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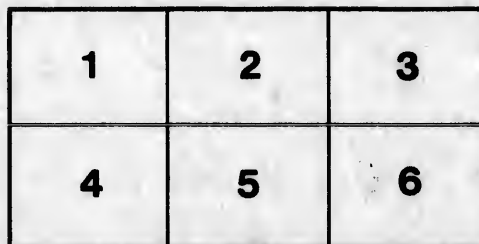
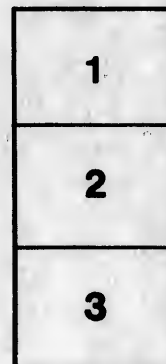
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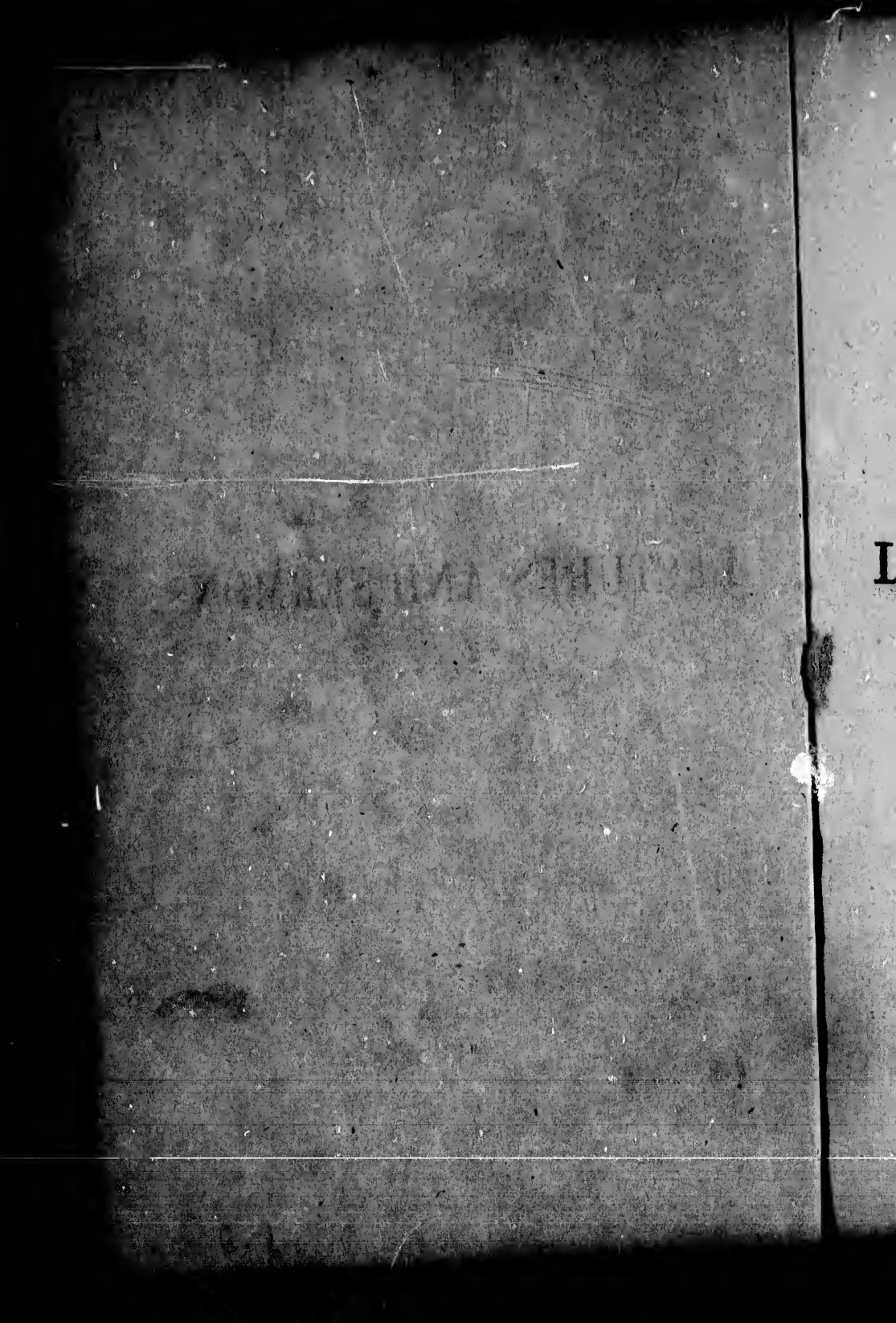
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Make thy Self.



LECTURES AND SERMONS.

LECTURES

S. E. B. M. D. N. S.

C. W. R. E. E. T.

LECTURES
AND
SERMONS,

BY
G. WEBBER.



CHARLOTTETOWN:
H. COOPER, 44 Water Street.

1876.

CHARLOTTETOWN.
H. COOPER, Printer,
44 Water Street.

PREFACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING my aversion to Prefaces in general (for reasons that I shall not now attempt to set forth), it is necessary for me to append a brief Preface to this unpretending volume, upon two grounds, — FIRST, to acknowledge my obligations to the authors whose works I have consulted, particularly in the Lectures on Oliver Cromwell and the Scottish Covenanters. In English History, Macaulay's History of England, Hallam's Constitutional History, Ferguson's History of England, and Clarendon's History, are the chief sources of information. In Scottish History, I have sought to read the standard works of both sides, — the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian, — and then render to each his due; while, for a copy of the Covenants, and other important Church Records, I am indebted to the Rev. John Lang, a distinguished Presbyterian minister of Canada. This general acknowledgment — which I gratefully make, once for all — is necessary, because I have but rarely cited an author's name in the course of the Lectures. My aim has been, to look calmly and dispassionately at all sides of any question or principle or page of History that has arisen, and then unhesitatingly set forth my unprejudiced and candid opinion. By this course I know that I shall not please partizans on either side; but to them I can only say, "What I have written, I have written."

SECOND, — to set forth my aims and reasons for giving forth this small volume to the public. The Lectures were originally prepared to instruct and

benefit popular assemblies, without any intention or idea beyond that. Their publication having been several times requested, I have, at length, consented to place them in this volume, with the prayerful hope that they may be a lasting blessing to many who have neither time nor opportunity to study more minutely the great struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Sermons were prepared in the course of my regular ministry, without the slightest idea of their ever appearing in print. But, urged repeatedly to present a volume of Sermons to the public, I have, with some reluctance, consented to place the following Sermons in this work, hoping that they may be a source of guidance or quickening or consolation or blessing to all who shall read them. My aim throughout has been to benefit and profit all who may read this volume. I have not the necessary leisure—even if I had the ability or desire—to gratify the critic's eye, or secure his commendation. My sole desire is, to assist men in a busy age, and amid the mummies of ritualistic practices, and the subtle and audacious pretensions of Rome, to apprehend the great principles for which our Fathers suffered, and by what means our present liberties are preserved to us; so that we may see at what costs, and from what parties, we received the freedom which we enjoy to-day,—that we may learn more highly to value these principles, and, if needs be, still contend and suffer for their diffusion and establishment in the world. Prayerfully seeking the blessing of Him who alone can succeed any effort for the furtherance of His own glory in the world, I cheerfully present this little volume to the Christian public.

G. WEBBER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. Island, }
January, 1875. }

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LECTURE I.

STEPHEN, THE PROTO-MARTYR.

BIOGRAPHICAL study is at once pleasing, profitable, and instructive; it opens to the student one of the broadest and most inviting fields of toil. The lives of the departed is the source whence the historian derives much of his information in his attempt to rescue from oblivion the occurrences and manners and customs of fled ages. The thought of the individual is invariably the rivulet which ultimately swells into the broad and deep national mind, and the purpose of an individual is that which finally becomes the pulse of the nation, so that, while the nation imparts qualities to the man, the man leaves the stamp of his individuality indelibly written upon the nation; and as truly as nations spring from the individual, so does national character; so that in the study of Biography you study History; you obtain a clue, if not a distinct insight, into the causes of the rise and fall of empires, the elements of national prosperity or decline, the secret of reconstruction or revolution, the causes of upheaving or remodeling, and the law by which a perfect chaos is reduced to order and tranquillity; so that Biography is not simply for the study of character, but a finger-touch, by which to feel the pulse of the world. And then the variety which Biography presents invites you into every walk of life; from the loftiest genius and most magnificent residence to the commonest walk and the poorest home; and from the most defective and erring course, glaring its warning light upon your path, to the most christian and sublime life, showing the excellency of virtue. In

the life of Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon or Wellington, it leads you in the track of battle, where you listen to the wail of the vanquished or the shout of the conqueror, and see thousands bleeding at every pore. In the life of Plato or Bacon or Newton or Dick or Drew, it leads you into the walk of science, in its depth and extent and fulness of wisdom and knowledge. In the life of Angelo or Praxites, it brings before you the painted canvas or chiselled marble, in all the completeness of the image of life. In the life of Milton or Young or Pope, it acquaints you with the song and soul of poetry. In the life of Cromwell it presents you with the civil reformer. In the life of Howard with the prison reformer. In the life of Arkwright with the mechanical reformer. In the life of Harden with the social reformer. In the life of Addison with the literary reformer. In the life of Luther with the ecclesiastical reformer. In the life of Wren it acquaints you with the architect. In the life of Wilberforce with the slave emancipator. In the life of Macaulay with the historian. In the life of Whitfield with the orator. In the life of Hall with the accomplished preacher. In the life of Wesley with the evangelist. In the life of Livingstone with the explorer. In the life of Layard with the excavator. In the life of Paul with the theologian. In the life of Peter with the courageous preacher. In the life of John with the amiable Christian. In the life of Stephen with the distinguished and heroic martyr. But while the field is large, it is beneficial and salutary. We can learn more from example than from preceptive utterance. However sublime the truth, if it has not been realized by a man of like passions with ourselves, it comes to us cold and distant. It may furnish us with correct notions, a complete system, a beautiful form; but it takes the touch of life to influence and transform us. The most impressive and powerful of teaching is the accurate exhibition of individual character, simple and life-like. But to study biography to profit it is necessary to forget the multitude and to fix our attention on the individual, and to trace the particulars of his history; for while the general characteristics of our race may be somewhat uniform, yet there pertains to each some distinguishing shades of character or diversity of circumstance on which we may, with advantage, reflect; and in studying the individual we should contemplate every side of him; the man-ward, the

God-ward, the outer, the inner life; his defects or doings, his flexibility or firmness, his private or public acts, so that we may see who and what he is. Such a scrutinizing gaze I want you to give to the character before us. The great limner of the Bible has portrayed our hero true to life. The Word does not, cannot flatter. Its pictures are always drawn real and living; and as you trace the thrilling story, pause to reflect on some of its most prominent features.

How abruptly Stephen is introduced to us, and how extremely concise is the account respecting him. There is nothing circumstantial or minute in the narrative. You have nothing of his birth or ancestry or education or training or early life. On all these points the record is profoundly silent. The sixth and seventh chapters of the Book of Acts furnish you with all the account you have respecting him; and there he is presented to view, a full grown man, with a fully developed moral manhood; one of the first seven deacons of the Christian Church, who were appointed to distribute the common fund that was entrusted to the Apostles for the support of the poorer brethren. The Hellenistic Jews complained that a partiality was shown to the natives of Palestine, and that their poor were neglected. To remove the cause of complaint, the Apostles gave immediate directions to the assembled believers to select seven men, in whose faith and integrity they had perfect confidence, for the superintendence of everything connected with the relief of the poor. Stephen is the first mentioned upon whom the choice fell; and of him the inspired penman pauses to record, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." He is no sooner introduced to you, entering upon his duties with extraordinary zeal and success, than you behold him a powerful preacher, performing great wonders and miracles to awaken closer attention and inspire a deeper reverence for the word he utters. And then, sudden as the lightening flash, you see him a persuasive and eloquent controversialist in the synagogue of the foreign Jews, disputing with them on the Christian scheme; and from thence the rising malice, which could not disprove a single argument of the masterly pleader, dragged him before the Council, or Sanhedrim, as a blasphemer. And there he stands, as Heaven's monitor, not caring so much to defend himself as to defend the truth. He refutes the charges brought against him; but, in doing so, he labors to make the truth

more intelligible and clear, despite all the consequences that might ensue. He faithfully denounces the guilt and criminality of his hearers, charging them with resisting the Holy Ghost, persecuting the prophets and murdering the Prince of Life. The effect on his conscience-smitten, enraged auditors was terrible. They wreaked forth their vengeance in the most violent manner; and from that heap of frantic persecutors the tranquil and radiant martyr, tired of earth, passed away to the cloudless, sorrowless home of Heaven. This is just all the writer says of him. But is not this enough to assure you that his career, though short, is full; though brief, is sublime; though limited, will, in its grandeur and effects, outvie a Methusala and outlast ages, and be admired by the last ransomed heart? Stephen lived a noble and divine life in his brief hour; and, though the record does not supply you with the details of his birth and parentage, it reveals to you what is infinitely more — **THE MAN**. What matters it whether his ancestry was poor, his origin obscure, and his calling humble; or his ancestry rich, his origin great, and his vocation lofty. It is only a mean mind points to what a man was; an intelligent mind always asks what a man is. Royal deeds, lofty aims, and a true life come not from the ancestry, but from the heart; and the greeting with which a man should be met is not, "have you a father? are you of noble blood or of courtly address or of high position or of wealthy purse?" but, "are you a man? have you a soul that is earnest and noble and single and christian?" It is possible to make nobility stand forth in all its nobleness and position, and rank to be a power; for the jewelled hand may lead a fallen one to the fellowship of a higher life; and the refined expression may be a whisper of truth and love; and the lordly mansion may become an asylum, where the poor and outcast may be fed and blest. But the manhood which impels to it has not come through the veins of his ancestors, but through the generous pulse of his own inner walk with God. There are some, we know, who weakly think that ancestry is everything; that the hereditary transmission is the noblest distinction of being. That the soft white hands and tender flesh of the rich man's sons is far grander than the stout muscle and sinewy heart and hardy frame of the poor man's sons. But there may be comeliness in both or meanness in both, according to the soul

or manhood that underlays it. Those who look so much to the ancestry, and boast it, re-live the old contemptuous scorn of centuries, but only to stand rebuked by the history of centuries. When the great Teacher appeared, living the most perfect manhood and developing the richest store of learning, men sneered, "Is not this the carpenter's son? He is only a Nazarene!" But there was a manhood that eclipsed them all. "Pooh!" says one, "he is only a fisherman." But high-souled Peter went everywhere preaching the Word of life. "Oh!" said another, "it is only a tentmaker!" But glorious Paul could reason of truth till a judge becomes a reluctant confessor. "A heretic," shouted the furious bigots of Rome. But Luther stood forth the mightiest man of his age. "A foolish adventurer," shouted many a courtly noble. But patient Columbus discovered America. "A low-bred tinker!" shouted some of the polite ones. But great John Bunyan became the immortal dreamer. "A consecrated cobbler," sneered Sidney Smith. But sublime William Carey toiled on for the evangelization of India, until thousands of converted Hindoos sprang forth as the fruit of his unwearied toil; and an oriental scholar and a missionary of the first type, he passed to the great recompense. It is one of the most pleasing features of this age that intelligent men no longer ask for a relict of royalty and a trace of noble ancestry as a passport to eminence, distinction, and power; but rather for real worth and true merit. Society is beginning to wake up to the truth, "'tis only noble to be good;" and learning to smile at the claims of long descent, and at those qualities which are heired like the patrimonial acres. "The truth is becoming a strong, growing world, feeling that a living dog is better than a dead lion."

Attempting no conjecture of his ancestry, *behold the man!* **HIS LIFE.** *He has a purpose of life.* I suppose it would be impossible to find a real life without a purpose. An aimless, purposeless being is not deserving a worthier name than a mere existence. A man who is destitute of the energy and principle that moulds itself into a power and purpose has his character shaping itself into the shifting occurrences of each successive day, and the wayward moods of each fitful companion; but it attains no definiteness, and therefore life is wasted in inaction or in a thousand deeds that are all disorder, because lacking a central, controlling purpose. Such

a one may fret sixty minutes to death every hour, and then pass away, and no one know he has had a being beyond his own circle. A purpose, from which all action shall evolve, by which all action shall be sustained, and to which all action shall converge, is a real and worthy life. A master-purpose which moulds everything into a true and loyal subordination to itself is the one secret of the lives of those distinguished ones who have vindicated their claim to be chronicled on the muster-roll of the heroes of the tribe and the distinctive feature of their success and power. Our heart does not appear big enough nor our life long enough to admit of more than one all-controlling, all-pervading purpose. True, a diversity of purposes obtain, but only one is reserved to each; and whatever that purpose be, into its service the whole life is pressed. The warrior lives for conquest, the merchant for commerce, the miser for gold, the tourist for travel, the statesman for power, the student for learning, the philosopher for knowledge, the philanthropist for reform, the son of genius for fame, the sensualist for appetite, the worldling for pleasure. Stephen had a purpose, but it was worthier, and surpassing far the purpose of the world's foster-gods. It was sublimer than the greed of gold or the worship of mammon or the chase of appetite. The one worthy purpose he distinctly set before him was pre-eminently christian,—to glorify God, to exhibit the supremacy of truth, to publish fully the peculiar and distinguishing truths of our holy religion; to lay bare the lost and guilty state of man, his helplessness and depravity, and his need of Divine and spiritual influences to enlighten and renew his moral nature; to unfold the suitableness of the gospel to man's condition, and the glory and excellence of the plan of salvation which the system of christianity unfolds; and the holy results and practical tendencies of genuine, vital religion, wherever it is cordially embraced; to set forth Christ in the divinity of his person, the efficacy of his atonement, the power of his grace, and the love of his heart; to humble the proud heart, and lay it in the dust of self-abasement before God; to quell these inward propensities of the nature, and to raise the soul into the completeness of its moral manhood; to curb and harness the passions of men, and urge them to strive after the image of the Heavenly; to thaw the winter frost from the heart of the selfish; to open the world's dim eye to the majesty of goodness;

to soothe the sorrows of poverty and dry the tear of orphanage; to heal the mourning of widowhood and redeem from want the perishing and famishing ones. This was his sphere of beneficial activity, his field of holy toil, his true, fulfilled, and all-absorbing life-purpose,—that which held the man, the life, in perpetual spell. Then you observe this noble and sublime purpose of being was *steadily and constantly pursued*, amid hazard and suffering and hatred and mockery and threats and storms and tempests of rage. The life never diverges from its God-inspired purpose; never failed of its lofty aim. It always climbed into the proud ascendancy of everything, and so made the man mightier than his surroundings. Amid the wild surge of malice and passion there stands Stephen, calm, firm, fixed. His heart, his life, his soul, has but one purpose, and from that he does not falter; and believe me, the man that would survey the landscape from the summit of the lofty mountain must be prepared to climb the hard breathing steep, to overcome the tangle and thicket which lie in the path of ascent; to cope with the battling storm that shall wave his tangled hair, and resist all to gain the crest; or the man that would trace the source of some famed stream must be ready to brave peril and hardship and even death to gain the charmed secret; or the man that would win a niche in the temple of fame must be content to spend patient years in pressing and unobserved toil; or the man that would gain the sublimest of all recompense, the eternal well-done of the King Immortal, must be ready to bear all things or fulfil all things that his Master allots. To fulfil our life-work we must be steady and unfaltering in our allegiance to the purpose of being; but the purpose, in all its nobleness and grandeur, enables you the better to *behold the man*. HIS CHARACTER. The first and one of the most prominent traits of Stephen's character is the *thoroughness and beauty of his religious principles*; that there may be no mistake or questioning on this point, the inspired historian affirms, once and again, that Stephen was full of faith and power and of the Holy Ghost. His whole soul was flooded with divinity; his faith was unfaltering and firm; his power with God and man mighty and marvellous, and his possession of the Spirit was abundant and unrestrained. He walked in the constant fellowship of Heaven, breathed the spirit of Christ, battled with the world and the flesh and Satan; rose

superior to the witchery of evil ; clung lingeringly to the arm Divine ; hied constantly the palace beautiful ; lived daily in the smile of God, so that it is no wonder the lambent glory lit up his countenance to the alarm and dismay of his enemies on the day of trial, and to the proof of his own inner and consistent godliness. Oh, it is blessed, in this world of formality and deep-stained pollution, to get near a man with so much of heaven in his composition, and sun oneself in his smile as he comes forth with the halo of his Pisgah communings still lingering around him. Stephen was eminently and emphatically a Christian of the truest type, and the same thoroughness and nobleness of religious character we covet for you. Allow me to hope that you have already decided for Christ ; that you have seen enough of your own native vileness and moral depravity and spiritual destitution to feel that you are utterly undone and forever ruined without a conscious, Divine change within, and that you have seen enough of merit in Christ's perfect and all-sufficient atonement to believe in Him, and in Him alone, to the saving of your souls. Now, walking in the fear of God and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, we urge you, labor to attain all that religion has proffered for your acceptance and enjoyment,—seek to conquer all that is false and selfish and mean and defiling and depraved, and labor to secure all that is true and benevolent and lofty and spotless and gentle and sublime ; seek to overcome self and satan and sin, and aim at being wholly assimilated to the morally lovely and Divine. Let every soul-faculty tend to Heaven, and the entire being be instinct with holiness, and tire never in your eager thirst after the Divine till you are complete in Him. I know that to reach a character so exalted and perfect will cost effort and diligence and toil and watchfulness and prayer ; but the prospect from the summit of Beulah will well repay the labor of climbing ; the blessedness of the state will more than recompense the toil of winning and standing on such an altitude. You can accomplish much good, chain many a rebel will, win from many a fatal step, raise from many a blighted prospect, and lead into the walks of holiness and heaven many eager enquirers ; and to redeem a lifetime from sorrow and crime, and an eternity from woe, is the worthiest of all achievements ; to become a centre of influence for good is the grandest of all power ; to ray out kindness and rippling

bliss into the homes and hearts of men, is the noblest of all acts,—and that is yours as you climb into the Divine. Oh, covet pre-eminent piety, pant after perfect holiness, yearn to be spotless, glorify God, bless men, benefit your generation, by standing forth in all the nobleness of Christian decision, by grasping the fulness of the blessings of the Gospel of Christ!

