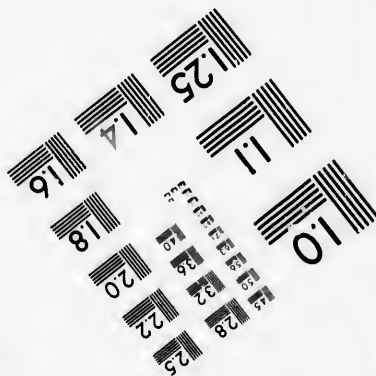
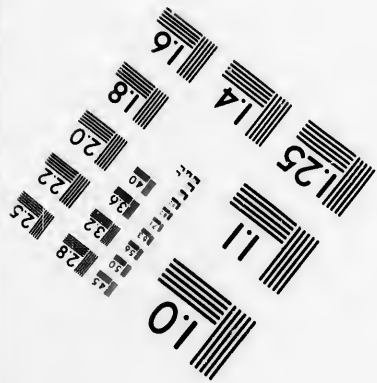
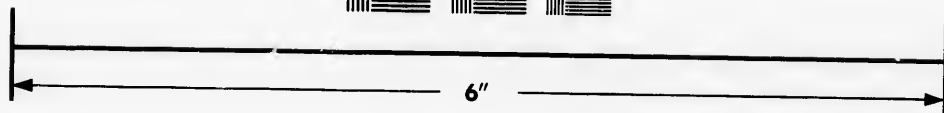
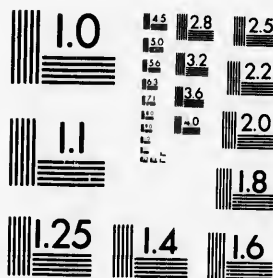


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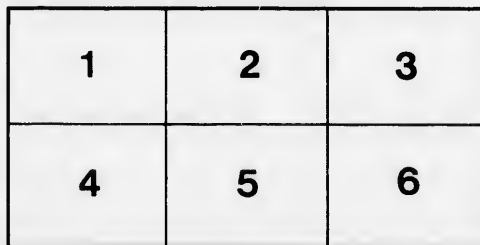
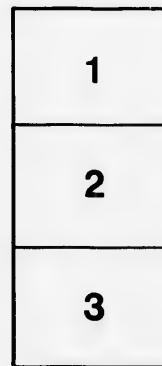
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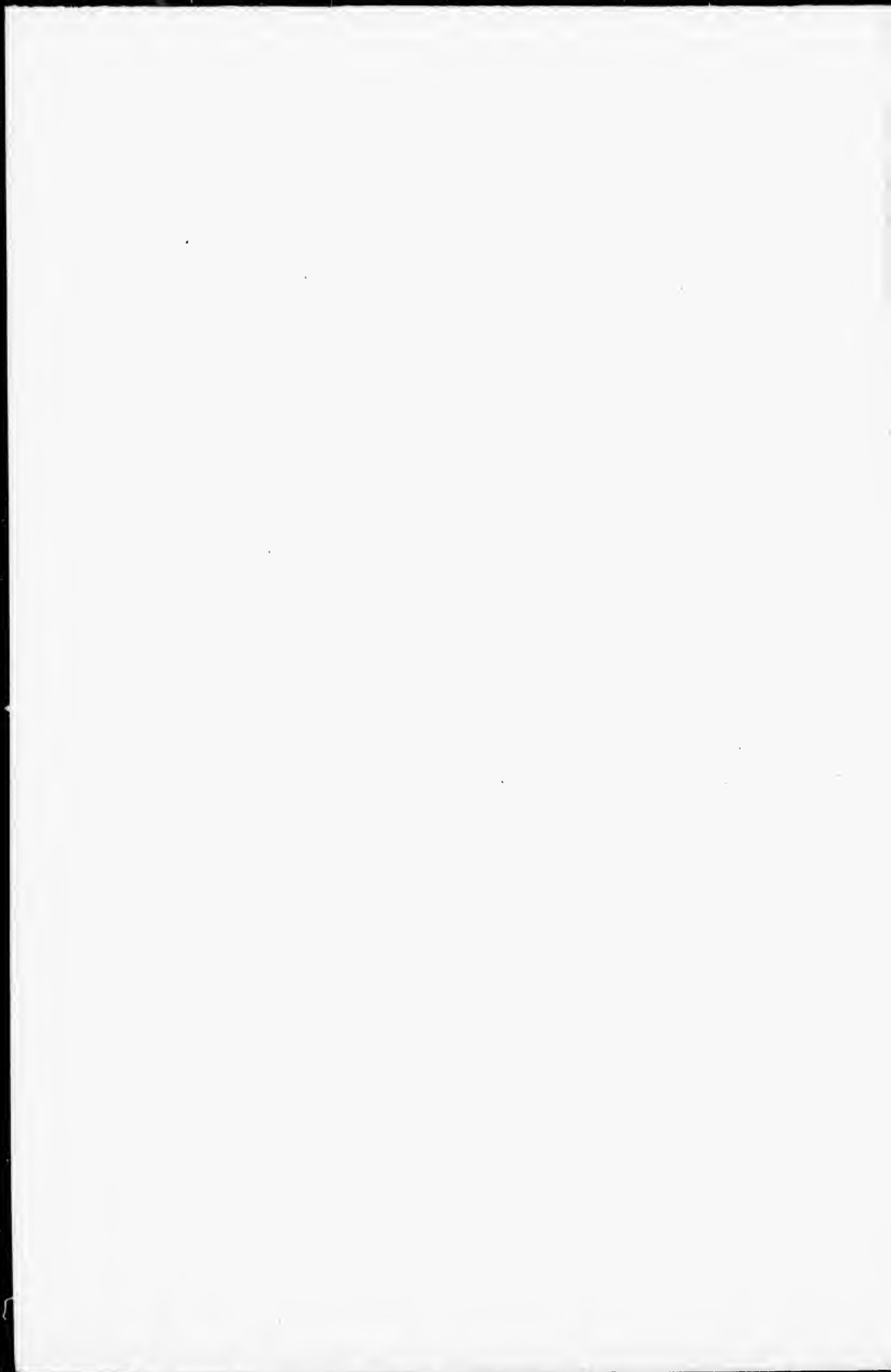
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“Daniel in Babylon.”

