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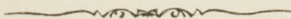
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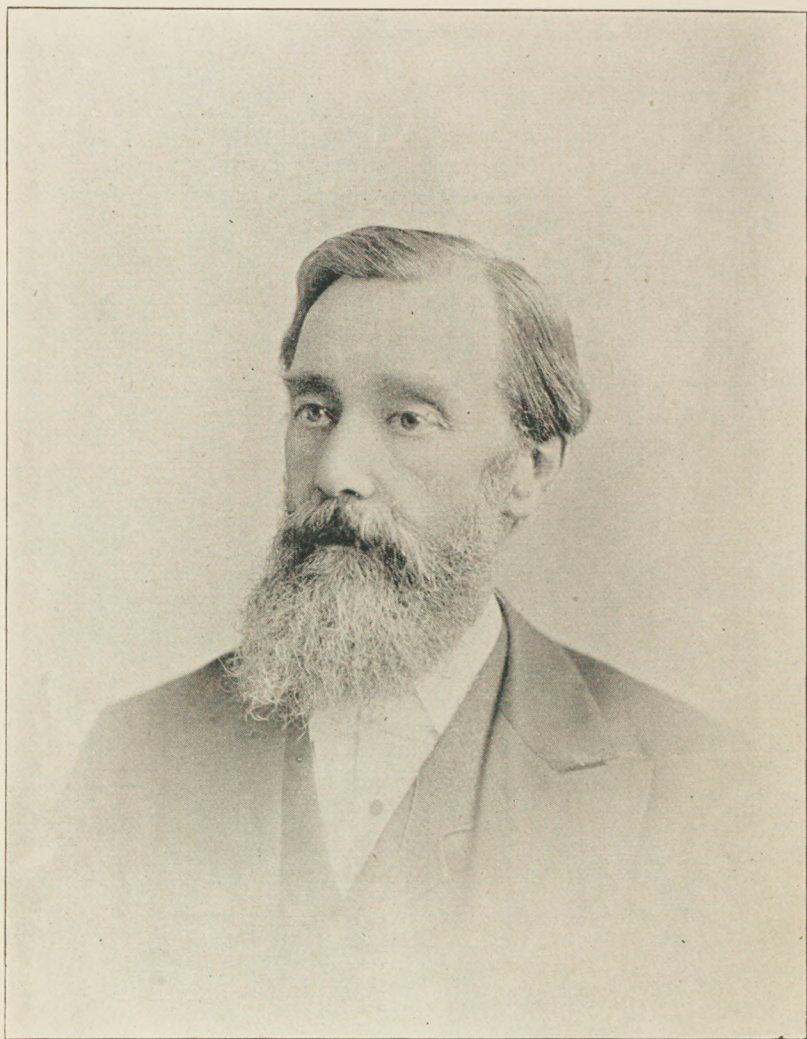
Rev. Wm. ROBY FLETCHER, M.A.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

AND

LITERARY SELECTIONS.



Mr. Robt. Fletcher

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



OF THE

REV. WM. ROBY FLETCHER
M.A.



“High nature amorous of the good,
But touched with no ascetic gloom.”—*Tennyson*



Together with Selections from his
LECTURES, SERMONS, PAPERS, &c.,
EDITED BY THE REV. J. J. HALLEY.



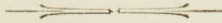
E. S. WIGG & SON,
Adelaide, Perth, Broken Hill and London.

1895.



William Roby Fletcher, M.A.

Late of Adelaide and formerly Pastor of the Congregational Churches at Bendigo and Richmond, Victoria; Stow and Glenelg, South Australia; also sometime Professor in the Congregational Colleges of Victoria and South Australia, and acting Professor in the University of Adelaide.



THIS little Sketch is dedicated to all who knew and loved him in this and many lands.

J. J. H.



PREFACE.

IN the short Memoir of Mr. Fletcher that I have written I have striven to let his life be told by himself as much as possible, for I am sure that his many friends would much rather have his own words than those of any one else. For the same reason I have sternly cut myself down in the biographical sketch to as few pages as I could, if his life were to be told at all, that the larger space might be left for his sermons, lectures and literary work. This suppression has prevented any attempt at what may be called literary style on my part.

In selecting what of Mr. Fletcher's I should insert in this volume, I have been prompted to try to let the readers have before them specimens of his various kinds of work, I regret much that the pages at my disposal were too few to enable me to publish a full series of his sermons, such for example as the one on comparative religions. This I was tempted to do, but when I considered that the book was intended for the wide circle of Mr. Fletcher's friends I deemed it best to try that all readers should find something to remind them of their sainted teacher when to them he was at his best. As I have read carefully through the many manuscripts and printed pieces that were placed at my disposal I have been more than ever struck with his versatile powers, and I should indeed like if one or more volumes of his lectures and sermons could be given to the world. It is with much regret that I am unable to publish any of the later sermons of my dear friend, but of late years he seems to have written but little so far as sermons are concerned, and the fragmentary notes he left are not in a condition to print.

I have to thank his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Chief Justice Way, not only for the chapter he has contributed, but for indicating the selections from the "Egyptian Sketches" and "Buddha and Buddhism," that he deemed the most powerful.

With reverent and loving hands I have tried to do my little part to keep a good man's memory green, and I trust that this memorial volume will not be unacceptable to the many friends who loved and admired him.

J. JOHN HALLEY,

MELBOURNE, February 20th, 1895.



I N D E X .



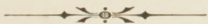
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM ROBY FLETCHER, M.A.



IT was from the town of Newcastle the metropolis of the Northern Coalfields of England, that Mr. Fletcher's father went southwards. The family belonged to that middle class, that has made Nonconformity so strong in the great centres of English life. From the same town came Thomas Binney, and these two—Thomas Binney and Richard Fletcher—studied together in the Literary Society connected with the Church in Silver street they both attended. Mr. Fletcher Senior became a student at Rotheram College, Yorkshire. On leaving that institution he accepted the pastorate of the Church at Darwin, Lancashire, from which he subsequently removed to Grosvenor Street Chapel, Manchester. Mr. Fletcher's third son was born on the sixth of April, 1833, and named after his father's predecessor, the greatly esteemed William Roby. Mr. Fletcher's mother was Jane, daughter of Price Watkis, Esq., of

Shrewsbury, a woman whose quiet though strong religious feeling greatly influenced her children, and to her teaching Mr. Fletcher was accustomed to attribute any power he had for good.

The first school to which young William was sent was that of a Miss Dow, here, with the writer of this Memoir his first lessons were learned. The earliest literary effort of his that we have is a child's letter dated May 7, 1839.

My Dear Papa,—We are all very well but Mamma, I want you to bring something from London.

W. R. FLETCHER.

The family life at Clarence Street, Manchester, was a happy and beautiful one, the old-fashioned house standing in its own garden was a home in the truest sense of that word. Mr. Fletcher's boyhood, with his three brothers and four sisters, was a very joyous one. From earliest childhood days, his younger sisters learned to look up to him with most loving reverence, pinning their simple faith to all he did or said.

The food riots in Manchester, in 1842, and prior to the repeal of the iniquitous corn-laws, made stormy times and we have a boy's letter thereon.

August 11, 1842.

My dear Papa,—You have not heard fairly of the riots of Manchester, the number of the rioters is fully six thousand; perhaps you will think this a great number, but it is true there is that number. They are turning all the people out of the factories who will not let them out. They break all the windows. At Mr. Burley's factories they made a great resistance, for he poured boiling water and vitriol upon the people. The butcher as he was going along the streets they

stole a leg of lamb out of his basket and he had to carry a leg of mutton for us home in a bag. They tried to set Mr. Burley's mill on fire, but they could not because it was fire-proof, and they wanted to set his house on fire. Baby comes into meals. We all send our love to you.—I am, your affectionate son, WILLIAM FLETCHER.

Northern Independents were wont to send their sons to the great Congregational School at Silcoates in the neighbourhood of Wakefield and to this school Mr. Fletcher with his two brothers, Robert and Price, were sent, the head-master at that time being Dr. Munro. At fourteen years of age and while yet at Silcoates school he professed his love to Christ and joined the Church at that place. It was then the custom for candidates for church fellowship to address a letter to the Minister which was read at the church meeting. Mr. Fletcher thus wrote—

Silcoates, June 27th, 1847.

Dear Sir,—I was requested to send you a short account of the way in which I was brought to believe in Christ and to think of the eternal welfare of my immortal soul. What first led me to think of religion was a sermon which I heard preached in Zion chapel, on the "Family of God"; the minister spoke of their great blessedness and happiness in heaven. I thought much on it; I wished to become one of that blessed family, but I felt that if I did not believe in Christ I should be condemned to the torments of hell for ever. Christ, the way of salvation, is pointed out in the Bible. He came down from heaven to die for our sins, the just for the unjust, and whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I deeply felt my state as a sinner fallen by disobeying the law of God, but God had promised that he will forgive us our sins if we repent and come through Christ to ask forgiveness; and

should not we love that Saviour who has done so much for us? I have ever since felt the love of Christ shedding itself abroad in my heart, and I daily pray that God would give me his holy spirit to guide me and to keep my mind from straying. I have wished for sometime past to partake with the children of God of the symbols of Christ's dying love, and I have prayed and thought much on the subject before I could bring my mind to take this step. Praying that I may be worthy, through Christ's imputed righteousness, to walk with the children of God on earth and afterwards to be a member of that blessed and peaceful family of God in heaven.—
I am, Yours in Christ Jesus, W. R. FLETCHER.