The *second* trait of character you trace in Stephen is *unflinching constancy in the avowal and maintenance of his espoused faith*; it cost more than a little for a man to be a Christian, and openly to profess his faith at the times and under the circumstances of Stephen. Underneath the purple folds and glittering crown and potent sceptre of the kingly Herod, there was a villainous intent and a murderous purpose lurking against the Christian faith, and the Roman invader was little disposed to countenance the new faith. The Jew, with all the prejudice of early training, and with all his regard for that gorgeous ceremonial that had enfolded itself around his heart, had caused it to be understood that he was fiercely opposed to what threatened the overthrow of his own system, and those who had crucified the Prince of Life were not likely soon to embrace a creed which would bring back upon them all the guilt and crime of murder; and as for the priests, they were only so many vampires to suck out the life-blood of the Christian people; and such was the moral condition of the Gentiles, that no support could be expected from them, so that to profess the religion of the Nazarene required a noble daring and a martyr's courage; it required that a man should stand with his life in his hand, ready at any moment to sacrifice it rather than compromise his cherished faith. But the constancy of Stephen fails not; he was prepared to speak honestly and act bravely whatever might follow; he did not faint from weariness, nor was he deterred by ingratitude, nor palsied by fear, but, like another Daniel, he would still hold fellowship with Heaven when the lion's den threatened his recompense; or, like another Luther, he would maintain his faith, though furious bigots and malignant devils might hotly oppose; and his confession to the council was like Luther's to the Cardinal de Vio:—"Had I five heads I would lose them all, rather than retract from the testimony which I have borne for Christ." Valiant, courageous, he dares confess Christ before his very murderers,

and charge them with villainy and crime; undaunted, he pales the Jewish cheek with the spectres of murdered prophets whom they had madly slain; still fearless, he crimsons the brow with the mad hate of keen accusings for resisting the Holy Ghost; calm and unmoved to the last, amid the rage of gnashing teeth, he thunders forth his heaven-inspiring prospect, and even in death his last whisper is an avowal of his faith in Christ: I dare not think that the same experience of peril surrounds your confession of faith in Christianity, and your avowal of being on the Lord's side. Happily, the days of confiscation and martyrdom and exile have passed away, and brighter and holier days are ours. Days of religious toleration and freedom are the times we live in, when crowned kings, subtle nobility, or lawless mob dare not tread the sanctuary threshold to annoy; when the minister has the sanction of law and Heaven freely to preach the truth divine. But though we have not the foul odor of dungeons, the torture of racks, the pain of banishment, the scorch of flame or the gores of massacre, to deter us from the confession of religion, there is a something to test our fealty to the truth divine, and to make us feel that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. It may be difficulty or disaster or opposition confronting you in the works of duty, and you have to choose the path because it is right, without any prospect of profit or pleasure; or perhaps your companions or friends or the society around you curl the lip of scorn, and endeavor to shame you out of your open and avowed confession of Christ, or your speech and deed is misrepresented and abused, so as to get you to falter in the course you have intelligently chosen, or you have daily to walk amid influences inimical to piety; but, allow us to urge you, halt not on the path of life, and never be ashamed to confess Christ. Openly and fearlessly stand forth, the avowed adherent of the faith divine; crimson the cheek of the scorner by that humble and holy constancy that makes iniquity blush, and live Christ before a world: "For he that overcometh shall inherit all things."

The third trait of character you observe in Stephen is, his *firm and unswerving allegiance to the Word of God*. You observe it is that Word he sought openly to vindicate; for its defence he was content to sacrifice his life, and from

that Word he derives all his arguments to disprove the views and accusations of his enemies. From whence he had derived his fund of Bible lore we cannot determine; he might have been early trained in one of the principal seminaries of Jewish learning, or he might have been brought up at the feet of one of the learned doctors, or from his youth his anxious parents might have trained him in the Scriptures, and subsequent to his conversion he might have applied himself with commendable zeal to acquire a knowledge of the Sacred Law. Through whatever medium the knowledge was obtained, it is indisputable that he was mighty in the Scriptures, and from them he glanced arguments keen as lightning and powerful as thunder to silence the adversaries; and from that Word, as the pillar of his belief, the bulwark of his faith, the weapon of his defence, and the sword of his conquest nothing could divorce him; he stood by it as a man, and it made him more than a man; and in this Stephen, as a confessor and a moral reformer, stands not alone. Every moral hero of every age has attached himself unswervingly to the Word divine. With what tenacity our glorious Wycliffe stood by the sacred Book, and with what eager fondness Luther and his associates adhered to the simple teaching of the Scriptures! Here was their strength and power; and at the diffusion and circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the language of each country in Europe the reformers steadily aimed. True, the Papal Bull was issued against this circulation of the Word, and the general feeling of the Romish clergy was openly against it. Then, even to possess a Bible was to be a heretic, and the first deadly symptom of Protestant infection was to be found in reading the living Word without priestly license, and men were immured within the walls of an inquisition for that simple act; and men, such as Tyndal, were martyred for being translators of the Bible, while hundreds of copies of the Word were bought up to prevent their circulation, and burnt by the common hangman; but still the Word was diffused, and the reformation progressed rapidly, triumphantly. Nothing seemed able to stand against the Word. Soul after soul, province after province, kingdom after kingdom, were won to the Protestant cause, and every subsequent reformation, whether carried on by the agencies of Knox or the Puritans or the

Wesleys, has been effected by the teaching and distribution of the sacred oracles, and to this hour God's appointed instrument for the conversion and renovation of mankind is the promulgation of the truth divine; and where this truth is omitted, whatever system of principles and institution may be supported, or whatever names those principles may bear, and in whatever communion of nominal Christianity they may be exhibited, they are powerless for all the practical purposes of good. By what means did the fishermen of Galilee overturn the altars of heathenism, expel demons from their usurped dominion, silence lying oracles, and dispel the ignorance of barbarism and superstition of mankind? By means of the truth as it is in Jesus; and still if we would break down the strongholds of vice, and promote the spiritual good of the race, we must not trust to secular power or worldly pomp, or philosophic learning, or famed genius, or thundering eloquence, but to those principles and truths which have a vital connection with the life-inspiring doctrines of the Cross. Let the lamp of truth be ever burning in our temples, and Ichabod will never be inscribed on our walls; but the moment we substitute any teachings for the Word divine, the glory departs at once. Therefore, to you comes the appeal of the great Master, in all its force and power: "Search the Scriptures." Form your creed and principles from a careful study of that Word; and then swerve not a hair's breadth from the grand and sublime old Book, for it is through that Book that your heart—that the world's heart—is to be pulsed with the life that dies not.

The *fourth* trait of character you trace in Stephen, is the *free and ready forgiveness of injuries*. In no instance did the spirit of resentment and malice sway or influence the man of God. True, he was moved and outspoken; but it was in defence of the abused and insulted truth. In spirit, toward his enemies he was meek and forgiving to the last; and his dying whisper was, "Lay not this sin to their charge." He had sufficient ground for resentment, in that he was falsely and groundlessly accused, and that he was condemned and stoned without any proper reason. But the Christian gained the ascendancy over the man; so that, like his great model, he died with the breath of forgiveness trembling from his closing lips. Oh! what a type for the

study and emulation of the Christian heart, grappling with the many vices of the cheating world—threatening the destruction of his fame, the blighting of his reputation, and rebuking the least desire to rise; endeavoring, rather, to keep him under the foot of infamy, than to make him a power before whom many shall bow. How the example of Stephen whispers, amid all that the world does or says: "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath, but forgive, and it shall be forgiven you"! To forgive is the sublimest revenge.

The *fifth* and last trait of character I want you to observe is, *that Stephen was a man of prayer*. In whatever situation you view him—whether mingling with the saints, or bracing himself for the stern and fierce controversy, or bending under the stroke of insult and calumny—committing his soul to Jesus you see the grace of supplication is invariably resorted to. Prayer preceded and succeeded his every action. Prayer was inseparably blended with all he did. The secret of his calmness, fortitude, constancy and triumph, was prayer. And if we would be mighty, we must be men of prayer. If we would overcome our foes, resist ourselves, trample upon all that is opposed to religion, prove firm in our adherence to the truth, and never fail in our witnessing testimony for Christ, we must use the weapon of all prayer. Prayer is safe, amid all the temptations incident to great and unforeseen prosperity. Prayer is a succour amid all the keen bitings of pinching want. Prayer is a shield amid the whirl of business and the snares of evil. Prayer nerves the arm and frame to vanquish all wrong. Prayer makes the shop, the mill, the mine, the field, the market, the street, the cave, the mountain, alike to be a holy place, where the Divine Father comes down in the cloud, upon the mercy seat to commune with man. Prayer will assimilate man to the nature of Him with whom he communes, and so cast over the soul the gentleness and meekness of Christ. Prayer will complete and perfect man's character in the growth of holiness, and meeten him for the supremest end of being. Prayer will furnish us with direct and proper communications of the Divine will. Prayer makes the inner heart of man the temple-home of God. Prayer links man's wants with God's fullness, and man's weakness with God's strength; so that the human is

clothed upon with the Divine. Prayer is man's noblest power and mightiest prerogative. Do you pray? Do you pray often? Pray much, pray long, pray in secret, pray everywhere; don't forget to pray. Whoever neglects or scoffs, or however pressed by business or secular engagements, or in whatever situation you are placed, remember, it is ours to pray without ceasing.

Passing from the character, you *behold the man*, IN HIS DEPARTURE. There are several aspects under which the death of this holy martyr may be viewed; each full of profit and beauty. The radiant smile of gentle forgiveness which marks it; the firm and unfaltering trust in Jesus which he maintains; the undoubted certainty of an endless home above, to which he confesses; the calm and peaceful manner in which he falls asleep in Christ; the smile of Heaven which beams upon him with such an unearthly loveliness; the symbolic posture of the revealed Christ to him, as standing to contemplate the scene of his martyrdom, and welcome the person of the heroic martyr;—all these add a charm to the sweet and instructive triumph of the glorious Proto-Martyr. But pausing not to detail the various thoughts clustering around the departure of Stephen, you must briefly survey one scene—*that death in all its entirety*. But to paint that scene in all its grandeur and sublimity, is perfectly beyond us. Without doubt you have watched a setting sun, as it gradually glides away into the bosom of evening, and have observed that it is more beautiful just before it is wrapped in the folds of night than at any other period of the day. In the morning it is lovely, fringing the cloud with amber and with gold, and bathing the world in light. At mid-day it is more beautiful, shining full-orbed upon the world, and making it smile with the cheer of summer. But at eventide it is the most lovely of all; making the clouds curtains of the richest dye, the sea like one wave of silver, the earth like a splendid painting of the most superb colors, and the sun itself appearing like one vast body of crimson glory. But such a scene, though one of the loveliest Nature has to offer, is a very imperfect type of the dying Martyr. The malice of his foes, the injustice of his death, the foaming hate which stoned him, and the excruciating torture of his bruised and sinking body, dimmed not the vision of his

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soul. Martyred in a brutal manner, and bleeding at every pore, the dying hero fixed his inner eye upon that world whose unfathomable blessedness and glory is summed up in that word of deepest and sweetest meaning, Heaven. And as he nears his final home, his expectation rises into divinest ecstasy; visions of endless glory wave before the eye of his faith; and raptures, such as fill the burning Seraphim, fill his soul. To him death comes not as a grim jailor, to unlock his prison fetters and lead him forth to execution; but as God's messenger, to set his captive free, and send the exile home. So that Death's visage is not terrible, but radiant as an angel's smile. Death wraps him in a garment of glory, and, letting in the sunlight of the celestial city upon his soul, it presents the full glories of Heaven clearly to his view; and then, while the bodily pains are deeply agonizing, death becomes a triumphal chariot to sweep him home to Heaven. And in this, the first Christian martyr is only a beautiful type of thousands of sainted martyrs who have followed him to the same triumphal home. The dungeon, the rack, and the fires of Smithfield all echo the truth of this. But this triumphal departure is not only the privilege of martyrs, but of all believers in Christ. All may not pass down to death with the same halo of glory encircling them as surrounded Stephen; but all, like him, may calmly fall asleep in Jesus. All may not, as he, have a flood of living glory poured around their last moments; but all, like him, may whisper to the Eternal: "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Oh! it is yours to date your last message from the land of Beulah; to know that the river of Death is but a narrow rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall whisper "Come;" to be fanned by the breezes and bathed in the light and thrilled by the spirit of Heaven as you have it full in view. It is yours, in Christ, peacefully, happily, victoriously, sublimely, divinely, to conquer Death by dying, and to pass from the moral battle to the endless conquest and coronation of the life to come. And living a life so true and pure and faithful, and dying a death so happy and victorious, you shall leave behind you the most fragrant memory and influential example, so that being dead, you may yet speak. No one will question that the life of Stephen is an influence and a power to-day, and

will continue to be so until the close of time; though I need hardly tell you that we unhesitatingly reject, as incredible, and without foundation, that strange tradition of the Church of Rome about the efficacy of the relics of the Proto-Martyr, viz: It is stated that, in the reign of Theodosius, Lucian, the priest of Caphar Gamala, a village about twenty miles from Jerusalem, had revealed to him, by a dream, the burial-place of the Martyr, Stephen, and that when the coffin which contained his remains was opened, the earth trembled, and an odor, such as that of Paradise, was smelled, which instantly cured the various diseases of seventy-three of the assistants and standers-by; and that the relics were then removed, in solemn procession, to a church on Mount Zion, and the most minute particles of these relics—the scrapings of a bone, a drop of blood—were possessed of Divine and miraculous virtue in every part of the world, wherever they were carried; and, in fact, St. Augustine, in his great work, "The City of God," relates above seventy miracles—of which three were resurrections from the dead—performed within the limits of his own diocese, in Africa, by the relics of St. Stephen. But while we reject that strange and untruthful fabrication of Rome, all will admit that the name and life and deeds and death of Stephen is beneficial and blessed throughout the whole of Christendom to-day; and though no physical cures and resurrections have occurred through his name, yet moral quickenings have taken place and are still occurring through his self-sacrificing and heroic example. And you, like Stephen, robed in the garments of salvation, may go forth to spread the name of Jesus, perform the noblest deeds of service, and die in the fullness of victory, leaving behind you the most precious and fragrant memory, and others, seeing your good works, shall glorify your Father, who is in Heaven; while you shall be up yonder in that Heavenly Home, robed and perfected and crowned, a king and priest to God for ever, with all the waiting days and warring days and watching days and wailing days passed away; and only progress and knowledge and holiness and love and life and Heaven and God abiding with you forever.

LECTURE II.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND HIS TIMES.

BEFORE the Christian Era, and even in the earlier centuries of the Christian Era, to mark a prominent name or page in English history was impossible. England had no history or man before the world. Then to have put your finger on a name or a nation of power, you must have gone to Egypt, with its colossal pyramids; or Nineveh, like another Layard, and read its inscriptions of chiselled history; or to Babylon, the seat of luxury and splendor; or to Tyre, the old world's seat of commerce; or to Greece, the school of art and science; or to Rome, the centre of military glory and renown. There is an unquestionable exaggeration in the earliest descriptions of the ancient Briton, but the mildest and most truthful delineation must present you with a very strange and unlovely character. We shall not attempt to give you any of the exaggerated statements, so gravely affirmed by earlier historians, respecting the character and doings of the ancient Briton. It is enough to say that there was nothing at that time to indicate that Britain would ever rise from her degraded state to sit as an umpire among the nations, or become the incomparable maritime power and centre of influence which she is to-day. But just as some of the noblest rivers, which spread fertility over continents and bear richly laden fleets to the sea, have sprung from barren mountain tracts or moorland wastes, where the foot of the explorer rarely visits, and where even the

tears of rushes are acceptable tributes, so from the barbarous race of Britons of earlier times has arisen the glorious Britannia of to-day. There is nothing in common between the savage Briton of the past and the polished and accomplished Englishman of to-day. The trace of successive epochs is discernible in an entirely altered man. In the seventh century the first of a long series of salutary revolutions occurred. Ancient Britain amid a surging tempest is entombed, and *England* appears with its fair and valiant Saxon race nominally converted to Christianity; though unfortunately the Church which had converted her had lost too much of the spirit and simplicity and power of the Apostolic Church, and had admitted too much of Grecian dogma and Pagan right. England was now admitted into the federation of Papal Rome, and received some advantages from the connection. In the ninth century began the invasion of the heroic but ferocious Dane. The same atrocities which had attended the victory of the Saxon over the Celt marred the victories of the Dane over the Saxon. Civilization paused in agony for *six generations*, while these hostile tribes so keenly fought. At length a better understanding was come to, and some prospect of peace was seen when the Normans, then the foremost race of Christendom, invaded the English soil, fought the battle of Hastings, and became masters of the kingdom. During the first hundred years after the Conquest the proud and gifted Norman was at continual feud with the Saxon, until one of the ablest kings wooed and wed an English Princess, and another, driven from his Norman home, made the adopted land his country, and intermarriage became common between the two races. Then the distinction of race was forgotten, and the Norman became justly proud of his English name. Then was formed, by a mixture of *three Teutonic tribes*, grafted on the stock of the ancient Briton, a people inferior to none in the world. Then commenced the *History of histories* in the English nation, for then appeared the *MAGNA CHARTA*, the basis of the famous English Constitution, the parent and model of many of the free constitutions of the world to-day. Soon came the House of Commons, with its representative assembly. Then was formed the famous English language, and with it appeared the earliest dawn of English literature; then learning followed in its

track, and such a page of history can never be forgotten. The school of Greece, the invention of printing, the great Reformation, are not greater powers in history than the Charta of England. But not less famous were the times of the *seventeenth* century, when, after a terrible struggle and a grand revolution, despotism was dethroned and civil and religious freedom established throughout the British Empire under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell.

Born in the town of Huntingdon, the capital of the county of that name in England, of a middle class family, just as the sixteenth century was about to retire with its famous records into the lap of the *seventeenth*, Oliver Cromwell was only soon enough to claim the sixteenth as his century of advent. There was nothing in his extraction or birth or appearance to indicate his coming greatness. No legendary tale or wizard charm or mixture of Royal blood assisted him to distinction. He had to fight his own battles, and to take charge of his own reputation, and such was his age and country that it took upwards of *forty years*, with all its strange education and discipline, to bring him into bold and prominent relief, and only the last *sixteen* were his years of distinction and fame. But his first forty-three years, from 1599 to 1642, were years of strange history and experience. Just briefly review them. Elizabeth was on the British Throne endeavoring to control elements and men, not the most easy to manage. The more stormful events of her reign—internal conspiracies, the Spanish Armada, the massacre of the Huguenots—had passed into history, and Elizabeth was now seeking to settle the civil and ecclesiastical quarrels of her people. Her father, Henry VIII, had made her the custodian of a most anomalous Church. Henry attempted and in part succeeded in forming an Anglican Church, differing from the Roman Catholic chiefly on the point of supremacy; the King instead of the Pope was to be the temporal and spiritual head; though one could wish for the reputation of the Church itself that a purer motive had been the instigator than the divorce of Catherine of Arragon for the marriage of Anne Boleyn, and that the man who raised his commanding voice to teach a nation how to worship and what to believe had at least been a member of Christ's Church, which we fear Henry never was. Henry's chief adviser in this particular work was Thomas

Cranmer, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. As a statesman and divine, composed of the most singular idiosyncrasies of character, he was too well fitted to draw up the terms of coalition upon which that Church is based. Of Cranmer we cannot speak in the laudatory terms that some have done. He was not so bad as some of his enemies would have us think, but he was never worthy of a place in the canon of saints or catalogue of martyrs. This strange Church, which Edward did not live long enough to reform, and which the cruel and bloody Mary sought in vain to shatter, Elizabeth took to her bosom and sought to prop and perfect; but at the close of her reign she had no small difficulty in tiding this *State Church* ship over the breakers. To the truly Protestant party, anxious for a simple, disrobed, Scriptural worship, the Anglican Church was not far enough removed from Antichrist and the Vatican. This reforming party, though embracing a galaxy of the most glorious names in English history, were opposed and persecuted until the party became a sect known in history as the Puritans. I do not pretend to justify all the acts of the Puritan party; they had strange preferences, a peculiar gait and garb and look and nasal twang, and other traits that we do not admire; but the Puritan of chainless will, of benevolent nature, of brave and heroic soul, intensely devoted to the promotion of freedom and deeply in love with Protestant Christianity, is a man to be admired and revered for all time. With an influential number in the House of Commons and a powerful party in the country, these Puritans asked and urged reforms after the type of Martin Luther and John Calvin. In the midst of the struggle good Queen Bess closed her glorious reign, and bequeathed her sceptre to another. James Stewart, King of Scotland, as the lineal heir, ascended the throne of England. That year, 1603, is a memorable epoch in English history. Scotland and Ireland became a part of the British monarchy; and for the first time all the isles of Britain were peacefully united under one sceptre. The mixture was peculiar; there was the Englishman, who finds his *contentment* in *grumbling*, the Scotchman who finds his *home* abroad, and the Irishman who finds his *peace* in a *good fight*. This Kingdom was nearly doubled in size, but James, the first of the ill-fated Stewarts, was not the man for the crisis. In his own opinion he was one of the greatest

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kings that ever lived; but he was in truth a man wholly unfitted to occupy a throne. The English people had been governed for the last one hundred and fifty years by princes of great force of character, who had always been feared, if not loved. But now England had a king whom she despised. His ungainly figure, stammering speech, ricketty walk, nervous trembling, cowardly tears, and broad Scotch accent were imperfect as which perhaps he could not help, but their effect was to make the modern Solomons to be held in unconcealed contempt. But the pretensions he put forth were monstrous,—such as even Henry VIII. never dreamed of asserting. His assumptions were encouraged and sustained by the novel theory of Filmer on hereditary monarchy. This theory, which James so firmly believed, helped him to some of his most despotic acts. He told the Parliament that they held their privileges merely at his pleasure, that law was simply a concession of his, and that they had no more right to question his acts than the works of God. The Parliament was enraged and alarmed, while the religious discussions became more decided and fierce. James was a zealous Episcopalian, and as a consequence the Anglican clergy became more pretentious. In imitation of Rome they made the Divine origin of Episcopacy one of their vital dogmas. They also revived such practices as saint worship, celibacy, monasteries,—to the scandal of Protestantism,—and offered every form of opposition to Puritanic reforms. At this juncture James died, and Charles I. ascended the throne. Charles had a better understanding and a firmer will, and was a superior man to his father. His person was dignified, his tastes good, and his domestic life unblemished; but he had faults, neither few nor small. He was a deceiver and a despot to perfection. He seems to have had a fixed hatred of liberty, and most unscrupulously sought its destruction. He would readily promise, and then with impudence break his word without a blush. A more dangerous enemy to the English Constitution, or one who more resolutely sought its destruction than Charles, never sat upon a throne. He inherited his father's political and ecclesiastical theories, and was anxious to carry them into effect.