LECTURE

BY

REV. W. M. PUNSHON, M. A.

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Rev. W. M. Punshon's Lecture,

ON

"DANIEL IN BABYLON."

This eminent Lecturer, and brilliant orator, being announced to lecture in Temperance Hall on Friday evening, the following report of the production, which has been delivered in several of the principal cities in the United States and British America, and always to immense audiences, is published, in order that those who will not have an opportunity of hearing the talented gentleman on the platform, may be enabled to procure a copy of this remarkable address, at a low price. The audiences which invariably greet the learned lecturer, are perfectly entranced by the chaste and simple words which he employs to express the loftiest sentiments, while his language grows in force and elegance as he proceeds. The lecture, of which the following is a copy, will well repay an earnest perusal. It has delighted many audiences, and reports of the production have been read with avidity and great interest, by thousands of persons on both sides of the Atlantic.

LECTURE.

There were giants in the earth in those days, when those old heroes and prophets—a marvellous race of men—lived, whom it is difficult for us to regard as parts of the rightful creation. They were not soldiers; and yet when they rebuked kings they exhibited a courage which the most gallant Crusader might have envied. They were not priests, and yet never priest has spoken more solemn words in greater simpleness of ideas, nor with finer power. As we trace them to a lofty line, and their noble wonders crowd upon our memories, we seek and shrink from any discussion of their actions as so many from Spirit Land. Such feelings come over us as might have affrightened the Gerghesenes when they prayed for the departure of the Saviour from their shores, or the soul of Peter when he felt the influence

of the miraculous powers, and cried, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man"—a sort of mingled feeling which is half admiration, half awe. They are not men, so much as distinct individual influences, passing beneath their heating respiration, standing before the Lord, which check the lightnings which are his messengers, or the stormy winds which fulfil his work. It is manifest that the possession of their office, and their leading a life different from humanity in general, prevent us from acknowledging their fitness as examples by which to regulate our own life and conduct. There is running through the entire human nature something which has formed ideas of its own estimate of what its patterns ought to be, and which demands certain original conditions to be rigidly fulfilled. There must be identity, and there must be similarity of circumstances—the man must have like passions, and those must have been powerfully tried.

Failure in these conditions at once undermines the force of example, just as the Greek in olden time, for a blemish in his physical symmetry, tried to exclude Apollo from the fellowship of the gods. And there is none among the prophets comes as near to us, as like one of ourselves, as the Hebrew youth, descended from the Lions of Judah, whose life we are to study to-night. He was inspired; but he had a life apart from that inspiration in which we recognise elements of danger, deliverance, sorrow and success—perhaps some of thankfulness and blessing—and grief; and his experience is as like the fits of grief as those that form the constituents of our own. He comes to us, therefore, not in foreign garments, but robed in our own human nature. He is no meteor beam fleeting across our path, to blaze for a brief space in his brightness before us, and then to vanish into unbroken darkness and oblivion. He comes eating and drinking like ourselves, with common failings and common feelings, which prompt him to human action. Let me now draw some lessons from the life of Daniel, and I am not ashamed to state at the outset, that my purpose is to do you good; and though the pulpit rather than the platform is the appropriate place, I should be recreant to my life-work if I should not strive mainly to make my words step upon the future when eternity shall steep its light in the dying of time. (Applause.) It is remarked of the religion of Jesus that it is adapted for all circumstances of the human condition, and for all diversities of human character. Clearly, a religion which claims to be universal must possess this assimilating power, or in the complexities of the world it were disqualified for the best aspirations and value. And the claims asserted by its advocates for Christianity, have been put through the crucible for ages and verified by the experience of successive generations. Christianity is not hemmed in by parallels of latitudes, nor circumscribed by any wall of partition in its influence upon men. It can exert its transfor-