After a few years at this well-known academy, Mr. Fletcher was next sent to a Mr. Keyworth, Manchester. In 1849 the late Rev. Robert Halley, M.A., eldest son of Dr. Halley, became tutor to the son of a wealthy Manchester merchant. Mr. Fletcher was also placed under his charge, and the three took up their residence at the German University town of Bonn. Here lectures were attended and a knowledge of the German language so necessary to a theologian, acquired. His deep piety, though he was but a lad of 17, is fittingly expressed in the following passage in a letter to his mother.

I was much pleased with your letter, it gave me much pleasure to read it. Spiritual consolation and advice is very dear to me, and I prize it exceedingly, as I have no such refreshing public ordinances as at home. I am very much pleased with both the German preachers, and when we can understand better, we intend to go morning and afternoon. Last Sunday Mr. Halley and I communed with them and I was enabled to enjoy the ordinance exceedingly.

I find it my chief delight to retire to my chamber, and there away from everything to commune with God alone, and the feeling of his presence and help is the greatest happiness I can experience.

In the same letter we have his thoughts as to his future.

My desire to be a minister increases, and it is my constant prayer to God that if He intends me to fill that important position, He will give me the necessary fitness, and endue me with the graces of His Spirit. My whole past life seems to have been one of idleness in His cause. I have wasted so many opportunities of doing good that it pains my heart to think of it, and I desire that God, in whatever situation He may place me, will enable me to be useful, which is my chief desire, while here on earth. So if God in His all wise providence should make me a minister, may I feel the responsibility of the station and may that act as a stimulus to make me more earnest and more diligent in the work. I have kept up the plan of putting aside half-an-hour before breakfast on Sunday morning for especial prayer, when it comforts my heart to think that God is everywhere, and that our prayers for each other meet at the same time at the throne of God. I am without the many privileges of home, but God has strengthened me to resist the fiery darts of the devil. He has promised to give His Holy Spirit to those that ask him, and His promises are all "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus."

On his return from Germany in 1850, he entered the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester. Of that institution his father was honorary secretary. Dr. Robert Vaughan and Dr. Davidson were at the head of the college and his old tutor, Mr. Halley, had just been appointed Professor of classics and mathematics.

Students at Lancashire were accustomed to attend classes at Owens College now the Victoria University. In 1851 he matriculated at the London University and took his B.A. first-class in 1853.

In 1855, Germany was again visited, Heidelberg being made headquarters. Thence he writes.

Dr. Davidson gave me an introduction to Chevalier Bunson, who is now living quietly at Heidelberg after his withdrawal from political life. I have found him very pleasant and without any of the pomposity and unapproachableness of great men. He seems always to have ready at any moment, a critical knowledge of every passage in the Bible, and every book he seems not only to have read, but to know. The same it is with Church history, and all ancient history, and especially modern European politics. In his opinions on biblical questions some think him rather rash (Dr. Vaughan gave me an especial caution against him) but all that he advances he supports by such a weight of scholarship that it cannot but convince.

During a trip to Switzerland he wrote from Grindelwold.

I have come on this tour alone but yet I have not been alone, I have kept to my resolution of being an observer of the ways, and thoughts of men, that I may know better how to bear the dread responsibility of being a leader of the religious life in the souls of others.

From the day he gave himself to the ministry of the gospel to the day of his death he ever felt the importance of the dread responsibility of his work.

In the following year, 1856, Mr. Fletcher obtained his M.A. degree, taking the subjects logic, mental and

moral philosophy, political economy and history, and winning the gold medal. During the examination he was the guest of the Rev. Thomas Binney, who thus wrote of him to his father who, two years before, at the earnest request of the Colonial Missionary Society, had emigrated to Australia.

Walworth, July 4, 1856.

My dear Friend,—I cannot help sending you a line of congratulation on the success achieved by your son, Wm. Roby. We are all as pleased as if he were one of ourselves. . . . He did not seem to feel, as the examination went on that he did much, but I was not discouraged by his moderate estimate of himself. The list was a week longer coming out, than was usual and it was a week of great anxiety to us all. At length he came home—all right—top of the list—gold medal. I was so glad I believe I had a good cry over it for joy. He is a very nice fellow and will do you credit anywhere. . . . You will find him a valuable help. His learning will be of use; you and I had not his advantages, and you will find him a good right hand. . . . The private habits and character of your son recommend him to us in the family, as much as his public success delights us. I am very happy to think that I have to write this about the son of an old friend, one of the first and earliest associated with the memory of the years when life was new. . . .

Ever, very dear Friend,

Yours T. BINNEY.

His own letter telling of his success was addressed to his mother.

My very dear Mother,—My college term is now closed; my future course is decided for Australia and I am in the enjoyment of that freedom which follows upon my triumphant release from the toils of study. I have put in for the M.A. degree and have passed at the head of the list and *won the medal*.

So you may fancy, dear mother, how changed is the current of my thoughts. I feel happy, especially happy in writing this letter, for I know *you* will be so pleased at my success. It was unexpected—beyond my very desires, and when I found myself so exalted I hardly knew how to feel. I just let my feelings run wild and calm themselves. And yet I cannot say I feel proud of what I have done, but I do feel some complacency in having adhered to my purpose through the many difficulties that beset me—for I was working alone with no encouragement, but rather the contrary—but I worked in faith, and in complete confidence in God; and as I worked the light of a calm heavenly faith gradually broke in upon me—my very working and thinking was a blessing to me, bringing me back to a childlike knowledge of my ignorance, and a simple reliance on Christ the Redeemer of this poor world of ours. Yes, God has blessed me, He has never left me for a moment, and now I feel myself ardent and anxious to give myself to active earnest work in his vineyard. College life is now a dream of the past—my probation is over—henceforth I am to bend all my energies to making God's name honored and loved among men. . . .

I am now at Father's old friend's, Mr. Binney, and I am so glad I have not disgraced myself while under his hospitable roof. He has really been more delighted at my success than I have myself. I have had a most pleasant visit, and a very profitable one also. Somehow Mr. Binney's influence is good—not from his general conversation, for he only talks when in the humour and never ventures on any literary subject, for he says that is not his province—but his very practical sympathy with human nature, charms me. He reads the newspapers and interprets the common sense of mankind by his faculty of seeing into men's motives, and his conclusions seem always right. With young men he has a most thorough sympathy. The way in which he asked me to stay here during my examination I shall not forget, and now I hope we know more of each other.

Mr. Fletcher decided after much consideration to go to Australia at the close of his college course and join his beloved father in his colonial work. In coming to this decision he was influenced by the fact that the church at Richmond, Victoria, had sent a commission to the Rev. T. James, Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society, to send out a minister for their church. In a letter to his father of July 2nd, 1856, we find—

It is indeed settled that I am coming. At last my mind is at ease, the way is plainly open now and I can come independent and as for any hindrance from other causes, they are, as I said, overcome by a conviction of my duty. I have never allowed feeling to carry me away from the plain path in which God has told me to work. I saw Mr. James a day or two since. He again pressed me to go to Richmond. He said he had £100 for outfit, &c., for whoever he might send. You know more about it than I do, but from what I could hear of it, it seemed a place that would suit me and that I should suit, and accepted the invitation.

The day before he was to sail in the "Lord Warrington" he wrote to his father—

I am soon to get to work, and be that work what it may, if it be only the work God has assigned to me I long to be doing it. . . . *I am at a new starting point* in every respect. I am looking forward. I have no tie to bind me to the past beyond recollection. My public and my private life are alike new born, all I get from the past is experience, strength, self-confidence, and the prestige of my position and character. I feel that if I make shipwreck now, it is my own fault. God has blessed me hitherto in no ordinary way and I cannot but believe that He has a work for me to do. He has sent me into this world to do something for, and to be a blessing to it—and this destiny I will fulfil.

The "Lord Warrington" arrived in Sydney during the time that a Congregational Intercolonial Conference was being held. The conference adjourned never, however, to meet again; there was not such another for twenty-six years, when the first of the intercolonial Jubilee gatherings met in the same city.

The church at Richmond did not, however, wait for the arrival of the minister from England, but invited the Rev. J. P. Sunderland, a missionary from Samoa, to the pastorate. Mr. Fletcher thus found the church he had specially come out for, no longer vacant. In writing to his sister Jane, now Mrs. Griffiths, who had remained in England, and to whom he was bound by very close ties of sympathy, he says—

I am often struck with the strangeness of that Richmond affair. It seems to have been put before me just to bring me out. I preached there yesterday morning. . . . I should never have suited them nor they me, there would have been no sympathy at all.

How strangely this reads in the light of the happy and prosperous years he afterwards spent as pastor of that same church.

His view of the work that lay before him is thus stated.

My very dear Sister,—. . . I cannot but think that there is a large field open before me, and that God has a mission for me to perform here in this land. If so, I will do it. I have as you know in days gone by made many sacrifices to duty, and I will yet do so. I am determined to do what I can for the colony, to make it as Christian

s I can. That is my great resolution and it is not an idle or a vain dream, nor the dictate of pride (you know me too well to misinterpret me). . . . Pray for me that I may have grace, humility, and thought, to stand the labours and temptations of the path in which He has put me.

