deference to the authority of names, we apprehend that if the Bible was not designed to teach

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philosophical truth, it assuredly was not designed to propagate philosophical error. It appears to me (and I would remind you that in this, as in the whole course of this Lecture, I pronounce not dogmatically, but affirm simply my own opinion, which may be taken for just as much as it is worth)—that the friends of the Bible have had “zeal, but not according to knowledge.” God is his own interpreter, and the immutable Truth—secure in its majestic simplicity, and reposing in the undeveloped resources which future labourers may discover in the mines of Time—needs not to be buttressed by any of those unsubstantial appendages which—superfluous and unsightly defences—have been built at the base of the rock. Gilfillan himself, in another part of his Lecture, has furnished the best answer to the objection. He says:—“The story was long told, as a good jest, of a worthy minister in Scotland of the old school, saying once in a sermon—‘All things, my friends, are in motion; the earth is in motion: the moon is in motion; the planets are in motion; and even the very fixed stars are in motion.’ But don’t laugh, for the honest old man had stumbled upon the truth; the fixed stars *are* in motion. Our own sun is now generally believed to be turning round a point in the constellation of Hercules, and drawing all his planets and all their satellites along in his train. So that our sun is but himself a satellite, circling around some larger luminary.” This is now, in fact, the almost universally received opinion amongst modern astronomers. Let the Bible alone! That ark needs no presumptuous Uzzah. No doubt the sun did stand still. It was moving round its appointed centre,

with all the stars and planets revolving round it, when it was miraculously commanded to stand still. And it did so—"So the sun stood still in the midst of the heavens, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."

Again, Infidelity has more than once impugned the accuracy of the Mosaic chronology. The celebrated Indian tables, whose discussion aroused so much attention at the close of the last century, professed to record observations made during millions of years. It was alleged that they bore internal evidence of their having originated from actual observation made at least 650 years before the date of the flood, and extending back to 300 years before the creation of man, according to the chronology of Moses. Baily, a French philosopher, placed implicit confidence in them; and they imposed also upon the generally correct mind of Professor Playfair. Infidels were in ecstasies. The authority of the Divine Record was about to be overthrown. The world was to be proved as antiquated as the Welsh gentleman's pedigree, which blazoned forth the virtues of his ancestry on almost interminable parchment, and in the middle of which was a note in the margin, "About this time the world was created." Well! but what was the end? Delambre, La Place, Bentley, Cuvier, and others subjected these tables to a more rigid and scientific scrutiny. The result was an unanswerable proof that they had been fabricated a few centuries before. Again, when the celebrated zodiac of Dendera was brought from Egypt to Paris, Dupuis and his disciples expected to derive from it an argument in favour of a pretended civili-

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sation, which, they maintained, had existed in Egypt long before the times either of Moses or the deluge. Again were the infidels exalted. The would-be gods of their rabble Pantheon roared with delight; and all their obsequious followers were ready to hail the downfall of the Bible with whole volleys of Liliputian thunder. Well! but what was the end? Truth always comes right and uppermost at last. From the fiercest fire of a tyrant's wrath she emerges unconsumed. In the most whelming deluge of popular clamour she rides gallantly on the crest of the proud waters. The stripling may be her sole advocate, and the hundred thousand may proclaim her false; but fear not for her. Calm in her kingliness, and omnipotent in her power, they shall fall before her, as Dagon before the insulted ark, or as the armies of embattled Assyria "in the glance of the Lord." Again and again were their calculations proved erroneous; yet they would not be beaten, and persisted in ascribing to this zodiac an antiquity of more than six thousand years. But Champollion went over into Egypt, and on the very temple from which it was taken he found two inscriptions—one of them in the Greek language, containing the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra and the Roman emperors by whom it had been built about the commencement of the Christian era. Thus the truth of the Mosaic narrative was confirmed, and its adversaries covered with confusion. Thus do the inconsistencies alleged to exist between Astronomy and the Bible vanish into air—thin air. The heavens are proved to be an expanded volume, which "he who runs may read." The letters of flame but character the perfec-

tions of their Author, and tell to the Christian's heart their "glad tidings of great joy." And oh! if Poetry be Truth—and it sometimes embodies the teachings of the most practical wisdom—if "a thing of Beauty is a Joy for ever"—what perennial and ecstatic comfort must flow into the believer's soul as he gazes upon the blessed sun in his strength, or in the moonlight's rays wanders amid his Father's works, or in the still night communes with the stars—those gentle watchers over the world's slumbers—and listens to their noble voices—"voices whose music to the ear becomes a memory to the soul." As he remembers that each point of light in yon upper heavens is a ponderous world—stedfast in its relations—overwhelming in its immensity—moving with a velocity which confounds thought, and yet with a certainty of revolution which can be calculated to a second—as he remembers that all that his eye can see—all that even the gigantic telescope of Lord Rosse can disclose, are but the sentinels and outposts of the vast army of God, which stretches itself out in measureless rank beyond—how ought the mighty whole to remind him of the surpassing magnificence of his Maker, and of the insect littleness of himself! And yet, insignificant as he is, the sport of elemental war—the plaything of every pain that racks him—uncertain of his existence for a single moment—unable to decipher one step in the future he is about to travel—he can lift himself from the dust with a not unholy pride, and challenge the "dread magnificence of unintelligent creation." Ye Heavens! Ye ponderous worlds! Ye cities of the trackless! And thou—proud Sun—I am greater than

ye all! a universe of matter is trash before a beggar's mind!

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The soul—immortal as its Sire—
Shall never die."

But it is high time that we come down from our elevation, and leave communing with the stars for awhile, and yet amid such scenes who would not linger?

"Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining?"

Geology has long been supposed to be the great stumbling-block in the way of the agreement of Religion and physical science. It is no such thing. Let us premise here. The facts of Geology, obtained by induction, bear a very small proportion to the generalizing theories which have been built upon them. Geologists after all have done but little in comparing Geology with any other science, and there has been a great deal of hasty judging and not sufficient reflection. What with saurians and fossil fishes, marsupial animals and pterodactyles, strata and depositions, thermal springs, earthquakes and coral islands, there has been so much to see and to do and to say, that it is no wonder if at present there should be confusion. But let order once arise out of this chaos—as in time it will—and it will appear that there is nothing in Geology which does not redound to the praise and glory of God.

The principal difficulty, of course, is the Mosaic account of the creation. Some geologists, to effect an

apparent reconciliation, have taken unwarrantable liberties with the Sacred Text. They discovered that the word "day" in Hebrew, as indeed in our own language, does not exclusively mean twenty-four hours—but an era—an indefinite space of time. Thus we read of "the day of grace," "the day of the Lord," etc. Hence they have inferred that "the day" of creation does not mean a natural day, but a geological period, a period of immense and indefinite duration. Now, ingenious as this is, I can see in it neither reverence for Scripture, nor regard for scientific truth. There are various geological difficulties on the skirts of such a supposition—such, for example, as the improbability that the first three of these geological periods, consisting as they allege of tens of thousands of years, in which numerous classes of plants existed and came to perfection, passed away without once being visited by the direct rays of the sun; and again, the improbability that the creation of vegetables in the third period, and of animals not until the fifth, should be separated by intervals of such immense duration, when the remains of the latter can be traced, at the very least, as far back in the series as those of the former. But waiving these entirely—it is sufficient to remind you (and I am happy to shelter myself in this opinion under the wing of so profound a geologist as the late Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell) that the sacred historian, as if purposely to guard against such latitude of interpretation, distinctly declares that each day had its "evening and morning"—words which are capable of no other meaning, and which seem expressly to exclude any interpretation which does not imply a natural day.

Now assuming—which indeed there seems no reason to doubt—that the materials of which the globe is composed have existed for millions of years, this does not in the slightest invalidate the Mosaic account of the creation. It will be admitted that the sole object of the Holy Spirit was to give, not a theory of the earth, but a plain historical account of the successive processes by which Almighty Power called it into its present condition. In such a revelation, any history of pre-existent materials or pre-existent races, if such there were, was not to be expected. All that was necessary was a distinct declaration, that it was he who gave to the earth its present form and who also created the materials of which it was composed. Take the words, then, “In the beginning”—nothing can be more general in point of time—“God created the heavens and the earth.” Nothing is contradicted here but the eternity of matter. Moses nowhere intimates that the material of the globe was brought out of nothing at the period when he commences his history. On the contrary, he seems to imply its existence, for the earth was “without form and void.”