mation upon every one, and translate its comforts into every language. Like its founder, its delight is in the beautiful parts of the earth; and wherever man is, in the rich metropolis or amidst the rocks in the forest, whether in his kingliest or most savage position, there, in the neighborhood and in the heart of man, is the chosen sphere of Christianity—where she works her changes and devotions, raises up her witnesses, and proves herself to every one who embraces her at once his angel of discipline and of life. Now, perhaps some of you are thinking that your circumstances are exceptional. Religion, you think, is a very good thing in its way, but it must be cultivated on streamy banks perhaps, or in a woodland shade, not amid the roar of business nor the turbid hearts of towns. You have read perhaps somewhere, that "God made the country and man made the town." You are disposed to think that man ought to claim all that is the work of his own hands, but you are quite wrong. Heaven is as near, believe me, to the great city as to the grassy down, and you can walk as close to God to-day, and wash from the soul the crime of its many sins in London, the modern Babylon, as did Daniel in Babylon, the ancient London. (Applause.)

I now come to the consideration of Daniel's life: He was earnest and consistent; his religion was not a surface sentiment, traditions inherited and therefore loosely held. Opinions, you know, are sometimes entailed with estates, handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another. Men rally round crimson banners and shout lustily for the buff and blue, for no better reason than that it was the same color which was upheld by their grandfathers, perhaps for a century of years. In the history of human opinions, perhaps it is as well to inquire how much is due to partizanship, and how little has been the work of conviction and the consciousness of right. But the seat of Daniel's piety was in the heart, and of that brave sort, which no disaster could frighten from its integrity, and it was not easy for him to maintain. Just look at the circumstances in which he was placed when first introduced to our notice. He was lonely, tempted, he was in peril—loneliness! temptation! danger! That position in his age, perhaps from personal experience some of you can understand. Now add to these the further condition of bondage, a word thank God which a Briton does not understand, (great applause) and you will have some conception of the state of Daniel when we are first introduced to him in the palace of the king of Babylon. Moreover, the circumstances of Babylon itself at the time he was carried there, would of necessity expose his piety to greater attacks. It is always difficult for a slave to profess a faith other than that of his master. The victory which Nebuchadnezzar had just gained would barb the tongue of the Chaldeeish scoffer with sharper sarcasm against the Hebrew prisoners. Babylon was at this time given to idolatry. There the astrologer affected to read in the

as in the sparkling glass. There the followers of Zoraster heavens lingered and clung tenaciously to the most pure and ancient form of pagan worship is at once the most primitive and the most plausible. There the first things of life were linked to ideal associations, and associated with ideal ceremonies, so that the Hebrew was in momentary expectation of attack, and the fear of death. But Daniel's piety stood the test; it was thorough in its consistency and grandeur. It has been a favorite scoff in all ages, ever since the insidious query, "Hath Job served God for naught," fell from the arch scoffer, that Christians are Christians only for some benefit. Thus some Chaldean sceptic might have thrown the giant against this young Hebrew. "Ah! a change will come over him soon; he has breathed nothing but a Hebrew atmosphere; his soul is but a chrysalis emerging from a stiff cocoon, from simple thought and devotions; wait until he has fledged and fringed his wings and loitered among the flowers of Babylon. The Jordan is but a sluggish stream; the Euphrates rushes grandly along in its robes of silver, from the slopes of lofty mountains. You will soon hear of his defection from his fathers' faith." Ah! but that scoffer, like most others of his kindred, would have found that his prophecy would have very grievously failed him. Did his piety fail him? Was he entangled in snares of pleasure? Knelt he not as zealously in the palace of the Assyrian as in the temple of Jerusalem? Did not his heart go out, as its manner was, after the one Lord of earth and heaven? But what are the circumstances, I wonder, that they should frighten a true man, when his heart is set within him to do a right thing? Let a man be firmly principled in his religion, and he may travel from the tropics to the poles, and it won't catch cold on the journey. (Laughter.) Set him on the desert, and just as palm trees send their rootlets down between the stones, the seed manages somehow to get water there. Banish him to Patmos, and he gets a grand apocalypse. Place him in the deepest dungeon, and thrust his feet in the stocks, and a doxology will arise, which will make a melody so sweet in his cribbed walls of stone that the jailor shall relapse into a man and the prisoners, hearing, shall dream of freedom and of home. (Applause.) Now those of you who have got any piety at all, what sort is it? A hot-house plant that must be framed with glass lest the young fellow, March, should blow and shake the life out of it in his rough dallies with the flowers? Or is it a hardy flower which, when the storms howl around, stands firmly rooted, and may bend but will not break. Piety must be robust, piety must be watchful—not tainted with the world's tainted air, nor frightened from its course by the noise of the jeering and the shouting.