After spending about a year as assistant to his father, the church at Brighton at that time being worked in connection with St. Kilda, Mr. Fletcher, at the request of the then Home Mission Committee, went up to Bendigo. The journey at that time was a tedious coach one, though by no means devoid of interest, as "Cobbs" big six-horse coaches rattled along the roads. Of his advent to Quartzopolis he writes to Mrs. Griffiths.

June 13th, 1858.

My dear Janet,—Here I am in Sandhurst, a lone bachelor in lodgings, a soldier encamped on the field of battle, away from home and friends and books, and only finding a companion in new duties and hard work. How badly we prophesy even for ourselves, and how short-sighted is our knowledge of ourselves. You remember how I used to say that I disliked pioneering because unfit for it. My education, literary position, tastes, and my whole temperament I imagined most unsuitable for such as my present. Yet here I am in God's providence engaged in that very work, liking it and successful in it. How little I ever thought when pluming myself on my academic victory, that I should ever land as I did here from a coach at night, in an unknown town, with neither friend, nor people, nor church to await me, but just a great rough godless town to go in and conquer. I felt certainly very strange, but duty is a sun which always warms when it shines and I did not fear. I set to work. I first walked about as a new general might, as yet unknown,

to reconnoitre my position. None knew me, I knew none. . . . I took a "store," had it emptied of sundry stacks of corn. By plentiful use of whitewash and green baize and the ordering of seats to fill it, I managed to get it to look very well and not at all to belie the inscription over the entrance "Congregational Temporary Church." I preached in it, good congregations have assembled and a liberal spirit has been shewn and I am very well satisfied. I have not yet formed a church, and only yesterday a committee, I have thought it prudent to act on the old Roman principle—

" In times of great dismay
It's good that ONE bear sway."

and so I have been dictator, and the people have worked under me very heartily. The whole thing is so different from any ministerial experience in England, but there is in it a glorious sense of mingled freedom and responsibility which possesses a great charm for me. . . . I am only here for three months, but it is likely I shall remain sometime longer, duty is imperative.

In this busy gold-field city, Mr. Fletcher spent six years ; all that was possible, that he did. His ministry will long be remembered. His labours in temperance, literary, and other societies were more abundant.

The church, now the schoolroom, at Bendigo, was opened in December, 1858, the preacher being the old friend of the family, the Rev. Thomas Binney, then on a visit to Australia. On the 17th of March, 1859, Mr. Fletcher was married to Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. John Browning, of Melbourne, senior deacon, and one of the very earliest members of the Collins Street Church. In 1860 the following testimonial was presented :—

To the REVD. W. R. FLETCHER, M.A.

Dear Sir,—We, the members of the Congregational Church, Sandhurst, desire to make some expression of the feelings of esteem and attachment we entertain towards yourself as our pastor and our friend.

We cannot but feel deeply grateful that, in the Providence of God, you were brought amongst us, and we pray that if it is His will, here you may remain. We thank God for the evidence we have that He has blessed your ministry hitherto, and pray that He will continue to do so. As a church we value your earnest desire and effort to lead us to a higher spiritual life, we thank God that we trust we may say, not without success. We feel how much the unanimity and good feeling that has existed amongst us hitherto has been due to your Christian courtesy, and we earnestly trust that no root of bitterness may spring up amongst us. We are not insensible to the arduous nature of your duties, to the difficulties to be contended with, the wisdom and moderation required, but we wish you to feel, that you have a place in our hearts, that we, both by our sympathies and our prayers, desire to uphold you.

We pray that God will abundantly bless you in your own soul, and in your family, that he will guide you in all your labors, and crown them with success; that your heart may be rejoiced by seeing our Church increase, both in number and in piety.

We beg the favor of your accepting the accompanying purse of twenty-five sovereigns, together with the assurance of our esteem and our warmest wishes.

Signed on behalf of the Church Members,

JOHN GLADSTONES,	}	Deacons.
SAMUEL WEBB,		
JAMES GRISTON,		
JNH. WM. SIMPSON,		

Sandhurst, 1st August, 1860.

In 1868, Mr. Fletcher received a call to the church at Richmond, which he accepted. From the *Bendigo Advertiser* we extract the following, which shows the esteem in which he was held by the public of that town.

The termination of the ministration of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, the pastor of the Congregational Church in Forest Street, is regarded with feelings of deep regret not only by the members of his own congregation but by the people of this district generally, who have known and esteemed him for his many excellent qualities. As a minister of the Gospel for about eight years in Sandhurst, he has zealously watched over and studied the prosperity of his church, and as a private citizen he has on many occasions taken great interest in the progress and social welfare of the community. Connected with the temperance movement, he has at all times showed great earnestness in endeavouring to establish its principles. Mr. Fletcher was one of the first and most energetic promoters of the establishment of the Temperance Hall, and after that object had been achieved, he was one of the principal means of establishing, in connection with the hall, a free library and reading-room, which have been acknowledged to be of incalculable benefit to the poorer reading classes in this community. As a talented and popular lecturer, Mr. Fletcher has, on several occasions during his residence here, done good service in the cause of piety or charity.

With respect to his work in the Richmond pastorate, a member of the church at that time thus writes:—

Mr. Fletcher was a man of many parts. He had a marvellous influence over young men and always took a deep interest in them. He was their true friend and adviser, a sort of standing counsel, whose opinion had great weight with them. Many a young man has been rescued and helped by his timely and generous assistance. He has sought them among the dens of drunkenness and vice,

taken them to his own home or paid for their board and lodgings in some godly family, where he could keep his watchful eye upon them till he considered them sufficiently reclaimed to start life afresh, when he would interest himself in getting situations for them. No trouble or sacrifice was too great for him to make in the interests of young men. Neither disappointment or ingratitude (and he was subject to both) slackened his energies in this direction.

Perhaps Mr. Fletcher's power and usefulness appeared nowhere to greater advantage than in the Sunday School. He was essentially a Sunday School man. He conducted the young men's Bible class himself and at no period in the history of the Lennox Street School have the senior classes been so large as during his ministry. His hold upon the young people was very great, each one seemed to regard him as a personal friend. His method of shaking hands with them had a charm about it. He would take their hand and hold it firmly between his own two, addressing a few loving words to them the while, some of which will never die.

As a Melbourne minister, Mr. Fletcher soon made his influence to be widely felt and acknowledged. He took great interest in the Congregational College of Victoria, and became in it, the Professor of Philosophy and Greek Testament. To his powers as teacher and inspirer of students, the Rev. Wm. Allen, now of Petersham, N.S.W., bears this testimony.

I have been requested to give a brief estimate of the Rev. W. R. Fletcher as a tutor. I approach the task with pleasure and reluctance; with pleasure because I esteem it a privilege to pay my tribute to a good man's memory; with reluctance because I fear that I shall not be able to express, as I could wish, what my heart prompts me to utter.

It is nearly twenty-eight years since I made my first acquaintance with Mr. Fletcher. I came to see him in regard to entering the Victorian Congregational College as a student for the Congregational ministry. I came with fear and trembling, but there was that in his manner which speedily put me at my ease. The impression which I then gained of his simplicity and sincerity of character as well as his high intelligence, was in no way changed (except to become intensified) by subsequent knowledge. I quote a remark of his which he then made, because it appears to me to cast a good deal of light upon his motives and methods as a teacher. "You have chosen," said he, "the most arduous and the most delightful of occupations." It was in the spirit which gave birth to this expression, that Mr. Fletcher discharged all his work, both pastoral and tutorial.

Mr. Fletcher was a born teacher. He had that zeal to communicate knowledge, together with that keen sight of the best means of doing so, which in the teacher who is "to the manner born" seems rather instinctive than acquired. He considered the case of individuals. He was not like a doctor who prescribes the same remedy in precisely the same form to all his patients. He studied to adapt truth to different minds. He encouraged questions on the part of the students; and used questioning himself as an implement of instruction. He seldom gave cut and dried lectures. He preferred a more informal style of address. He thought it more useful.

To those who knew Mr. Fletcher, it will be superfluous to say that his expositions were characterized by an admirable lucidity. To make matters plain he often used illustrations; and in his way of using them, illustrations were always windows which let in light upon the subject in connection with which they were used.

It is one part of the teacher's function to impart knowledge; and it is a part not to be despised. To insert the contents of one's own mind into another mind is not an easy matter. But this is not

the most important work the teacher has to do. His great business is to teach men how to teach themselves: He must fire his scholars with a zeal for knowledge; and likewise with a zeal for wisdom, which is the application of knowledge. The true teacher is not only instructive but inspirational. All this Mr. Fletcher was. By word and deed he taught his students the sacredness of truth, and the sacredness of seeking after it. His way of dealing with controverted topics was characteristic. He did not state his own opinion dogmatically, and proceed to exhibit the falsity of all others. He marshalled the evidence for and against various positions; and this he did sometimes with such judicial impartiality that it was rather difficult to know to which conclusion his own judgment inclined. He was a most tolerant man. If he ever was intolerant it was of intolerance.

After all that has been said about Mr. Fletcher's lectures in class, it is doubtful whether he did not do his best work, as a tutor, outside his classes. He was a most instructive conversationalist. With the foolish questions and observations of uncultured youth he had wonderful patience; and he often in apparently casual remarks during familiar intercourse, guided the feet of his interlocutor into the paths of wisdom. He laid his hands upon the reins of the mind and gave guidance, while those who were guided were unconscious that any direct effort had been put forth on their behalf.