Now commenced the hazardous game on which was staked the destinies of the English people. The Parliament moved

with great wisdom and moderation and self-possession, and the king found he must govern in harmony with law or be perfectly defiant. His fatal choice was soon made. Dissolving Parliament he levied taxes by his own authority, then convoked a second Parliament and again dissolved it, and raised fresh taxes, and thrust soldiers on the people to maintain and set up martial law in the land, in direct violation of the constitutional principles, which taught that the king could not legislate or suspend a law or impose taxes without the consent of his Parliament. The king called a *third* Parliament. In this assembly Oliver Cromwell, as a member for Huntingdon, was for the first time found. This House the king found more than ever opposed to his despotic schemes. Changing his tactics, the king agreed to a compromise, and after exacting his subsidies as the price of purchase he signed, amid the rejoicings of the nation, the second Charta of English freedom, THE PETITION OF RIGHTS. He thus bound himself not to imprison or raise money but in due course of law. But in three weeks the truthless king openly violated the Charter. The Parliament was dissolved, the chiefs of the Opposition cast into prison to languish for years untried or to die martyrs to the cause, as in the case of Elliot, or to endure the mutilations and inflictions of the notorious courts of the day, and for eleven years Parliament was not again convoked, an event unprecedented in English history. For this the king is chiefly to blame. It is true he called to his aid sycophants who shared his guilt, such as Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, the cruel, the eloquent, the unprincipled, the despotic author of the deeply meditated *scheme of thorough*, who with dauntless resolution and unsparing severity went forth to fulfil the king's behests, and employed all his powers to crush the liberty of the nation. His correspondence clearly proves that a Government without Parliaments, a Government by the sword of the most fierce and arbitrary and absolute nature, was his desire and intention; and with Strafford was Laud, the Archbishop of Canterbury. No face could more strikingly indicate the character of the man to whom it belonged than that of Laud's as portrayed by the most skilful hand of that age. The mean forehead, the pinched features, the cunning eyes, the tight skin, suit admirably all that history saith about that ignorant and peevish despot. When we read his

judgments against separatists, when we turn over the leaves of his diary and learn how jealous, how superstitious he was, we feel for him a contempt that even the sacredness of his office cannot prevent. He says he dreamed that he had turned Papist,—a dream we suspect that was too true if the word “turned” be left out; and with them was Finch, the recreant Judge who so deeply disgraced his ermine. To carry out their scheme of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, the *Star Chamber* and *High Commission*—names of hate and cruelty and shuddering—were revived, the liberties of the nation were imperilled, many began to look across the ocean to America, whose inhospitable soil a few resolute Puritans had sought to conquer and convert into a new world. And among the number who actually took passage and went on board the ship destined for America was Oliver Cromwell, with his cousin, John Hampden, when an Order of Council prohibited the ship from sailing, so that the intending emigrants were compelled to remain and return to their homes. But at this crisis an act of insane bigotry changed the whole face of affairs. Charles and Laud determined to force on the Scotch Presbyterians Anglican Episcopacy, showing that they wished the Anglican Church as the major sect on British soil to assume the same ecclesiastical position as Rome had previously assumed on a wider geographical surface. But the Scotch, who had bearded the Stuarts before, did not yield a ready compliance with the King's wish, but of set purpose opposed it. National and religious feeling was aroused; the first intonation of the Liturgy produced a riot, which soon spread into a revolution and a war. No resource was now left to the King but a Parliament, and in the spring of 1640 it was called. This House, according to the testimony of Clarendon himself, was temperate and respectful to the throne. But as soon as they began to consider the grievances of the past they were dissolved with every mark of royal displeasure. As soon as the King had dissolved the House he repented of his rashness; and well he might for the vessel was full, and the last drop had made the waters of bitterness to overflow. A few months more of tyranny and insult and evasion and despotism, and Charles, without money or credit, was forced to face his insulted Commons and convene the ever memorable *Long Parliament*. On the 3rd of November, 1640, met that great Parliament,

destined to every extreme of fortune,—to empire and to servitude, to glory and to shame, at one time the sovereign of its sovereign, and at another time the servant of its servant. But notwithstanding its errors and mistakes, it deserves the lasting gratitude of the nation. Among the most distinguished members of that House were Edward Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon), Faulkland, Digby, Harry Vane, Oliver St. John, Hollis, Flennes, Oliver Cromwell, John Pym, and John Hampden. By universal consent, Hampden held the first place in Parliament, and was unanimously chosen leader. Abuse after abuse vanished with united voice, the Star Chamber and High Commission ceased only as things of infamous memory. Strafford was impeached and afterwards attainted by bill and executed. Laud was flung into the Tower to die. Finch barely escaped by flight. All those whom the King had employed as instruments of oppression were summoned to answer for their conduct. The King was deprived of those oppressive powers which were the last relics of the feudal times, and the Parliament provided that it should not be again prorogued or dissolved without its own consent. Even the strongest Royalists allow that most of the measures passed were salutary and necessary. Its good acts greatly preponderated over the evil. After ten months of hard work the House adjourned for six weeks, and on its reassembling two parties first appeared, styled *Cavaliers* and *Roundheads*; they are now better known as Conservatives and Liberals. You cannot speak in unqualified praise or censure of either party. A reaction had evidently taken place during the recess. A large body of moderate and well-meaning men who had heartily concurred in the strong measures already adopted were now inclined to pause. Their opinion was that a great reform had been necessary, but that a great reform had been made and that the grievances of the nation had been fully redressed. A direct collision soon took place between the two parties into which the House was now divided. The opponents of the Government, led by Hampden, moved that celebrated address to the king which is known by the name of the **GRAND REMONSTRANCE**. In this address all the oppressive acts of the preceding fifteen years were fully set forth, and the king was entreated to employ no ministers in whom the Parliament could not confide. What they really

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asked for was a *responsible Ministry*. The debate was long and stormy, and in a House of three hundred, the remonstrance was carried by the small majority of nine votes. So surely did the reaction appear to have set in that Oliver Cromwell and others openly declared their old resolution of leaving the kingdom if left in a minority on the question of the remonstrance. Charles had now a last chance of regaining the affections of his people. Without sacrificing any part of his lawful prerogative or submitting to any conditions inconsistent with his dignity, by choosing the path of moderation and wisdom, he might have been again the powerful and respected king of a free people. For a short time he seemed to take a wise and temperate course. He promised to govern in harmony with the Commons, and to summon around him trustworthy and moderate leaders. This resolution, had he adhered to it, would have averted the years of bloodshed and mourning that followed. But in a few days the deceitful king mocked his friends and enraged his enemies by impeaching the leaders of the opposition. On the third of January, 1649, without giving the slightest hint of his intention to those advisers whom he had solemnly promised to consult, he sent down the Attorney General to impeach Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Haselrig, and Stroud at the bar of the House of Lords, on a charge of high treason. These men were charged with what Puritan historians have never sought to deny—with having negotiated with the Scotch when they previously entered England in arms. These leading statesmen of the Constitutional party knew that the Scotch and themselves were engaged in a similar struggle with one and the same tyranny, and therefore they became friends. But Charles, burning with eagerness to strike down the popular leaders and their cause, snatched at the formal treason and determined to arrest the leaders. There was a legal method by which to proceed, but this he did not take. The arrest of the members by violence was apprehended, and the House petitioned the king for a guard. *He sent them this assurance:* "We do engage unto you solemnly the word of a King that the security of all and every one of you from violence is, and shall ever be, as much our care as the preservation of our children." At the very time, however, when he was giving this assurance, the king was illegally prosecuting the members in the House of Lords.

He next sent a message to the Speaker of the House of Commons, ordering him to arrest the five members and send them to him. The House deputed four of its number to wait upon Charles, stating that his message affected the privilege of Parliament, but expressly promised that the five members would be ready to answer any legal charge laid against them. Charles then sent an officer to seal up the lodgings and trunks of the accused members, and the Commons sent their sergeant to break the seals. The tyrant resolved to follow up one outrage by another. He resolved to go to the House in person with an armed force and seize the leaders of the opposition while discharging their Parliamentary duties. That day (the fourth of January, 1642,) is ever memorable in the annals of England. Between one and two o'clock that day the king came hurrying to the House at the head of a tumultuary force of some hundreds of his guards and attendants, armed with swords and pistols. Lady Carlisle conveyed intelligence of the king's design to Pym, so that the five members had time to withdraw. They left the House as Charles entered the Palace yard. The king knocked and entered in company with the Prince Palatine, his swordsmen staring in after him from the door. The members rose and uncovered as he walked up the floor. As the king stepped towards the chair, Speaker Lenthall stepped forth to meet him. After a pause the king said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry for this occasion of coming to you. Yesterday I sent a Sergeant-at-Arms upon a very important occasion, to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason, whereunto I did expect obedience and not a message." After some more words he asked the Speaker whether the five were in the House. Lenthall with great address dropped on his knees and said: "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, and I beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me." The king said sharply that "he had as good eyes as another's," and commenced looking around the House for them. Finding that they had vanished, he exclaimed that "the birds had flown," and commanding the House to send them, marched out in a huff. As he passed along the benches several members shouted "*Privilege!*"

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Privilege!" It has never been seriously questioned that this attempt to arrest the five members was one of the most insolently tyrannical acts ever performed by an English Sovereign. The transaction was illegal from beginning to end, —the impeachment was illegal, the process was illegal, the service was illegal. *There is not a doubt but that this attempt to seize the five members was the real cause of the war.* Every eye could see it; every brain could appreciate it. It acted as an electric shock on the people of England. London rose round the Parliament, receiving the whole House for a week into the city, and then when the Commons resumed sittings at Westminster encircling them with 100,000 armed men, while 4000 Buckinghamshire farmers galloped into town to defend their noble representative, John Hampden. From that moment the carriage of Hampden and the opposition became fiercer and more decided. Charles left London never again to return till the day of reckoning came. A negotiation lasting over several months was opened. Every proposed reform the king would promise to fulfil. But a tyrant whose whole life was a lie, who hated the Constitution that he had sworn to defend, could not be trusted. He unquestionably looked forward to absolute sway and a bloody revenge, and therefore it would have been sheer madness to trust him again. Royalists were now compelled to choose between the King and the Parliament, and they accepted the King. In August, 1642, the sword was drawn, the civil war commenced, and two hostile armies appeared on English soil. Charles still had a strong party in the country. His august office, his dignified manner, his solemn protestations that he would for time to come respect the Constitution, pity for fallen greatness, a fear of democratic innovations, secured for him many adherents. The Church, the majority of the nobles and landed gentry, and most of the gay and dissolute youths of the age gathered around the Royal Standard. On the other side was the great body of the middle classes of England. The Earl of Essex was appointed to the command of the Parliamentary Army; Hampden took a Colonel's commission, and went into Buckinghamshire to raise a regiment of infantry. His neighbors eagerly enlisted under his command. No member of his party showed more energy and vigor in arms, or made himself more thoroughly master of his military duty, than Hampden. His regiment was con-

sidered the best in the service of the Parliament. He unquestionably possessed the qualities of a great General as well as a great statesman, but unfortunately his military situation was subordinate and his military career short. Had his life been spared there is every reason to believe that John Hampden would have been the Lord High Protector of England; but in facing the fiery cavalry of Rupert he was mortally wounded, and soon after died in great peace. It is a grievous thing in a struggle for principle to be cursed with a half-hearted commander such as the Prince of Conde, who led the Huguenots, and such as the Earl of Essex. At first the success was with the armies of Charles; his troops and officers were by far the best, while the Earl of Essex was not the man to meet the fiery and daring Rupert. When the war had lasted a year, the Royalists had gained several battles, taken Bristol, the second city of the Kingdom, and not sustained one serious defeat; while some of the Parliamentary leaders had passed away, and others became cold or recreant. Pym had passed amid honors to the grave, and Hampden had gone home to receive the victor's crown. At this critical moment Oliver Cromwell stepped forth with a hero's courage, a man's resolution, a martyr's constancy, a patriot's heart; he offered his services in the country's defence. He saw and suggested the point of weakness and defeat; he proposed to reconstruct the army and raise men of another sort. He went through the Eastern Counties calling on young men of known piety to join the army. He soon organized and disciplined the whole army. Essex was then removed, Fairfax was made nominal chief, but Oliver Cromwell was the real head and director. Now look at Cromwell as a SOLDIER AND A GENERAL, with his motto: "*Trust in God, and keep your powder dry.*" I shall not attempt to compare Cromwell with such commanders as Alexander or Cæsar or Charlemagne or Napoleon or Wellington or Von Moltke, for he, unlike them, had never been trained to the art of war. Cromwell passed his youth and the prime of his manhood in a civil situation. He never looked on war till he was more than forty years old. He had first to form himself, and then to form his army. Cromwell was emphatically a man; he possessed in an eminent degree that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind that is so characteristic of English great men. Out of

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his raw levies he created an army, the bravest and best disciplined, the most orderly in peace and the most terrible in war that Europe had ever seen,—and he led it from conquest to conquest. He never fought a battle without gaining a victory; he never gained a victory without annihilating the force opposed to him. Yet his triumphs were not the highest glory of his military system. The respect which his troops paid to property, to law, to religion, to temperance, to industry, are without a parallel, and are the finest expression of the spirit infused into them by their great leader. His first great battle with the Royalists occurred at Marston Moor. Oliver's victory was complete and decisive. It was speedily followed by Naseby, the battle of the mountain plain, in which, according to Lord Clarendon, both King and Kingdom were lost. The victory for the Parliamentary cause was decisive, and for the Royalists the defeat was fatal. Then came the capture of Bristol and other triumphs in swift succession, but in every victory Cromwell ascribed all the glory to God. The authority of Parliament became fully established throughout the kingdom. Charles fled to the Scotch, by whom he was afterwards surrendered to the English. The King was treated with respect and deference. Cromwell and others hoped he would in the day of adversity consider, and yet learn to rule for the public good. To this end Cromwell and Ireton often conversed with him, but he encouraged and deceived them. In a secret letter to his friends, which Cromwell intercepted, the King said: "Be quite easy about all the concessions I am making; when the time comes, instead of the order of the Garter, I will give Cromwell a rope." All hope of an arrangement was now gone; it would be insane to attempt to trust the King. The Parliament therefore resolved to settle the Kingdom without him. The Scotch, with whom Charles was in secret treaty, proffered help. A coalition was formed between the Royalists, the Scotch and the Levellers. Alarm spread, the storm burst, and Norfolk, Suffolk, Kent, Wales, and Scotland were under arms, while many of the Lords and Commons viewed this rising with secret favor. Cromwell and the leaders of his army met at Windsor and spent three days in meditation and prayer for Divine guidance. How seldom do Generals thus seek counsel of God! Who can doubt the sincerity and uprightness of such men. Cromwell retired daily to pray,

and some who pried into his retirement saw him in agony and tears. He ever sought wisdom from above, spent much time in prayer before an action, fought with a Scripture truth on his lips, and never failed to thank God for his success. The meeting at Windsor led to immediate preparation against Charles and his adherents. While Fairfax crushed the risings near the Metropolis, Cromwell with his army proceeded to Wales, and having routed their army and demolished their castles, he proceeded to the North of England, met the King's troops, and fought a desperate battle. Oliver's men were few compared to the King's, but the King's army was utterly destroyed. Cromwell then entered Scotland; Edinburgh opened its gates to receive him, and after making important changes in the Scottish Government, Oliver, more than ever the *idol* of his soldiers, returned in triumph to London.

Then commenced the trial of the captive King. A special tribunal of *one hundred and fifty* members was appointed by Parliament for that purpose, and by this tribunal he was condemned to die as a *traitor and a public enemy*. I know the justness of this sentence has been loudly condemned. I do not approve of that act upon two grounds: 1st, *no man should take away life*, and therefore I condemn it in common with all executions as a relic of barbarism that should not be perpetuated under the Christian Era; 2nd, *That sentence was impolitic and a great mistake*. But so far as the deserts of the King are concerned, if a King who favored the massacre of two hundred thousand Protestants in Ireland to please a Papist wife (and the rebels declared that they acted under the command of the King as well as the Queen),—if a King whose life was an intrigue and a despotic endeavor to crush his nation's freedom,—if a King who broke his coronation oath,—if a King whose history is a disgrace to the name of a Sovereign was worthy of his sentence, that was Charles Stuart. Those who condemn the sentence cast the odium on Oliver Cromwell; that, to say the least, is *false*. Cromwell was appointed one of his judges, but he refused to act. According to Burnet, he was all the time in suspense. When the Prince of Wales wrote him to save the King's life, he replied: "I have prayed with fasting to know God's will." The Royal trial commenced without his knowledge; Cromwell sought to mediate between the King and Parliament,

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and he only abandoned the position when branded as a traitor by his own camp. On the day of execution an eager and excited crowd gathered in front of Whitehall, waiting the fatal moment. Four hours passed while Oliver prays for wisdom to decide as in God's sight alone. At length he consents to that death as necessary and just. At the hour of noon Charles appears in front of his banqueting hall and with calm dignity waits the fatal act. The moment he was beheaded the mob take up a lamentation, the tyrant becomes a *martyr*, and the habitual liar is *canonized*, until, after two centuries, enlightened public opinion has expunged the name from the Anglican Book of Common Prayer and compelled a correction of the muster roll of Martyrology, "for a lying tongue shall not prosper." Ireland now claimed immediate attention. The rising of the Romanists had left the country in a fearful state. The Protestants were terribly assailed and driven from their homes in mid-winter, while their property was destroyed, their families murdered, and their lives shed in horrid sacrifice. The nation had received a *fearful baptism of blood*. Cromwell was requested to quell the insurrection. He felt the task to be a very difficult one, but he accepted it in full reliance on God for help. On reaching Ireland he summoned those who were in arms to surrender, and deemed it necessary to be severe towards all who refused. Everything yielded to the vigor and ability of Cromwell. In a few months Ireland was subdued, and the tranquillity and prosperity that followed awakened universal wonder. To all but the most daring he was very lenient, and while using the sword to suppress rebellion, he never molested the Romish priesthood. He once replied by letter to a manifesto of the Romish Bishops, pointing out the difference between Christ and the priests. From Ireland the victorious chief returned to Scotland. The Scotch having invited over Charles, the son of the late King, who gave every reason to expect that he would tread in his father's footsteps if he could reach his father's throne, Cromwell tried in vain to convince the Scotch of their error by a friendly letter. The Scotch army was the best ever raised in Scotland and twice as numerous as the English. Oliver and his men spent a day in fasting and prayer before entering the engagement. The next day they fought the fierce and bloody battle of Dunbar, and Oliver gained a complete

victory. Charles left Scotland and marched to Worcester; and Cromwell followed him, gaining his crowning victory and crushing the military force of the King. Charles fled for his life, and with extreme difficulty escaped the fate of his father. England was now declared a COMMONWEALTH.

You have now to look at Cromwell as a STATESMAN and LORD HIGH PROTECTOR. While Cromwell and the army were absent in Ireland and Scotland, the Presbyterians, having the chief place in Parliament, resolved on becoming the *National Church*. They therefore hurried through Parliament a most oppressive Act, decreeing that persons denying *eight doctrines* should be imprisoned, and if found guilty be handed over to the tender mercies of the hangman; and persons holding other views, such as the Baptists and Quakers, were to be imprisoned till they gave up their views, so that every man not a Presbyterian was to be imprisoned, banished, or put to death. How humiliating to our common Christianity that one sect should persecute another—that men who have just escaped the furnace should make power the instrument of still stronger oppression! But no impartial historian in recording the history of the Church since the second century can fail to note that the animating law of the dominant section in every period has been the enforcement by penalty of a uniform faith. Calvin raised no voice in the Geneva Council against the sentence of Servetus. The Pilgrim fathers in their New England home drove the Quakers further into the forest. Persecution generates persecution. Oh, what wars have been waged and cities sacked and lives massacred, in the judgment of the perpetrators for the glory of God! And in this day the Roundhead searched wood and mansion for the fugitive and wanderer, and refused to listen to Sorrow's imploring cry: "I myself also am a man." But such a state of law could not last. England too deeply detested ecclesiastical serfdom. Britain's domestic poet has told the heart-feeling of her truest sons:

Place me where winter breathes its keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

In the army, where many of the adherents of the newly formed sect of Independents, with whom Cromwell himself

was joined, who disliked the Papacy, Prelacy, and Presbyterianism, and would not appeal to the "Court of Arches" sooner than to the Vatican. There were also Baptists in the army who held to the view that Christ alone is the Head of the Church. Cromwell demanded of the Parliament liberty of conscience and worship, without which all other liberties are valueless, and he would not submit to the penal inflictions that had just passed the House. The free toleration of all Christians being the Charter of the Army, they thought it hard to be punished by the Presbyterians—whose battles they had fought—on account of religious differences; and agreed not to lay down their arms until they had secured freedom of worship by legal settlement. The Presbyterians raised troops to enforce their measures, but at the approach of Cromwell's army they soon disbanded, and Cromwell at length secured a law abolishing all statutes of penalty for non-conformity in religion, *thus inaugurating the triumph of religious freedom in England*. It mattered little to Oliver that the Presbyterians preached against him; his political views remained unchanged. On the influence of Cromwell and the army the preservation of religious liberty still depended. The Parliament wished the army disbanded; but their pay was in arrears, and as their liberty and life were at stake, they resolved not to disband until they were paid in full. Parliament also wished to perpetuate its power. They had sat a long time, and there was no King to dissolve them; but Cromwell, at the instigation of the army, closed the House and locked the door. A Parliament must now be chosen, but with the feeling that existed between the Presbyterians and Episcopalians it was feared that an appeal to the country could not be made without war. In the extremity the officers took an unwarrantable step, nominating, through Cromwell, their chief, a hundred and forty men to settle the supreme Government. This Parliament soon resigned its unconstitutional powers to Cromwell. Oliver then drew up a plan of Government conforming to the old English Constitution, only, (at the suggestion of his party,) the term "King" was omitted and "Lord High Protector" substituted. Cromwell then became the electoral Chief of the English Commonwealth, and on the *sixteenth* of December, 1653, he was solemnly installed at Westminster Hall, having a robe of purple, a sword of State, and a richly-bound Bible.