Another meaning goes to Daniel's piety which we would fain commend to your imitation. It is this. He made the stand *at once*. He resisted on the earliest occasion any encroachments

upon conscience—ad requirement to sin. He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the King's meat, nor with the portion of wine which he drank. Now you know that as a true Hebrew, bound by the precepts of the Mosaic law, certain meats were forbidden to him which other nations ate without scruples. You know also that the chances are that both the bread and the wine had been idolatrously consecrated, for those old pagans were not ashamed as we are to mix up religion with the commonest affairs of life; to take them, therefore, was forbidden by their ceremonies, and also by their idolatrous associations, and it was his duty to refuse. I see that curl upon the lip and countenance of the scornful worldling, and as it may puzzle him to explain, I will try to help him into words: "A small thing, a very unnecessary occasion for a very supercilious fastidiousness—what worse would he have been were he not so fanciful and singular. He had as yet need to know that there is no connection of idolatry about it. Why so much troubled about such a trifle as this?" A trifle! Yes, but these trifles compose some of the most mighty forces in the universe. The fall of an apple, the drifting of a log of wood, the singing and puffing of a tea kettle, what trifles they are! Let the real mind meditate upon them! What then? The law of gravitation, the discovery of America and the thousand and one appliances of steam. There are no trifles in the universe of God. Speak to me but a word to-day, and it shall go mingling on through the ages; sin in your heedless youth, and I will show you the characters long years afterwards, graven up in the soul's temple of the body. Commence the good policy as well as the piety of Daniel. He made the stand at once. The foremost champion of the enemy was slain, and it was easy to conquer the rest. It may be that I speak to some to-night over whom the critical moment impends. You are beset with difficulties even now,—difficulties so frightful that you shudder as you think of them. Does wealth or beauty woo, or authority command you to sin? Does the carnal reason close over good desires, and deprecating fancy whisper "Isn't it a little one," and the rushing waves of passion strive to hurl you down? Now is the moment, then, on your part for a most valorous resistance—on my part for the most affectionate and solemn warning. It is against this beginning of evil—this first breach upon the sacredness of conscience, that you must take this stand; it is the one false step which hurls the traveller into the deep: it is the first careless drifting off the rapids into the maelstrom which speeds the bark into the foaming gulf, and it may be you are lost forever. Go to that scene of dissipation, enter that hell of gambling, follow that strange woman to her house, make that fraudulent entry, engage in that doubtful speculation, make light of that Sabbath and its blessings, and you have weakened your moral nature, you have sharpened the dagger for the

assassin who waits to stab you, and you are accessory in a measure, to the murder of your own soul. Brothers, with all a brother's tenderness, I warn you against a peril which is at once so threatening and so near. Now, while time and chance are given, while in the thickly peopled air there are spirits that await your ruin, and other spirits that to give wait you ministry to your salvation, now break from the bonds that are closing round you, strive as you can to escape the living hell of slavery, be it yours to make your escape from the toils, they are close at your heels; there is a vengeful and a cruel enemy after your life, still run on though your feet bleed, and face that wall and scale it; once get within the gates of the city and you are safe, for neither God's love nor man's will, if all the world demands him, give up to his pursuers the poor fugitive slave.

Having shown you the appropriate, the Corinthian pillar of character, we will glance at some acanthus trees which climb so gracefully around, and perhaps it would not be amiss if we learned to be so contented, under all changing circumstances, as Daniel's piety made him. He is supposed to have been about twenty years old, when he was carried to Babylon in the flower of his youth, at an age when the voice of a former time had not faded from the fancy, and when the future stretches brightly before the view. His connection with the royal family of Judea might not unnaturally have opened up to him a life of state and pleasure without dreaming of sorrow or pain. It must have been a hard fate to have been at once torn from his fatherland and robbed of freedom; every sensibility rudely shocked, every hope cruelly blighted by the transition from a court to menial's office—from Jerusalem to Babylon. Now, how did he act in these circumstances? There were three courses open to him other than the one he took. He might have resigned himself to the dominion of sorrow, have suffered grief for his privations, to overly every energy of his being, and bemoan idly and uselessly as, beneath the trailing willows, he wept when he remembered Zion. He might have harbored some solemn purpose of revenge, or have glared out upon his captors with an eye whose meaning being interpreted was 'murder;' or he might have abandoned himself to those listless dreamings, too indolent for present service, and take a better opportunity for the fulfilment of his own dream. But Daniel was too true and brave a man, and had too reverent a recognition for the Providence of God, to do either the one or the other. He knew that his duty was to make the best of circumstances around him; to create a content and to exemplify it, although the conditions which had formerly constrained it surrounded and inspired him no longer. Hence, though not indifferent to his altered fortunes, though there would often come upon his sudden fancy the hills and temples of his native land, he resigned them to be happy, and upon them to hope in Babylon. We may learn a profitable lesson here.