Looking back at this period of time over the years which I spent under Mr. Fletcher's more direct influence, I have very pleasant memories of many things; but what is graven most deeply upon heart and memory, is the impression of his personal character. I heartily thank God that in the formative stage of development, my life was brought under an influence so pure and strong. I might, no doubt, have put the opportunity thus afforded me to better use. Still I am thankful to have had that opportunity. He taught his students by word and deed, reverence and love for the Son of God.

Devotion to the person of the Divine Lord lay at the heart of his busy and useful life, and this expressed itself in a multitude of ways. In particular I remember with pleasure, the simplicity, the earnestness, and the spirituality of the short prayers with which he was accustomed to preface his lectures.

But, I have come to the end of my allotted space; it remains only for me to say, that with reverence and love, I lay this little wreath upon the grave of one, whose memory I cherish as an instructive and inspiring teacher, and a self-sacrificing and helpful friend.

To this tribute may here be appropriately added one from Rev. C. Martin, formerly of Union College, Adelaide, and now pastor of the Bible Christian Church, Port Augusta.

Among the many public notices, which the death of this gifted scholar and minister has called forth, perhaps a line written from the stand-point of an old pupil, may not be inappropriate. I became acquainted with Mr. Fletcher eleven years ago, while he occupied the position of Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Logic, Church History, and Homiletics, in the now extinct Union College; and, for over three years, had the privilege of his tuition. It is very difficult to form a just estimate of one, whose general information spread over such a vast field, and at the same time, whose study of special topics was so thorough and profound. More than any man I ever met, he seemed to fulfil Wesley's definition of an educated man; "one who knows something of everything, and everything of something." He was a specialist in Church History, Psychology, the Religions and Philosophies of the East, and Archæology, but besides these, there appeared, at least to us as students, a competent knowledge of just about everything under the sun—if the "process of the suns" could form a boundary to knowledge such as his.

It is not generally known that Mr. Fletcher gave years of special critical study to Church History, with the object of writing a History of the Christian Church, that should be abreast of the critico-historical spirit of the day. But his own estimate of the task was that for its adequate fulfilment, it required more than the limits of one life time. However, this study made him a teacher of Church History with, perhaps, few equals—reproducing and re-peopleing the buried centuries. In Mental Philosophy he was an enthusiastic admirer and disciple of Sir William Hamilton, whom he regarded as the greatest metaphysician of modern times. Mr. Fletcher in dressing gown and slippers, beside the blackboard, wielding a refractory piece of chalk, while apt illustration, anecdote, and glowing analysis, helped to make plain the jargon of the author of the "Philosophy of the Unconditioned," is a picture no Union College student will ever forget. But Mr. Fletcher's style of teaching served to make the toughest of tough subjects a positive fascination. Although possessing such large powers of abstract and analytical thought, the most marked aspect of his mind was his perceptive faculty. Nothing escaped him; hence there was a wealth and appropriateness about him of illustration in his preaching and teaching, seldom equalled.

As a teacher Mr. Fletcher was not specially distinguished for method. In his mind stores of information seemed, like the books in his vast library, crowded together in bewildering profusion; and he drew upon these stores with a freedom that precluded a strict and exclusive line of study. Most of his students felt that they had gained a stock of useful information and been stimulated to vigorous thought rather than that they had exhausted an academic theme.

In 1866, Mr. Fletcher was elected chairman of the Congregational Union and Mission of Victoria. His address was divided into two parts. The first: "Various forms which modern errors present to our view as

Congregationalists." Second: "The safest means of defence." This address may be said to be a kind of first attempt to wield the weapons he afterwards used so wisely and so well, in his apologetic sermons and addresses. His own summing up of it is found in the introductory sentences of his address at the following half-yearly meeting of the Union.

On the last occasion I endeavoured to set before you some thoughts about that grand central truth of our theology, the divinity of the historic Jesus. I argued for the fearless adoption of the inductive method in dealing with the oppositions of erudition, science, and prejudice, to our Christian schemes. I did so partly from a feeling of extreme jealousy for the honour of our Lord and Saviour, and partly from a conviction that such a method would enlarge our view of the Gospel, would make us more calm and unmoved in the presence of unbelief, would increase our efficiency as preachers of saving truth, and would add to our self-respect as students of the sublimest science in the world, the science of theology.

Travel was, to Mr. Fletcher, simply a delight and in 1871 he was able to carry out a long dreamed of tour. In this year he visited England, going by America and returning over the Continent and thence home through Palestine and India. In travelling through America he unfortunately broke his leg. The incident is thus described in a letter addressed to "My dear and honoured Mother," and dated from Ogden, Utah.

. . . We left this on Monday, April 17 for our great railway journey to the East. The day fine, my health and spirits excellent.

During the greater part of the day we passed through the rich grass lands of California and towards evening began to ascend into the terrible snow regions of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The wild scenery, the daring engineering triumphs, the ascent from summer to cold winter, the approach to regions of eternal snow, were all deeply interesting. Night closed upon us just as we were half way up the mountains and shut off much of the fine scenery. And now I was destined to have all my plans broken in upon by an accident which befel me. At a small station, where we stopped for refreshments, I got out; it was very dark—we were under a snow shed. I stepped from the carriage on to the platform and just missed it, and fell down between and hurt my leg. When I got up, which I did unaided, and had got into the carriage I found that my leg was broken below the knee. My companion in travel—Dr. Purnell—soon set it, and I was put to bed in one of the comfortable sleeping berths of the train. I was not much hurt, the muscles of the leg being uninjured, no inflammation ensued, but I knew at once that I could not proceed with my journey. I came to Ogden and here I am. A kind-hearted Methodist minister gave me a home, and here in his care and that of his young wife I am still.

. . . This is a queer place; it is a small Mormon city like an Australian country township except that it is backed up with a fine range of snow-clad peaks. My friend, Mr. Teale, is doing his best to raise up a Christian church in the midst of this strange and corrupt state of society. He has a hard task but is doing his work bravely. He has no church but rents an old dancing hall which is attached to his house, so that I have only to go through a door to attend service. Mrs. Teale keeps a day school which is a great assistance in breaking down the prejudices of the Mormons. . . . I have seen and heard enough of Mormonism to last me for a life time. It has amused me and disgusted me, but I fancy if you were here you would feel too much disgust to be inclined to smile. On Sunday I found nearly 1,000 persons in the tabernacle and a certain

elder, a great gun from the Salt Lake City, preached, the subject was "Celestial Marriage." I was fortunate in hearing a full-blown Mormon sermon. The peculiar institution of Mormonism surrounds me on every side, the very house where I live is an illustration, for the lower flat is occupied by the owner who has two partners, the one named Amanda, with her seven children, and the other named Mary with her three. These amiable ladies have had their seasons of discord but at present they are peaceful. They have each their own parlour, bedrooms and kitchens though under one roof. . . . On Sunday evening I gave a short address to the congregation of my friend, Mr. Teale. The room was crowded, half the assembly were Mormons. I felt glad of the opportunity of upholding the character of my kind host and speaking the simple truths of the gospel. I tell Mr. T. it is no use fighting against the system which is around him, his only plan is to preach the gospel and let it win its own course.

His arrival in England is noted in a letter to his mother dated from the house of his old friend Sir James Picton of Wavertree, Liverpool.

You see by this letter and its heading, that I have landed safely in old England at last. That happy event took place on Monday, May 29, after a voyage of unexampled quietness, for the "stormy" Atlantic was as still as Hobson's Bay, all the way. I got a genuine and hearty welcome from my friends the Pictons and felt once more at home, as I rested in this friendly abode after my months of wandering. I am now nearly able to walk, and feel in good spirits in having got so nicely over what might have been an awkward accident. I still use a stick, but in the course of a few weeks expect to have no trace of my fracture. Your letter, which I duly received, gave me great pleasure. None of the fascinations of travel can ever make me forget my revered mother, to whom under God, I know I owe all I am worth in life.

After a delightful visit to old friends and old haunts, Mr. Fletcher crossed to the Continent, spending several weeks in Rome. That his time was spent to profit, is very apparent from the course of lectures he delivered on the Imperial City. In like manner, his Holy Land trip gave him abundant matter for lectures and sermons.

Early in February, 1876, Mr. Fletcher accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Stow Memorial Church, Adelaide. He had been nearly ten years minister of the Richmond Church, during which time his excellent gifts and scholarly acquirements were assiduously exercised for the church's good. He was particularly successful in gathering around him the young men of the congregation, and his formative influence upon their character and studies was very considerable.

In resigning his charge at Richmond, Mr. Fletcher, in a letter addressed to the Church, writes :—

I know that I am not leaving you for flowery beds of ease or because I covet less work. In the prime of life and health, a sanctified ambition leads me to desire more and ever more labour in Christ's Kingdom. I go where I shall have more arduous duties to perform, a more wide and extended field of usefulness to occupy, and a heavier responsibility to bear, and in my removal I ask for your prayerful sympathy. As the sworn servants of our Lord it is our duty to trust Him and to obey Him, as I know that I am doing, so I entreat you to do the same.

The letter accepting Mr. Fletcher's resignation expresses the feeling of the Church and congregation.

February 28, 1876.

Dear Sir.—It is with much sorrow that we, the officers and members under your charge, have received from you the intimation that it is your duty to accept the pastorate of a church in another colony, but whilst we regret this severance we desire to see in it the guiding hand of Him who holds the seven stars in His right hand and walks amidst the seven golden candlesticks. We thank the great Head of the Church that our union has been sustained with the utmost harmony and that through your instrumentality members have been gathered into the Church of Christ. Our Sabbath School has witnessed your active and untiring efforts for its success, and it is owing mainly to these efforts that now, after having greatly increased our school accommodation, the place has become too small for the number on the roll.