Cromwell was induced to take this position that the ends of liberty and religion might be answered. In what manner he discharged the high position, history can testify. He reformed the House of Commons, extended the franchise, corrected the vices of the old representative system, and abolished many of the worst statutes that existed, and indeed so far-seeing and liberal was his policy, that after the reaction of the restored Stuarts, it has taken more than two hundred years and the unrivalled powers of Burke and Pitt and Peel and Russell and Gladstone to bring the representative system of England up to what it was under the Commonwealth. Under Cromwell, England was safe and happy. Property was secure, laws were observed, and religion tolerated. Whilst in the midst of his greatness, he manifested the most sterling humility. The cup which has intoxicated so many, sobered him. His spirit, so restless in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it had reached its level. He had nothing in common with those men who distinguish themselves in lower posts, and whose incapacity becomes so manifest when they are summoned to lead. Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Cromwell, by the confession even of his enemies, exhibited a simple, natural nobleness, and was neither ashamed of his origin nor vain of his elevation. Born to command, when he reached his proper place he felt quite at ease, because competent to fill it. Nor did Cromwell ever sacrifice the nation's interest for his own. He gave away to charitable purposes about *forty thousand pounds a year from his private purse*. Not one penny of the public money ever went to the enrichment of his family. He simply left to them the estates he inherited before reaching the Protectorate. He regarded principle before place or wealth or power, and would never sell his manhood for gold or glory. The Protector's foreign policy was as distinguished and successful as his domestic. After half a century, during which England had been degraded and powerless, and the ship of State was well nigh wrecked under Stuart pilots, it once more rose to the first rank of European nations. Blake, though not one with Cromwell in policy, he readily encouraged and helped to secure the empire of the seas, while Cromwell vanquished every boasting foeman who dared encounter his glittering steel. He was universally acknowledged as the head of the Protestant

interest, and dictated terms of peace to the world. The Piedmontese and Waldenses in their Alpine hamlets and valleys were secured from oppression by the terror of that great name. The Pope himself, for once, was compelled to preach humanity and moderation; for a voice which never threatened in vain had proclaimed that unless favor was shown to the people of God, the boom of the English cannon would be heard in the Castle of St. Angelo. Cromwell, the Protector, and England under the Commonwealth, were objects of universal admiration or dread. The British soldier never turned his back on a foeman, but fought his way to victory in every field of strife. The triumph of the Stuarts would have been the ascendancy of the Papacy. Cromwell was the obstacle specially raised of God in the seventeenth century to check the efforts of civil despotism and the encroachments of the Church of Rome. I do not attempt to conceal that Cromwell was greatly helped by his distinguished contemporaries. There was Milton, his Secretary of State, the literary champion of the Commonwealth, and the greatest creative genius of his age, whose poems are unrivalled. There was Baxter, who could preach and pray so as to move God and man, and Bunyan, whose very dreams are grander than most men's most wakeful thoughts. There was Burnet, the fearless enemy of despots and unfaltering friend of freedom, together with a galaxy of hardly less conspicuous names.

Look at Cromwell, though it must be too briefly, as a CHRISTIAN. In the private walks of life Cromwell was not less honorable and consistent than in his public career. It is too seldom that great men are Christians; Cromwell was both. His piety was the chief secret of his greatness and success. Soundly converted soon after his marriage, he lived a Christian life for upwards of thirty years. Amid privation or prosperity, the field of battle or the closet, in the throne room of empire, surrounded by his Cabinet, or in the quietude of his own family, he was the same unfaltering saint of the Most High God. His worth as a Christian was most regarded by those who knew him best. His letters to his relatives and family breathe a tender and heavenly frame of soul. Many have grossly misrepresented him and sought to blacken his name, for aspersion and reproach is the world's sorry trade in men that are better than they; yet truth and merit are at last beginning to

prevail and his goodness to be acknowledged. Oliver certainly passed the wicket gate on his way to the Cross, with a pale face and feeble step and shattered frame and a heavy heart, while a physician was sent for at midnight by those who knew not the nature of his disease. But ere the physician arrived, one look to Jesus had made him every whit whole, and by means of the new life within he rose above surrounding evil, and closed his pilgrimage with joy. God's glory being his life purpose, his last moments were lit up with its lambent flame. The *third* of September, 1658—the anniversary of his grand victories at Dunbar and Worcester—has again arrived. There must be festive glee to celebrate events so grand; the whole nation must hold high holiday to-day:—but *hush!* England's great uncrowned King lies upon his dying bed. He is to gain the grandest of all his victories to-day. He speaks of the covenant of grace as faithful and true, and confesses that faith in Jesus is his only hope. Speaking softly, he says: "I am the vilest of sinners, but Jesus fills my soul with assurance and love." Then a last look of wife and children, he whispered: "Feed, feast on the covenant." Then came the measured beats, while in great serenity of soul, as if the unruffled peace of the waveless sea was imaged there, he eyed the home above, and shouted: "I CONQUER!" Then with his sorrows closed, his conflicts passed, his heart quiet in the calm, measured beats of Heaven, he became "more than conqueror through Him that had loved him." When it was known that Cromwell was dead, Amsterdam was illuminated, as for a great deliverance, while children ran through the streets shouting: "The devil is dead!" and Rome began again to breathe out threatenings and slaughter. But England, with another feeling, amid great and wide-spread lamentation, laid the coffined remains (amid funeral pomp such as London had never seen before) among her greatest and proudest sons in Westminster Abbey. True, his body was afterwards taken up by the revengeful Charles, and gibbeted, and exposed to the gaze and shout and scoff of a fickle mob; but the name and memory of the Protector live yet, and will in the future receive that meed of praise which they so justly deserve. Not only bronze statues, but a grateful nation, shall yet hold it in everlasting remembrance; while the name of Charles Stuart—the effeminate tyrant, the degraded and

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salariéd viceroy of France—is loathed by all true Englishmen. And from the life and labors and fidelity and triumphs and fame of Cromwell, let me urge every young man to engrave on his life's battle-flag the hero's dying words: "I conquer." However numerous the foes or keen the struggle or prolonged the contest, be resolved to conquer.

"Climb the steep and starry road
To the Infinite's abode,
And bear aloft, 'mid snow and ice,
The banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR!"

LECTURE III.

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

 COTLAND is sea-girt, save its Southern boundary where it is separated from England by the Cheviot hills and the river Tweed; it is of an oblong shape and irregular surface. Its length from North to South is two hundred and eighty miles; breadth from one hundred and seventy-five to thirty miles; and estimated area, including the Islands, upwards of thirty thousand square miles. Its population is less than four millions, though you cannot correctly say their number, for many of them, after the manner of Scotchmen, travel Southward in early life to find wider scope for their enterprise than the country of their fatherland can yield. By means of that barren and lofty mountain range, the Grampian Hills, Scotland is divided into two districts—the Highlands and the Lowlands. The ancient name of Scotland was *Caledonia*, and its original inhabitants Celtic, speaking Gaelic, the mother tongue of the Celt. Its present name was given it by the *Scoti*, a powerful, warlike tribe from Ireland, who invaded it in the fifth century, subdued the *Picts* and natives, and became masters of the scene, until the devastating wars with England in the twelfth century and the defeat of William the Lion, which for a time placed the independence of the kingdom in other hands. Norman and Saxon barons then took up their residence in the country, and many of the toiling classes of the English mingled freely with the inhabitants of the Lowlands, until Teutons predominated in the South, and the Celtic blood and Gaelic

tongue were compelled to restrict their home to the Highlands. Intimacy was more or less preserved between the two nations until, in *sixteen hundred and three*, they were merged into one—THE BRITISH KINGDOM. This brief sketch of land and history I have presented that you may be the more familiar with the country and tribes of whom I speak. It is strangely true that, with rare exceptions, if you want to find the muster roll of heroes—those who have carved out names for themselves, the prouder because self-won, philosophers, historians, statesmen, essayists, poets, orators—you must not go to the Equator, and burn under a vertical sun, or linger in the rich and fertile tropic; but go rather to Northern regions, where a healthier atmosphere, a stubborn soil, and a howling winter compel men to be braver and more self-relying. Scotland is a confirmation of this rule, and oatmeal, though by some deemed a meagre banquet, has thickened into a muscle, bone, and brain of which any nation might be justly proud. There is one conviction I want you to carry into the study of this and all history—that *God is the central fact of history*; therefore it is neither right nor wise to ignore Him when we open its archives. Just as one cannot have a true conception of the grandeur and magnitude of a landscape, who has examined it only in the glimmer of a lamp, so that Atheist can have no clear knowledge of history who has not allowed the sun of Heaven to shine upon it, kindling all its events, small or great, into sublime significance. It is when you see God in history that epochs are no longer marked by the troubled glare of battle or successive mastery of thrones, or the barbaric civilization of conquest; but by the moulding of that national character and growth of that personal manhood which aid the purposes of the Divine. It is when you see God in history that the pealing storm and crushing tempest and the wildest panic are transformed into a holy temple, where the trembling worshippers adore in silence; for the Lord reigneth, and kings become his servants and growing nations His expanded smile, and dwindling empires His darkening frown, the universe His footstool, and Heaven itself but a flash of His benignant eye, and the world moves along its course to that finish that shall yet challenge every critic's eye—either to vindicate or assail—the Queen of wondering planets.

The history of the Scottish Covenanters bears date from

1638 to 1688, a brief half a century. But correctly to understand the principles of that struggle, we must go back to an earlier date, and hurriedly glance at the years from the establishment of PROTESTANTISM and the holding of the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1560. Some Scottish historians have taken much pains to prove Presbyterianism an heirloom of the Culdees, their earliest Christian sect, so as to show that with them it was not a novel theory of recent growth, but a form of Church government which they had inherited from their first acquaintance with Christianity. I do not wish to say that there is no force in the arguments employed, for manifestly there was in the religion of the Culdees the *germ* of the Christianity of Scotland to-day. But I wish to discourage any attempt to *look back* for the truth of a religion, so as to see by how many removes it has come from an Apostle's lips or pen. We should rather look *within*, and see if it wears the credentials of Divinity. Truer far is that which is of yesterday, if it has the seal of Heaven, than that which is of centuries, if it is *simply old*. Protestantism did not gain its ascendancy in Scotland in the latter part of the sixteenth century without a fierce and protracted struggle. Romanism had too long held its sway to yield an easy victory. Nowhere throughout the Western Church had the Papacy grown to a greater power than in Scotland. Superstition and imposture of the grossest type gained a ready ear among a rude and ignorant people, and by means of them the clergy attained an exorbitant degree of opulence and power. Full one-half of the nation's wealth belonged to them. Bishops and Abbots rivalled the first nobility in magnificence and preceded them in honors. A vacant Bishopric called forth powerful competitors, and sometimes weapons of war, while inferior benefices were openly put up for sale. The life of the clergy was a scandal upon religion and an outrage on decency. With such weapons Rome waged war against the first Reformation of Scotland. But notwithstanding her fierce persecutions and many martyrs,—numbering among them such royal youths of princely blood and princelier soul as Patrick Hamilton, *the first Scottish martyr*, and the accomplished George Wishart and Robert Mill, and other famous names,—and though the weapons of persecution were swayed by the cruel, revengeful Cardinal Beaton, yet the light of the Reformation continued to spread, until the

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Papacy was abolished and Protestantism, as by Act of Parliament, became the established religion of Scotland. But after gaining this victory, Protestantism had to struggle hard and long against terrible odds to preserve its life and assert its supremacy. The Papacy, true to itself, *died hard*. In that year, 1560, Francis, the young, sickly, imbecile king of France and Scotland, the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, died, and Mary, whose power was at once lost at the French Court, desired to return to Scotland, and in the following August she returned to Holyrood House amid loyal demonstrations. Mary was a woman of great personal beauty, brilliant wit, winsome smile, piercing eye, proud manner, inflexible will, and bigotted mind. She was of bad blood on her mother's side, being of the House of Guise, the chief actors in the Black Bartholomew of France. She had also been educated in France under her uncle, a devoted Papist, and was reminded by him that the glory of her reign would be to restore her native kingdom to its former obedience to the Papal sway. To the fulfilment of this scheme she consecrated her power and influence and, life with the most determined pertinacity, until a succession of ill fortune terminated in a tragic end. Mary found, notwithstanding her duplicity and craft, that she had MEN to contend with among the Scottish Reformers. Foremost among the nobility was her brother, the Earl of Murray, a man of unimpeachable character, wise statesmanship, and fervent piety, who was so upright and impartial as to win the title of the GOOD REGENT before he fell by the assassin's hand. The foremost among the clergy—indeed, *the man of his age*—was JOHN KNOX, the great Scottish Reformer. To him the Reformation owed much of birth and being, and to him it looked in infant days for counsel and defence, and in a time of strange and general faithlessness he was never recreant to his duty.

Trained for the priesthood, he was well acquainted with the arts of Rome. He was a man of powerful mind, keen insight, determined will, eloquent tongue, and fearless heroism. He was admired and hated by his enemies, feared by the Queen more than *ten thousand armed men*, as the *only man* she could never move by the strange witchery of her beauty and smile. Regarded by the daring, unprincipled Morton as he who *never feared the face of man*, Knox was a tower of strength to the Reformed Church. Mary

found, after *seven years* of severe struggle, that Protestantism was the established religion of Scotland; and she, as the reward of her bigotry and her sins, had to abdicate the throne and go into exile. The next thirty-five years of the Church's history, until the establishment of Presbyterianism in 1592, were marked by fierce conflict between EPISCOPACY and the PRESBYTERY, each striving for the mastery. To the unprincipled and covetous nobility, who alternately held sway during the minority of James, Prelacy was a more pliable thing than Presbyterianism. The Presbytery pleaded that the ecclesiastical revenues taken from the disestablished Church of Rome should be applied to the support of the ministry, the promotion of learning, and the relief of the poor; but the nobility, eager to grasp it for themselves, devised the order of **TELOCHAN BISHOPS**—a term taken from the Highland custom of placing a Telchan, or calf-skin stuffed with straw, before the cow to induce her to give her milk. As was to be expected, against this servile and degrading order of things the most godly ministers protested, claiming that no man should be called a Bishop to exercise lordship over God's heritage, and that no men should be admitted into the Ministry but such as commended themselves by their learning and piety to the Assembly of the Church. Foremost among the contending ministers was Andrew Melville, a man small in stature, but great in learning, skilled in debate, and dauntless in spirit—a worthy successor of John Knox, whose spirit and mantle he had caught. But for a time Episcopacy had sway, and it was not until the close of a keen conflict, in which excellent men were imprisoned or banished, that what is called the **GREAT CHARTER OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH** was secured, and PRESBYTERIANISM became the established religion of Scotland, with the gifted Robert Bruce as Moderator of the first General Assembly. But the Presbytery were not long permitted to enjoy this supremacy unopposed. The King, James VI., was an unprincipled despot, the articles of whose creed were *absolution and the Royal prerogative*. From him the Presbytery experienced at first a cold friendship, and then open hostility. A Popish conspiracy, to which James lent too much sympathy, was the earliest opposer of the Presbytery. Then Episcopacy in a modified shape was introduced and, by the King's intrigue, after ten years established. The General Assembly of 1602 was the last Free Assembly recognized by the Scottish

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Church until 1638. James's favorite aphorism, "*No Bishop, no King*," and his avowed preference for prelacy was partially founded in a desire to please the dominant sect of England, whose throne he had united with his own, as the rightful heir of both. PRELACY being *established*, and declared the *third estate* of the realm, sought to sustain its position and accomplish its purposes by acts of intolerance and cruelty. THE COURT OF HIGH COMMISSION, which had the infamous distinction of uniting the terrors of civil and ecclesiastical despotism, was set up under the Presidency of Archbishop Spotswood, a man too well fitted to wield the double sword. The sufferings inflicted by this notorious court on the most gifted and faithful ministers of the land increased the popular detestation of the prelatic system, until a deep, irresistible under-current was formed and burst forth in all its wild grandeur *at the signing of the national covenant*. That day affords one of the most sublime moral spectacles history has chronicled. Charles, the King, in conjunction with the peevish, semi-Popish Lord, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the fanatical Bishops of the North, hastened the crisis by commanding the use of the *Anglican Liturgy* in the Scottish Church. On the Sabbath the Liturgy was first read, the Scotch, who viewed it as an unlawful innovation on their rights of *conscience*, assembled in vast numbers in the Cathedral Church of *Edinburgh* to oppose the matter. When the officiating Dean began the service Janet Geddes shouted: "Villain, durst thou say Mass at my lug?" and *tossed her stool at his head*. Instantly the crowd shouted: "A Papist, Antichrist," and broke up the service. That unpremeditated riot soon became a revolution. To crush this in his anger, and *enforce the Liturgy on the people*, the King sent his commissioner, Tranquar, armed with despotie power, to coerce the people. Oh, that men would remember that banded armies, cruel battles, and the tortures of tyranny never advance the Kingdom of Christ! Christianity is a spiritual kingdom, and no carnal weapons glitter in her armory; and to all her zealous but mistaken friends who would battle for her by means of the sword or cannon or prison, she speaks the rebuke of the Master: "Put up thy sword into the sheath again, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Christianity came to unite; not estrange; to soothe, not to sour; to give peace, not war; to bring life, not death; and you cannot do it a great-

er injustice than to make it an arena of political partizanship. To preserve their lives and liberties, the godly of the land assembled on the appointed day, FEBRUARY 28, 1638, and the COVENANT was presented. In that Covenant—too long to be reproduced—every Covenanter pledged himself to *maintain pure Scriptural worship, to protect the King in all lawful and righteous measures, to preserve the liberties of the country, to die, if necessary, in defending the cause of religion and the well-being of the State*,—a Covenant, we think, that any Christian patriot might sign. There was an ancient usage in Scotland of entering into *bands* for mutual protection in troubled times; also a previous Covenant, the same in substance as this, had been signed in the days of the first Reformation, so that the idea was neither *new nor treasonable*. After much consultation and prayer, the Earl of Sutherland first signed the Covenant; then the ministers, then the people, and so great was the crowd that they spread it on a flat gravestone in Greyfriar's Churchyard, and such was the enthusiasm that many opened a vein and signed it with *their own blood*. As eagerly did the people sign it throughout the cities and towns and country, with rare exceptions at St. Andrews, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. Its spirit spread far and wide over the land, like fire over its heath-clad hills, and as the fiery cross was wont to be the signal for feudal strife in earlier times, it summoned the people to unite in one mighty phalanx of concerted energy for the holiest of causes. How grand that *day and deed*, when Clans that rarely met but for strife and never parted without exchanging blows, met like brothers, and parted pledged to peace and love, while the feuds of ages melted swiftly away under the grand charity of the Covenant, and that Covenant became henceforth the rallying standard of the nation, until, after *fifty years of conflict*, it gave place to the revolution under which the people of the fatherland have ever since reposed in glory! This bold and energetic measure startled the King and paralyzed the Bishops. But the King's sullen pause was only the hush of agony Nature holds before the crash of storm. Kept in ignorance of the depth and extent of the national feeling, Charles yielded to evil counsel, and involved the country in the horrors of CIVIL WAR. Whilst collecting his forces and preparing for war, the King sent the Marquis of Hamilton, his commissioner, to Scotland, to pretend friendship and compassion for the Covenanters, so as to detect their schemes,

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and divide their counsels. A more painful instance of perfidious dissimulation than marked the King's dealings with the Covenanters, it is difficult to imagine. Fortunately they had received warning of Charles's duplicity and Hamilton's intentions, so that they were not beguiled by his arts, and by their firmness they compelled the commissioner to summon an Assembly of the Church and Parliament. When the General Assembly met at Glasgow, November 21, 1638, after an interruption of *thirty-six years*, every heart was moved to gratitude and tears. Alexander Henderson, incomparably the best man of his church, was unanimously chosen Moderator. During the sittings of the Assembly, Henderson and Hamilton had many sharp contentions, and after an eloquent vindication of the liberties of the Church he refused to rise, when the commissioner abruptly left the Assembly and declared it closed. The Covenanters had now taken ground from which they could not retreat without sacrificing their civil and religious freedom. Yet in their anxiety to avoid hostilities they waited on the commissioner previous to his final departure for London, to solicit his good offices at Court; but he replied in terms of refusal and threatening. Not deterred in their loyal and pacific course by an ungracious refusal, they sent a supplication to His Majesty by one of themselves, George Winram, but it was answered only in mockery. As the King's displeasure was great, his preparation for war was great also, contemplating the total subjection of the Scottish Kingdom. The Covenanters were compelled to take up arms in *self-defence*. Before doing so Alexander Henderson prepared a pamphlet, setting forth their views and reasons to the English people, and thereby secured the sympathy of the Puritans, and England refused the despotic King all the arms and means he wanted, so that he had to take the field at Berwick at the head of *thirty thousand*. The strongholds of Scotland were soon in the hands of the Covenanters, the King's generals were defeated, and Lesley, the commander of the Covenanting troops, compelled Charles to make terms of peace. That peace was only for a short time, until new forces could be collected. The King's second attempt at coercion by arms was more disastrous still. Again the Covenanters assembled under their old General and bore aloft their colors stamped with the Scotch arms and this motto in letters of gold: "FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT," and such was the dissatisfaction of the

insulted English nation that Charles could only raise *twenty thousand troops* now to take the field under the notorious Strafford. After publishing a letter in justification of their expedition, the Covenanters crossed the Tweed and met the Royal troops at Newburn. In that keen and well-fought battle the Covenanters were victorious. They pushed on to Newcastle and York and Ripon, the English army receding before them, until negotiations concluded in London led to a cessation of hostilities and the disbanding of the armies, the King being constrained to yield to the demands of the Covenanters and overthrow his favorite Episcopacy in Scotland. One benefit of the Scottish commissioners' stay in London was a closer alliance with the English Puritans, which finally led to the signing of the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT by both countries, one of the best and most memorable documents ever recorded in the international transactions of the world. That League bound the united Kingdoms to mutual assistance for the *preservation and defence of civil and religious liberty*. From the moment the two great parties were united, the fate of Charles Stuart and his despotic measures were sealed. During the revolution the Covenanters experienced some reverses. Montrose, with all his native daring and fiery Highlanders, devastated the North, and, meteor-like in brief and brilliant march, came down like a living torrent upon the Covenanters, spreading terror and ruin until his career was checked by Leslie. In that second Reformation of Scotland the names of Henderson and Douglas and Baillie and Rutherford and Warriston—a galaxy of peculiar glory—are familiar household names that deserve to be handed down to posterity with mingled gratitude and pride. After the Royal forces were abolished, and the Commonwealth was established under Oliver Cromwell, Scotland enjoyed unprecedented prosperity and peace; and Kirkton says: "*There were more souls converted to Christ during that time than in any season since the Reformation.*" For then had the churches rest, and there were added to them daily such as should be saved.