This implies two things: First, that these materials had been previously created—how long they had been so does not appear—they may have existed for millions of years; and secondly, that they were in a state of the utmost confusion and disorder, when the pencil of the Highest traced them in beauty, and his power established them in strength. Moses intends to trace the process by which the earth became what we see it; and, as an emphatic and forcible introduction to his narrative, he says, “In the beginning,” not at all

determining when that beginning was—"God created the heavens and the earth." Some will say, perhaps, it is easy to find Scripture in support of a favourite theory, after that theory has been formed. A very cautious and proper objection, good friend, but unfortunately Augustine and Theodoret, amongst the fathers of the Church, have both adopted this exposition, long ages before "the science of Geology" was known. Again—take this extract from Bishop Patrick, who wrote 150 years ago: "How long all things continued in mere confusion after the chaos was created, we are not told; it might be (for anything that is here revealed) a great while." "In some old editions of the English Bible," says a learned Hebraist, in a note which Dr. Buckland has published, "where there is no division into verses, you actually find a break at the end of what is now the second verse; and in Luther's Bible (Wittenburg, 1557) you have in addition the figure 1 placed against the third verse, as being the beginning of the account of the creation on the first day." Thus, then, vanishes the discrepancy between the Mosaic account and the researches of Geology. But further, in another matter the researches of geologists have furnished much corroborative evidence to the verity of the Bible by confirming the Scriptural account of a universal deluge.

Geologists of every description concur in the belief that every part of the earth was once covered by the sea. And here, although it slightly wanders from the immediate province of this Lecture, we may just remind you, that traditionary remembrances of some mighty flood are found amongst all nations, even

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amid those savage tribes who possess no chronicle of past events, but are dependent upon the oral communications which they have received from their untutored forefathers. We find different names given to the great progenitor to accommodate the event to the prevailing superstition of each country. In Egypt he was named Osiris; in Greece, Prometheus or Deucalion; in Assyria, Asisthrus; in Hindustan, Satyavrata. In other Eastern countries the name approaches nearer to that of Scripture. He is called Noas, Noasis, or Nuisis. The Chinese believe in a flood which overflowed the whole earth and separated "the higher from the lower age of mankind." The Hindoos—although their account is deeply impregnated with their own wild and extravagant mythology—approach in some remarkable particulars very near the truth. Their Satyavrata was saved in an ark, which rested on the mountain of Aryaivart, and he had three sons, Shurma, Sham, and Japeti. The Cubans, the American Indians, the Tahitians, and others have similar traditions, agreeing more or less accurately with the Scripture record. There is only one way in which this widespread coincidence of tradition can be philosophically accounted for; and that is by the truth of a deluge, such as that which the Scripture affirms. Our time would fail us to enter upon any protracted analysis of the direct geological arguments in favour of the deluge—whether the argument arising from the depositions of "diluvium," prosecuted so successfully by Professor Hitchcock in America, M. Tournal in France, Van Schlotheim in Germany, and Buckland, De La Beche, and Sedgwick,

with a host of worthy fellow-labourers, in our own country—or the argument of calculation, or of geological data, for which we are mainly indebted to the acute and judicious Cuvier.

In France, at the height of 3500 feet above the level of the sea, M. Saussure met with a chasm 100 feet wide, and so deep that he could see no bottom. These chasms, which are seen and dreaded by all travellers on the Alps and Pyrenees, show no signs of having been occasioned by attrition, but appear as if they had been rent asunder by the overwhelming force of some tremendous power. Humboldt found sea-shells on the Andes, at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The slaty mountain of La Bolca near Verona is famous for petrifications, among which are enumerated more than 100 species of fish, natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, here assembled in one place. The corroborations are accumulated and convincing. Thus has Geology “justified the ways of God to man.” Nature has returned unexpected and interesting answers to those who have questioned her aright; and the very rocks, mute for ages, have found a glorious tongue, and right royal has been their testimony to the power and goodness of God.

How astonishing and instructive this new revelation of Divine purposes and of man’s destiny! Nothing in the visible world is permanent and stationary. Progression is stamped upon them all. The little seed, expanding into a flower, blushes sweetly on its graceful stem and sheds its fragrance upon every breeze; or, shooting up to heaven, becomes a mighty

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tree, in whose generous branches the birds of the air find shelter. And yet progressive as their developments are, it is the progression of matter. There is no more consciousness in the tree, than in the seed. It knows not of its own beauty. It is insensible to the joyous emotions with which it thrills the rapt poet beneath its shade. Even the animal creation usurp not this prerogative. The bee constructs its cell with no nicer ingenuity, distils no sweeter essences from its garden rambles, than "when it flew homeward in the twilight of the world's young days, laden with the honey of the world's young flowers." The eagle piles its eyrie on the cliff just as when, fresh from the prisoning ark, it sported in the beams of the rainbow. The sloth has not improved in industry, nor the crab in the science of genteel walking, nor the hyena in fashionable laughing, nor the tiger in amiable temper. Medical skill has never performed the operation of couching upon the bat's eyes, nor cured the raven's hoarseness. The dog still barks in violation of every rule of etiquette; and groaning West Indians complain that mosquitoes have never learned good manners. All tribes of the lower creation remain as they were, guided by the same instincts, influenced by the same habits, impelled by the same wants. But man's constitution is essentially different from theirs. God has stamped endless progression as the law of his existence. Who shall arrest his progress? Who shall limit or restrain his flight? Separate man from sin, he is a noble being. View him in his intellectual aspect—apart altogether from his moral pravity and grievous fall—and you can

scarcely fancy a vision more sublime. Traversing the regions of the dim and shadowy past with no coward step, banqueting on the deathless lore that has come down from elder time, diving into the secretest laboratory of Nature, and dragging her secrets uncovered to the light of day, bridging the ocean with keels which wait not for favouring winds, taming the lightning to his will and harnessing it to the chariot which bears him in triumph along, piercing with undazzled and prophetic eye through the gloom of the yet untravelled future, communing richly with the voices of visionless things which fill the universe with song, weighing the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, graduating the planets as if they were the problems of the schoolroom or the recreations of the playground, writing his name as an immortal circlet round the very stars of heaven—Who shall doubt his sovereignty? Who shall deny him his guerdon, to be decorated with the stars and orders of the realm of mind? An electric influence has touched his soul. There is energy before unfelt. There are aspirations that can never die—aspirations that many waters cannot quench or drown. He has felt the pressure of a benignant hand, unloosing the ceremonies which had wrapt his intellectual nature; he has listened to the voice which thrilled through his inmost being; he has listened and he has obeyed, and the benignant hand has yet again beckoned, unveiling to the eager questionings of his upward spirit earth and ocean, air and sky; and yet again has the voice breathed its utterances of power, and has said of the mind—panting like the fiery course!

that champs the bit that restrains him from the race—
 “Loose it and let it go.”

Science, in general, affords much of what may be called “collateral assistance to Christianity. “Had Voltaire been now alive, he would not have ventured to put the sneering question, how and on what materials the Hebrew Lawgiver could write the Pentateuch? for it is proved that in his time papyrus was in common use for writing. Nor would he have tauntingly asked how, after an interval of 1000 years, Hilkiah could find in the temple of Jerusalem the autograph of the Law? for writings and contracts on papyrus, as old as the times of the Pharaohs, still exist and are legible;” and we may adopt the language of Benjamin Constant, an eminent French philosopher, who, in consequence of the numerous difficulties which the facts of Science oppose to infidel opinions, had abandoned scepticism: “He, who would be gay with Voltaire at the expense of Ezekiel and Genesis, must unite two things which will make his gaiety sufficiently melancholy—ignorance the most profound and frivolity the most deplorable.”

Some scientific men have told us they will have nothing to do with Christianity. It is such an uncertain thing. So many systems of Theology have come and gone, and such doubtful disputations exist about the interpretation of Scripture, that for their part they prefer the certain Sciences. It will be well for us to ask if these differences of opinion obtain in Theology alone. We have a Calvinistic and an Arminian interpretation of Scripture. Granted; but is there not also an undulatory and an missionary

interpretation of the Theory of Light? Is there not a fierce and bitter contest between the rival abettors of the Neptunian and Plutonic theories of Geology? Did not the abhorers of a vacuum abhor also Torricelli and Pascal? Did not the old physiologists hate Harvey with a mortal hatred for discovering the circulation of the blood? Were not Stahl and phlogiston arrayed against Lavoisier and oxygen? What would men of science say, if we were to turn round upon them and infer that Philosophy is a wildgoose chase? That inference would be neither candid nor courteous, nor would it be true. Perhaps the *works* of God may survive all existing systems of Philosophy. Perhaps the *word* of God will outlive all existing systems of Theology. But there are truths of Science which are independent of all systems; and there are truths in Religion which must continue imperishable and for ever. So far as it is founded upon the immutable sayings of God, Religion is the simplest and most certain of the Sciences. Science rests upon the evidence of testimony, and so does Religion; but Religion has another evidence, of which Science is either utterly destitute or which she reveals only to the privileged few; and that is the evidence of *Consciousness*—a higher and more unflinching assurance than induction knows. This glorious witness is not to be sought for in storied tomes, nor monopolized by University graduates, nor purchased by the millionaire; “free as the light, the wave, the wind,” it is the “free gift” that may come upon all—the noblest monarch, the meanest peasant, the proudest peer, and the vilest serf on his baronial domains, the

most brilliant genius, the feeblest woman, the merchant, the captive, the felon, the child—all, all may clasp it to their hearts to keep them warm. It is the charter of God's bright republic, which every seventh day tens of thousands of ambassador heralds are commissioned to proclaim.