In the year 1879, a great sorrow fell on Mr. Fletcher in the loss of his wife.

Mr. Fletcher's Adelaide work was his best. He soon became one of the foremost leaders of religious life and thought. The influence he exercised was greater than it ever could have been had he remained in Victoria. This he always felt, and this more than compensated him for the sacrifice he made in tearing himself from his relatives and friends in that colony.

For fourteen years Mr. Fletcher was the faithful pastor and the wise teacher of the congregation at Stow Church. In resigning his office, he thus concludes his letter to the church:—

I am happy to say that we can look back on fourteen years of mutual intercourse without any record of discord or disaster. No root of bitterness has sprung up. No feeling of "strained relations"

troubles me at this crisis. Minister, officers, and members have wrought in harmony. I thank the deacons and all of you for the kindly way in which you have received my communication to you, which I know must cause you anxiety and some amount of sorrow. I trust, however, that I am doing what in the long run will prove the best for the Church. If I were ten years younger I could not write this, but in that stage in the journey of life which I have reached I cannot expect a long series of vigorous years. Let some younger man bear the burden, and let the older man stand by to help him.

On the 9th March, 1881, he married Bessie Duncan, the second daughter of John S. Turner, one of the respected and early pioneers of South Australia, who, after a happy married life, survives him.

In educational matters, as in Victoria so in South Australia, Mr. Fletcher took a prominent part. His strong desire was to see an educated colonial ministry. He felt that while now and again a man of exceptional power might be brought from England, yet the rank and file of the ministry must be drawn from the sons of the soil. To do his part in training such a ministry was his highest ambition. First, therefore, at Union College and afterwards as principal of the Congregational College of South Australia, he threw himself with ardour into this, to him, so congenial work—the education of men to be the ministers of Christ's Gospel.

But his interest was not confined simply to home work. Foreign missions had always for him a great attraction. Desiring rest from his many labours, he

arranged, in 1887, to visit India. He chose India because he very much desired to see mission work as it really was, so that he might form for himself a just estimate of the value of the results, whatever they might be, of the labour and money expended by the Missionary Societies. After visiting many stations—principally those of the London Missionary Society—and carefully noting the work done, he was able to form an accurate opinion. The outcome of such investigation was that his enthusiasm for missions was much deepened, and he was more than ever convinced that faulty though some of the methods, in his opinion, might be yet on the whole the result far more than justifies the money and lives that are being expended to win the heathen to Christ. After this visit, great as had been his love for missions before, his enthusiasm for them was much increased, and this has even been said to have had an influence on his ordinary work, adding to the warmth of his pulpit ministrations.

But Mr. Fletcher, in this visit to India, not only desired to investigate mission work, but he wished to add to his knowledge of comparative religions, by studying Oriental systems in their centre and their home. The religions of the East were with him a favourite study. The results of this and a subsequent visit are to be found in the lectures on Buddhism afterwards delivered and published. In this trip he was accompanied by Mrs. Fletcher.

Mr. Fletcher was also commissioned by the Government of South Australia to inquire into the methods and results of the educational system of India. This investigation is embodied in a valuable report presented to the Government on his return and which was ordered by Parliament to be printed.

In 1890, Mr. Fletcher resigned the pastorate of the Stow Memorial Church. His letter of resignation has been already quoted.

After being relieved from his pastoral work Mr. Fletcher made another prolonged tour, accompanied this time by Mrs. Fletcher and his son Lancelot, who was proceeding to Oxford, where he entered Lincoln and Mansfield Colleges, as a student for the Congregational Ministry.

It was during this trip that Mr. Fletcher spent some time in Egypt, bearing a commission from the Government of South Australia, to ascertain how some of the valuable objects of archæological interest illustrative of ancient Egyptian, or Babylonian civilisation could be obtained for the National Museum of the province. An ardent student of Egyptology, he threw his whole soul into this work. His letters of introduction enabled him to procure a very valuable collection of antiquities, which under his direction were to have been arranged in the National Museum at Adelaide. A

suitable room for these has been prepared, but alas! Death has prevented his carrying out a task that would have been to him one of the happiest that he had ever been engaged in.

Mr. Fletcher delivered and published a volume of lectures as the result of his tour up the Nile. In these we have in a popular form the story of ancient Egypt, shortly told, it is true, but yet with a vividness that will help to make the history real to those who read his little book.

On his way back he again visited Ceylon and India adding to his knowledge of comparative religions, by a careful study of Buddhism and Brahminism. Ever ready to give all he gained of knowledge to others, a course of lectures was delivered on the religions of India. These have been published.

On returning to reside in Adelaide Mr. Fletcher was elected honorary associate minister of the Stow Church. Those who understand Congregational Church Polity will at once perceive what a bold step was taken by the Church in creating this office and how great must have been their confidence in the wisdom and loyalty of him whom they thus appointed. The relation that had to subsist between the pastor and the honorary associate minister was of a most delicate character, and misunderstandings might at any moment have arisen. But the church and its pastor thoroughly knew their man, and for three years

the connection was sustained without one jarring word, and without even a suspicion of a difficulty.

The Rev. J. Robertson, M.A., the pastor of Stow Church, thus bore testimony, in the funeral sermon he preached, to the loving loyalty, with which at all times the old pastor upheld the hands of his successor and younger colleague. He said—

His own relations with Mr. Fletcher were delicate and might have been difficult, but Mr. Fletcher's gracious spirit and kindly heart made them more than easy, even delightful, and now they are a cherished memory. He was a most kind, affectionate and sympathetic helper.

On the retirement of the Rev. C. H. Manthorpe from the pastorate of the church at Glenelg, Mr. Fletcher undertook the temporary charge, and it was of this church that he was pastor at the time of his death.

At the Jubilee of Victorian Congregationalism, held in Melbourne in the year 1888, an Australian Congregational Union was formed, of which the veteran pastor of Launceston—the oldest minister in the Australasian Colonies—the Rev. Charles Price, was elected chairman. The first meetings to have been held in Sydney in 1891, were postponed till the following year and were held in Wellington, New Zealand.

Meanwhile the chairman elect died, and the committee requested Mr. Fletcher to take the position thus left vacant. This he did, and the address delivered

by him on that occasion is by many deemed to have been one of his happiest efforts. Indeed all his speeches during that visit were thoughtful and useful.

In labour outside his own church and denomination the most prominent was the part he took in the work of the Adelaide University. Having taken out his M.A. *ad eundem* degree, he was, in 1877, elected as a member of the University Council and to this honour he was three times re-elected. In 1879, during the temporary illness of Professor Davidson, Mr. Fletcher undertook the duties of his chair, being the Hughes professorship of English language and literature, and mental and moral philosophy, and overtures were made to him in 1880, on the death of Professor Davidson, with a view to his acceptance of that professorship. To do this was a great temptation. The position was one of honour and dignity. The work was congenial and he felt that he was fully qualified for it. Some of his friends were anxious that he should accept it, but as he told the writer he had given himself to the work of the ministry; he knew that call was of God, and whatever might be the inducement of worldly position or gain, like the Apostle he said to himself, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." To him to be a preacher of Christ was highest dignity, and from that lofty calling he would not step down. After having served the University as temporary Professor of Logic, English and Philosophy for two

years, he was elected to the high position of Vice-Chancellor. This dignity he enjoyed for five years not merely bearing an empty title but labouring in many ways to advance the interests of the University.

But not only as a minister of Christ, a principal of a Theological College and a University Professor, did Mr. Fletcher teach the public. As a writer for the press he touched and influenced a still wider circle. Hardly any subject seemed foreign to his versatile pen. A list of the topics on which he wrote shows how widely he thought. Amongst these are a series of fifty-nine articles contributed to the *Register*, entitled "The Dry as Dust Club Papers," by Mr. Philadelphus Penn, M.D.D.C. These introduce us to Mr. Fletcher as a political economist. They are cleverly written, often quaint in expression and full of teaching of a kind much needed in these colonies. As a specimen of Mr. Fletcher's power in this line one has been inserted in a following part of this volume. Another series of forty articles contributed to the *South Australian Advertiser* during 1884, entitled "Lay Sermons by Nemo Brothers," take up a variety of social subjects. The text for the first sermon being taken from Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."

We came into the world like brother and brother,
And now let us go hand in hand, not one before the other.

The lay sermon on the "Bible in State Schools," shows how he remained firm to the traditions of the

fathers in his refusal to allow the State in any way to interfere with religious teaching.

In addition to all this he found time for the "Young Men's Christian Association," Literary Societies and works too numerous to mention.

In the full activity of his life—busy with church and college, lecturing, writing, full of a multitude of engagements—he was stricken down. In that last long fateful illness the best of the man came out. All through it was a noble fight with death, a determination to win if it were possible, with at the same time, a most childlike submission to the Father's will. For him God could not be cruel, for him the trial was all of infinite love, and so without a murmuring word he let patience have her perfect work. Through all his long illness he never lost touch with what was going on in the living world he was so soon to leave. His resignation was perfect, but his hope to live for others and for Christ was very strong.