1660—the Restoration of Charles the Second—commenced a new era of the final years of the Covenanting struggle, an epoch whose history is written *in mourning, lamentation, and blood*. Charles the Second was truthless, corrupt, licentious, and despotic, *consistent only in inconsistency*. In the strange frenzy of extravagant loyalty, the restoration of Charles to

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the throne of his ancestors was amidst shouts and welcomes rarely equalled. The Episcopalians were foremost in the demonstrations of joy, as it became them, but the Presbyterians, the chief instruments of his return, deserved consideration from the King, especially as Charles had one time signed the Covenant, and solemnly vowed to be faithful; and further, this was a time when mutual concessions were required, and animosities should have been forgotten. - But Charles, destitute of the wisdom to discern, and being at heart a Papist, showed his preference and stated as his motto, *Episcopacy and no surrender*. The Earl of Middleton, General of the forces, was made commissioner to Scotland, with private instructions to devise the best means of introducing Episcopacy. The chiefs of the Covenanting nobility were thrust into prison, and ten ministers and two elders, who met just to frame a loyal address to the King and remind him of his Covenant, were seized and cast into prison also. Unfortunately, during the years of external peace, *internal dissensions* had arisen among the Covenanters, so that they had become *two bands*, called *Resolutioners* and *Protestors*. The Resolutioners excelled in number; the Protestors in fidelity to the Covenant. Division made them weak and powerless to resist assault or oppression, and their great leaders in the past had crossed the river, entered the ivory gate, and received the victors' crown; so that measures they would not have dared to introduce a few years before, the Parliament of 1661 brought forward and passed with impunity. In that Parliament deserters of the Covenant sought its destruction, and the *Royal prerogative* was set up according to the *rigid logic of despotism*. All the laws in favor of civil liberty and the Presbyterian Church were declared null, and these wild and unconstitutional measures were soon ratified in blood. The Marquis of Argyle, *who placed the crown upon the King's head, was the first victim*. Charles had promised to marry Argyle's daughter, and hated the man he had injured. Argyle was a Presbyterian, and for this he was put to death. The next victim was James Guthrie, the bold and able leader of the Protestors. After him Goven received the crown of martyrs, and they proceeded to take Rutherford also; but the Master he loved so well had given the *first call*, and he hastened to obey it. Thinking the Presbyterian spirit sufficiently subdued, the King interposed his Royal authority to restore the government of

Bishops. James Sharp was made Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Metropolitan of Scotland, while Fairfoul and Hamilton and Leighton received the mitre also. Synods and Presbyteries were now prohibited by Royal decree until summoned by the Bishops. An Act was passed declaring all who held the Covenant guilty of treason, all petitioners seditious, and refusing them liberty to preach or teach. The infamous acts that followed this *ejected three hundred and fifty ministers* from their homes and churches in mid-winter. These ministers were forbidden to preach anywhere, or approach within *twenty miles of their former charges*, and none were allowed to assist them with either food or shelter. Literally, they wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and in caves of the earth. Well might the last Sabbath of October, 1662, when the ejected ministers took farewell of their flocks, be called *the saddest Sabbath of Scotland*. The people also were heavily fined who refused to listen to the ignorant and unworthy men who were sent to fill the vacant pulpits. These were soon succeeded by measures yet more severe. The refined and accomplished families who had to relinquish home and altar under a sense of utter homelessness, *were openly persecuted*. The ministers and their sympathizing people having met in open field to worship God, commencing what was termed CONVENTICLES, against them for years the rage of the persecutors burned fiercely. Acts were passed rendering all such meetings illegal, and consigning all who persisted in holding them *to prison and to death*,—acts too faithfully fulfilled. Armed with such measures and aided by spies and a brutal soldiery, Sharp and his clergy commenced in earnest *a reign of terror*, and services which outraged the honor of woman, blighted the house of industry, hounded from lonely wilds the conscientious worshipper, drove to poverty and prison and death Scotland's noblest sons. The clergy, in their intoxication of joy, dared the blasphemy of baptizing with the insulted name of religion, and gave solemn thanks, amid the ringing of bells, for atrocities that should have made them shun the light of day. Bribed and well-paid *informers*, mingling freely with the Covenanters in their wanderings and hiding-places, kept that *essence of despotism*, the Court of High Commission, well instructed in the movements of the persecuted Church, and of all that were brought before this terrible Court of inquisition not one escaped punishment in either fine, imprisonment, exile, slavery,

er death. At the outset of the persecution there is a display of humor as well as heroism in the persecuted. One minister, taunted by a mercurial Conformist for wearing a threadbare coat, replied: "If it be threadbare, *it has never been turned.*" Another, when told by an old hearer that they would gladly have him back again, replied: "And I would as gladly come if my conscience would allow;" at which the honest countryman rejoined: "Oh, sir, many now-a-days make *a great gash in their conscience*; couldn't you make *a little nick in yours?*" Another wrote: "I am at thy footstool—I may not do *evil* that good may come." But the scene darkens and the tempest nears and blood keens the thirst for blood. Charles made the terms of conformity required of the Covenanters more rigid still. He wanted to lay them prostrate and powerless at the foot of the throne, and Act after Act of the servile Parliament but converged to this consummation. Just mark briefly the despotic attempt to repress civil and religious progress. The only place of worship remaining to the persecuted ministers and Church was *the solitudes of the South and Western Counties*. Your imagination can scarcely conceive of solitudes more dreary than those to which the Covenanters resorted. There were wild and rocky moorlands and mountains covered with heath stretching onward for miles, with just a few solitary shepherds' huts in the very heart of these wastes; in the most retired and unknown retreats the persecuted met for praise and prayer, braving the fierceness of the desert to escape the still fiercer storm of cruel men. For men to choose a good conscience and poverty is sublime, but sublimer still is it for men, women, and children to persevere for upwards of twenty years in the worship of the true God, amid peril and privation and death oft, in a wilderness that could rival the Arabian for barrenness and isolation, or on heights so solemn and perpendicular and lonely that only extremity would dream of meeting there, and cease not to raise the perilous psalms, though some of their slaughtered number were missing from each successive assembly; and I cannot think of the many caves and holes and glens adapted to the purpose of concealment found in these wilds without entertaining the idea that the Author of nature, when He made the world, formed by anticipation those abodes of secrecy, that in after ages *the earth might help the woman when in time of trouble she should flee*

to the wilderness, where she had a place prepared for her of God. But even those dreary retreats were discovered by means of informers, and the fierce dragoons scoured moss and hill with as keen a relish as ever sportsman followed his game, carrying on and on the work of spoliation and death. There is the venerable and much loved Peden; he must be seized at all hazards. To-day he ventures forth from his secluded refuge to inhale the breath and music of a May-day. He visits the house of a valued friend for refreshment and converse. As the evening gathers quietly on he hastens along the soft foot-path leading to his cave at Garricfell. All at once several moss troopers appear, advancing directly upon him. In his flight across the moor he perceived a cavity scooped out by a running stream, and crept in, stretching himself under the grassy coverlet, until the dragoons, who swiftly followed, had crossed at the very spot. The hoof of one of the horses grazed his head while he lay unperceived. On another occasion, the same man and a few of his companions in tribulation were so closely pursued by the enemy that all hope of escape was cut off, and Peden knelt down and asked God to baffle the pursuers, and instantly a mist came rolling down the mountain side till the persecutors were blinded and could not grope their way. A worthy Covenanter, Howatson, who was compelled to dwell in concealment, happened of a cold and stormy night to venture into his house, where, after a cordial greeting from his family, and a hasty supper and a change of raiment, he retired to rest. Unexpectedly, at dead of night, a party of pursuers came, and four entered the house. As they stood in front of the fire lighting a candle, Howatson's wife awoke; grasping his arm firmly, he awoke, slipped softly out of bed, and darted like an arrow through the dragoons, his snow-white shirt terrifying the horses and producing confusion while he escaped. On another occasion the same man was seized and cast into a dungeon where flight was thought impossible; but while there his devoted wife employed a half-witted man of enormous strength to lift the massive doors under cover of night, and so release the prisoner. And the wearied man outlived the persecution and died in great peace. A good man named Hare was seized by the persecutors, and reminded that they should have some sport in killing him as they would the little animal of his name. Placing him on horse-

back behind one of themselves, they carried him to the top of a very high hill (the descent on either side for several hundred feet was very steep). Unbuckling the belt which fastened him to the soldier, they prepared to fire; but Hare slid from the horse, lighting on the steep declivity, and glided with great swiftness down the side, until, at the utmost speed, he reached the bottom. The soldiers fired, but dared not follow, and could only gnash their teeth in disappointed rage. Returning across the moors, the soldiers saw young Adams *reading and meditating on the Word of God*, and shot him dead at once,—for no other crime than being a *Christian*. Crossing the river just below, they met his amiable companion going, as she supposed, to meet her lover. One of the soldiers with his sword rudely attempted to push her into the foaming stream, when she wrenched the sword from his hand, and hastened on only to kiss lips that were cold and still in death. Alex. Williamson, a Covenanter of eminence and wealth, for feeding and sheltering other Covenanters was marked for vengeance. One Sabbath the dragoons entered his house and searched it through and through, but found him not; for he was far away from those who thirsted for his blood, worshipping God in the temple of Nature, and listening to a sermon on *the burning bush, still burning, but not consumed*. “To the left!” shouted an officer; “there is game on the hillside yonder. Pursue, for the old bird has flown.” That silver-haired fugitive hastening across the hill is Campbell. The pursuers gain upon him. He throws himself into a narrow moss-covered trench, and there God hides him. As unexpected as unwelcome, a company of horsemen entered the abode of William Good. Flight was impossible; but he hid himself in the space with superannuated barrels and pots and chests, and the rifle troopers with all their searching found him not; for their eyes were holden. In those days of peril the sense of sight and sound was wonderfully sharpened by excessive use; even in sleep they seemed strangely wakeful. But notwithstanding the troopers would sometimes come upon them unperceived, and if found searching the Scriptures or engaged in worship they were put to an instant death or banished to returnless exile. Thus a young man of eighteen was seized; for the moment he faltered, and knelt down to pray for strength, and when he rose he said: “Now I defy death;

thank God, I am ready." A woman, a wife, a mother, was sentenced to be tied in a sack and drowned, and her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, was to be hung the same day. They were not allowed to die together, but when she parted from him she said: "Husband, be glad; we have lived together in peace, and now we shall have joy forever. *I will not say good-night, for we shall meet again presently beyond the river.*" Two young women were offered life if they would take an oath against their conscience, but replied: "We will not; we are Christ's children; let us go,"—and they flung them into the river to die. John Brown, of Priesthill, *the Christian Carrier*, was shot without trial before his wife and children by the hardened and cruel Claverhouse, whose soldiers refused to fire on him who had just moved even them to tears by his fervent prayers to God; but when the soldiers recoiled with horror from the murder of so good a man, Claverhouse ruthlessly accomplished it with his own hand. After the fatal shot, he turned to the widow in mockery and said: "What thinkest thou of thy husband now?" She nobly replied: "*I ever thought much of him, and now more than ever,*" and the brave woman gathered up his scattered brains, rolled his lifeless body in her shawl, and laid him down to rest till the resurrection morn. Hugh McKail, a young preacher of great learning and eloquence and piety, once discoursing on the sufferings of the Church, said it had been *persecuted by a Pharaoh on the throne, a Haman in the State, and a Judas in the Church.* When a report of this sermon reached the ears of Sharp, *who thought himself the Judas, and not untruly*, he determined to silence the gifted preacher. Causing him to be arrested, he was passed under a mock trial, then put to the torture of the Boot, and then executed on the scaffold. The last words of that Christian martyr, when taking his farewell of friends and the world, were inexpressibly sublime. Cameron, the celebrated author of the *Sanguhar Declaration*, for whose apprehension a large reward was offered, also fell a victim to the persecutors' rage. After his death, being a leading Covenanter, his hands and head and members were cut off and carried to Edinburgh for exhibition, the foe who exposed them saying: "*This is the man who lived preaching and praying.*" Well might Scotland weep when so good and great a leader fell for the crime of *preaching and praying.* The banner which fell

from Cameron's dying hand was caught up and borne aloft by the dauntless, devoted Cargell, and Cargell continued to raise the Covenanting standard in spite of hottest rage and keenest watches and a reward of 5,000 marks on his head, preaching in solitary moor and mountain fastness to the fearless few who dared to follow, until, by the aid of an informer, the villain-hearted Bonshawa seized and brought him to trial. He was condemned, and died on the scaffold in the full possession of the joy of martyrs. "Oh," you say, "was there no opposition offered to such scenes of tyranny and cruelty?" There was. Exasperated by persecution, and goaded by the remembrance of their many wrongs, the Covenanters put to the sword some of their persecutors in self-defence. They also rose and fought the ill-concerted battles of Pentland and Bothwell Bridge; but terrible was the vengeance which succeeded. Many were put to death without investigation or trial, while hundreds were sent to the Bass or hung upon the cross of the common highway, or sold for slaves; but verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth, and he hath said, "Vengeance is mine," and "I will repay." The heads of the persecutors came not to their graves in peace. It is not without an intelligible purpose that retribution follows closely the heels of oppression; it shows us the strange affinity between crime and punishment. Friar Campbell died raving mad. Guerson expired in fearful torments; the Earl of Rothe's death-bed was so remorseful that he sent for one of the banished ministers to comfort and pray with him, though the good man's prayers could not be heard for the fearful groans of the dying man, and the Marquis of Hamilton remarked, as he left the room in tears: "This is fearful work; *in life we persecute these men, and in death we call for them.*" Sharp, after eighteen years of bloodshed, fell at Magus Moor by an act of wild justice. Claverhouse died unregretted, and his name is held in execration to-day; and last of all, Charles himself died also, February 6th, 1685. It was said he died of *apoplexy*, but *suspicious of poison linger*, and the only real mourner at his grave was a shameless harlot. But still the work of persecution rolled on with yet fiercer sweep. James, the brother and successor of Charles, was *cold, crafty, cruel, an avowed Papist*. He was the last and most bigotted of the ill-fated Stuarts. On reaching the throne, his remorseless, vindictive hand was at

once stretched out, like another Herod, "to vex certain of the Church." With his brief reign commenced the last and bloodiest period of the persecution, termed *the killing time*. Every instrument of torture that practised hands and savage natures could invent was used. The West and South of Scotland became a field of blood, and if the days had not been shortened, O God, who could stand? James Reniek, the Covenanting leader after Cargell, was seized, chained, and imprisoned. His handsome person, frank manner, rare talents, and devoted piety moved even his enemies to pity; but because he would not recant he was executed at the age of 26. A worthy successor of ancient and heroic sires. Alexander Shields then caught up the banner and bore it aloft in the perilous path of duty, and though jealously watched and hotly pursued, he bore it on and on till the night had passed and the light of morning dawned; but while Shields escaped, Archer and Russel and Law were hung up to die. The much-loved and venerable Baillie was also rudely taken from his dying bed and brought to trial in his dressing gown, the infamous MacKenzie still prosecuting. Baillie was condemned, like his Master, amid *confessed innocence*, and he was hastened to a martyr's crown, while his body was out up for dispersion. Others less famous were daily seized and put to a cruel death. A woman, for sheltering a friend in her house, was taken and cast into a pit swarming with reptiles; another, for aiding her husband's escape, had matches tied between her fingers and set on fire, until she died of the torture. Others were crowded, without distinction of age or sex, into loathsome dungeons to perish of disease or plague. Others were cast into the foaming torrent to choke and stain the stream, and so fearfully did the storm rage that already above *eighteen thousand* had suffered in the last epoch of the revolution, while only about *sixty of the ejected ministers* remained to gaze upon the mournful wreck. And must the storm rage on, while men forget their manhood and women their tenderness in that strange transformation—the human turned into the brutal? Must road and street and field be ever saturated with blood, to appease the vampire appetite? Must the home ever be desolate and the sound of Psalm be ever silenced by the yell of the fierce blasphemer? Will not blood quench the thirst for blood, and the wailed cry appal him who is flushed and drunk with

murder? Must the tempest of cruelty linger till the last saint is martyred and crowned? And I heard a voice from under the altar crying, "Oh, Lord God, how long, and let it repent Thee concerning thy servants?" And God arose in his kindled anger and smote the persecutor, and scattered the people that delighted in blood, and the grand revolution of 1688 brought calm and tranquillity and peace.

As I gather profitably around me the memories of the Covenanting struggle, I have this firm and enlightened conviction, that *State Churches are an evil*, no matter what the name or form of government and worship—whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian or Congregational or Methodistic. A *State Church is a great mistake*, opposed to the plain teachings of God's Word, contrary to the spiritual nature of true religion, and averse to the power and life of Christianity. It is a daring mockery of the spirituality of God's Church and the Divine energy of truth, for the heads of any nation to meet and summon before them Plato and Confucius and Mahomet and Christ, and elect one as the author of a national religion. The question of religion is emphatically personal and spiritual; and more, it is not *the whole Church*, only *a sect*, that men seek to establish—so that *party*, not *Christianity*, is the subject of struggle, and no man has any right to compel me to be of a sect from whom I intelligently and conscientiously disagree; nor has he any right to strip my furniture, or auction my bed, or sell my Bible to maintain a denomination or sacrament which I do not hold. Such a practice of making opinion compulsory is *a relic of the worst of barbarism*, and as I mark the persecutions that disgraced the history of the Covenanting period, and see that cities were sacked and property confiscated and lives massacred, under the pretence of honoring God, I see the necessity of writing upon every nation's banner the motto of the great Italian statesman, "*A free Church in a free State.*" And as I further gather up the lessons of counsel and sacrifice of the Covenanting struggle, and rise above the current of dogmatism and polemical crusade, I cannot, I will not forget my humble tribute to the heroes of the past to whom we owe so much. They sowed the seed of which the harvest waiteth now, amid unfriendly watches and fierce opposition and trials many. They bore their heroic witness and scattered wide the principles under whose lingering charities the beg-

gar and the exile may freely worship God. *Don't talk to me of your conquerors who have climbed up to a niche in the temple of fame, because of some act of physical daring or the shedding of gallant blood. Decorate them with stars, install them in the gallery of the illustrious dead, if you will. We have heroes here higher than the proudest warrior, for they are owned of God and crowned in Heaven. I am not indiscriminate in the admiration of the Covenanters. There were exceptionable points in their character and career. I should have studied their history in vain, and their human nature very superficially, if I had seen no infirmities and weaknesses. There were at times the workings of unsanctified passion, the fumes of fanaticism, and the presence of revolutionary insolence; but these defects, created chiefly by the age and situation, compared with their virtues were only as spots on a fragrant flower, or specks on a Summer sun. These men might have had too much ruggedness for the effeminacy of this generation, but they were in the true succession of Apostolic and saintly laborers of the universal Church of Christ; and we should never forget that to the endurance and fidelity of the noble Scottish Covenanters we owe much of the freedom and religious blessings of to-day. With such feelings you will not hesitate to join the psalm of one of Scotland's proudest bards over a martyred Covenanter's grave:—*

I stood by the martyr's lonely grave,
Where the flowers of the moorland bloom,—
Where bright memorials of Nature wave
Sweet perfume o'er the sleeping brave
In his moss-clad mountain tomb.

And the vision of other days came back,
When the dark and bloody band,
With the might of a living cataract,
Essayed to sweep in their fiery tract
The godly from the land.

When Zion was far on the mountain height,
When the wild was the house of prayer,
Where the eye of eternal hope grew bright
O'er the saint arrayed in the warrior's might,
For his God and his country there.

When the barbarous hordes, as they onward rode,
By the wild and rocky glen,
Have heard, when away from man's abode,
A voice that awed like the voice of God,—
'Twas the hymn of fearless men.

For the sunless day
And the damp
And the thousand
Were the sun of his
O'er the wilds

When the clang of
And the watch
Like the tones of
Far o'er the battle
As he soared to

The lover of freedom
The glorious O
The sire that on S
Each name like a
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For the sunless cave was the Martyr's home,
And the damp, cold earth his bed,
And the thousand lights of the starry dome
Were the sun of his path, while doomed to roam
O'er the wilds where his brothers bled.

When the clang of the conflict rung on the heath,
And the watchword of freedom rose
Like the tones of Heaven on the saint's last breath
Far o'er the battle notes of death,
As he soared to his last repose.

The lover of freedom can never forget
The glorious Covenant band:
The sires that on Scotland's moorlands met,
Each name like a seal on the heart is set,—
The pride of that brave old fatherland.

SERMON I.

PRAYER.

"Pray without ceasing."—1st Thess., 5th Chap., 17th ver.

NE of the highest, perhaps the very highest, honor conferred on man is that he is enabled to hold fellowship with God. The question may be asked, Why should we pray, seeing that God must know all our wants and word before we express them, and works all things according to the determinate council of His own mind? But we do not pray to inform the Divine Being of our necessities, but rather to acknowledge our dependence and to confess our trust in Him. He has Himself ordained this method of communication, and however men may perplex themselves in reasoning upon the philosophical bearings of this subject, prayer seems to be almost an instinct of the human heart, a law of our nature, which, however it may be kept in abeyance under ordinary circumstances, often comes into striking operation in great emergencies, such as a terrific storm at sea, a severe illness, a heavy loss, or a painful bereavement. At such seasons men pray who never prayed before, and scepticism itself, in times of fearful apprehension, bends its stubborn knee and seeks refuge under the Throne of God. Now, what man feels to be instinctive and natural and safe, under certain emergencies, the Bible enjoins as a duty at all times. Pray without ceasing.

FIRST—THE NATURE OF PRAYER.

1st. *Prayer implies a firm conviction of the Existence and Personality of God.* Of His existence we cannot really or rationally doubt. We attempt no proof of the self-evident truism that *God is*, because the whole difficulty of proof lies on the side of unbelief. To say that some disbelieve in the being of God is no proof whatever that God is not, for existence is unaltered by man's belief or disbelief. He that cometh to God must believe that He is. There would be no approach to God, no real prayer, no conscious fellowship with Heaven, unless the mind and soul are deeply impressed with the sense of God's existence and penetrated with the most thorough consciousness of His being. But man will not approach a mere existence; he must have a *person*. The arm of a person is the only one upon which man can safely lean, the heart of a person is the only one man feels to confide in, and the attributes of a person are the only ones that man will readily approach. Now, the Personality of God is as manifest as his Existence. I know that Pantheism denies the Divine Personality, absorbing nature in the Deity and the Deity in nature, thus rendering the universe, in its compound nature of matter and mind, One, and that One, God. In this way the Divine Will and Free Agency is denied, and creation ceases to be a free act, a complete effect, and becomes an eternal process, God unconsciously passing into existence; and according to this theory, all existence becomes a part and parcel of the Divine Essence. But all the theories of unbelief cannot disprove the Divine Personality. Whatever ideas we attach to personality belong essentially to God. Individual consciousness, the power to design, thought, intelligence, self-motion, and existence separate from all other existence, is God. He is as distinct from the universe as the builders from the edifice, the author from his book. The unity of the universe proves a personal Creator, so that man may confidently feel in approaching the throne of grace that he approaches a personal God, and One who adds to all the other attributes of personality the tenderness and compassion of a Father, so that He can be and is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

It implies a consciousness of the Divine Omnipresence. The universal presence of the most High is one of the

necessary attributes of His nature. He is the Creator of all things, and His agency sustains all things. He lives through all life, extends throughout extent, works undivided, operates unseen. Being the source of all being, the cause of all existence, he must be everywhere present, co-extensive with the amplitude, and pervading the minutest atom in the universe; and that presence must be real, actual, operative. The matter of the physical universe is incapable of self-motion, and all its parts are incapable of acting voluntarily on each other. Motion, therefore, implies a mover, as truly as contrivance proves a contriver. In every part of the universe are found forces—as gravitation, electricity, and light—subject to laws, which laws imply a law-giver. These laws being universal, the agency of the law-giver is universal, and wherever God acts, there He is, and wherever His laws are there He is. But apart from the evidence which Nature has furnished of the Divine Omni-presence, existence itself implies *whereness*, an actual being must have a *where*, and of the locality of God's being we have only to say that it is *everywhere*; and this Divine Omni-presence does not convey the idea that a part of God is in a given place, but that He is there essentially and perfectly; so that in approaching God anywhere we have this persuasion, that He can see us, that He can hear us, that He can answer us, for He is in every place. And whether we call upon Him in the closet, in the cell, in the attic, in the temple, from the loneliest solitude, or in the midst of the great congregation, God is there present to hear and answer.