Some of you, weary with hard work for the enriching of other people, are disposed to regret your destiny, and rebel against the fortune that dooms you to toil and drudge. This, however, is not unnatural to us. If we could borrow to night half the troubles of the lame De Greun, of Le Sage, and if we could part hearts as well as houses, we might fancy that a great business would not be the best for some of us. Under these conditions some become highly unfitted for the common duties of life, while others drivel down into useless hangers on, always on the look out' like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, of sometime dropping into an accidental prosperity. I am not so sure whether the modern system of lecturing has not been to blame in this matter. Young men are often told to have ambition, to have a soul which rises above the shop. I think it as well for them to have bodies above the shop. We have heard so much about great men rising from lower conditions of life, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, Bunyan, Luther, and others, it is no wonder that some of these young men, fired with these examples, become imbued with false ideas and a distaste for their own positions. It very often unfits them for that or any other. I hope it will not turn out as bad as the boy I read about in the newspapers a while ago, who attempted in vain self-destruction, and asserted as a cause for the rash act, as the newspapers always call it, that he was made by God to be a man, but doomed by man to be a grocer.—(Laughter and applause.) Well, if we lecturers contributed to the propogation of the evil, it ought to be ours to atone by working expiation. I can conceive of nothing more perilous to practical success—more destructive to everything energetic in the character, than the indulgence of these idle and unprofitable reveries. The mind once surrendered to this spell has lost all powers of soul and is passive like the opium eater under the influence of the horrible narcotic. Real life is discouraged as unlikely, in the dreamer's range of vision, and it is wonderful how people dream—one is an imaginary senator with every imaginary eloquence, or passed off with a great fortune, riding in a chariot and four, he goes on revelling in these impossibilities until crash goes the crockery, or down falls the bale of muslin upon his most bunioned toe, (laughter,) or a river of gambouge is protection too sure to a basket of eggs. (Laughter.) Now, however foolish and unreal is this, how near akin to the spirit of the gambler who has lost all his fortune at hazard and then risks his last dollar, just because it is so small! What then? I think I hear some indignant youth exclaim, what! do you mean that all the counsels we have heard are to go for nothing? are we not to cultivate self-reliance, nor ever hope to rise above the sphere in which we are found to-day! Oh yes—yes, some of you may, and it the elements of greatness are in you they will come out. (Laughter and applause.) Aye, though the Alps may be piled upon you, your sepulchre hewn

out of a rock, and your head in a hard stone; but then it is no use blinking the truth, ninety-nine out of every hundred of you will remain the men that you are. (Laughter.) There is not the slightest doubt about it, that grocers to-day, you will be grocers until the end of the chapter. (Laughter.) Still, what of that? what is that? Better the meanest honest occupation, and that is a long way below a grocer, (laughter), than to be a dastard or a drone!—better a poor, weary-footed mendicant, who does not know where the morrow's breakfast is to come from, than to be a wealthy and unscrupulous rascal who is hurled down the street in a carriage, built, cushioned, horsed and harnessed, all with other people's money. (Great applause.) God has put you in a position in which you can be honest and excel. Do your duty in the present, and God will take care of the future. Depend upon it the way to rise in life is, neither to repine, and so add to troubles and misfortunes and sow troubles of passion and envy, nor to waste in dreams the energy which would go far toward the accomplishment of the dreamer's wealthiest desire. Do not aim then at any impossible heroisms; try rather to be quite wise in your own sphere. Don't live up in the cloud of some transcendental vision. Bring glory out of real vision—bring down a ray out of it to lighten your labor in this workaday world. Don't go out ascetic, souredly, among your fellow men. Try rather to be industrious in your homes, so that a light will linger over them as you meet them, and your voice may come to them in harmony like the benediction that falls in prayer. The illumination in which men celebrate a victory—what is it? It is a light—the one light streaming through various devices in which men have twisted the basest metal; and thus the commonest things can be honored with the transmissica of such other dignity. Seek to make bright your business, illustrated with holiness, and so gathered along and stand in your might—it shall be a happy one. The contentment of the soul will paint sunny smiles upon your countenance; and if you contrast your position with the position of some a little higher in the social scale, that is, a little more favored by that old goddess who is said to be both fickle and blind, you can express yourself in verse:

Cleon had a thousand acres,
Not one had I;
Cleon dwelleth in palaces,
In a lodging I.

Cleon had a dozen fortunes,
Nary one had I;
Yet the poorer Cleon,
Not I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as air am I;
Cleon fears a score of doctors,
Need of none have I.

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Wealth-surrounded, care environed,
 Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come, twill find me ready,
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature,
 In a daisy I;
 Cleon hears no anthers ringing
 Through the earth and sky.

Yet scenes to me above,
 Earnest listener I;
 Lot for lot, with all attendance,
 Who would change? Not I.