When he knew at last that he must now look on earth no longer his bright faith was without the shadow of a doubt. He looked for a glorious appearing, and said one night "Now turn my face that I may see the King." An hour before he died he gave full assent to the belief expressed in the old hymn of Dr. Watts, recited to him by his sister.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

And shortly afterwards "fell on sleep."

Of the last illness his physician wrote:—

His illness extended over three months. It was while resident at Glenelg that it came on. After an evening service, the day having been hot, he took a walk in face of the south wind, and during the night was attacked with vomiting, great pains in the bowels, and fever. By the morning the severity of the attack had subsided, and he got about during the day, feeling ill and seedy. This was on Monday. On Tuesday he read a paper before the Art Society. On Wednesday he conducted the ordinary Church service, and on Thursday he came to town and attended a meeting of the Fine Art Committee of the Board of Governors of the Institute. During the night the pain which continued for so many weeks during his illness came on, and medical assistance was called in. Beyond a few hours occasionally during the first few weeks of his illness he never left his bed.

After describing the nature and course of the fatal disease, the writer adds—

He bore his sufferings with the most perfect fortitude. If will power has any effect in fighting the mighty odds against an incurable disease he certainly exercised it. But with all his strength of will and indomitable non-surrender feeling he was the most patient and obedient of sufferers. He died in the firm conviction that the veil was about to be lifted. As he taugh so he breathed his last, true to the solemnities of life and death and the life beyond.

A mourning multitude followed him to his grave, from the child in years to the old man of many winters. A crowd stood round his tomb and wept for a good man gone.

On the following Sunday funeral sermons were preached in many churches. At Stow Memorial Church, in the morning, the Venerable Rev. F. W. Cox preached, and the estimate he gave of his loved friend's character was felt, by all that heard it, to be not only an appreciative but a just one. Mr. Cox said:—

Our friend might be called calm and passionless in temperament. That makes the hold he had taken on the affections of people the more remarkable. The effusive and demonstrative easily gain access to the feelings, but our friend gained this access to the heart without those qualities, and the width and depth of that attachment were wonderfully shown during his illness, and at the funeral obsequies.

His capacity for work was simply unbounded. We used to say of him that he had a "greed for work" that it seemed as if nothing could satisfy. He fully obeyed the charge, "What thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, wisdom, or device in the grave whither thou goest."

He intermeddled with all knowledge, or at least there were but few subjects in which he was not more or less interested. In some departments of ancient history, Egypt for instance, he was unusually well-read. Of the ancient religions of the East, of Buddhism, and other Hindu forms of religious life he was a constant student. In Palestine exploration he was greatly interested, and acted as a sort of local secretary for this province.

As a preacher Mr. Fletcher was rather intellectual and instructive than emotional. He held the foundation truth of Christian verity with a firm grasp and unquestioning faith. But he did not fear to grapple with the great Biblical questions of the day. He read all about the "Higher Criticism," as to the age and authorship of the documents forming our Bible, but whatever views he might hold as to the possible or the probable on disputed points, they never came near to the essential truths of the Gospel. The truth had made him free from the bonds of sin and death, whoever might have been the writer of any particular book. Man a sinner, Christ a Saviour, the Spirit of God the helper, immortal life the outcome, were verities of revelation and of his own personal experience that nothing could shake.

I have no doubt but that his personal realisations of these great truths was wonderfully deepened and made more tender by his visit to the great mission field of South India, and his working with the missionaries in the actual contact with heathen minds in the villages of India. He saw the needs of the native mind. He mourned over their being given over to idolatries, and he felt that the Gospel alone could be to them the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believed. I believe that his later ministry showed this growing tenderness of soul and deeper evangelical unction.

Now brethren, what more can we say? The Lord gave a valuable servant of His to us, and we rejoiced in his light. But his work was done. The Lord has taken him away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. God's servants come and go, but Jesus Christ is with us, nearer than in our dulness of heart we sometimes think. The mercy of God is ours. The work of the Lord never passes, for He is alive at the right hand of His Father. The living hope of immortality is ours. To be changed to sight when the glorious revelations of Jesus Christ shall be made. And we shall all be made perfect when we meet the Lord with all His loved ones.

At the evening service his successor, the Rev. J. Robertson, bore testimony to the good work he had done.

In the course of his sermon he said :—

Mr. Fletcher died when his powers were at their best. But his powers were by no means lost. He was one of the hardest workers in the community, and crowded into his too short life a splendid record of achievement, and yet he was a student, and managed to cover no small amount of ground in such departments as literature, philosophy, science, archæology, psychical research, theology, comparative religion, and criticism "higher" and other. But the thinker was a worker, and in addition to his ministry his work in connection with the Press, the College, the University, and other institutions made his removal a national loss. His loss to this Church and to me I will not attempt to describe. His loss to our denomination was greater than perhaps for many a year could be repaired. And his loss to this city and land as a citizen, thinker, teacher, and as a factor in its intellectual life and religious thought is such as no community can afford to sustain. He was a generous, liberal, cheerful giver. His life's habit was to give a fixed percentage of his income, and he held that the percentage should be greater as the means increased. I am not at liberty to speak of his generous and unselfish gifts. I will only say that the guildroom is in a sense his monument. It was through him it was built, and to its cost he was the largest contributor. When nearly three years ago the Congregational College work was begun he not only undertook to do nearly all the work of teaching, but offered to bear the expense of half the students up to the number of six, and now in the fulness of his powers, when he was serving the Churches better than ever, he has been taken from us. We have all been conscious of a mellowing and maturing and ripening in his character and spirit in these later years. A mellow light was cast on the evening of his life, and his sun has gone down in splendour.

Though not unexpected, the intelligence of Mr. Fletcher's death was received with a deep and sincere regret throughout all the Australasian Colonies, the various Congregational Unions passing resolutions of condolence with the denomination and the family, the Press also with singular unanimity bearing testimony to his high character and his unblemished reputation.

He has left a widow, four sons and a daughter to mourn his loss. Of his sons, Alfred and Lancelot have given themselves to the more active work of the Master. The one being a student at Edinburgh, intending to proceed to India as a medical missionary, the other, as already stated, being at Mansfield College, Oxford, preparing for the work of the Congregational Ministry.

As a husband and a father, he was one who always tried to make a happy home. No veil need be drawn over his household life. Constantly engaged in public duties, he yet found time to devote to wife and children, and so it was that his private life was no less honoured than his public. Both were an open book that all might read. For such a life those who knew him best in public and those who loved him best in private can "glorify God in him." All deplore his loss though "for him to die was gain" for he has entered into rest.

Mr. FLETCHER'S LITERARY WORK

BY

CHIEF JUSTICE WAY, *Hon. D.C.L. Oxon.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Fletcher was not the author of many published books, the literary work which he accomplished is remarkable if it is borne in mind that when most of it was done he was the busy minister of a large City Church, and was also engaged in professorial teaching. His chief period of literary productiveness was during the eighteen years of his residence in Adelaide. Leading articles, descriptive papers, essays, lectures and sermons flowed from his facile pen in an almost continuous stream, and appeared, some anonymously or under a *nom de plume*, and some under his own name, in the daily and religious newspapers published in Adelaide. Latterly it was his habit to preserve what he printed, and six substantial volumes full of newspaper cuttings attest to his industry as a writer during the last ten or dozen years of his life.

On scanning these volumes it is found that the variety of his contributions to the Press is at least as striking as their bulk, and that their quality is more conspicuous than either. Lucidity and dignity of style, the absence of acrimony or any trace of personality, judicial fairness, and a high moral tone characterise everything he wrote. What at first sight may appear to be a bewildering variety of topics, is found to range itself into subjects upon which he was dealing with more than the skill of a practised journalist and was entitled to write with the authority of a specialist and an expert.

All through his busy life an industrious and methodical student and omniverous reader, the studies in which he won distinction at the University were never wholly laid aside, and the recent investigations in the branches of History, Theology, Philosophy and Science in which he was interested, were mastered and their results added to his intellectual stores. He was able therefore to write with a fulness of knowledge, not merely upon the ethical and religious questions in which he had a professional interest, but on such diverse topics as University and other Educational questions, Psychological Research, Political Economy and Public Finance, Literature and Philology, and the History and Archæology of Rome, of Palestine and of Egypt. An example of his versatility and readiness when he was unexpectedly called

upon in 1889 to undertake the duties of the Chair of English Language and Literature, and Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Adelaide. At two or three days' notice he proceeded uninterruptedly, and without any disadvantage to the students, with all the courses of lectures in the curriculum of the Professor whose place he took.

Nor was he in any way a mere book-worm. The practical bias of his mind was accentuated by his professional duties, and by his residence for several years upon the Goldfields, and afterwards in two young and rapidly expanding capital cities. Travel both in the old world and the new at different times of his life enlarged and corrected his views.

He always modestly disclaimed being considered an original investigator. In his literary work he was a distributor rather than a producer—a teacher and interpreter, assimilating, popularising and explaining the work of great thinkers and scholars for the benefit of students and his fellow citizens.

In 1880 he contributed a series of sixty-eight Essays to the *South Australian Register* under the title of "The Dry-as-Dust Club Papers," by Mr. Philadelphus Penn, M.D.D.C., in which the leading doctrines of political economy were popularly stated and adapted to local conditions. The not unusual device of the discussions

of a club with several members, enabled the writer to present the subjects he dealt with from opposing aspects and in a more striking and dramatic way than in a formal treatise. It may at least be claimed that the "Dismal Science" has rarely been taught in a more readable or interesting manner or with greater variety or appropriateness of illustration.