3rd. *It implies an unshaken confidence in the Prevailing Mediation of Christ.* As the Mediator and High Priest of His Church, it is one of Christ's special prerogatives that He has to do with prayers of His saints; and of this truth the Christian needs the firmest assurance before approaching the Mercy-seat of God, because even our best prayers, considered in themselves, are only devotional sins and supplicatory infirmities. It is not simply that apart from the Holy Spirit's agency upon the moral spring of our actions that we can offer no God-realizing prayer, but even when we are softened and changed by Divine grace so much weakness and destitution cleaves to our very thoughts and desires, and divides us even in prayer, that we may fitly exclaim: "When

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Thou hearest, forgive." By the defects of our devotion I do not mean simply that we are sometimes cold and irreverent, and but faintly impressed with a becoming sense of the awful perfections of Him into whose presence we come; this is indeed a remembrance fraught with suggestions of humiliation and pain; but we allude rather to that inward contradiction which often exists between the language of prayer on the lips and the disposition of prayer in the heart, for be it remembered, the unvoiced desire and unspoken thought are as distinctly known to God as the most outspoken request. And if this be undeniable, what a miracle of selfrighteousness must that man be who does not perceive that nothing less than the all-perfect intercession of Jesus can so purify our polluted devotions and so prevail over their inherent taint as to win their admittance into the audience-chamber of the sinless God. Suppose the evil imaginations experienced at times by the most devout when engaged in prayer, scanned by the penetrating eye of God, should be put into words, would not the aggregate of all Divine discernment discovered make us shudder and despair? How, then, can we offer that truest of prayers, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," only because of the prevailing mediation of Jesus? Seated at the Father's right hand, Christ permits not a single supplicant to go unbefriended into the Divine presence; clad in His sacerdotal robes, and bearing in His hand the censer of burning incense, He advocates our cause and obtains for us acceptance and success; standing midway between God and man, He intercepts the petition, divests it of all taint and imperfection, supplies its deficiencies, and then, uniting it with His own merit, and perfuming it with the incense of His own blood, He presents it to the Father, endorsed with His name, urged by His suit, and successful because of His mediation. We may pray without ceasing, because Christ ever liveth to make intercession for us.

SECOND—THE MANNER OF PRAYER.

"Pray without ceasing." Why, we cannot be always in the act of prayer; we cannot be always on our knees in prayer; we cannot be always using the language of prayer, or in retirement for the purpose of prayer. That would render the Christian a hermit; it would stop the tide of human affairs, dissolve the bonds of society, and introduce

confusion throughout the whole earthly system; and this cannot be, nor is it required of us in our present condition. What is meant is that there must be an aptness for the exercise of prayer. We must have stated times for the performance of the duty, and not let it be an occasional impulse, or an intermittent exercise under painful pressure or selfish fear; we must cultivate a devotional spirit, "so that we may pray always with all prayer."

1st. *To pray without ceasing is to pray from the heart.* To pray at all we must pray from the heart. By the heart the Scriptures mean the inmost soul. Heart worship denotes deliberate choice and understanding and feeling, in opposition to a mere form. The heart being looked upon as the seat of feeling, just as the brain has been considered the chief organ of thought, it has been, by an easy metaphor, employed to denote that faculty of the soul by which we perceive what is desirable, cleave to what is satisfying, and taste the delight which certain objects are adapted to impart; and it is only when the mind is disengaged from everything foreign to devotion, and the soul is impressed with the weight and moment of its undertaking, and is susceptible of such sentiments as correspond to the object of worship, that it can be said in truth the heart is engaged; and without this there can be no real prayer. Mere expressions, chaste and elegant words, rich and high-flown sentiments, is not prayer. It may be a good picture of it, but the life is wanting. If you were presenting a petition to Her Majesty, it is not the gilded paper or good writing that prevails with Royalty, but the moving sense, the pleading heart that inspires it. So it is with the King of Kings. He regards what the heart says, and hastens to fulfil its request, but He takes all as nothing where the heart is wanting. The heart is the life, the soul, the prayer of prayer. If asked to describe prayer, I should say it is *the habit of the soul, the right mood of the heart towards God*. Prayer is not only an expression of trust, of reverence, of love; it includes more than supplication; it is communion, it is intercourse of heart with the great Father, and therefore a groan, a sigh, a wish, a tear may be all that is seen or heard when the heart is really and consciously engaged in prayer. And from this you may see that, praying from the heart, you may be always praying. No matter how engaged—in secular or social or literary or worldly

pursuits—the heart may still be going out after God, and commune with Him unceasingly.

2nd. *We must also pray perseveringly, importunately, believingly.* We must always feel the need of a thing before we can appreciate its worth. If your child asks for bread when it is not hungry, and that unfelt request is granted, the child cannot properly value the gift. And so it is in the case of a supplicant in prayer; if there is not an anxious desire for the blessing sought, God would not be honored nor man benefited by the answer; but if there is an anxious desire, a deep sense of want, the blessing will be received with gratitude and praise; and in proportion to the intensity of our desires, we shall perseveringly seek the blessings we need. And I must urge you thus to continue instant in prayer, though God seems to delay the answer; for often prayers have been answered in ways so unexpected that while we have doubted or wondered whether God would answer, He has already supplied our want,—not in the manner we had expected, but in the way He thought best. I beseech you, persevere in prayer, and be assured that God will answer in His own time and in His own way, and that time and that way will be best. He may create in you a state of mind which will enable you to accept the wants and conditions of your daily life with hopefulness and gratitude. He may strengthen you to sacrifice your own will and bow implicitly to the Divine Will. He may lift you above all selfish fear and thoughts of personal convenience and gratification. He may make you see that your supposed calamities are only blessings in disguise. He may put far from you the mystery and trial that hath hung over your life. While you are calling, the Heavens may be opened and the blessing be visibly poured out; but who shall say which is the divinest answer? Let me urge upon you the spirit of hallowed determination and believing importunity. If God be silent, do not restrain prayer; if He answer not immediately, continue until the clouds give promise of rain.

THIRD—THE MOTIVE OF PRAYER.

Several motives might be considered, all of them urgent and impressive, in favor of this duty. We will consider three.

1st. *Prayer contributes to the removal of evil.* It removes

natural evil. It removed affliction in the case of Hezekiah, sorrow in the case of David, oppression in the case of the Israelites in Egypt, and Peter in prison. Prayer also removes moral evil of every type and degree; prayer also delivers from personal evil, from social evil, from intellectual evil, from spiritual evil, and from national evil.

2nd. *Prayer counteracts wrong passions and generates the spirit of benevolence and love.* Love to God and man comprises the whole of religion, and what is more likely to promote love toward our fellow creatures than bearing them in our minds before the Throne of Grace? We cannot fail to feel for those for whom we pray, unless our petitions are full of hypocrisy. To pray for the welfare of another, and yet be indifferent to it, is gross dissimulation. Approaching God for others, we become their advocates, and we cannot be indifferent toward those whose cause we undertake. The principle of self-love has grown into such proportions; through our habitual inattention to the well-being of others, that we have almost forgotten the existence of others; but if we can be induced to step out of this narrow circle and look upon the necessitous world, our natures are touched, our own troubles appear less, and a generous compassion is awakened for those around us. When spreading before God the circumstances of a friendless orphan an unprotected widow an afflicted sufferer, or the unhappy victim of demoniacal passion, we are moved to pity and concern, and extending the solicitude to the whole world, we should feel: "Who is weak, and I am not weak?" In proportion as we pray for others will narrowness vanish and the heart swell with genuine and universal affection.

3rd. *Consider the constitutional consistency of prayer.* Prayer enters into the very nature and constitution of Christianity. Only while the Christian prays he lives. In prayer he approaches God, in prayer he realizes his relationship to Him; in prayer he pours out his desires, his hopes, his fears before Him: in prayer he receives succour and strength and wisdom and power from God. The more he lives in the spirit of prayer the nearer he comes to God, for Heaven descends into his bosom and he is filled with all the fullness of God. Behold that privileged mortal—the man of prayer, entering into filial communion with God. His heart is burdened and heavy-laden, but he rolls

his burden into the lap of the Eternal and finds relief. He is sore pressed by the enemy, but the Name of the Lord is a strong tower; he runneth into it and is safe. He is weary because of the trials of the pilgrimage; but he waits upon the Lord and renews his strength. The soul is dark and depressed; but as he draws near to God, beamings from the uncreated glory shine upon him. How sublime the man! He has shut out the world, and is shut in with God; elevated for a season above the earth, he turns from communion with the creature to communion with the Creator. Peace fills the soul, joy enraptures the heart, grace renews the nature, power preserves the footsteps, glory bathes the soul; he is canopied under the shadow of the everlasting Throne; he is alive with God,—vitalized, crystalized, spiritualized by prayer, until communion meetens for the endless friendships of Heaven.

You might go on to think and speak of the doings and achievements of prayer, for prayer hath achieved the most Herculean triumphs. It hath stopped the sun and chained the moon, or it hath made the heavens smile with sunshine for the space of three years and six months. It hath dried the sea and divided rivers, and made the clouds withhold their rain, or it hath made the same skies weep for joy, while the clouds have poured forth their fruitful showers. It hath dashed bulwarks to the ground, quenched the violence of fire, stopped the mouths of lions, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, robbed death of its prey and hell of its expectation. It hath stayed the hand of Divine vengeance in mid-air, so that it spared the cumberer another year. It hath changed the most dissipated and abandoned of men into saints of the most High God, and it hath made the dreariness and desolation of death to be rekindled with immortality. I urge, then, that whatever your care or grief or sorrow or distress, you carry it at once to the mercy-seat of God. Tell Him all your heart, and He will undertake for you. Christian,

"Hast thou within a care so deep
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

"What'er the care that breaks thy rest,
What'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer."

SERMON II.

SPIRITUAL QUICKENING.

And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins.
Eph. 2nd Chap., 1st verse.

HIS Epistle, written by Paul to the Church at Ephesus, expresses the Apostle's profound interest in the Ephesian Church. Several reasons might be assigned for his strong and persistent attachment to that Church. Beyond his ordinary regard, as a Christian, for the triumph of the cause of Christ, and his desire for the well-being of all who name the name of Christ, Paul had planted the Church at Ephesus, and afterwards re-visited it, and remained there preaching the Gospel longer than in any other place during his public ministry, and he only left it at last when compelled by the tumult excited by Demetrius. He then left Timothy there for a time to complete the work which he had begun. Added to this Ephesus was at this time called the first and greatest metropolis of Asia, made so by the Romans; therefore it was a great centre of population and influence, and it was pre-eminently the headquarters of idolatry. The celebrity of the city was chiefly owing to its famous temple and the great goddess, Diana; so that Paul sought to be strong in the strongholds of idolatry. Here, also, Paul had realized considerable suc-

ness, and had baptized twelve persons whom he found there, disciples of John the Baptist. The fact of this letter being specially addressed to the Ephosians, has been called in question. It is possible it was an encyclical letter, meant to circulate among a number of Churches, of which Ephesus was the chief. But be that as it may, this letter is a most invaluable one. You perceive the Apostle's aim in it is to show forth the origin and headship and perfection and graces of the Christian Church. With great tenderness of feeling and power of appeal he sets forth man's state, man's obligation, man's possible spiritual attainments, man's entire dependence on Christ, man's blessedness and safety when found in Christ. It is of man's state by nature and his condition when spiritually renewed by grace, that this text speaks.

First—YOU HAVE MAN'S MORAL DEPRAVITY SYMBOLIZED: "*Dead in trespasses and sin.*"

1st. *This implies the absence or retreat of a principle which properly belongs to, and was once possessed by, man.*

It would be improper and absurd to speak of anything as dead which was never endowed with a living principle. We never speak of the inanimate parts of creation as dead. We never speak of a stone as dead, because no living power has ever been extinguished in it. It is only of what once had life, and that life withdrawn, that we say that it is dead. Thus we speak of animals, of men, when bereft of the vital or life-principle. Now the death that has overspread the soul since its renewal consists in privations, in the withdrawal of what originally belonged to the soul and was its life, for as the life of the body is derived from its union with the soul and continues no longer than while that union subsists, (for the moment the soul departs decomposition begins) so the life of the soul is derived from its union with God. But when man sinned, the Deity retired from the soul, and the effect of that withdrawal is, that though it is not deprived of its natural powers, it is robbed of its real life; for spiritual life is not mere existence. Fallen angels exist, but they are wholly destitute of the great elements of Divine life. It is essential to life that the nature which exists should appropriate and possess whatever will render that existence supremely dear and happy. In Paradise man found his happiness

the source of his being, and separation from that source is spiritual death; so that the withdrawment of God is, with respect to the soul, what the withdrawment of the soul is, in relation to the body. In each case the inevitable result is death. This view of the subject ought to fill us with anxiety and grief. Had man never possessed the Divine life, there would be less to deplore in his condition. We are less affected at the consideration of what we never possessed than by the deprivation of what we once had. We look at the inanimate parts of creation without emotion, because, though destitute of life, they never possessed it; but when we look upon a dead body how differently we feel! Here, remember, an immortal spirit once dwelt, which has now fled and left only the ruins of a man. But we should be far more affected still in contemplating a dead soul. Here, we should remember, God once dwelt. The soul was once illumined with the Divine smile and reflected the Divine image; but all has vanished, and the soul, overspread with spiritual darkness and death, manifests its lapsed and fallen state by the absence of the living one.

2nd. *It implies the completeness of man's moral pollution.* Life admits of many degrees and kinds. There is vegetative life, as in plants; animal life, as in animals; rational life, as in man; and so on, up through the whole range of life. And where life is of the same sort, it is susceptible of different degrees. It is much more perfect in the larger sort of animals than in reptiles, and the vital principle in different men exists with various degrees of vigor. There are different degrees of life through the whole chain of existence (though a link of inseparable connexion), from the most tiny insect to the first seraph before the throne. But there are no degrees in death. All things of which it can be truly said, they are dead, are equally so, so that all who are dead in sin are equally so. There are some unconverted persons of gentle disposition and moral blamelessness; but notwithstanding these amiable and engaging qualities they are not temples of the Holy Ghost, and therefore they are dead—spiritually dead. There are some who, by the influence of a holy example and a pious education, exhibit a fair exterior, but they are alienated from the life of God and spiritually dead within. You may lay it down as a principle to which there is not a solitary exception, that whatever

the moral character exhibited to the world, every unrenowned person is alienated from the life of God, and is dead in trespasses and sins, for "to be carnally minded is death."

3rd. *The figure further intimates the universal prevalence of moral depravity.* From whatever cause it may be conceived to have originated, the fact is certain that a moral disease has spread itself throughout all mankind. In whatever station or in whatever region of the earth they may be placed,—whether we look on the generations of old, or survey the moral state of nations in modern times,—whether you view the abodes of savage or civilized life,—whether you contemplate the character of the higher orders of society, or the practices which abound among the inferior ranks of life, the stamp of moral depravity, in one form or another, is impressed on the general conduct of all. Watch the earliest direction of the spirit after it wakes up into life, and they are wandering footsteps that stray from the womb, speaking lies. Down the long aisle of time there runs one sickening perpetuity of sin, transmitted without exception from generation to generation. Spend your life in perpetual travel until you have gasped at the tropics and shivered at the Poles and belted the whole earth in your journey, and you cannot escape from under the shadow of the curse, or find the land where original sin has not worked its work of death. Wars, dissensions, bloodshed, murder, suicide, cruelties, selfish contentions for power and territory, all proclaim the moral depravity of the race; and the recurrence, perpetually, of the same evils in so many different latitudes and under so many different forms incontestibly proves that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

4th. *This suggests that man's spiritual death was occasioned by a violation of the Divine law.* "Dead in trespasses and sins." The essence of sin is a voluntary disregard of the Divine authority; the creature acting on his own will in contempt of the supreme will, preferring a prohibited to a prescribed course. It is the assumption of independence in the dictation and control of our own ways, so that the rejection of the Divine command is at once the essence of sin, and the essential sin of man. The real germ of sin in man is not the latent depraved tendencies of our moral na-

are which predispose in favor of sin, or the external influences which are brought to bear upon us from without which incite to the commission of evil. They are both essentially sinful, but man's sin is in his own voluntary concession or yielding to both. In every act of transgression there must be, and is, the concurrence of our own wills, and it is by placing our will in voluntary antagonism to the Divine that we commit ourselves to the tides of depravity, and are overwhelmed with desolation and death. But this Scripture not only reveals the nature of sin; it also represents it as a power which encases the soul, "dead in trespasses and sins;" as though sin were the winding-sheet in which the soul of man is wrapped, or a coffin in which it is enclosed; or a grave in which it is buried with all the air and repulsiveness of death.

Second—YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT MAN'S SPIRITUAL QUICKENING. "*And you hath he quickened.*"

The quickening of which the Apostle speaks, is real and practical and saving. Let us seek to realize both the manner of its accomplishment and the results it produces on the soul, and its moral experience.

1st. *The spirit quickens by an application of truth to the heart.* It is manifest that one great instrument employed by the spirit for the quickening of man is the word of truth. The spirit does not produce the change in man called "passing from death unto life," independent of man himself. It is not by mere force that he subdues, but by argument, persuasion, and motive. He looks on man, not as a mere machine, but as a rational, reflective agent, and therefore approaches his heart through the medium of his intellect. Else for what purpose exists the written testimony, and for what end is it addressed to man? It proceeds on the assumption that he is possessed of intelligent and reasoning powers, and the Spirit, in his operation, takes this for granted, and so acts agreeable to the nature and constitution of man, and it is when the mind is in contact with the truths and doctrines of revelation that the Spirit communicates his influence, not to force the man to believe, but to dispose the heart (naturally disinclined to the spiritual) to receive and embrace the saving word. And when anyone, by being brought into contact with the truth, becomes the subject of religious impressions, his convictions can be regarded in no

other light than the Spirit moving upon the soul to lead it to the possession of spiritual life. And it may be further said that the influence of the spirit is inseparable from the Word of God. Frequently the same mistake is made in the world of mind as in the world of matter. We speak of this material universe as governed by certain laws, and preserved in all its order and harmony by the force of gravitation. Now, what is this force of gravitation? Is it something wholly independent of the will of God,—something which he has evoked from the silence and depth of eternity, apart from himself? No. And just as the law of gravitation can be resolved into the ever-acting energy of the Divine will, in preserving and upholding the physical universe, so the provisions and laws of the Christian economy are not something separate from the Spirit, but rather the Spirit himself, in and through these, acting on the inner and moral nature of man. So that you see by the truth we mean more than the mere letter of Scripture, or the doctrines and articles of our faith. We include that which the letter contains, and between the letter and the Spirit there is an inseparable connexion. Christ said: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." The word may be but the envelope which encloses the Spirit, but the Spirit, acting through the letter, quickens the soul into a newness of life. So that you see, by adopting and realizing the spirit and essence of what the written word sets forth, we are brought into fellowship with that power by which man is quickened and restored to the life of God.

2nd. *The Spirit quickens by a spiritual discovery of Christ to the soul.* It is possible in conducting a man to Sinai's dreadful mount that the conscience may be startled and the mind deeply awed as he hears the thunder's mutter, sees the lightning's flash, and listens to the voice of a present God. But heighten the splendor connected with the giving of the law as we may,—let us conceive of the cloud which encircled the mount as dark and rare at the outskirts, but bright, burning, and unapproachable in the centre,—let us conceive of the great Eternal descending upon the mount, and the lustre of His Godhead bursting the veil with which He was clothed, till the whole scene is converted into one flood of burning glory,—yet it is not so adapted to awaken and subdue the soul as the Cross of Christ and the tragic scene of

Calvary. Christ crucified possesses a marvellous power over the hearts and consciences of men, and when beheld by faith fascinates the soul as by the charm of a resistless spell, "For I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," said Christ. No radical, saving change can be effected in man without the manifestation of Christ to the heart. The terrors of the law alone cannot subdue or change the nature of man; the law may show the heinousness of sin and the danger to which the sinner is exposed, but it cannot produce a complete spiritual quickening. The law will show the disease, but Christ must reveal the remedy. The law thunders its sentence of doom, but the Saviour whispers the promise of escape and salvation. The law kills, but Christ makes alive. The law, at most, is only a school-master to lead us to Christ. Now, there is a revelation of Christ found in the Scriptures,—for the heart of the Bible is big with Christ; but in spiritual quickening something more than an acquaintance with the record of Christ's life and teachings and miracles and history is necessary. There must be an internal revelation; the veil of unbelief must be removed from the understanding and the heart, and the Spirit must afford that inward and Divine light by which alone Christ is seen in His saving and renewing power. Now, as soon as the soul realizes the knowledge of Christ in this inward and complete sense the understanding is enlightened, the heart subdued, and every element of moral death is dispersed by the indwelling of the Spirit of Christ, while the soul, wondering and grateful at the new and sublime light that has dawned upon it, reverently exclaims: "God, who commandeth His light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." This is the sort of revelation Paul speaks of when he attributes the change wrought in him to a spiritual discovery of Christ: "When it pleased God to reveal his son in me, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." But he went forth at once to fulfil Christ's will and to obey Christ's command and to reflect Christ's spirit, because Christ was formed in him the hope of glory.

3rd. *The spirit quickens by the renovation of the heart, and the restoration of the moral nature to conformity and sympathy with the Divine.* The indwelling of the Spirit involves more than a mere formal reception of Christianity.