An examination of the subject has produced a conviction of the entire accordance of Science and Religion in the minds of some of those who have been Science's most favoured children, and whose brows she has garlanded with her very fairest and very greenest laurel. Bacon, Newton, Locke, Boyle, Kepler, Galileo, La Grange, Black, Faraday, and a host of others throng upon our memories in attestation of our statement. It will not do for every sciolist in Infidelity, who has just been "rocked in the cradle of Science, and dandled upon her knees, and fed with her milk for babes," to sneer at a religion which has established its empire over minds themselves imperial, and constrained them to acknowledge its Divinity and power. And oh! there is no nobler spectacle than the mind which both the Sciences and Religion adorn. It is a sight at which angels may stand and gaze. When the philosopher and the Christian are one, when firm faith and humble dependence keep down the vauntings of unholy pride, and when amidst caverns explored — planets discovered — trophies gathered — difficulties surmounted — triumphs won — amidst all his wealth of wisdom and the lavishment of fame, there is still a consecration upon Calvary; and when, twin-brother in faith with the meanest peasant who has found the "pearl of great price,"

he rejoices in this as the sublimest discovery of all, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Unite this pair so long disjoined. Be it yours to celebrate this bridal of the earth and sky. Bring the Sciences with their strings of silver, and Religion with her thread of gold, and wreath them into one garland to cast at the feet of him "upon whose head are many crowns." Let no one then be afraid of engaging in scientific inquiry. Let no one be jealous of the discoveries of scientific men. Learn the true humility of knowledge, and then go boldly and reverently forward—as into a temple of God. The world is moving on. It has got the upward impulse, and who shall stay it? The great and common mind of Humanity has caught the charm of Labour. Worthy and toil-worn labourers fall ever and anon on the march, and Humanity weeps their loss; and then, dashing away the tears that blinded it, it presses and labours on. Young in its love of the beautiful— young in its quenchless thirst for the true—we see that buoyant presence—

" In hand it bears, 'mid snow and ice,
The banner with the strange device
Excelsior!"

The one note of high music struck from the great harp of the world's heart-strings is graven on that banner. The student breathes it to his midnight lamp. The poet groans it in those spasms of his soul, when he cannot fling his heart's beauty into language. Fair spirits have wrought in secret at that banner. Many a suffering child of poverty has felt it in his soul, like

the last vestige of Divinity in his rags. It has kindled upon the brow of the Christian, as he has longed for the "far better" portion of the world that abideth. *Excelsior!* Brothers! let us speed the youth that holds that banner!

"Up! up, brave spirit,
Lo! the world is rich in blessings;
Earth and ocean—air and wind
Have unnumbered secrets still
To be ransacked when ye will
For the service of mankind!"

Up! up! brave spirit—spite of Alpine steep and frowning brow. Heed not mighty avalanche and roaring flood. Up! Science has many a glowing secret to reveal thee. Faith has many a Tabor pleasure to inspire. Ha! does the cloud stop thy progress? Pierce through it to the sacred morning. Fear not to approach to the Divinity. It is his own longing that impels thee. Thou art speeding to thy coronation, brave spirit. Up! till, as thou pantest on the crest of thy loftiest achievement, God's glory smite thee on the face; and the approving voice of him, who was alike thy Inspiration and thy End, deliver thy guerdon—"I have made thee a little lower than the angels, and *crowned* thee with glory and honour."

At the risk of wearying you, we must dwell for a while upon the second branch of our subject—the connexion between Literature and Religion. The difference between Science and Literature, you will easily understand. In the language of the lamented Sir Daniel Sandford, "Of Science the paramount

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object is Truth—of Literature the object is Beauty. The business of Science is to instruct; of Literature the functions are not duly discharged unless delight accompany instruction. Science seeks to convince the understanding; Literature to captivate the heart." Again, in the humorously illustrative language of Dr. Cumming, "Physical science would macadamize and drain Parnassus; Literature would light up with the ever bright and beautiful the streets of London. Science would exude gold, or power, or profit, from flint stones; Literature would distil 'perfumes of Araby' and ethereal thoughts from a wheelbarrow, or an orange-woman's stall. To a poetic mind an eclipse suggests a thousand thoughts and becomes the parent of profound and varied imaginations; to a physical science man, it suggests exact calculations and brings logarithms and differential calculus into instant exercise. To the one it suggests a poem, to the other an almanac." It were interesting to trace the history of Literature, and show its uniform connexion with each successive development of Christianity. This has been done with a master-hand by the eloquent author of *Salathiel*, the Rev. George Croly. The history of religious development may be said to have had *three* great eras—the giving of the law by Moses—the giving of grace and truth by Christ—and the giving of fresh light to a long darkened world at the ever memorable Reformation. It would not, I apprehend, be difficult to prove that Literature has been used of God as a kind of pioneer or harbinger to each. The tyranny of the Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph" drove the Israelites from their land of Goshen, and made

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them the serfs of the Egyptian people. We do not mean to appear as Pharaoh's apologist, when we affirm that the Israelite building the pyramids, or employed upon the public works of Egypt, was a very different and a very superior being to the Israelite, uneducated and unambitious, who fed his flocks in Goshen. He was taught—though in a somewhat severe school he received his reluctant education—the arts and habits of cultivated life, the forms of civil government, and the theory of subordination and of rank. Hence, when God established the Theocracy and gave the laws of his government on Sinai, those laws fell upon the ears of a prepared people; and even in the desert they could fabricate the superb trappings of the temple service, and engrave the mystic characters upon the gems oracular which flashed upon the breastplate of the High Priest of God. If you investigate the dawn of a yet richer faith, you will find Literature performing the same high and holy functions. The conquests of Alexander had made the Greek name and literature familiar in Asia. The unheard-of and universal Peace of the Augustan age had turned the active spirits—the spirits which panted for distinction—to seek for its acquirement in the *schools* rather than in the field. Just then—when every mind was on the wing, every intellect sharpened, and all the world impregnated with the Athenian desire to hear of something new—just then—at that most favourable juncture—the religion of evidence, of argument, and of intellectual freedom, our own glorious Christianity was given to the world. If you turn again to the time of the world's awakening from its spiritual mesmerism, you find that, immediately

preceding, there was what might be emphatically called an age of discovery. First came the invention of Gunpowder, which turned War into a Science, and made its most brilliant triumphs dependent upon the prosecution of the arts of peace. Then followed the Magnet, then Printing, which, at its first step, reached its *summum bonum* by giving to mankind the Bible. In the midst of this period Constantinople fell. Then the passage to India was discovered; and then America burst upon man like the El Dorado of some glorious dream. Never did such a series of strong and absorbing excitements pour upon the human race; and each fresh revelation seemed only—like each crown in the hoard of the miser—to augment and intensify the desire for more. Just then—when all Europe was panting and breathless in suspense and hope, when scientific zeal was mingling with new feelings of unconscious freedom, when some of the brave and earnest spirits, who were in advance of their age, were prophetic in their announcements of a crisis—just then, the German Reformation was given. Christianity, like the cripple at the gate of the temple, cast aside her crutches, and went her rejoicing way among the peoples, “walking and leaping, and praising God.”

If Literature has thus done good service to Religion, it is not now to be disfranchised and laid aside as useless. Rather it is to be cherished like an old servant, in memory of its former deeds, and in hope also of its present and prospective good. That Literature is not to be depreciated or despised would appear from the very construction of the Bible. Had the Bible been intended exclusively as a manual of duty, a volume

less attractive might possibly have answered the end. "A chapter of theology, and another of morals, a short account of the incarnation and atonement, and a few pages of rules and directions for the Christian life, might have contained the practical essence of Scripture, and have supplied us with a Bible of simplest meaning and of smallest size. There was no need for the picturesque narrative and the majestic poem; no need for the proverb, the story, and the psalm. But God loves beauty as well as truth, and he has implanted that same love in man; and hence he has made the Bible fascinating as well as profitable, beautiful as well as true. 'The pearl is of great price;' but even the casket which contains it is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and pierces keenly with its double edge; but there are jewels on the hilt, and fine tracing on the scabbard."