In the "Lay Sermons," by Nemo Brothers, which appeared in the *Advertiser* during 1884, the writer allowed himself wider scope and discoursed in lighter vein. The topics of the day—social, political, artistic, literary, and philanthropic were racily dealt with. Holidays, domestic servants, indiscriminate charity, in fact subjects almost as numerous as the forty-seven Essays in which they appeared were discussed with the writer's characteristic fairness, lightness of touch, felicitousness and practical wisdom.

Two series of Mr. Fletcher's articles were republished in book form in 1892—his "Buddha and Buddhism," and his "Egyptian Sketches." They were the outcome of his travels in India, Egypt and Ceylon during the previous year. This expedition had long been in contemplation with a view of completing the studies of Buddhism and Egyptology, which for many years had engaged much of his attention. The substance of both these small volumes was first delivered in popular lectures, which were then recast and printed in the form in which they

now appear, one of them in the *South Australian Register* and the other in the *Advertiser*.

“Buddha and Buddhism” gives a graphic description of the Buddhist temples and ruins in Ceylon, and especially of the great and rarely visited deserted city of Anuradhapura. Out of the mists and legends which envelop the story of Gautama the Buddha are resolved and crystallized all that may be accepted as historical. The nature of his system and the extraordinary prevalence his doctrines obtained in the Eastern World are clearly described, and an effective comparison is drawn between the negations and the cold morality of the “Indian Protestantism” and the living verities of the Christian Faith. The book is a trustworthy corrective of the poetical illusions of Sir Edwin Arnold’s “Light of Asia,” in which, as Mr. Fletcher points out, the process known to photographers as “stippling” is used to obliterate defects and to enable the poet to give an idealized and imaginative picture of Buddha’s real teaching.

The “Egyptian Sketches” contain some of Mr. Fletcher’s ripest literary work. In this little volume he carries his readers to a land, which to every student of the race and to every believer in revelation must always have a surpassing interest, and he tells its story for 5,000 years, from the dawn of history down to the British Occupation. In a series of picturesque pen pictures he describes modern Cairo, the pyramids, the Nile

valley, the temples and the tombs. He narrates with a vividness which causes them to live before us, the lives of the Pharaohs, whose Mummies may now be seen at the Museum at Ghizeh, and the romantic story of their burial, their repeated disinterments and of the re-discovery of their remains in 1881. The varied interest of the narrative, and the charm of its style, carry the reader from the beginning to the end of the book with all the enchantment of a romance and in complete unconsciousness of the erudition and research which it embodies. Into a little more than one hundred pages, in which not a dull sentence can be found, the author has concentrated the results of the studies of years, and a substantial part of all that Egyptologists and scholars have wrested from monuments, inscriptions, and manuscripts concerning the land and its history.

These two small books were amongst Mr. Fletcher's latest services to his fellow citizens. The Antiquities which he collected on his travels, as the nucleus of a Museum of Egyptian Archæology, are still unpacked, and the room designed for their reception in the Public Museum of the Colony is unoccupied. No one has yet been found sufficiently expert in the subject to arrange the collections or to succeed Mr. Fletcher in the Honorary Curatorship of the Archæological portion of the Museum, which he had undertaken at the request of his brother Governors of that institution.

Fame and wealth are not often the reward of workers for the benefit of others in small communities. Mr. Fletcher's literary tasks, like all the other duties which he undertook for the advancement of morals and of learning, were their own exceeding great reward. It gave him keen enjoyment to acquire knowledge and to communicate it to others. His literary labours were undertaken for the sake of the people amongst whom he lived, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that—whether from the pulpit, the platform, the professor's chair, or the author's desk—he was familiarising his fellow citizens with great thoughts and noble deeds, and inspiring them with higher ideals and conceptions of life than they would otherwise have possessed. The speaker, the teacher, the writer may be forgotten; he may have been unknown to many who were unconsciously influenced through his instrumentality; but the results of his labours will not be lost, for they have been absorbed into the life and conscience of the colony and are helping to make it wiser and better.

LITERARY SELECTIONS.



MODERN ASPECTS OF THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

BY REV. W. R. FLETCHER, M.A.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF AUSTRALASIA.

*Being the Address delivered at Wellington, N.Z., from the Chair of the
Union, February 23rd, 1892.*

HONOURED BRETHREN,—The occasion on which we are met together is of no ordinary significance. For the first time we assemble in conference as members of the Australasian Congregational Union. Meeting as we do, in this far off city, our numbers may not be imposing, but we are, I trust, conscious that our gathering is the result of a divine impulse, and are assured that the outcome of it will be of no small import. Our history here, as well as in the old country and in the United States, teaches us never to despise the day of small things, and never to measure our influence by mere arithmetic, or denominational statistics. We have been

taught by frequent experience to count even defeats as victories, for those who have apparently succeeded in trampling upon our cause have oftentimes caught the spirit that has animated us, and have been found carrying our flag of freedom in the forefront of their own ranks. The principles for which the five stalwart members of the Westminster Assembly fought so tenaciously are now more or less acknowledged as the motive power of all branches of the Church, and have become the recognised foundation stones of the political edifice which is being built in these southern oceans. State Churchism is an effete relic of the past. It has been driven out of the practical politics of the future. All that remains is to root up the noxious weeds that still encumber the ground in the mother-lands of Europe, and to take care that no winged seeds from those rank weeds shall be blown over to these colonies, or should be allowed to germinate here. Neither fashion, nor the delicious odour of mediæval sanctity, should tempt us to admire or cultivate such dubious ornaments in the garden plots of social and political life in the larger area of Great Britain.

MENTAL DISQUIET.

Looking, however, away from this particular aspect of things, many of our loyal co-workers in Christian enterprise find reason for much uneasiness. Our times are pregnant with great movements. The spread of

both higher and lower education, and the consequent development of an insatiable scientific curiosity, have brought to light a mass of half-digested facts, and produced a host of clamorous theories which await their trial. This is the case in the region of science, of politics, of philosophy, and of theology. It requires a practical and steady brain to preserve a due calmness amid the din of this noisy battle-field. It is not to be wondered at that timid souls should get frightened, and that simple-hearted Christians should sigh for rest, and, like Bunyan's Pilgrim crossing the river, should cry out, "Brethren, we feel no bottom." Let us not forget, however, how the Pilgrim's companion did feel the bottom, and called out to his brother to be of good cheer. Thank God there are many "Hopefuls" in the band of modern Pilgrims, and it is their honour and their privilege to let it be known that, though the water-floods prevail, they have not lost their firm footing on the Rock of Ages.

ADVANCES IN SCIENCE.

I speak in metaphor, but what are the facts? Astronomy, by the aid of great telescopes and delicate photographic plates, is enlarging our conception of the universe, and showing us thousands and thousands of solar systems in the process of formation, and our world, as a consequence, looks more and more insignificant. It is but a grain of dust on the great wheel of

the universe, and the inhabitants thereof like ants upon an anthill. The curiosity of physics takes up this problem of the kosmos, and tells us that certain definite laws rule through the whole of this vast expanse; that all the order that we behold is the result of matter and motion, and is the outcome of an iron rigid necessity. The universe is, as a fact, one unthinking machine, and every atom is but a tiny wheel or pin in the mighty concern. Biology, which grapples with the problem from another side, has certainly failed to bridge over the mystic gulf between the living and the non-living, but it has made out a strong case for the theory of development, whereby the complicated forms of the world's fauna and flora have proceeded by natural selection from lower and rudimentary organisms, or even from unorganised living protoplasm. Medical science has of late added a new department to its already overburdened weight of knowledge. It has followed up and established the curious theory that most of our diseases are the work of poisonous ferments, produced by minute germs, and these germs can now be cultivated like the inhabitants of an aquarium, and their habits studied. To this it has added the astounding fact that our blood is alive, that is, that the white corpuscles therein are living entities who serve the general weal of a whole of which they are unconscious, by their instinctive energy, their life, and their death.

With such facts prominent in their studies, it is no wonder that many minds should drop down into materialism, and should regard such Christian doctrines as prayer, and a personal providence, and an incarnation, as mere figments of the imagination, and miracle as an utter impossibility. But, on the other hand, we have enquirers in these fields telling us that matter is not what we have thought it to be, that in the last analysis an atom is a mere centre of force, or, if that be unthinkable, a tiny vortex ring of a perfectly elastic ether in rapid motion. The solid earth is on this showing, a mere result of a moving by some unknown force of an unknown something, and an atom is a "manufactured article," of which the maker and the material are alike unknown and unknowable. Such a view of things has a tendency to turn dogmatic materialism into agnosticism, and to lull the soul to sleep under the opiate of its own conscious impotence. Meanwhile another new science has taken up the unexplored remainders of her sisters, and tried to marshal them by rigid Baconian induction into something like order, and out of this mysterious confusion of dreamland phantasms and hypnotic vagaries, have come to certain conclusions which seem to stab materialism to the heart. In a universe of matter in motion, as postulated by materialists of every school, there is no room for "telepathy" or clairvoyance. And even agnosticism does not relish such a hint of a strictly scientific

demonstration of a realm of existence beyond the veil.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

Meanwhile this unresting curiosity, armed with new weapons from the armoury of comparative philology, has taken in hand the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures to see what they are really made of. Discarding every traditional theory of their inspiration, it has treated them as interesting illustrations of the workings of genius, of how in the religious history of the race a developing morality has been touched by a developing emotion of God. Many foolish theories have been born of this movement, and having flashed across the scene like meteors, have vanished into darkness. Many valuable facts have, however, been collected, and are now being collated, for which the religious world ought to be profoundly thankful. Many venerable expositions have doubtless been exploded, and some ancient methods of interpretation have been made to look foolish, but, as truth is always of golden worth, those who have unwittingly trusted in error are learning to be grateful for modern enlightenment. The golden harvest gathered in by the sharp sickle of criticism, has had many tares mingled with the wheat, as was inevitable. What has flowed from the furnace has not been all pure gold, as some would have us believe. We must, however, wait awhile before we can confidently count up our gains and losses, and know friend from foe. But it



is precisely this waiting attitude which is so difficult for many to understand and to assume, and the need for it produces no small part of the resultant confusion in the minds of undisciplined thinkers and timid believers.