It invests man with moral excellence. If Christianity be the sublimest and most uplifting energy that can go forth on the soul of man, its effect must be seen in all that is pure, elevated, and heavenly. It is not the mere intellect that is involved in the belief of Christian truth; there is another region in which it exerts its vital influence, converting a world of darkness and sin into a world of light and holiness. It is a part of our Christian consciousness that the reasonings and conclusions of the mind are followed by the approbation of the heart; and such is the inherent excellence of Christianity that it engages the best feelings and affections of the soul. Perceiving its unrivalled excellence, the humble enquirer gives it an unfettered introduction into the temple of the soul, and entering that sacred region it exerts its transforming power on the moral principles of man, and, as the result, new feelings and dispositions are induced, the mind turning from all its former inclinations and pursuits, is directed to objects pure and consistent, and while the mind views things through another and better medium, the affections are placed on objects in harmony with the renewed nature, and there is a real and perceptible correspondence between the object and the nature to which it is presented for possession. A pure nature can have no relish for impure things, and as the affections become purified and centred in God, the man will exhibit those tendencies and devote himself to those pursuits which will evidence to all "that he hath passed from death unto life." And as the Divine life inter-penetrates the nature and dwells in the very centre of the being, it will raise the man into the likeness of God, enabling him to participate in God's nature, to share His fellowships, lean on His bosom, know His mind, and thus be completely restored to the likeness and communion of God. And as the Divine life deepens and expands in the soul and the man becomes more and more filled with God, the attraction of outer evil ceases, while the attraction of the Divine draws the soul into closer and yet closer relations to God, till all like Him, the renewed and transformed man is meet-
 ed for the inheritance of the saints in light.

You cannot contemplate this subject without seeing the painful and ruinous effects of sin. Sin induced and perpetuates moral death in the world. But you also see the power and instrumentality by which lapsed humanity may be re-

restored to the fellowship and likeness of God. The Eternal Spirit is the one agent in man's moral recovery. The inefficiency of every human means to restore man has been fully proved, for, tried on the broadest scale, and by the most gifted and skilled hands, it has been tested and found incapable of fulfilling its self-imposed task. Every effect must have an adequate cause, and nothing can change the moral chaos of the world into the order and loveliness of its primordial state; but the spirit which first said, "Let there be light, and there was light," for "it is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

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SERMON III.

THE NATURE DUTY OF GIVING.

"Not because I desire a gift: but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."—*Philippians, 4th Chap., 17th verse.*

A DISINTERESTED spirit enters far more largely into the work of the Christian ministry than many persons suppose. And when the minister has to deal with the most uncongenial subjects, it is often the most prominently displayed; though we are aware that some entertain a contrary view of the ministerial work and spirit, regarding it as selfish and self-loving, and thus rob its appeals of their point and power and persuasiveness, and so by disbelief ward off what by argument they could never gainsay. Still we claim that every true Gospel minister may honestly adopt the motto of the Apostle, "Not because I desire a gift." Perhaps a sermon on the nature and duty of giving is about the last where many will recognize the presence of a disinterested soul, and yet it is possibly the one in which the minister will truly manifest the most of that feeling. I cannot conceive of a faithful minister of Christ Jesus standing in the sacred desk to talk and plead for self, but rather to declare what he believes to be "the whole counsel of God," and what he judges to be calculated to instruct and profit and bless those who hear him. The subject

before us is not the most popular, because the churches of this day have not an enlarged measure of that feeling which animated the Apostolic Church, when believers sold their possessions and laid them at the Apostles' feet. But notwithstanding its unpopularity, let us spend a little time together in considering the plan and duty and motives of Christian giving. We will not indulge in eulogistic descriptions or pauperizing appeals by setting forth instances of magnificent generosity, or portraying scenes of privation and poverty. Setting aside all individual considerations, let us look at the broad and inclusive principle presented in this singularly appropriate text of Scripture.

First—LET US LOOK AT THE NATURE OF CHRISTIAN GIVING. We are pained to believe that the Church of Christ is very deficient on this point of duty, probably arising either from error or ignorance or both combined, and in consequence the cause of the Gospel suffers materially. I know this remark could be met by the enumeration of a noble host whose contributions are on a large scale, and of the equally noble generosity of many whose smaller gifts are the cheerful fruit of privation and self-denial. But we speak not now of an individual or a church, but to the whole Church, and therefore look at the evil in principle and in its widest possible application. I need scarcely say that we repudiate State endowments, and fervently hope that the day is not distant when this vestige of the dark ages—this unholy compromise shall be swept away from every part of the earth before an enlightened public opinion, and a free and growing state of spirituality and power in the churches, so that religion may stand forth as free and unfettered as when her Divine Master ushered her into the world under Apostolic preaching and precept. For there is, or at least should be, always sufficient vitality and grace in the Christian Church for self-independent support.

1st. *Christian giving should be done systematically.* There is, perhaps, nothing which man is capable of doing which could not be done better by conforming to some system. There is a sort of person who has a detestation of all method and rule and fixity, but you seldom find him to prosper. He who insists so strongly on the spontaneousness of devotion that he will not attend public worship because of its weekly occurrence, nor establish a family altar because it prescribes

duties to be observed every day, nor sanction grace before meals because it formalizes gratitude, is apt to have very little devotion or reverence of any kind. Method is good, even in the modes of the mind and the habits of daily intercourse. No doubt rule and method may be carried too far. There is a wild, inimitable sweetness in changefulness and spontaneousness. The rill, so tiny in June, would lose its interest if it did not swell into a torrent in the Spring, and the morning bird, if it sang all the year round at the same hour, would have little more melody than the cry of a sweep. Spontaneousness is good, order is good, and the two are most exquisitely combined throughout nature, and their union, if rightly managed, is productive of efficiency and pleasantness in human affairs. At first sight it might appear that benevolence is one of those things from which all form and method should be eliminated. We grant that the motive of benevolence should always be spontaneous—an unconstrained delight in doing good, a generous impulse from an unselfish heart; but the manner of giving may be most advantageously systematized, and there is no province of human activity into which it is more necessary to introduce system than into that of Christian giving. If you consider the vast interests and agencies which depend upon the liberality of the Christian community, you will see the force of our remark. We do not dwell upon the importance, which eternity alone can measure, of maintaining the agents and ordinances of religion in every land, but take the matter on its man-ward, every-day side. How many thousands of ministers, of missionaries, of true Christian workers are now dependent for subsistence upon the benevolence of the Churches. And there is a terrible regularity in the daily recurrence of the wants of these multitudes which cannot be effectually met by occasional and spasmodic liberality. The wants can be adequately, honorably, safely supplied only in one way—by systematic giving. But the support of evangelistic agencies is only one of many demands made upon Christian benevolence in this day. Hospitals, asylums, orphanages, which constitute the glory of our age and humanity, are dependent upon public liberality, and it is essential that all these institutions should obtain their supplies with regularity, because, by possessing an ample, assured, calculable income, the operations and activity of these in-

stitutions may be more successfully promoted. If the supplies are irregular, the cause is placed in a position of uncertainty and anxiety. And in addition to the immense advantage that would accrue to the aggregate of Christian agencies from systematic contribution, we conceive that giving after that manner, being more calm, rational, principled, and Scriptural, is more acceptable to God and honorable to the giver. Then, we urge you, have a distinct, well-defined system, and to it strictly and everywhere adhere.

2nd. *Christian giving should be proportionate.* That there are great defects in the charity of the Christian Church, notwithstanding the indications of improvement which appear, is too manifest. It waits for impulse and appeal; it lacks plan and principle and self-denial and proportion. It is by no means equal to the demands of the Gospel, or the wealth of the Christian Church. The great current of Christian property is not yet withdrawn from its worldly channels. The scanty rills of benevolence which at present water the garden of the Lord, and the ingenuity and effort employed to bring them there, compared with the tide of selfish expenditure which holds on its original course, reminds one of the slender rivulets which the inhabitants of the East raise from a river by mechanical force to irrigate their thirsty gardens, while the mighty current, without any sensible diminution of its waters, goes sweeping on to the ocean. By unwearied diligence the art of acquiring money is well nigh perfect. Nor can we think of the many ways in which it is squandered or consumed upon artificial wants, without deploring that the art of wasting money should be so complete. But the art of using it so as to make it produce the greatest amount of good still remains to be practised. This, indeed, the Gospel alone can teach. In the early ages of the Church the heavenly art of embalming property was both known and practised; but, like the process of another embalming, it has long been practically lost. Not that its principles have been unknown; these have always presented themselves on the pages of truth in lines of living light. Consequently, now, when the application of its principles is pointed out, and the urgent necessity or their practical expression enforced, we begin to feel how far the Church has drifted from the course of duty, and how difficult it will be to effect a return. And, indeed, return never will be accomplished until we go back

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to the oracles of God and conform thereto, renouncing the Godless idea of many that property is irresponsibly our own, and feel that we hold our possessions as subordinate agents for God, and that we are bound to consult His will in the use of it. That as he is the supreme owner of both it and us we are as bound to mark the Divine directions in the use of our money as in the salvation of our souls; and the moment we consult the Divine Word a plan is presented to us at once clear, simple, perfect: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, and give as God hath prospered." In this beautiful rule of Christian finance you see that there should be a *proper proportion between income and gift*. Upon the *first day* (God's own day) with undeviating regularity, all should give as *God hath prospered them*. The Lord sits over against the treasury, and giving is a sacred matter between Him and you. Determine on the proportion before God and as in the sight of God, which should never be less in principle than what is inferable from the standard and examples of Holy Scripture, *which would be at least one-tenth*. And having determined the proportion, pay it regularly and cheerfully over to God. The beauty of this rule of proportion is, that it burdens none and puts the same honor upon all; for all give, and no one, in God's eye, gives more than another; for each one consecrates to God an amount in exact proportion to what God has sent him. Giving, too, in proportion to benefits received, secures the operation on sound, religious principles. The giver is not excited by the unhealthy stimulus of worldly rivalry by giving so much that he may not appear a worse man than his neighbor, but, called to listen to the voice of truth, he gives as in the sight of God, and the deed is, therefore, an act of Christian service, springing from Scriptural motive, and taking its position on the same holy ground as prayer and praise. When this rule (which is as applicable to the widow's mite as the rich man's thousands) is uniformly adopted by the Christian Church, there will be no more complaining in our streets or pause in the great work of Christian aggression, for all that is needed for every Christian purpose will be readily forthcoming.

3rd. *Christian giving should be regarded as a plain and prescribed duty*. The fewest thoughts will render this duty obvious to all. Just think who it is enables you to give



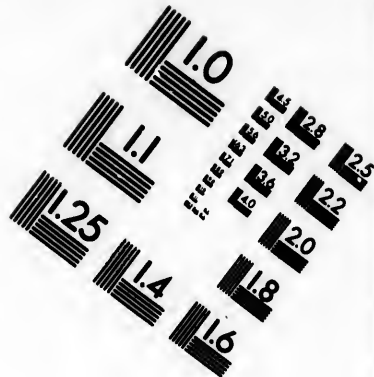
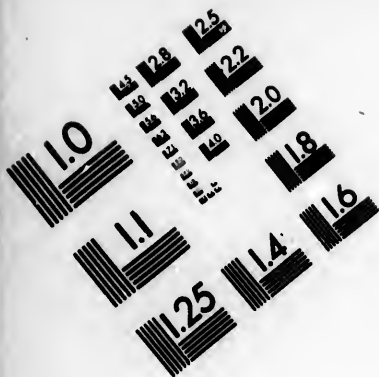
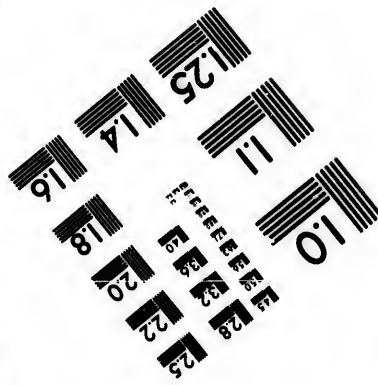
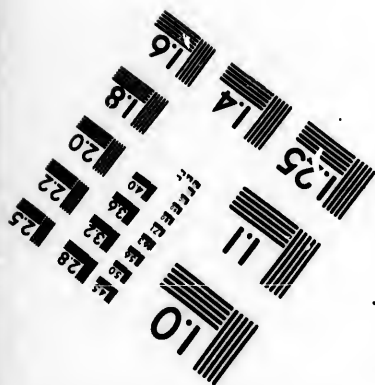
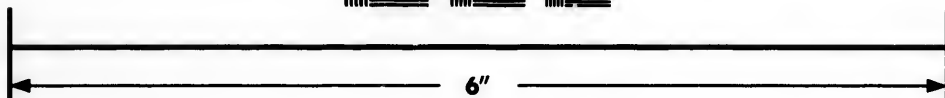
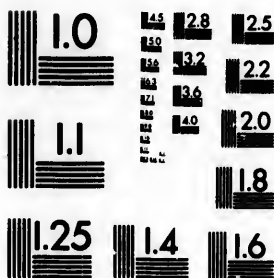


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Moses very correctly expressed it: "The Lord thy God, He it is that giveth thee power to get wealth." God gives us all things, strictly and truly, *He is the only donor in the universe.* He gives us possessions, or the opportunities to get them. It is He who gives us health and success and comforts, and makes our ventures successful and our business prosperous. "Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above." If God did not give, and continue to give, the brooks would soon dry and the rain soon cease and the sunshine soon fail and the flowers soon fade and the forest soon decay and the earth soon be barren, and want and ruin become universal. Now, He who hath loaded you with benefits commands you to give *freely* of your substance to Him. The possessions which He hath given you in stewardship, and for the right use of which He holds you responsible, you are to consecrate to His work and cause, and you cannot withhold from God what He hath instructed you to give, without contempt of duty, and sin.

4th. *Christian giving is an honored privilege.* Giving is a work most people perform as economically as possible, and too many regret the necessity of having to give at all. They rarely think that each should do something, and all do what they can, and having done their utmost, it should be considered a privilege. Is it not a privilege rather than an irksome toil to feed a starving man, or to rescue a drowning man, or to reclaim a fallen man, or to befriend a destitute man, or to bless a ruined man, or to save a dying man? And is it not a privilege, surpassing far, to aid the cause of truth, swell the trophies of the Cross, accelerate the spread of the Gospel, feed famishing millions, heal the world's curse, and raise the withered arm of paralyzed humanity to its healing Saviour? Such being the object of Christian benevolence, to give to it should be regarded as a precious privilege; not an opportunity to be allowed to pass by giving the barest trifle in a grudging spirit, but an opportunity we should eagerly embrace and always improve. And such should be our conviction of privilege that if no appeal was made to us we should voluntarily present our offerings to the Lord, and, if necessary, seek out the most worthy and deserving objects to relieve and assist. Giving in this day should be regarded as it was by the Macedonian believers when they besought Paul, with much entreaty, to accept their gifts.

Second—THE FRUIT OR REWARD OF CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

1st. *The Divine approval and promise.* The eye of God marks intently our gifts for Him. He it is who sends the applicant to you. He notices with what feeling you receive the application, and He observes the motives and rules by which you contribute. He who had His eye on the poor widow, casting in her mite into the treasury of the temple, has His eye on your heart, your property, your gifts to-day. And it is no wonder if that eye flashes with displeasure when some of His professed followers cast in their donations, seeing that there is such a disproportion between the profession and the gift. And in giving there has been a wilful forgetfulness of the fact that they are accountable for all they possess and how they possessed it, for all they spend and how they spend it, for all they give and how they give it, for all they keep and why they keep it. And the Lord wishes all His children to be like Himself, to give to him that needeth. He hates covetousness; He despises the niggardly, He abhors the selfish; therefore, he cannot approve of the illiberal man. But it is stated: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," "the liberal soul shall be made fat," "the liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand," "give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over," "whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose his reward." It is because we sow sparingly that we reap sparingly; it is because we give so little that we have so little enjoyment over what we keep back. The Lord not only blesses what we give, when given aright, but He blesses what we keep also, and everything is to us just what God makes it. If, therefore, we withhold what we ought to give, we shall find that he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth gold with increase. The love of money will pierce its possessor with many sorrows. If you lay by what you ought to lay out, God's curse must be upon it. And it may be as fuel for your children's lusts, a temptation to allure them into paths of sin and ruin. It is better to give to God's needy ones, and live under the smile of God, than to withhold with the barn full but the soul empty. With wealth increasing, and the soul starving, until at last it shall be said: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

2nd. *Soul satisfaction.* It is universally true, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. There is a felt satisfaction at the consciousness of duty performed, whilst there is a corresponding misanthropy felt by those who evade God's tribute money; and there is not only an individual satisfaction, but also the enjoyment of doing good and the reciprocity of feeling which generosity always evokes. Wherever we have given, there will be a return of benefits conferred; wherever we have blessed others, we shall be blessed also; wherever we have rayed out joy and sunshine, a reflected sunbeam will rest upon us; wherever we have made the desert to rejoice or the barren waste fruitful or the thirsty land pools of water, we shall reap a glorious return. If we have fed the hungry or clothed the naked or delivered the poor and needy when he crieth, the blessing of him that was ready to perish will come upon us. There is a subdued and hallowed pleasure in helping and blessing men, and in furthering the cause of God and the objects of Christian benevolence throughout the world.

3rd. *There will be eternal fruit in the world to come.* How vast and varied and full the fruit will be in the gathering times of Heaven! How abundant the harvest will be in that grand harvest-home, we cannot say; but we are assured that not a cup of cold water shall lose its reward. Oh, what sublime reminiscences will those of the man who nobly and generously used his stewardship for the Divine glory! Rich visions of rescued souls, of reared churches, of ministerial helpings, of timely deliverances! A widow's heart gladdened, an orphan clothed and comforted, a school sustained, a missionary assisted, Bibles circulated, tracts scattered broadcast, nations enlightened, despotisms dethroned, iniquities brought to a perpetual end, perishing ones plucked as a brand from the burning, fainting ones cheered on their way, beggars made to sit at the bridal banquet, polluted ones made whiter than snow, the street Arab made a king and priest to God forever;—all, all will mount up to swell the soul with rapture and fill eternity with gladness. Then the privilege of adding one jewel to the Saviour's crown, of winning the poorest soul on earth, will enhance and enlarge the joys of Heaven; for, while every saint shall have one heaven, some shall have more. Those who have helped to fill its mansions shall possess many heavens in one, and in

proportion to the good they have done, and the help they have rendered, shall their crowns shine and their cup overflow. I beseech you, think of the fruit that shall abound to your account, and then plant that you may gather, sow that you may reap, toil that you may rest, and give that you may lay up treasures in Heaven that shall abound and be forever abounding to your account.

I beseech you weigh well the duty of Christian liberality and give to the full amount of your means, as Christian men. Is it honest to lay up what we ought to lay out? Is it faithful to appropriate another's property to our own uses? Is it right to withhold from God, merely to gratify ourselves? Ask these questions to your consciences in the light of eternity, and if you wish to please Christ or check the spread of evil or cheer the sick room or encourage God's ministers and secure your own final salvation, attend to the injunction: "Freely ye have received, freely give." Rise above the meanness of parsimony or the prodigality of waste. Spare your indulgences, and, if need be, make sacrifices that the Lord's House may be built, remembering that he that gives not, lives not.

"The sun gives ever, so the earth;
What it can give so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways,—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So, too, the air,—it gives us breath,—
When it stops giving, in comes Death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living;
The more we give,
The more we live.
God's love hath in us wealth upheaped,—
Only by giving, it is reaped;
The body withers, and the mind
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live."

SERMON IV.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—*Phil., Chap. 1st, 21st ver.*

IT is pleasing to see the calmness and self-possession with which the Christian meets the afflictions and storms of life. Rising in the consciousness of mental or moral heroism, he grasps a higher reality and pours out his soul in the conquests of faith. Such, precisely, was the experience of Paul. There appears no sense of bondage in his soul, although at this time he was a prisoner. He possessed a freedom which dungeons cannot crush,—that inner freedom which is as chainless as the air we breathe, living in the experience of a far-sighted trust and a sublime faith. A very tender relationship existed between Paul and the Philippian Church. They had sent Epaphroditus to visit him in the prison at Rome, and to administer of their liberality to his need, and in return for their kindness and as a token of his affection he addressed to them this Epistle. It is remarkable that it contains no solitary word of rebuke. It recognizes in them the existence of a grateful and earnest piety, and aims at their consolation and confirmation. The spirit of the Apostle was also well calculated to produce the same result. It would have been very pardonable if, under the circumstances, he had betrayed bitterness, or at least

sadness ; but his letter, on the contrary, is a fountain of joy, an inspiration of courage. He was calm, meek, Christian, -- not so much from logical deductions as from moral intuitions.

FIRST--THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

"*For me to live is Christ.*" The Apostle sets out, thrilled with a deep and absorbing fact,—the fact of conscious life : "*For me to live.*" He felt, he knew he lived. Christianity is life and life-giving. It is not a theory or philosophy of living, merely ; but life itself. It includes the inspiration, the rule, the end of life, and the Apostle, shricing this Divine principle within him, felt the true pulse of being ; and every true believer, conscious of the Divine within him, can say : "*I live!*" Other men don't live ; they exist, but not live. There is a vast difference in existence and life. Life is far superior to existence. Existence was given us that we might rise into life, and it is only faith in Jesus will raise us to the dignity and power and sublimity of life. Only in Him is the whole man flooded with the rapture of being and stirred with a life that dies not.

1st. *Christ is the SOURCE of the believer's life.* To create, to produce life at first, or to infuse life into the dead, is the exclusive prerogative of God. Man has done his best to create ; the painter has spread his canvas, and with the pencil's witchery portrayed the image of your friends, and after those friends have passed away, that life-like painting has often called up the forms of the departed, and in all the passion of agonized affection you have sighed : "Oh, that those lips could speak !" but there was no response. And the sculptor has taken the shapeless block and chiselled upon it the features of the human face, and the proportion has been apparent, the attitude graceful, and the figure true to nature ; but though the eye reposed in beauty, there was no flash of fire ; though the cheek was well-formed, it had no mantling blush of health ; though the lips were well-shaped, they could never speak to thrill the soul ; so that, while you admired the artist's skill, you were forced to remember that life is the gift of God. All life is from Him originally. *Natural life* is of Him. We eat and drink and pursue our callings and pleasures too, often without thinking of the power which gave us life and sustains and upholds that life every moment. We find ourselves in being, and think out

pulse should beat and our affections should glow, without thinking that in *Him* we live and move and have our being. *Mental life* is also from God. Our minds are busy seeking to grasp the many subjects which come before us. We form plans, penetrate mysteries, solve problems, without thinking of Him who gave us the capabilities of mind. We ascribe the glory to education or study. I will not underrate these; they are essentials of success; but what would all be if God had not given us our faculties? *Spiritual life*, which the believer alone possesses in its grandest hopes, loftiest prospects, and sublimest nature, is the exclusive production of the Divine. Man's moral depravity is too self-evident to be disproved. Universal history, universal consciousness, universal experience, testify to the moral death of man. So irresistible is the fact and so general is the admission, that scheme after scheme has been produced for his recovery, and yet, after all the light and glory flung upon it by civilization and science and education, the world continues as depraved as ever, and nothing can effect a saving change in man's condition but a vital union with Christ. If we live at all, it must be by imparted life,—life drafted into us from above.