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Sufficient attention has never been directed to the Bible as a work of literary and artistic merit; but in every form of composition there is conscious power, and that without the straining of effort, or the intention to display. A book upon Bible literature is among the wants of the age. Take whatever form of composition you please. Is it the sublime? Longinus found it in the first chapter of Genesis—in the simple majesty of the Mosaic narrative. What can excel the description of the thunderstorm in the twenty-ninth Psalm? or the search after wisdom, with its exulting climax, in the twenty-eighth of Job? or the magnificent picture of the war-horse, whose neck is clothed with thunder? Is it the tender? What more

exquisite than the history of Ruth? or the tear-moving narrative of Joseph and his brethren? Is it the pathetic and the powerful blended? Listen to the wail of David as he hears the tidings from the battlefield; or go to that hallowed homestead at Bethany, and rejoice with those weeping sisters and their ransomed brother; or express your sympathy with shuddering and with tears as the "poor man's lamb is taken to dress for the wayfaring man." Is it the eloquent? Stand upon Mars' Hill, or go to Festus' judgment-hall, and listen to that glorious burst of winged words, which moves one heart to passion, another to trembling, and "almost persuades" a third to be altogether such as the orator "except these bonds." We may well claim for it as a literary composition what we claim for it as an authoritative Word—the cheerful and submissive homage of the intellect, as well as the loyal and unfaltering credence of the heart. It would be easy to fill a lecture with the testimonies which have been given, wittingly or unwittingly, by poets, orators, and schoolmen to the Bible. It may illustrate our position, and serve possibly to relieve, in some measure, the tediousness of a dry lecture, if we remind you of some of these. We do not mean to quote largely from those who have written upon religious subjects. Their evidence might perhaps be regarded as partial; though beyond all doubt the Bible fired Milton's superb genius, lit the torch of Cowper's domestic muse, inspired Kirke White amid the cloisters of St. John's, and on the hills of Renfrewshire fired a young spirit, and bade him trace the *Course of Time*, till all Britain spied

the light, and wondered at the brief but brilliant beacon. We would give you extracts, gathered at random, not a thousandth part of what we might have culled; in which some of the noblest images of poetry have been gathered from the pages of the Bible. Perhaps even among the clustering beauties of Shakespeare's muse, he is never sublimer than when he sings of Mercy:—

“ The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : It is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
It is an attribute of God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, now,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy :”

or when he tells us:—

“ All the souls that are, were forfeit once,
And he, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.”

Come down to the times of Dryden, baptized by his admirers “Glorious John”—we hear him singing:—

“ Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the sea and shows the promised land,

Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exorcised the sacred Prophet's rage,
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream."

Time would fail me to educe illustrations from the poets of succeeding ages. Let us come nearer to our own time. Who has forgotten how Sir Walter Scott has seized this same figure of the pillar-cloud, and wrought it into a plaintive utterance—wailed from the harp of a daughter of Zion?—

"When Israel of the Lord beloved
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful Guide, in smoke and flame—
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

"Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

"But present still—tho' now unseen—
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee—a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

"Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn,

No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn ;
 But thou hast said, ' The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize—
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are my accepted sacrifice.' ”

From the mighty minstrel of Abbotsford it would seem strange if we did not pass to the sublime, misguided one—the brilliant, restless, and unhappy Byron. And here, alas ! we have but few quotations to make—not that he did not draw largely for his illustrations from the sacred history—but there seems to have been a constant struggle within him between the angel and the demon ; and before the illustration drawn from the pages of *Eternal Life* is finished, some infidel sneer, some malignant shaking of his fist, as in the very face of the Majesty of Heaven, appears to pollute and blacken it as with the vapours of the bottomless pit. The almost solitary exceptions to this are found in his *Hebrew Melodies*—“The Destruction of Sennacherib” and “Saul’s Address to his Son.” There is yet another, in which he has evidently had in mind the complaint of the Saviour—“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head :”—

“ The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
 Mankind a country—Israel but the grave.”

It is affirmed that four books lay constantly upon Byron’s table, and of these four the Bible was one. Alas ! poor Byron ! Let us weep over his grave. It is a perilous thing to be able to wing the Lightning. It delights, but it destroys.

Listen to a song from John Keats—that sensitive plant, which the first blast of criticism caused to wither:—

“Thou wast not born for Death—immortal bird,
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown ;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.”

Listen to Campbell, as he sings *The Pleasures of Hope*:—

“The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command—
Like Horeb’s rocks beneath the prophet’s hand.”

Sir Lytton Bulwer, in a beautiful volume of poetry which he gave to the world some years ago, has gone, in some of his most beautiful similes, to the Bible:—

“He too had thanks—than hers more meet for Heaven—
Lo! to his lonely ark the Dove was given.
Above the deluge of the past around
Rose the bright refuge-hill with morning crowned
And girdling Heaven—tho’ based upon the wild
The rainbow arch of God’s glad promise smiled.”

Again:—

“Along the world, the ocean’s whirl
The eye but tracks the parted Dove,
And sad as Death is all thy realm
Without the olive-branch of Love.”

Felicia Hemans knew the Bible well and loved it much before she sang:—

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now:
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath—
Soul to its place on high.
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.”

Will you bear with me while I give you a few prose extracts of a similar nature? The first is from a speech of Lord Erskine in defence of Mr. Hardy:—“The last of these precedents was ordered to be taken off the file and burnt, to the intent that the same might no longer be visible in after ages—an order dictated, no doubt, by a pious tenderness for national honour, and meant as a charitable covering for the crimes of our fathers. But it was a sin against posterity, it was a treason against society, for, instead of commanding them to be burnt, they should rather have directed them to be blazoned in large letters upon the walls of our courts of justice—that, like the characters deciphered by the prophet of God to the Eastern tyrant, they might enlarge and blacken in your sights to terrify you from acts of injustice.”

The next is from Philpot Curran in his celebrated defence of Hamilton Rowan:—“I will not,” he says in his magnificent peroration,—“I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if—which Heaven forbid—it hath still been unfortunately determined that, because he

has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace—I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the fire, and to preserve him unhurt in the conflagration.”

Again, from Charles Phillips. He is speaking of character: —“It is this, which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon, which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country, which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man, which, if it does not inspire, will yet invigorate the martyr to merit Immortality, which, when one world’s agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning—will prompt the prophet—even in his chariot of fire and in his vision of heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory.”

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IT may be safely affirmed that there is nothing so interesting to man as man. There is no force so fatal and so mighty as the force of sympathy. Our interest can gather about a thing, or about a truth; but the thing must have been realized, and the truth embodied, if our hearts are to go out after them in attachment or desire.

We can kindle into enthusiasm about a place; but it is because the subtle law of association links it with some tender memory, or reminds us that on that spot some man of like passions with ourselves has felt or done sublimely. It is a law of our existence, and we cannot reverse it, for God has wisely and kindly made it so, that the strongest affection, as well as the proper study, of mankind, is man. In our study of the lives and deeds of the world's great men, there are two mistakes into which we are sometimes apt to fall: the one is, to fasten our admiration upon those whose greatness we cannot approach, because we have not the original gifts by whose improvement their greatness came; the other is, to shrink back when models which we can really imitate are presented, and from false humility, or from real idleness, to imagine that they are beyond our reach. Thus we envy the chil-

dren of genius—the poet, whose harp is a nation's heart, and whose song is therefore woven into the familiar speech of the free; the philosopher, who, like a deeper seer, comes forward when common soothsayers are dumb, and reads the writing upon the walls of God's beautiful house of life; the artist, who pays dream-visits to the spirit-land, and brings down to our grosser sense its archetypes of ideal beauty. But all these forms of excellence are above us and beyond us, unless we are especially gifted to write, or to paint, or to discover.

But there is a higher greatness than that of intellect—higher, because commoner, more influential, more abiding. It is what may be called greatness of soul. The greatest great men of the world are not always canonized in song or story. They may have no rent-roll of wealth, nor bead-roll of fame. They may be busied in coarse handicraft, and clad in mean apparel; but wherever there is one who basks in the light for the love of it, and reflects it for the love of others; who, amid the glare of the flattering sun and the heat of the persecuting fire, seeks simply for the right, and having found it, follows it to the last; who sets before him the maintenance of a great principle, or the attainment of a spiritual end, and, through scoffing and slander, counts all things but loss that he may uphold or compass *that*; who, in heroic sacrifice of self, does his duty, though it rends his heart—a martyr who gains no credit for his martyrdom;—find such an one where you will, I tell you, kings may doff their crowns to that man, and wise men may be silent in his presence, for he

has achieved a greatness to which the pomp of office and the pride of knowledge are but as the dross which burneth—a greatness which shall abide for ever.

Of such type of greatness, moral rather than intellectual, and therefore imitable by any of us, were the men of whom we speak to-day—

“The men who gave a nation birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave ;
Who won at first this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave.”