The religion of Daniel not only made him content in his bondage, but made him courteous to those by whom he was surrounded. He won, in the earlier years of his residence in Babylon, the favor and tender love of the prince of the eunuchs. His resistance of what he deemed unworthy subserviency was not rudely nor harshly manifested. He bore himself respectfully, yet without an attempt at servility, not compromising his fidelity to God, but neither insolent in his contempt of idolatry, nor forward to withhold honor and esteem where due. It may not be amiss, perhaps, in this matter, to commend him to the age in which we live, and amid many incentives to reach that independent intolerance of the shams, counterfeits and scoffers which worked his maturer character. There has been so much said about openness or bluntness of speech, that people are apt to be led away by their enthusiasm on the subject to the opposite extreme. Some men fancy themselves very clever when they are only very coarse. True grandeur and greatness has always gentleness associated with it. The smith's steam hammer can be so nicely guided as to clip an egg without breaking; it can come down again and shatter at a touch a ponderous bar of iron. We are awed by mighty forces and attracted by the energy which holds that mighty force in control. So a life energy of man will—we cannot help it—extort our reluctant admiration; but frank, willing courtesy comes into our hearts like a sunbeam and flings the glow of July over a still January night. This courtesy which I want you to exhibit is not a companion to religion but a part of it. The "wisdom from above" is gentle. Who says he is gentle and easy to be entreated? Christ, it has been well said, was a Prince in courtesy as well as in beneficence and wisdom; but a Christian is not more bound to respect his own rights than he is bound to be tolerant to the opinions and religions of others. Even Fashion at the bottom of it has religion for the basis of its rules, and is a sort of rabbinical offshoot of Christianity. There is no usage of cultivated society which had not its origin in some real or fancied benevolence. Courtesy is the

religious life of society. The good Samaritan knew how to behave himself in the drawing-room as we know he did on the high road and field. In all the essence of politeness it is worth man's while to cultivate. I repeat the language of one of the old masters when giving advice to a pupil, "Cultivate your heart miss, cultivate your heart." Why should it be otherwise. It is not necessary in order to be a good man that we should always be abrupt and gruff. Truth is not a salad, is it? that we should dress it up in vinegar for your friends, who might say with truth of you, "Ah, he was kind, frank, manly and generous, until he became a Christian." As if that had contracted the opinions which alone can rightly expand them—as if that had frosted the heart which alone is the source of everything good and lovely. Have a care, that if even this reproach has begun to cling to you, wipe it off, or as far as you are concerned your religion will be wounded in the house of its friends. You will be so strongly principled that you can afford to be kind. And not only in Christian experience but also in the divers duties of Christian witness-bearing, there must be this courtesy also. A sober countryman once straggled into Westminster Hall and sat in a state of edifying patience for two hours while two eminent lawyers wrangled over a case, the whole of which was just so much Greek to the countryman. A visitor, amused by the countryman's deep apparent interest in the proceedings, and his perplexed countenance, inquired of him which of them he considered the best of the two. He answered, "The little one, to be sure, because he put the other one into a passion." Daniel's religion constrained his fidelity to duty and his diligent fulfillment of every trust confided to him. How fine an illustration of diligent and successful industry we have in the character of Daniel! He rose rapidly in the king's favor, and by his administrative ability secured the confidence of four successive monarchs who occupied the throne of Babylon. Darius, the Median, who succeeded Belshazzar, whom he had slain, thought to put him as ruler over the whole of the empire. As it was, he was placed over one hundred and twenty provinces. Now the duties devolving upon Daniel must have been of the most various and complicated kind—how complicated the problems which presented themselves before him to solve, will be seen when we recollect that he had to deal with foreign languages, customs, and different dynasties of kings. [We have in England an unfortunate individual called the Chancellor of the Exchequer—perhaps you have a similar functionary here—whose duty it is to manage all the monetary affairs of the nation and get well abused for his labors, who is supposed to have a thorough knowledge of all classes of business and traffic in which men engage, even down to that of *grease*, he did not mean *classical Greece*, but "*grease that's living grease no more*." If we take into consideration that Daniel did not only fill this