2nd. *Christ is the MODEL of his life.* The power of imitation exists in man, and according to the model presented is the being shaped. Robert Hall truly remarked that every man has a picture gallery of his own, in which are hung the likenesses of those he has known and admired, and every man has his own model of imitation. The warrior adopts Wellington, the painter—Angelo, the adventurer—Columbus, the patriot—Washington, the mechanic—Arkwright, the philosopher—Newton, the logician—Locke, the poet—Milton, the orator—Demosthenes, the historian—Macaulay, the philanthropist—Howard, the Reformer—Luther, the Christian—Christ. The Christian life is life in the image of Jesus. Likeness reveals relation; the seed produces its own copy. The parent is seen in the child, the family declares its ancestry, the life of a Christian reproduces Christ. Our greatest naturalists tell us that the leaf and the branch are miniatures of the tree to which they belong, and act out its form to angular exactness. In like manner, the members of Christ's body are miniatures of Himself. Christ says: "I am the vine: ye are the branches." They have the same root, the same stem, the same sap, the same foliage, the

same fruit; for the same spirit pervades them, the same graces adorn them, and the same glory awaits them. It is Christ's spirit which develops the believer after the approved pattern. Christ is in that Divine artist's eye when He draws the believer's portrait. The Christian's desire is moral resemblance to Christ, though the perfect image is not developed at once. There is a struggle in the transformation, and Christlikeness is a progressive growth; but sooner or later, in a lower or higher degree, the believer shall be made complete in Him, and this is the highest dignity of the soul. As the love of holiness glows in the centre of the heart, corruption is consumed, as the farmer burns the weeds upon the soil that gave them birth. Transformation into the likeness of Jesus is the great end of redemption, the one purpose of grace, and the characteristic glory of salvation. The more like Christ, the more lovely the soul. It is no wonder that the apostolic ideal of all perfection, all honor, all glory, all blessedness, is this—*Like Him*.

3rd. *Christ is the OBJECT of the believer's life.* It is emphatically life for Christ. The believer's life has been redeemed and endowed with spiritual gifts, that it might be spent in Christ's service. It was not merely for existence or character or privilege that this life was imparted, but for active labor for Christ. The Divine life must be spent in the Divine service. Every man who really lives has an object in life. The student lives for learning, the ambitious for fame, the worldling for riches, the tourist for travel, the statesman for power, the gay for fashion, the merchant for commerce, the Christian for Christ. Every man has a life-purpose in life which inspires with resolution and endurance. Every man also exists for others. This is the one law of social, political, scientific, and Christian life. The Redeemer's,—the highest life ever lived in this world,—was spent for others, and we should, like Him, live for the Divine glory, for such a life-purpose, perseveringly fulfilled, would make us all nobler, diviner. True greatness is devotedness to Jesus. Let us ever aim to serve our fellows and bring glory to God. Let us make our life real by setting before us an object worthy of ourselves and the being God has given us; for you have something more to do with life than simply to toil for bread and clothing and home, more than to eat and drink and die, more than to cultivate the mind, enjoy

society, and exercise rights. Life must have a *right object* to fulfil its high commission. There are various ways of occupying it,—of wasting its opportunities, and consuming its powers; but there is only *one way* of devoting it to its divine end. It is a serious thing to live, and it is of eternal moment what we live for and how we spend our *one life*. God's glory is the true end of man, and not to seek it is a perversion of being and a sacrilegious robbery of God.

SECOND—THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

"*To die is gain.*" There is something peculiarly Christian in such a view of death, for death, viewed in itself, is appalling. It is so unnatural, so distressing, that our nature abhors it. None of us should ever choose to die simply for the sake of dying. For,

"Come in whatever form, O! Death,—
And thou art terrible,—the tear, the groan, the knell,
The pall, the bier, and all we know or dream
Or fear of agony, is thine."

It is because of its issues that good men love to die; because there is another life beyond the grave, an eternal life with Jesus. It was this view of dying that drew from John Foster the eloquent remark: "What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful star, indicating that the luminary of eternity was about to rise, life in my opinion would darken into midnight melancholy. O! the expectation of living here and living thus always, would be a prospect of overwhelming despair; but thanks to that decree that dooms us to die, thanks to that Gospel which opens a vision of endless life, and thanks above all to that Saviour who has promised to conduct the faithful through death to the Paradise beyond, the sick room of the dying believer is on the threshold of Heaven." Sublime is such a view of death. How sweet to lie down in death with all the consciousness of imperfection which accompanies the most holy in this life! For such a sinful creature thus to lie down in the cradle of the dying body, rocked to sleep by a Saviour's love, and then to wake up in the light and perfection and ocean splendor of glory,—O! if this be dying, to die is infinite, infinite gain. And this is the view which the Apostle wishes us to take,

to think of what death is, of what death does; of its losses, of its gains, and then pronounce an impartial verdict.

1st. *Death removes us from the Bible.* The Bible is a blessed Book, God's Word, His kindest utterance to the world. What light it sheds upon the mind, what blessings it conveys to the heart, how divine is its authority, how quickening its influence! There is nothing like it. It is a peer in the realms of literature. It informs us of God,—unveiling His character, revealing His glory, and disclosing the thoughts of His heart. It shows us ourselves, telling us whence we came, what we are, and what will be our destiny. It presents to us the adorable Redeemer, befriending the world and restoring to it its forfeited blessings. It brings near an influence, powerful to renew and enlighten the moral man. Its histories are destined to instruct us, its prophecies to confirm, its devotions to quicken, its promises to comfort, and its doctrines to command our unhesitating faith. The salvation it announces is most glorious, the blessings it reveals are inestimable, its prospects are resplendent with glory. Myriads have been guided by it into all truth, the ignorant have been enlightened, the diffident emboldened, the perplexed relieved, the afflicted comforted, the dying cheered. In every circumstance of life it is the helper of the helpless, the comforter of the comfortless, the friend of the friendless, and the saviour of all them that believe. It is a book of wonders. It is to the believer emphatically a well of living water, bread of enduring substance, a star of boundless radiance, a sun to guide him to Heaven. I don't wonder that Dr. Leifchild exclaimed in dying: "Oh, blessed Bible, I should like to die with thee in my arms!" Every good man, in bidding the Bible an eternal farewell, feels a sorrow at parting; but O! in Heaven we shall study in the light of eternity, in the effulgence of its own divinity, those great truths which the Bible only imperfectly reveals. There we shall sit at the feet of Jesus with a gushing flood-tide of light ever streaming on the soul. Therefore, to die is gain.

2nd. *Death removes us from the Sanctuary and prayer, and all our labor in the cause of Christ; but to the upper temple, to purer devotion and service.*

3rd. *Death removes from all our friends.* There is something very binding and endearing in the ties which unite us together on earth. There is something which stirs the soul

with sublime emotion in the unions of father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, friend. There is far more in these endearing names than language can express. Words are too poor to tell what the heart may feel, but at death these ties are broken. Natural affection does not survive the grave. Moral ties are imperishable, and the souls that are bound by them may be parted, but can never be separated; but natural ties, as such, die at death, so that, to the best of Christians, death is a removal from the bosom of the family. It makes the most beautiful form become a loathsome corpse, which even its friends bury out of sight. And tell me, if you can, the power of bereaved affection when the eye is closed in vacancy and the cheek pale in death. Tell me, if you dare invade the secret temple of the soul, the feeling of the heart when it is first widowed, and the long, lone wail of agonized sorrow is heard, telling you that to die is painful parting. But still, to die is gain; for although death removes us from our friends on earth, it introduces us to our friends in Heaven, there to enjoy the communion of saints, there, as a part of God's great family, to hold intercourse with those who are gone before. The glorified spirits before the throne shall know and love and enjoy each other there. And not only does death introduce the believer to the spirits of just men made perfect and all the angelic hosts of Heaven, and so *enlarge our circle of friends*; but it *reunites* to departed worth forever.

4th. *Death removes us from all that is evil and introduces us to all that is good.* It removes us from earth and all that is earthly, and gives us Heaven and all that is heavenly. It delivers from misery and gives us ease, from pain and gives us pleasure, from sorrow and gives us joy, from anxiety and gives us rest, from storm and gives us calm, from distraction and gives us peace, from pollution and gives us purity, from ignorance and gives us wisdom, from peril and gives us safety, from doubt and gives us certainty, from slavery and gives us freedom, from warfare and gives us victory, from conflict and gives us coronation, from death and gives us life, from man and gives us God. O! at death it is not joy in us that dies, but sorrow; not purity, but sin; not energy, but weakness; not fellowship, but frailty; not communion, but distance; not glory, but shame; not love, but hatred; not life, but death. It is not the Christian or Christianity,

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but *death itself that dies*. How sublime, how Godlike, to conquer death by dying, to slay the monster by his own weapons, or receive him as a friendly horse to a jaded traveller, and on him ride home to glory, singing as we pass the vale:

"Death is the crown of life.

Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;

Were death denied, to live would not be life;

Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.

Death wounds to cure,—we fall, we rise, we reign.

The king of terrors is the prince of peace."

Can you say, "For me to live is Christ"? If not, without presumption, without solemn mockery, you cannot say, "To die is gain." It is only as we live in Christ we can die to Him. To die without Christ is endless, endless loss. Then, I beseech you, come to Christ at once and live. When you are welcome to a Father's home and a Father's heart, will you not come? When you are invited to full forgiveness by a loving Saviour, will you not come? When you are invited to sanctified manhood by an Eternal Spirit, will you not come? The altar has been raised and the sacrifice found; lay your sins on it now. Believe me, the remedy you are urged to accept is simple and saving, and the voice that woos you is full of love and tenderness, and you may at this moment believe and enter into life.

SERMON V.

SERVICE AND REWARD.

"His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."—*Matt., Chap. 25th, 21st vers.*

IT is the supreme desire of every true Christian to please Christ. No good man will be heedless of the judgment of the world or the Church. To be approved of by our brethren, and better still by our own conscience, is no small pleasure; but there are moments when every good man feels it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment,—a judgment which, however approving, may be reversed by the Great Judge; a judgment which, however condemning, may not be sustained by the Great Judge. Any human judgment may be easily modified or revoked by Him who judgeth righteous judgment; therefore every true believer cares for Christ's approval and acceptance as he cares for nothing else. Paul's language is the motto text of every true life: "We labor, therefore, that whether present or absent we may be accepted of *Him*." On this the eye is fixed in the prosecution of every toil and the selection of every course; and animated by such a regard for Christ's approval we shall have but one desire to *be and do right*, that we may be righteous in the estimate of the

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eternal moral law and in the opinion of Him whose judgment abides. This is the suggestion and idea of the text. The parable with which this is connected involves many thoughts of general and impressive teaching,—that Christians are serving an unseen Master who has gone to receive to Himself a kingdom, that a great and responsible charge is devolved upon every servant of God, that however long He may seem to tarry, the day of the Lord's final reckoning will come, that the results of work done for Christ remain. These thoughts we now waive to look at two,—*Service and Reward.*

FIRST—CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The term "*good*" seems to refer to the moral and essential qualities of the person of the servant of God; the word "*faithful*" to the fidelity and loyalty of the servant to His service. The principles which go to form a faithful man's character may be easily shown. His will must be in unison with the Divine will, his mind with the Divine mind, his life with the Divine law, and he must be filled with the spirit of the Master. The quality of the servant and the service are interconnected. *One must be good to be faithful.*

1st. *Good and faithful Service has respect to the Motives of Service.* Motive is the spring of all mental and moral action. God has made us susceptible of outside impressions. We are affected by considerations of injury or advantage. We are free, but we are not independent of influences. If we will it, we are above the influence of circumstances to control or compel us to do wrong; but circumstances are powerful persuasives to right or wrong. They have no original power over us, but they themselves must pay tribute to the regal will, but with this reservation: their influence is great, and it is this balancing of motives—the rejection of this and acknowledgment of that by the soul in its daily assize—which moulds the character, the action, the life. Therefore, motive really lays bare the life—the man. It is the hidden but real principle of service, so that in judging of any work God must have respect to the motives which led to it. A work may be good in itself, and bring much succour and blessing to others; but if it spring from a fugitive, earthly emotion, instead of a

strong and pure Christian motive, it cannot be approved of God. It is when the eye is full of light that the service is full of acceptance. How full of *solemn warning* is this reflection! So much of our actual service as commends itself to God shall be accepted of Him; no more. What a reduction there will have to be made! How much that now appears will be wanting then! All that we are doing from force of habit or custom or to gratify a miserable ambition or from profession will be wanting then, and when so much will have been taken away from our work, how much will remain when it comes back to us after having been approved of by the Lord? God will accept the gold amid the dross, but only the gold. What a *change of places* this judging by motives will bring! Last first and first last; men from obscurity rising, and men from high places going out of sight. And what *consolation* it will bring to true motive! When we try to serve Him from a pure motive and fail, the work alone fails, not the motive; when we try to serve Him amidst circumscribed means, the thing may look small to men, but great to Him who looks at all the *doer tried to do*. The rich may give largely; but the poor, who do all they can, shall pass for munificent givers. Men who would die for Christ, if there was no alternative but to *die or deny*, having the martyr's spirit, shall receive the martyr's crown. What is in our heart that we would do if capacity or circumstances allowed, *shall be accepted as if done*. However fruitless the wish, and though it may seem to end in disappointment, Jesus whispers, "It was well, for it was *in thine heart*." He who is quick to detect fault is also quick to discover excellence.

2nd. *Good and faithful service has respect to the extent of service*. All true service must begin in entire self-dedication to God. Without this self-surrender, a man is nothing before God; he is not even entered upon His service, and where this true consecration takes place we must serve him to the extent of possibility and requirement. At whatever cost of labor or suffering or sacrifice, not conferring with flesh and blood, but mortifying the flesh, and if need be the affections also, going forward amid evil report and good in the practice of the required self-denial; faithful to the *extent and the end*. I am afraid the standard of Christian service is too often lowered and explained as

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According to the opinion and actions of the Christian community around us, instead of by the mind of Christ. You have the clearest confirmation of this in the laudatory judgments so often passed on Christian service within our observation. Let a man maintain a good reputation, conform to the observances of his church, and give the influence of his name and position and wealth to the cause of truth, and he will be honored and distinguished and in death pronounced faithful, confident that the judgment will be ratified by the unseen Master. *Faithful*, although his social integrity and church observance were never allied to any deep spiritual feeling; *faithful*, though what he gave to Christ was little compared with what he kept back for himself; *faithful*, though he expended little to bless the world compared with what he expended in personal and family indulgences; *faithful*, though he was never so eager in the service of Christ as in the pursuit of his own gain; *faithful*, though he never sacrificed apparently his pleasures or his ornaments or the smiles of men or suffered anything for the Master, whose universal law of service is, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself"; *faithful*, though he was never like those men in days of yore held up as patterns of service, as though Christ did not require from us the same kind or amount of service that He once demanded; as though He could be satisfied with a different and inferior service; but we know that Christ is unchangeable, and He has given but one law to all His servants. *The spirit and essence of His demands are the same for all time.*

3rd. *Good and faithful service has respect to the MANNER of service.* The shape or form which a service takes is a very important feature, because thereby we fulfil the particular and specific end of our being. Every man has his mission and his ministry; every life has its service. Each has his sphere in which to move and act, and no one can do the work of another. Nor can anyone with the Bible and providential arrangements open, be at a loss to know what line of action to pursue. The path open to one may be closed to another because he is not qualified to enter upon it. As in the universe of matter the atom has its place as well as the planet, or as in the universe of life the insect has its place as well as the seraph, so in the Christian

Church each has his sphere and all have their work. The one talent can and must be employed as well as the ten, though each is responsible according to his capacity and position. It is honest, personal service the world needs. The Church must give; the Master demands. Everyone must seek to answer *the Divine idea of his life and powers.*

SECOND—THE REWARD OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

"*Well done.*" The question may be asked: "Is it fitting and right that Christ's servants should serve Him with their eyes fixed on the promised reward?" Yes; because those rewards are moral distinctions and possessions, determined as the work has been, and indifference to such a reward indicates a nature insensible to moral beauty and goodness. Do you say that you will be content anywhere in Heaven?—with the very lowest seat? All you want is religion enough to get just inside the portal? You are regardless of the vessel if you can only get safe to land even on a broken piece of wreck? Is that religion which renders one careless about the life's holiness, the heart's renewal, and the life's jewel-gathering service? Is that Christian humility to make so little of what the Lord makes the subject of such exceeding great and precious promises? Why has Christ said so much and made us so capable of these rewards? Why has He given us the love of power and distinction, which is to receive its highest gratification in the heavenly recompense? Not that we may close our eyes upon them, and account them unworthy of our ambition, but to stimulate our zeal to the highest degree. It is not humility, it is not self-denial, to be indifferent to Christ's rewards. It is immoral, it is unchristian.

1st. *One reward suggested is the new and attractive view of death presented.* This suggestion you have in the words: "*Enter thou in.*" "O," you say: "is it possible that death, the source of so much lonesomeness and separation and suffering, can have any other aspect than one of grief and despair?" I say, in the light of this utterance, it has the most fascinating feature. The two-fold question that has so shadowed death is: "Is death the extinction of being, or have we a conscious existence beyond it?" and, if we live hereafter, "What lies beyond in that unseen world?" The first question was asked not merely by the patriarch, but has been repeated

friendship and philosophy ever since. "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is *he*?" Is that corpse *he*, and has he passed out of existence forever? or has he a conscious spirit that exists disembodied? The second question, asked by the Psalmist, has often been asked by our misgiving hearts: "Shall the dead praise thee?" or are all the promises of ultimate blessedness only a dream, unsanctioned by anything beyond? To these questions these words return the fullest answer: "*Enter thou in.*" There is a *thou* that survives death and exists beyond it. That body laid aside is mine, but not *me*. It is to me what the telescope is to the astronomer,—the house to the tenant. The telescope may be broken, but the astronomer lives to get a better one; the house may fall to ruins, but the inhabitants survive and step into a splendid mansion; so that *thou*, the real man, outlives the apparent defeat and ruin of death, and enters into a more glorious universe and a more blessed state. There are pangs of birth that men call death. Through the rewards of Christianity, death has changed its essential character. Its sorrows are no longer the hopeless cries of exile, but the groanings of the child longing for home. Its partings being but the prelude to more perfect re-unions, death is no longer a dreaded end, but the day of deliverance and manifestation of the sons of God. Death is the step to life; in dying we begin to live. The tomb is no longer life's outer gate, but heaven's inlet. The demon is changed to an angel, the dark vale to a glory-land fragrant with aramanthine flowers, the saddest and most shuddered at of sights into a form of celestial beauty, and very helplessness and decay rise into grandeur and heroism and eternal victory.

2nd. *The reward secures to the Christian servant the most perfect felicity.* "*Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*" This is one of those utterances we can never fully understand. It is too pure and blessed and sublime for thought or word to explain. We sometimes ask: "Is it possible that the holiest saint shall ever dwell in the joy of the Lord? that the best of men in the perfect land shall ever thrill with God's own rapture? Why, the very splendor of the universe is but the shadow of Him, the intensest joy of a life but a faint pulsation of His blessedness; and can man in any state or world ever drink of God's higher joy, ever share with God's holiest life, ever stand unscathed in the light of

God's divinest glory?" These words remind you that entering into the joy of the Lord is not only one of, but *the chief felicity of Heaven*; its highest hope, its promised reward, its perfection of beauty, its heaven of heavens. That joy is the great object of their love, the great theme of their converse, the great burden of their song. In that painless world, where there is nothing to disturb the harmony, distress the heart, darken the prospect, violate the friendships, or sadden the home, saints shall dwell in the joy of the Lord. In that happy land whose fields have no blight, whose landscapes have no defect, whose skies have no clouds, whose gales have no storm; — there the redeemed have entered into the joy of the Lord, and who shall describe the rich and kingly rapture of that joy, so unselfish and benevolent and free and gladdening and stainless and perfect?

3rd. *The reward includes the highest exaltation and dignity.* "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." The question may be asked: "Will there be anything answering to this in the heavenly state?" We admit that there is much that is figurative and emblematic here, as might be expected when such a world is represented; but laying aside all imagery, there may be the most literal fulfilment of this expectation in that land where saints are to be kings and priests forever, where racers reach the prize, where stewards are made princes, where warriors are crowned in victory, and where the Master says: "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me upon my throne." The inseparable connection between being faithful and being made rulers *expressive of the principle*, may go far to explain the mystery. It shows you that it is not a novel idea but a mere truism, as old and common as Christianity. The churches throughout all ages have been chanting it in that old psalm, "If we be dead with Him we shall also live with Him; if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him; if we have fellowship with His sorrows, we shall also be glorified together." The connection is one of the most blessed verities of our faith, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." A true and faithful servant shall receive the royal gift and reflect the royal splendor in the world to come. The greatness, the eminence, the distinction, the dignity is indescribable. Sitting upon thrones of glory and wearing royal diadems and wav-

ing royal palms and robed in royal splendor, they shall indeed be exalted and be made very high.

4th. *The reward culminates in the commendation and eulogium of the Eternal God.* "Well done." This commendation is the more blessed because it is pronounced by an infallible judge, — One who knows the end from the beginning. The nearest earthly friends may misunderstand a faithful man, and be partial or erroneous in their estimate of him, but the Lord cannot misinterpret a man. Then, too, God's commendation is of him who has the sole right to our service and homage, and who alone can reward it. The reasons of this "Well done" may be manifold, according to the all-embracing views of that God who sees the widespread and beneficial effect of faithful service. He may say, "Well done," because of a *moral wealth* that goes out from the services of a faithful servant. You remember such service enters into the *moral life of the race*, beneficially affecting the fortunes of the world to the end of time, so that when the memory of the servant shall be forgotten, his work shall linger as the salt of the earth. The reformer may die, but not the Reformation; the martyr may perish, but not his testimony to the faith; the preacher may reach his grave, but those he has taught to love God will fear Him still; — all this God observes. Or He may say, "Well done," because in that servant *the whole redeeming plan is fulfilled*. Or He may say, "Well done," because of the *perfect mastery over Satan and his work of ruin thus gained* by him that overcometh. That "Well done," from whatever cause expressed, is the climax of the rewards of eternity.