Let us see where they landed. “Westward the course of empire takes its way,” even in America ; and so Plymouth finds but little favour among the devotees of dollar and dividend. It has shared the fate of many of the smaller New England towns, and is forsaken by the enterprising, and looked down upon somewhat as if it lagged behind the age. Be it so—it is all the better fitted for the memories which it preserves and embalms. With its rows of stately elms, which suggest poetry while they contribute shade, and its quiet streets, sloping shily downward in a modest welcome of the sea, it is a meet spot for a tranquil spirit to dwell in. Passing beneath the elms in the main street, and turning down a rather steep descent to the left, we are on the way to “Forefathers’ Rock,” where first, by immemorial tradition, it is asserted that “they, the truehearted, came.” To the right is an abrupt ridge, called Cole’s Hill, from which a flight of steps is cut to the rock beneath. This hill formerly overhung the beach, and immediately underneath it was the cove in which the shallop grounded, and the projecting boulder which received the first tread of

freedom. To realize the scene more vividly, however, Plymouth as it is must disappear, and you must picture the country as it once was—unbroken forest, and inhospitable shore; serpents writhing in the swamp, and deer bounding on the hills; an ocean innocent of ships, and a land without dwellers, save where some lordly Indian trapped his game in the wild wood; all nature in her wintry shroud, the earth ice-bound, and the sky leaden and dreary;—thus it was when the little vessel neared the coast, and there leaped ashore the exploring party of the pilgrims, hardy pioneers from whom a nation sprang. By a series of testimony, reaching back to the days of the forefathers, the "Rock" is declared to be the identical one on which their feet first trod; so that when you stand beneath the canopy of Quiney granite, and place your feet on the piece of rock about two feet square, which is all that, for fear of the sacrilegious, dare be left exposed, you may be sure that you stand where stood the *conditores imperiorum*—the founders of empire, to whom Lord Bacon assigns the highest meed of earthly fame, and who deserve yet higher eulogy, because they planted not for dominion or renown, but for freedom, and conscience, and God.

You have seen where the pilgrims landed; let us visit the God's acre where they lie. During the mortality of the first sad winter, Cole's Hill was the burial-place. It is covered with dwellings now with neither stone nor memorial. Re-ascending from the rock into Leyden Street, so called from the city of their shelter in the Old World, we climb the steep pathway to Burial Hill, one hundred and sixty-five

feet above the sea. Stand here awhile, for from this elevation all the places made sacred by the Pilgrims are visible. Down below, a little to the east, is the harbour where the vessel was guided by a skill more prescient than that of the bewildered pilot at the helm. Far in the distance, indistinctly seen through the haze, is Cape Cod, the scene of waiting for five weary weeks of life. Within the bay, to the south-east, is the Manomet Ridge, crested with pines, by which the pilot guided his bark to the place where he wished to land. To the north is Clark's Island, where the first Sabbath was spent, and where

" Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea."

On the north-east is the green hill of Duxbury, where Standish made his home; and where, linking gloriously ancient heroism and modern progress, the French Atlantic cable takes possession of American soil. The place teems with pilgrim memories, and to the eye and heart of those who are in sympathy with their cause, each spot is hallowed ground. On the hill itself, though it is a populous city of the dead, we look in vain for the forefathers' graves. Their descendants are here. There is quaint Puritanism upon the tombstones, which read as if they deemed it a sin to choose a Christian name that was not found within Bible bindings. The old names are perpetuated, but you can find no grave in which the men of the *Mayflower* lie. It may be that some of the moss-covered old stones, just peeping above the soil, cover the dust of heroes—but we cannot tell. The Pilgrims

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died, but, like the grand leader and lawgiver of Israel, "no man knoweth of their sepulchres." Perhaps they are hidden, lest avarice should make merchandise of the relics of the just, or lest superstition should canonize their bones.

It needs not that we should do more than glance at the historical combination of forces which seemed to necessitate the flight of the Pilgrims from their homes. A great thought is like seed; it is ever reproducing itself, even when it seems to die. There is more than one harvest in each grain which the sower scatters in the furrows. English Separatism was a late-born child of the Reformation, and the principles of the Pilgrim-Exodus were in the womb of that great birth of Time. The full bearing of that great change upon religious thought and freedom was not at once apparent. A nation's ecclesiastical life is not to be recast in a day. Hence, long after the actual separation from Rome, the spirit of Rome remained, like the dryad in the oak, to animate those who had left her communion. The germ of all religious freedom was in the Reformation; but the ages had to wait for the development of the majestic idea. Even the early Reformers, not excepting the "first three," Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, wrestled for a truth which they did not fully know. They went out from Rome like Abram out of Haran, "not knowing whither they went," nor the goodness and beauty of the land "which they should after receive for an inheritance." It was so with their successors; and hence the history of the Church in England during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth was but a continued struggle against

successive assumptions of supremacy over conscience, first on the part of the Pope, and then on the part of the crown. But when the combatants became conquerors, they learned, in their turn, the easy lesson of tyranny. Prelate and presbyter, Pope and Puritan, were held under this same yoke of bondage. They could not see that beyond the uniformity of creed and service-book, and outside of it, there might lie the true "unity of the Spirit," kept in the sweet "bond of peace." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the stern struggle between Prelatist and Puritan was continued with unrelenting violence. The Queen, who is said to have possessed many masculine qualities, had one also which is perhaps not peculiar to either sex—she had a strong will of her own. She required uniformity in discipline in the Church of which she was the acknowledged head. The recusant clergy were summoned to obey, were stubborn, were silenced, and were ejected from their livings. When James came to the throne, the Puritans took heart again; for had he not been educated in Presbyterianism, and even written in its defence? Toleration would be assured, and they might even dream of ascendancy. But they were soon and bitterly undeceived. This first prince of the house of Stuart was an ignoble descent from the long line of strong-souled men who had wielded the sovereignty of England for two hundred years. With lofty notions of arbitrary right, he lacked the moral courage which was prepared, at all hazards, to maintain them; and hence his character seemed to be a pernicious compound of cowardice and tyranny. He had learning, but his unwisdom disfigured it by

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pedantry. He had a sense of religion, but superstition was by so much the prevailing element, that he got credit for being only a devotee. So annoying were his blunders of government, that it seemed as if in his transfer from Stirling to London he had left his wits behind him. Like all feeble natures, he was ill assured of the stability of his power, and flaunted his prerogative before the eyes of his subjects, as if, like a parish dominie, he could rule a kingdom by the terror of the laws. He would talk loftily to his Parliament of the Divine right by which he reigned, while he secretly yielded to their sway; and a storm of passion and a cringe of cowardice would be his moods within the compass of an hour. He knew nothing of the two leading qualities of kingcraft—the imperial reticence which could veil its plans, and bide its time; and the power to concede gracefully when the position could be no longer held. Hence he gathered around himself at once opposition to his claims, and contempt for his concessions; his people's anger and his people's scorn. Ungainly in person and of petulant temper, wanting both the presence and the grace of a king, he had the highest notion of his own importance; and he had so great a horror of his own death, that it would surely have been death to any

"Who brought a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
Between the wind and his nobility."

With all this, and though he deemed himself the model of a king, he was yet more ambitious of the reputation of a scholar. By flattery of this chiefest foible, his favourites ruled the realm. Baby Charlie

and Steenie, the crafty Prince and craftier Duke of Buckingham, would extol him as a Solomon when they wanted a favour; he could deny nothing to a bishop who allowed himself to be worsted in an argument; and when he had overwhelmed opponents in controversy with a display of pedantry, only tolerated because the speaker was royal, and, in his own opinion and words, had "peppered them soundly," he would chuckle and croon out his delight as if he had quieted the conscience of a world.

This was the man to whom alone the aggrieved Puritans could apply for redress. But his character was yet unrevealed, and accordingly a petition was presented, signed by upwards of eight hundred ministers, praying for the removal of superstitious usages in the Church. To this petition the University of Oxford issued a reply. This gave the monarch-schoolmaster the opportunity he desired, and he proclaimed a conference between both parties for the discussion of the points at issue—a conference in which he purposed to be at once chief disputant, and, with exquisite impartiality, the arbitrator who was to award the palm. Of course, the Hampton Court Conference, as it is called in history, was a delusion and a snare. After three Puritan representatives had spoken, and been answered by the twenty bishops or thereabouts, the king himself entered the lists, and overwhelmed the unfortunate Puritans with a mass of conceit, pedantry, and dogmatism, to which, if they had been ever so well furnished with answer, they dared not venture to reply. After he had exhausted his sarcasm, he politely inquired of Dr. Rainolds, the Puritan, if he

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had anything more to say. Alarmed and angry, the doctor could only bow in silence. The king thereupon broke up the Conference, telling them that "if they had argued so vilely at college, they would hardly have escaped a whipping;" and dismissing the assembly with these ominous parting words, "If this be all that they have to say, I shall make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land, or worse." In those days such a sentence from royal lips was quite enough to kindle a persecution, and the obsequious tools of kingcraft were not only ready, but eager to carry out the half-spoken design. The machinery was not wanting. The Court of High Commission, composed of bishops and their satellites, was empowered to detect heretics. The vile class of spies, the spawn of such unhappy times, prowled around homestead and hamlet, until there seemed no chance of escape from the meshes of the "omnipresent tyranny." The persecution, which was thus aroused against the Puritans within the pale, became intensified against the Separatists who were outside, and who had already, in their church at Scrooby, gathered to a head of spiritual power. This state of suspense and distraction could not long continue.