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office, but was at the same time Lord Chief Justice and Prime Minister over one hundred and twenty Provinces, we would agree that he had enough on his hands and a great deal to much, thus attending at once to the cares of two worlds.] Those with whom he had to work, the wise men of Babylon, were not inconsiderably versed in starry and other sciences. He must have been a ruling man, a man of large, almost inexhaustible capacity, one who could see the end from the beginning. This knowledge he got, not from inspiration, but by industry. He first interpreted a dream, but did not flash upon a dialect. There was no royal road for him any more than any other for the attainment of knowledge—only by toil and study he became what he was—prince among the provinces, an excellent spirit among the far-famed wise men of Chaldea. Then the administration of justice formed no small part of his duty. It was his to hear a cause, to weigh the evidence, and adjudicate upon it. Then he must have been prepared for all the contingencies which in those troublous times were constantly occurring; he must have been Argus-eyed to scent disaffection or disunion amongst the more distant provinces under his control; quick to catch the murmurs of those nearer home, and also to be able to discern the battle from afar. On him also devolved the management of the finances, to get from each reluctant Satrap the tribute from his province, to check accounts and see the tale told into the treasury of the king, and that it suffered no loss. Now what do you think of all the press thus resting on Daniel's shoulders, hurried as he was with an unreasonable and strong complication of offices, Finance Minister, Lord Chief Justice, Home Secretary, War Minister, aye, and Premier to boot. I suppose you think Daniel had about enough on his hands, and that rightly to discharge the duty would require both tact, energy and a rigid and conscientious frugality of time. From this, too, we learn some valuable lessons. First, the unreally pious are fitted with apprehension of the sensitive spirit which, like the mollusca of the rock thrusts out his long antennæ, at the least possibility of danger. They say they have too much on their hands, more than any man ought to have. It would be quite impossible for him, amidst this round of secularity, to think of eternity; it would be quite impossible for him to maintain that recognition of Divine influence, that provision for the interest of the soul, that it is so necessary for man to realize. The apprehension does you honor, my brother. I do not chide you for being thus jealous of your future. But you need not fear. Never yet saw this earth a man with more of Heaven's glory on his brow. See, he comes out of the presence chamber; whether will he go? He goes to the closet; the lattice is opened towards Jerusalem, and there trembles through the air some psalm, followed by some fervent strain of prayer. Oh! there is no farther as long as the track to that chamber is a beaten one.

As long as memories of home and temple are fragrant—as long as the morning sun shines through the lattice upon that silvery hair as he rests on his knees—he who can thus pray will neither be recreant to man nor to God. In that attitude of prayer he finds his safety and strength, and thus exhibits for your encouragement and for mine, that it is possible to combine the grandest harmony of character by dedicating to duty and to God; and that all descriptions of labor, whether of hand or brain, should keep a loyal heart within us, every pulse of which beats eagerly for him. “Well,” some one says who, though not caring for religion, is delighted with Daniel’s assiduity, his conscientiousness and successful diplomacy, “what more can he do for God other than these his works. And what needs he? His deeds are his best prayers. Surely if ever man might make his work his worship, it is he. Let him alone. He is a brave true man, and did his work in a right manly way. What has he to pray for, except his own fading life need not come to a close so soon?” And so you think that is all eternity requires; that human nature when human nature wears out, left to be of no dignity; left her place among the gods! But we may stop here. Alas! for you that you are not in the secret that *prayer* is the explanation of everything you admire in the man. Is he brave? What made him brave? Because the fear of God has filled his heart so full that there is no room for the fear of man to get in. Does he walk warily by the picture, turn pale—almost dizzy? Why? Because if the mountain is high, the sky is higher. Is he rigid in every department of duty? What makes him so? Because he has learned and remembers that every one of us must give account of himself to God. Go thou and learn his piety, betake thyself into thy chamber as he does, when though wilt receive higher views of life than even yet thou has realized, a new world flashing under a new heaven, a stalwart arm and cunning brain be thy strength with the guidance, confidence and in the joy of the Lord. (Applause.) But then, there is another voice—not inside, I hope, but I don’t know—perhaps we may want the man for illustration before we have done with him, so let us suppose him inside. You have heard spoken outside in a crowd the voice of one who hides a small, miserly, scoffing soul. “He is a statesman! some sinner, canting always about this wretched conscience and duty. I don’t believe a word of it. You will find out. Aye, and I hate these sects. They are always hypocrites at bottom—profess to be better than anything else. Watch his accounts narrowly. You will find some discord by-and-bye. There will be a grand exposure one day of his plunder, rapacity and wrong.” And it would please you mightily, I dare say, to find yourself among the prophets. (Laughter.) But, now, if you should make him out as bad, don’t you think those rejoicing in it must be worse. (Applause.) But, happily, the answer is at hand. “Your