The Separatists, exposed to this perpetual harrying, were driven to a solemn consideration of the alternatives to which they seemed to be reduced. If they remained in the land, there were two courses open to them—conformity, with a perjured conscience; or the maintenance of what they held to be truth and duty, with sequestration, imprisonment, and, it might be, martyrdom. Between these alternatives honest hearts

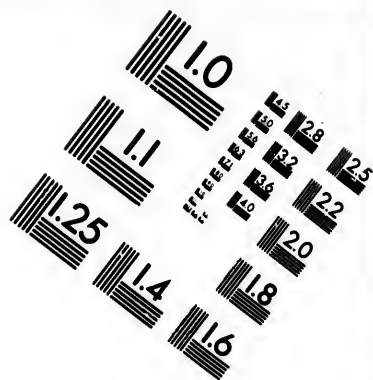
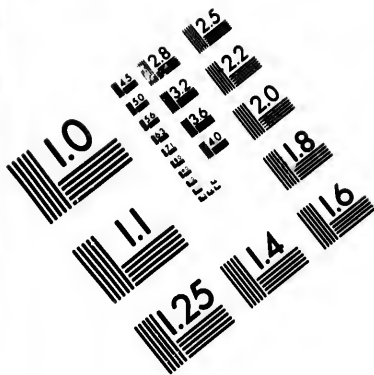
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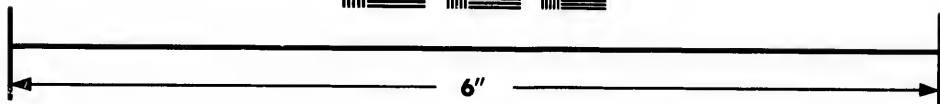
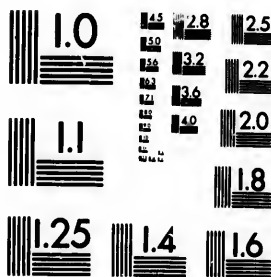
would not linger long to choose. In those days men's consciences were made of sturdy stuff, of the old warp and woof which has been in use among the faithful since the times of Daniel and the Hebrew children. (Haply they are made pliant and elastic now.) Hence, when the faith was founded upon intelligent conviction, there was not one who would not rather have been ruined than recreant, and have gone bravely to death rather than cringe through a life that was dishonoured. There was a third expedient, however, to which their hearts were drawn, although to some of them it had almost the bitterness of death.

The Low Countries of Holland had learnt the secret of religious freedom, and offered to the persecuted of all countries an asylum and a home. To Holland, therefore, after many anxieties, they resolved to flee. It was a decision which involved many and costly sacrifices. Their love of country was a passion. The Hollanders were traders, *they* were tillers of the soil. The language was harsh and unfamiliar. The habits of thought, modes of business, style of architecture, even the very aspect of the country with its grotesque bewilderment of land and water—all were strange. But in Holland they could secure freedom of conscience and worship, and any sacrifice seemed light that they might clasp and cherish these. How dark are the paths in which God's faithful ones are compelled to tread! How fierce the fires in which the pure gold of their principle is tested! But when the patient feet have plodded through the darkness, the glory is the brighter for the gloom, and the gold is burnished by the flame into a beauty unparalleled before. Not in





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caprice of power, nor lessening of love, does the Father permit the trial of the child ; but we wrestle with the angel in the dark, that, with thews of iron, we may be the stronger at the breaking of the day. Not only were the exiles prepared for further exile by these initial trials, but they were helpful, in their brave endurance, to the working of a good they did not know.

That enforced hiding in the old Boston seaport was not without its results. The minister of the fine old church there had many Puritan affinities of his own. For twenty years he had ministered to the same congregation, never disguising his anti-prelatical leanings, and yet hitherto he had been left unscathed. But Persecution loves a shining mark, and the shafts were already in the quiver which were to be aimed at him. Who shall say how much the example and conversation of the brave sufferers wrought him into heroism, and heartened him into the preparation for banishment when his trial came ? Our business is mainly with the men of the *Mayflower*, but as this link of connection unites his name with theirs, we cannot forbear a passing tribute to the memory of *John Cotton*, who has been well described as the Melancthon of New England. He was well-born, and highly educated ; a subtle disputant, and an acute logician ; had so much acquired knowledge that he was called a " walking library ;" was deeply devout, and of a rare humility. After having enjoyed immunity for many years, the rancour of Archbishop Laud was let loose upon him. His friends aided him to elude the ecclesiastical bloodhounds ; and although they spared no effort to arrest him, he was smuggled on board a vessel in the Downs,

and got safely to America, in company with an eminent minister called Stone, and Thomas Hooker, the bold and choleric Luther of the movement. In allusion to this coincidence of names, some of the people were wont, with a sort of grim jocoseness, to say that "God had supplied them with what they wanted at once, as they had *Stone* for their building, *Hooker* for their fishing, and *Cotton* for their clothes." Of genial manners and persuasive speech, holding sternly to every loop and tassel of the polity which was to him a revelation of God, his inexorable will kept in check by the pleadings of his gentler nature, wooing Liberty coyly lest he might mistake her for Licence—her base-born, but not unpopular sister—Cotton came to New England impressed with the idea of a theocracy, dazzled by the brilliant dream of reproducing a modern state, which in legislation, in ethics, in prescient wisdom, and even in intolerance, might rekindle beneath western skies the glory of the ancient Israel. For years he shed around him, from his Boston pulpit, a steady and kindly light; and when he died they mourned for him with a great lamentation, and the quaint epitaph which commemorates his virtues tells us that he was

"A living, breathing Bible, tables where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law in his heart had each its column,
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title page; and next
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth
Without errata, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity!"

We pass rapidly over the period of the Pilgrims' residence in Holland. During their eleven years' sojourn here, although at the beginning they endeavoured to turn their unaccustomed hands to trade, they had hard struggles to live. Their means were exhausted by their persecutions and removals, and if the wolf of hunger crept not to the door, they often heard his baying in the distance, and knew not at what hour he might be near. But they were homely, and so their wants were few ; and they were honest, and so they had credit when they lacked money, and could borrow in repeated straits from the same lenders, for the citizens knew that the sun was not surer to rise than their loans to be returned. So far as human actions depend on human purpose, and amid all their privations, their peace sweetened their poverty, and their seraphic Sabbaths seemed to fill them with so much of the heaven-light, that the very tears of their six-day sorrows were imperaled in the radiance, and flashed a glory on their lives like jewels in a setting of gold.

After some nine years' residence in Leyden, the question of a still more distant removal was debated among them, and the emigration to America was proposed. The sanguine were delighted, and the timid were afraid. Dreams of golden promise flitted before the eyes of the young—the sobering memory of suffering and the dread uncertainties of a venture so hazardous chilled the ardour of the old—the thoughts of the stormy ocean, of the barren shore, of perils by wild beasts and wilder men, made the hearts of the women falter, and drove the slumber from their

eyelids in many a night of weeping. Hence the decision was long deferred; but at length, as always in the long run, the bolder counsels triumphed. Thrown back upon principle, their faith abashed their fear. Not insensible to the danger of their enterprise, they were so strengthened that they coveted to incur it. With a keen enjoyment of the rest which years of persecution had made welcome, they were bold at the bidding of duty to confess themselves pilgrims on the earth; and so, grasping the palmer-staff and strapping on the sandals, they made ready for the far unknown. Listen as they speak—brave souls in advance of their age!—and if you know where a truer faith and grander courage are to be found, then tell me, and I will turn pilgrim too, and seek out the holy shrine, that I may do reverence to the majesty of Christian manhood, as I do here. "All great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be undertaken and overcome with answerable courage. True it is that such attempts are not to be undertaken without good reason, never rashly or lightly, as many have done, for curiosity or hope of gain. But our condition is not ordinary, our ends are good and honourable, our calling lawful and urgent; therefore we may invoke and expect God's blessing on our proceeding. *God* will protect us, and he points us on."

There were then in existence two English companies chartered to effect settlements in America, and they were impelled to negotiate with one of these, partly from lack of independent means, and partly that the old flag might be at once their inspiration

and their shield. Of course they stipulated for religious freedom, and that their patent should be accompanied by a guarantee of toleration from the king. But the old leaven remained, and wrought mischief still. "How mean ye to get your livelihood in the new country?" was the first question. "By fishing, at first." "Truly an honest trade, the apostles' own calling," was the royal reply. Then came the crucial question, "Who shall make your ministers?" The answer was, "The power of making them is in the Church." This put an end to the hope of any further indulgence than "a formal promise of neglect," and considering, as they said, that if there was a settled purpose to do them wrong, a seal could easily be broken, if it were as broad as a house floor, they resolved to negotiate no longer, but to go forward, resting on the providence of God. At length, "after much travail and debate, all things were got ready and provided." The *Speedwell*, a vessel of sixty tons' burden, lay moored at Delft Haven. The *Mayflower* was awaiting them in Southampton Water, and the two were to sail in company across the fierce Atlantic, but rarely ploughed at that time by a vessel's keel, bearing no sordid Argonauts, in quest of a golden fleece, nor enterprising venturers, beating high with hopes of treasure, but simply a cargo of men — sturdy, patient, resolute, God-fearing men, rough in the unhewn royalty of nature, "kings," each of them, "of two hands and one heart," who asked but a land large enough for them to wrestle with nature and subdue it, and a sky broad enough for "freedom to worship God."

Their parting was an affecting scene, with many elements about it of the moral sublime. As the larger number were remaining behind, they claimed that their pastor should remain with them, and hence *John Robinson* was not among the men of the *Mayflower*; but as the seed which hath life in it will germinate if carried to a returnless distance by wing of bird or hand of man, his teaching brought forth fruit so precious in the pilgrim-hearts, that he must be linked with their memory for ever. A broad-souled man in the midst of extreme narrowness; a skilled interpreter of the Divine, and a wise counsellor in the perplexities of the human; in things indifferent, pliant as the young leaf which the zephyr stirs; in things essential, sturdy as the many-wintered oak which storms but root the firmer; with a soul in which the martyr-spirit dwelt abidingly, and yet so gentle that it seemed as if the smile of Christ had burned the carnal out of it, and sweetly blent the hero and the child—Robinson was one of those rare gifts to the race which are needed in stern times, and which God always gives when they are needed. Like Moses, he ruled the people, and made their wilderness wanderings genial by his presence; his heart was in their Exodus, and he braced and cheered them to the very borders of departure; then, like Moses, climbing to the Nebo-crest, he beheld the goodly land which he might not inherit, and gazed into the beautiful future in an ecstasy of faith and hope, until in a brief while the vision transfigured him, and there grew and fastened on his countenance the glory of a fadeless morning.

The parting of the Pilgrims was a touching scene. A solemn fast was held, to celebrate the sacrifice for conscience' sake, which, as on a second Moriah, these children of the faithful were offering unto God, and Robinson was the flamen of the hour. His text was from the book of Ezra viii. 21: "Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." The discourse remains but in fragments, but like the fragments which were gathered after the miracle of the loaves, they are fragments God-blessed, and ever multiplying. After a parting like that on the seashore at Miletus—only that in this case the pastor remained behind—the *Speedwell* crossed the Channel to join the *Mayflower*, and on the 5th of August the vessels weighed anchor, and set out for the distant shore. The *Speedwell* met with a series of real or fancied disasters, and was at length pronounced unseaworthy, so that the number of the refugees was still further reduced, and the pangs of another separation encountered. It was as if, like Gideon's army, they were still too many for the Lord's purpose; so after this further winnowing, there remained but one hundred souls, only forty of them men, who in a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons' burden, set forth to brave the angry ocean, and to people the unknown shore—landlords after the charter of the original Adam, commissioned to replenish and subdue. They have lost sight of the coast of the fatherland at length, and have full opportunity to test their principles in the great solitude of the sea, which, in its majestic

loneliness, is to have them for sixty days in charge. There is no shrinking nor return possible now.

Come with me into the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and let us study these men over whom, all unconsciously to themselves, the Star of Empire hangs. Look at that elderly man with determined face, and hair of iron-grey thinly crowning a broad brow upon which the wrinkles have gathered evenly. He moves with measure, and a certain sort of dignity. He speaks but seldom, and then is frugal of his words. Approach him; he will receive you kindly, but his keen eye will gauge your mental stature and your moral worth. Come to him with some proposal which is rather sanguine than practical. He will compassionate your enthusiasm, but he will keep his own counsel notwithstanding. Come to him with some story of distress. He will be prompt and generous to relieve it. He does not rashly commit himself to the espousal of a principle or a cause, but once convinced or committed, you are sure of him always. He will throw himself into it with the freshness of a child's love, with the strength of a giant's arm, with the heroism of a martyr's faith. It is not wonderful that the Pilgrims have already thought of *Deacon John Carver* as the first governor of their infant state, for though he is neither rash nor rude, he is wise, and brave, and safe; and besides, he is the elder of the company, and they have not yet lost their seemly and old-fashioned reverence for age. By his side stands *William Brewster*, to whom perhaps, more than to any other, the movement was indebted, in its earlier stages, for consolidation and strength. Upon him the mantle of Robinson has

fallen, and they look to him, under God, for the maintenance of their religious life. It is not without reason that, in the picture of the Pilgrims' embarkation, Brewster is represented as holding the open Bible, for in his devotion to that his own great strength lay. A man of address and culture, scholarly without pedantry, and courtly without effeminacy, of approved fidelity, and of high principle, so true-hearted that he neither practised, nor would suspect, guile, and yet with a gainful wisdom which the needs of state service had taught him—he was a stay to the timid ones who needed to be enbraved for the venture by the influence of an eminent name.

We know not that he kept a written diary, but he chronicled his experience, one would think, in the names which he gave to his children—"Jonathan," "Wrestling," "Fear," "Patience," "Love;" of whom, while you would readily conceive the sexes of "Wrestling" and "Patience," it may surprise you to hear that "Fear" was the name of a daughter, and "Love" of a son. For twenty-three years he strengthened the colony by his faith and counsel, and worked on his farm and planted his orchard, thus excelling both in spiritual and natural husbandry; kept his mind bright by the sharpening contact with the best minds of others, for his library of four hundred volumes had gone with him on pilgrimage; and at length, at eighty-four years of age, with weeping friends around him, sank, mellow and beautiful, and fully ripe for the harvest, into the garner of God.

That younger man, a brave and self-respecting yeoman, embrowned with the labours of the field, but

with the piercing eye and open forehead which tell of the busy brain, is *William Bradford*, the student-linguist, who, amidst many hindrances, mastered five languages, preferring, however, the Hebrew, that he might "see with his own eyes the oracles of God" in their beauty; the trusted governor of the future colony through the vicissitudes of five-and-twenty years, the historian who has chronicled the "Acts" of these later "Apostles" with a self-forgetfulness and a simplicity which are emulous of the inspired original; the devout Puritan, who maintained to the last a bright citizenship in both worlds, and who parted from his freedom in the one only when God called him to take up his freedom in the other. Bright, active, enterprising, the business head of the company, their fast friend, and most trusted and skilful agent, there is *Edward Winslow*, the only one of the men of the *Mayflower* of whom an authentic portrait has come down to later times. Yonder is *Deacon Samuel Fuller*, skilled in the art of healing both bodies and souls; and hard by is the youthful *John Alden*, around whom, truly or otherwise, more romantic tradition has gathered than around any other of the band. Thus tradition points to him as the first to leap upon the rock where the Pilgrims landed, and the last of the band who survived, though both these statements are controverted, and he is known beyond all controversy as the proxy messenger for the little captain, who could brain an Indian without ruth or flinching, but whose courage failed him utterly when he would fain have sped bravely in his wooing. And yonder with impatient look, as if he pined through

the months of inaction, chafing for very weariness of the monotonous sea, is the great captain himself, the redoubtable *Miles Standish*.

"Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic ;
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron ;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November."

Alert and decisive, with the quick movement and quick speech which belong to such types of character—of that hot blood which is soon kindled to wrath, but in the swift reaction is inflamed to a white heat of generosity which consumes the anger—of an uncourtly bluntness, but of warm affections—a brave and strong-souled man—it was surely of the providence of God that he should be so fascinated by the Pilgrim society, while yet he was a stranger to their spiritual sympathies, as to link himself to their fortunes, and to become their strong right arm. He does not seem to have been at any time a member of their church, although we can scarcely imagine a life-long and self-denying adhesion like his without some kindling of the holy fire. The ill success which attended his proxy wooing did not deter him from a personal and successful application to another fair one at a later period ; and in an honoured age he "fought his battles o'er again" around a happy homestead hearth, while children's children listened to the story with large round eyes of wonder ; pored over his favourite *Cæsar's Commentaries* with a never-ending admiration of the man who could both fight and write so well ; and so, sitting under the shadow of the trees his hands

had planted, awaited the change which closed his eventful life in the seventy-second year of his age.

Now look you at these men—this noticeable band, who are lifted above their fellows because they honoured an old-fashioned thing called Conscience, and because they believed in an old-fashioned book called the Bible. Like the greatest, they are unconscious of greatness. They have convictions which are dearer than home, and privileges which seem to them so costly that for them they will dare and bear all things save the loss of honour. That is all. There is not a man of them who supposes himself a hero. They would blush and stammer in deprecation of any thought of merit. Tried by the world's standards, they would fall lamentably short of heroism. Gentility would shrug its shoulders in inimitable disdain of their pretensions. The cavalier spirit which knows no glory but in war, waxes angry in denial of their claim. But they live—memories of faith, and reverence, and courage, which a thousand dangers dismayed not, and principle which a thousand hardships could not cause to falter—they live. Their work follows them still. The seeds they sowed are springing in a million harvests of the brave and free. On the broad continent, and in the sea-girt isle, wherever truth is revered, *they* are revered as among its comeliest children, and

“ To them the common heart keeps time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.”