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ancestors shall come forward. You are not the first of the line by a long way. See princes, councillors and sceptics—all of them meet to devise mischief and ruin on him that believeth the Lord. And we shall know the worst. You may be sure if Daniel's ministry has been a failure, or a fraudulent one, the whole world will find it out. Malice is in his track and has a keen scent for blemishes. Envy is at work, and if it cannot see itself it will suborn witnesses to swear they saw spots on the sun. All his administration is brought under unfriendly review." Well, come, scoff, and hear what thy fellows say—"We shall not be able to find any occasion against Daniel, *except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.*" What? No occasion of charge against the Prime Minister! When men are busy setting upon him with all their arts! Was ever such a thing heard of in this world? No failure of duty; no lack of sagacity which they might torture into premeditated wrong! No personal enrichment! What! Never a son or nephew got into some good post? (Great laughter and applause.) This is very marvellous—very grand! Speak it out again—it is the noblest testimony that malice ever bore—"we shall not be able to find any occasion against this Daniel except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." There he stands—spotless, on the confession of his enemies! It does not matter what becomes of him now. The character, which is the man, has been adjudged free from stain. Cast him to the lions if you like—his faith will stop their mouths, savage and hungry though they be. Fling him into the seven-fold heated furnace, you shall not find a smell of fire upon him. Hell in full power may give his title "Daniel, the faithful among men—Daniel, the beloved of the Lord." (Applause.) Brothers, if the exhibition of this character has produced the effect upon you which I fondly hope, you will have learned some lessons which may come to be of use in your own life, that though here and there may be a silver-spooned favorite of fortune who goes up in a balloon to a high position without the trouble of climbing, for you and me it is just—to foot it. (Laughter.) You will have learned that labor is the true alchemist which beats out in patient transmutation the basest metals into gold. And you will, every one of you, I hope, avoid that state in which the hypocrite is too devout to work, and the worker too busy to pray. You will have learned how hollow the plea of the procrastinator, who has no time for religion, when here is the minister of 120 provinces ready for prayer three times a day. Above all, you will have learned that a reputation built up for many years does not fall by a blast of the scorner's trumpet, that God turns the wrath of the wicked to good, and that neither earth nor hell can personally harm you if you be followers of that which is good. There is only one thing necessary, that I may present the full orb of character before you—that is just this: that when the interests of two worlds seem to be coming into collision, Daniel dared the

danger of going into the presence of his God. The men who plotted the ruin of Daniel laid their plans very cunningly. They knew very well he was faithful in all respects, and may be, like that other famous council of which Milton sings, they were about to separate in despair of accomplishing their purpose; when some congenial spirit suggested that one fidelity should be pitted against the other, assured in that case that Daniel's piety would prompt him to obey God rather than man. They prevailed on the king to issue a decree that no God should be worshipped during a period of thirty days. They well knew how Daniel would act. How would he act? You will observe that it was inevitable. Darius could not relent, for the Persian law was wonderfully inflexible, scarcely permitting a man to change his own mind. Then shall Daniel leave off his worship and desert his God? I know how some would act in such a case now-a-days. I can almost hear the philosophic arguments by which they would justify their cowardice. "What!" they would have said, "the posture of prayer is nothing; it is only an accident of devotion. It is the heart which prays. If I pray in my heart nobody will know it—without compromising the word 'duty' I have only just to forego my habit of retirement, and kneeling, and abandon the window toward Jerusalem. I can pray still as much as I have ever done." Yes, yes, the old spirit, "I will follow Thee, O Lord, the true God; I will follow Thee; but when my master cometh into the house, and remaining, leaneth on my arm, and I go, Lord, pardon me this one thing—let me have religion, and let me keep my place." (Applause.) Well, Daniel is wont so to retire, to go to God undisturbed, to kneel in a spirit of contrition and repentance, to open his window toward Jerusalem—that prayer of Solomon, as if approaching to the dedication hymn of the temple, and praying for its re-establishment. Shall he sustain for an hour the devotion to his God? I think you could almost answer that from what you already know of the man—he did exactly what he had been accustomed to. He did not close his window so that it would not be noticed or he interrupted. He would have been a coward if he did so. He did not enquire what was expedient, but what was right. And he had to brave the penalty; his enemies lying in wait, brought him before the king, who, unable to revoke his law, was compelled to order him to be cast into the lions' den. The king stood the whole day watching him, and in the evening he came out without a hair of his head injured. The triumph of his persecutors, like that of the wicked everywhere, was short, lasting but a day, and their punishment was swift and sure. Let Daniel's life be not an unprofitable example with you; be steadfast in good living purposes towards your fellow-men, and in unswerving devotion to your God. Arm yourself at all points, and if vulnerable at all, let it be, Achilles like, in the heel, and that is a part of the body that British

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soldiers, at any rate, do not generally show to the enemy.
(Prolonged Applause).

Drawing an entrancing of the vision past, present and future of the human race, the latter bright with the buds of promise, the speaker concluded in these words :—Brothers, this vision is no fable. It is for an appointed time, and it will not tarry. It is the nearer for every outworn lie and for every trembling fraud. And all of you can aid it in its coming. Children, flinging seeds about in sport; little girls scattering flowers by the wayside; youth, manhood in its prime, and womanhood in her ministry of mercy—all may speed it forward. Be it ours in reverent mingling of faith and labour, at once to watch and work for it. Do not look at the past—tho' has gone to give place to better times. Do not fear the advent of the future, my brother. It shall burnish in broader and safer glory. Come, one and all, come, and upon illustrious faith be anointed as Daniel of to-day—at once the prophet and the worker,—the brow bright with the shining prophecy the, handsfull of earnest and of holy deeds.

“ Thine the heavenly truth, to speak,
Rend the wrong, and raise the weak;
Thine to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad.”