Truly, it is something to ponder, these men going

as calmly into exile as men go to the banquet or the bridal. That frail vessel, hardly more than a barge that trades along the coast in strength and tonnage, spreading her small sails for a sixty-five days' buffeting by the storm—will the brave freight she carries reach the wished-for shore? Through angry waters, white with the wrath they bear; through latitudes where the storm-king sweeps in his destroying circle, and the spirit of the hurricane waits to be let loose among the rattling shrouds; with a crazy vessel, and a godless and not over-skilful crew; with that fell sickness upon them which takes the joy from the life and the strength from the brain; with the region towards which they travel already in the ice-grasp in which it will be closed and chained,—will they be of the doomed ones who are to sink unknelled into the waters as into a boundless grave? Nay, it cannot be. "Why fearest thou?" said a self-confident Roman to the affrighted boatman who had him in charge; "thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes." "Wherefore did ye doubt?" said a greater than Cæsar on the Galilean lake, after he had calmed the seething billows which had affrighted his disciples, but which only rocked *him* into profounder slumber. And why this rebuke of not unnatural fear? Because ere they launched forth he had announced his purpose, "Let us go over to the other side;" and what he spake was destiny. And so with the good ship *Mayflower*; though her voyage be tedious, perilous, desperate (for God sometimes tries his children to the uttermost), she shall be safe, she *must* be safe. What! perish in the waters with freedom and empire on board! perish

when a nation waits for birth ! perish when a destiny is in the pilgrim-veins, prouder than the loftiest Cæsar was ever commissioned to fulfil ! Nay, do not God such wrong. Watch her as she lessens in the distance. Look at her as she shines in the radiance of the sunset for the last moment that you can see her flapping sail, and from the bright omen turn away to your prayers for her, with solicitude indeed, but without misgiving—

“ Courage, O ye mariners,
Ye shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the Pilgrims' prayers
Are rising from your deck.

“ Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted
With blessings and with hopes ;
The saints of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes.

“ Behind you holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown -
Before you unborn ages send
Their benediction down.

“ Take heart, take heart, ye mariners,
God's errands never fail ;
Sail on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail.

“ Sail on ! the morning cometh,
The port ye yet shall win ;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The good ship bravely in.”

I must forbear to dwell upon the history of the Pilgrims after the landing was effected and the colony established in something like order, for my time is almost gone.

Even of those who came in the *Mayflower* all were not animated by the Pilgrim spirit, and the later vessels brought some restless and turbulent adventurers, who needed to be firmly restrained. In the first months their government was patriarchal, the settlement was regarded as a family, and the governor was the head of the household. As business increased, first one, then five, and then seven assistants were given to the governor; and these became the governor's council. Twelve years after their settlement a law was passed that "whoever should refuse the office of governor, being called thereto, should pay a fine of twenty pounds." As laws spring from a people's needs, there must have been some recusant who shrank from the responsibilities of office. It is a pity that we do not know his name, for in these days he would have earned immortality cheaply. After awhile church membership was made the test of citizenship—for the forefathers carried conscience into everything, and clung to the fair ideal of a Theocracy, until they were reluctantly convinced that the world was too fallen to receive it. So early as 1623 trial by jury was instituted in regard of "all criminal facts, and matters of debt and trespass between man and man." They mastered the great problem of compulsory education, or at any rate cut the Gordian knot of it with a resoluteness as prompt as Alexander, for they decreed that "*twelve pounds* should be raised for the salary of a teacher, and that children should be forced to attend school." When whales were cast upon the shore, as sometimes happened, they decreed that "one full hoghead of oil should be paid to the state"—here

is their first custom-house impost—"and that it would be very commendable and beneficial if all should agree to set apart some portion of such fish or oil for the encouragement of an able godly minister." Here is their first voluntary tithing of their substance. Freemen were to be "twenty-one years of age, sober and peaceable, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion." "Horse-racing is forbidden," and in the same category is put "walking about late at nights." Drunkards were to be punishable by fines, by being put in the stocks, and being posted: the stocks also awaited convicted liars and the utterers of profane oaths. A certain Mrs. M. B. was brought before the court upon a charge of falsehood; but the charge was not proven, so the judges admonished her to beware of "unnecessary talking." Admirable counsel! and suitable through all the ages! One "Mr. Smith" was charged with lying about "seeing a whale and other things," and was fined ten shillings. Some were convicted for "neglecting public worship," for "speaking contemptuously of singing psalms," for "writing a note on common business on the Lord's Day," for "denying the Scriptures to be the rule of life;" the latter criminal was to be "whipped at the discretion of the magistrates, only not to the endangering of life or limb;" and the others were sharply reprov'd, amerced, or exposed in the stocks as in a pillory. How slow men have been to learn the lesson that the mind cannot be whipped into conformity by the lash which tears the flesh; and that if it could, that were an unworthy triumph which coerces the opinion only by trampling upon the image of God within the man! One woman

of bellicose tendencies was summoned for "maltreating her father-in-law by chopping of him in the back;" and we can hardly doubt the justice of the whipping which she was adjudged to receive. Parental rights were scrupulously guarded, even from those fascinating felons who are wont to steal young ladies' hearts; for it is recorded that "A. H., for making a proposal of marriage to E. P. contrary to her parents' liking, was sentenced to pay a fine of five pounds, and find security for good behaviour, and desist from the use of any means to obtain or retain her affections;" and strangely enough the meek youth did solemnly and seriously engage to desist accordingly. More marvelous still, the Pilgrims ventured upon the enactment of sanitary laws; ordained that no ladies' garment should be made with short sleeves, and that no person should make a garment for women with sleeves more than twenty-two inches and a half. Looked at in the light of these times, some of these regulations appear austere, some intolerant, others puerile; but they have, all of them, the essential quality of good legislation—desire for the common weal; and a commonwealth which should enforce them now, in the spirit and with the aims of their original enactors, would produce patriots and heroes hardy as the Spartans of old, world-compellers, such as in olden mythologies were said to spring from the loins of the gods.

The Pilgrim-Fathers died. One by one, as shocks of corn fully ripe, they fell before the sickle of the reaper: but the Pilgrim-spirit did not die; it walks the earth in an eternal "progress," sheds its leavening influence where its outward expressions are not; flows on like

a friendly river, blessing alike the grateful dwellers on its banks, and those who foul its waters with their feet ; and awaits to mould and shape the nations for the millennium of God. It must be so : all the principles of the Pilgrim-spirit have life in them ; and therefore they must abide. Deep-seated love of liberty, with wisdom to denounce its excesses, and power to restrain them ; honest friendliness between man and man ; peace, founded on truth and tending to a brotherhood of love ; industry rejoicing in its lot, and proud—with a pride that is not all unholy—of the dignity of toil ; brave endurance which becomes contentment, and is happy ; conscience purged from remorseful memories and bearing witness to the simplicity of the life ; and above all, *faith*, calmly waiting the fruition which the promise has assured—a beautiful future on earth, and a yet brighter inheritance beyond. These are living principles—mind-forces of colossal and ever-actuating power—and these were the principles for which the men of the *Mayflower* strove and suffered, and which they have bequeathed—a glorious legacy to all the generations of time.

And the lesson of these great men's lives. Sirs, are we slow to learn it ? We venerate their memories, hold anniversaries for them, toast them in sentiment, give them tributes of sculpture and of song. But their *spirit* ! is it among the peoples of to-day ? overriding materialism, trampling upon selfishness, lifting us above the greed of gain, giving the lie to the thought that a man is but an animated machine for making money, and that life is a gathering of shekels rather than a winning of souls. " Sir, you mistake," one of

the later colonists is reported to have said to a traveller, who spoke to him about the patriotism and conscience which had prompted the Pilgrims, "you mistake me for one of the Bay people; our object in coming here was to catch fish." And these are typical symbols of the realities which exist to-day. The war rages yet, the war of ideas, and the struggle increases in intensity and bitterness. Out on the field of life you see the opposing bands. Pilgrims eager for the catch of fish! Pilgrims eager for the catch of faith and freedom! Sirs, to which band do you belong? There are many who claim kindred with the men of the *Mayflower*, whom, if they could revisit us to arbitrate, they would inexorably disown. You remember the rebuke of Alexander the Great to a Macedonian of similar name but dubious courage, "Either change thy name, or change thy ways." So from their hidden sepulchres speak the forefathers to many a degenerate soul to-day. We dishonour them, if, while we admire and extol them, we do not start by their example into a nobler manhood and a firmer faith. It is not the last of the prophet that we see, as we watch the cleaving chariot which bears him from our vision and our love. See, he flings his mantle down, and we may robe ourselves in the garments of the great departed—like them to do or die.

"'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue, carved upon our fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime—
Was the *Mayflower* launched by cowards, steered by men behind their
time!

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" They have rights who dare maintain them ; we are traitors to our
sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar fires :
From the tombs of the old prophets shall we steal the lamps away
To light up the martyr-faggots round the prophets of to-day ?

" New occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo ! before us gleam her camp-fires ; we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly thro' the desperate winter
sea."

THE END