A RELIGION OF ETHICS.

This intellectual turmoil is, however, by no means the whole of what troubles our unrestful times. There is a sort of spirit of rebellion abroad against the tyranny of dogma, and in favour of ethical freedom. Life is made of more account than opinion, and morality is exalted at the expense of theology. Dr. Dry-as-dust has been driven out of the pulpit, and the modern preacher is told that he must talk about modern life and modern ways of acting, and what men are doing in their social and political everyday surroundings. The despised and abhorred liberalism of 50 years ago, is the accepted charter of modern days. Socialism has been rescued from the profane arms of infidelity, has been baptised with a new name, and is now known as "Christian brotherhood." The air is full of social theories as to the reconstruction of society, from the wild and terrible nightmare of the anarchists, to the gentle dreams of missionary zeal. The thought and attention of the churches of every order are now turned, not so much toward the niceties of divinity, as towards the awkward practical questions of the relations of labour and capital, and the deep underlying problems of the

ownership of land. I wonder what a devout Catholic of mediæval times would have thought could he have had a provisional perusal of the Pope's deliverance on labour; or what a high churchman of the school of Laud would have said could he have read "Lux Mundi." And I imagine that our own Puritan ancestors would have been more than bewildered if, amid all the laudations of their doings which our delegates at the late conference indulged in, they could have read patiently through the volume of the proceedings of that conference.

We are all either teachers of religion or leaders among our churches. On us rests the inevitable burden of careful and reverend thought that we may be wise guides of those who look up to us for light and comfort. It is well that we should try to help each other in carrying the weight of our responsibility. It is in that spirit that I have taken upon myself to deliver this address to-day. I have myself had many a severe and agonising struggle, and if I can be of any use to others who are with me in the battle, I shall have my reward. As you know well, a chairman is alone responsible for his utterances. I do not pretend in any sense to speak for the Congregational Churches of Australasia, but, inasmuch as I do feel an intense and godly jealousy for the welfare of our associated Unions, I trust you will bear with me in what I may say and will not object to plain speaking. If you do

not agree with me I trust you will at all events give me credit for sincerity, and will not withhold your brotherly sympathy.

I propose in a few words to suggest three subjects for inquiry.

I. What is our anchorage ground amid the shifting sands disturbed by the currents of modern speculation?

II. What is the general work given to us to do as a section of the Church?

III. What is the special message we have to deliver, and by which we can do our work?

I.

OUR ANCHORAGE, THE LIVING CHRIST.

The answer to the first of these questions concerns us, together with all other sections of the Christian Church. It is not peculiar to our circle of religious societies. What might be said on this point would be just as appropriate at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, or at a Methodist Conference as at this assembly of our Union. I do not intend to dwell upon it now. I simply state it. We are learning that *our anchorage is not so much the Bible as the living Christ*. "We know that the Son of God has come and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ." So wrote the aged John when his loving soul

was tormented by the controversies that Oriental subtlety had brought into the Church at Ephesus, and then he added, "Little children keep yourselves from idols." Any other object of trust and supreme reverence, be it an infallible Church, or an infallible man or an infallible book, is but an "idol," a mere *imago*, an empty thing compared with the Eternal Christ. The Church, the wise man, the Christian writings, may each be of inestimable value to the individual soul, but their value is like that of the scaffolding in the erection of a building, or of the ancient school-slave whose function it was to bring the pupil to the schoolmaster. To swear by the Church, to kiss the hand of a pope, or to quote Scripture are not necessarily signs of grace. The august presence of the great living Christ, who was once incarnate among men and now is a vast diffusive personal power in the hearts of His people, is at once their joy, their inspiration, and their reward. It is the conviction of this hidden essential oneness of all true believers in Christ that kills in our souls all narrowness and bigotry, and enables us to cultivate not mere tolerant, but cordial, relationships with those from whom we widely differ on ecclesiastical matters. Even when forced by a sense of duty to cross swords with those who think differently from us, we can cherish a love and respect for them not merely as foemen worthy of our steel, but as brethren in Christ. Though renowned in history for our persistent pugnacity, I hold

that we are, nevertheless, the least denominational of all the many sections of the Church. With us it is no platform platitude when we talk of the inward unity which unites us with those who occupy another camp in the army. We do not like being patronised, but even when others would smoothe us down with flattery, we can bear with it in our large-hearted Christian charity.

II.

OUR WORK.

But let us think more particularly as to *what is the work that we Congregationalists have to do in these new colonies*, and what is the message that our Master has given us to deliver? Why do we not disband and join other churches if our platform be so wide and liberal? Why do we not accept the invitation of our Anglican friends and join them in their ample fold, which, say they, finds room within it even for those who are directly antagonistic to each other? Why do we not do this? Simply because we have a distinct message to deliver, which, in some of its aspects, makes this utterly impossible. We should be traitors to our conscience and to our Master if we sold our birthright for any mess of pottage. We have been faithful in the past, God forbid that we should be faithless in the future.

“A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE.”

(I) I hold then, brethren, that we have a political message to these colonial states, and that message is this,

that *religion is neither to be interfered with or patronised by the various Governments.* In most of the colonies our faithfulness in regard to this great principle has been crowned with success. We have had a battle to fight and have won it all along the line. The only field where the struggle has yet to be fought out is Western Australia, where a great accumulation of grievances will have to be dealt with, one after another. There, our churches are few, and I trust we shall render all needful sympathy and assistance to our brethren in their obedience to the call of duty. Till last year they were obliged to submit and to be quiescent, for the colony was governed by the Crown. They could do absolutely nothing. Now, however, that that colony has been granted responsible Government, and has awoke to its own great destiny, and has begun to feel after a public opinion, the opportunity for action should be embraced. The State grant to religious denominations should be abolished, the wholesale endowment of churches with sites of land should be stopped, the precedence of certain chaplaincies should cease, and the half-formed bond of connection between the State and certain sections of the Church should be severed.

I say, we in the other colonies have gained the fort, and planted our standard with the heavenly motto "a free church in a free state." Still, as long as any of our fellow Christians are tempted with the fascination of having an infallible man at the head of their church,

or are enamoured of a church founded on sacerdotal principles, or are convinced that there can be no true ministry apart from the figments of an outward apostolic succession, we must expect difficulty, and be on our watch against a traitorous reaction. Evidences of such a reaction have occurred again and again. We all remember with amused interest how we have had to watch very carefully lest the silly question of precedence should breed mischief, and have had to scrutinize very narrowly the acts of our several legislatures bearing upon public cemeteries, marriage ceremonies, educational grants, and prison chaplaincies. Only a few weeks ago in Adelaide, we had to make our voice heard in reference to an appearance of state patronage to a single denomination, when all were expressing before God their common grief over the early death of the heir to the British throne. Our opponents, remember, though beaten are not yet by any means converted to our side. He that is convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still. Moreover our friends in the opposite camp can count on some mighty allies which do not usually flock to our flag. Social prestige, fashion, and wealth are not likely ever to don the armour of our radical Christian democracy. The time honoured poetic traditions, the ideals of mediæval churchism, the delicious romance of crumbling abbeys and stately Cathedrals are not on our side. We may feel their charm, but fidelity forbids us from obeying

their syren voices. Our duty is to look forward not backward, and never to rest till the anthem of national and ecclesiastical freedom is heard in every region, not only in this new world, but in the countries of Europe, and in the realms of heathenism as well.

PROPHETISM VERSUS PRIESTISM.

(2) I hold that we have a distinct ecclesiastical message to the other churches of Christendom. With a most friendly feeling toward all who love our blessed Lord, we are bound to protest against any limitation of Christian service by sacerdotal claims. We hold that all priestism under the new Covenant is an unsanctioned intrusion. The ministry of the Christian church is the direct descendant of Old Testament prophetism, not of the ancient priestism. It was the inspired privilege of the prophet, who would be free to speak for God, to rebuke the mechanic deadness of those who served at the altar, and to herald a day of universal liberty from sacerdotal control. We are not priests. We do not pick up the gorgeous robe of Aaron, and mend it after mediæval patterns of millinery for modern use. We are all called to a higher function than serving at an altar. We are prophets, *i.e.*, speakers for God, and our prophetic duty now, as of old, is to warn men against trusting in the efficacy of any ritual, or any figment of sacramental salvation based upon such a shallow foundation as that called, so euphemistically, "the historic episcopate."

It is often said that the priest turns his back upon the people and goes in to perform service for the people before God, whereas the prophet comes out from his sanctuary of communion and gives his message from God to the people. I have often thought of this radical distinction when wandering among the churches of Roman Catholic Europe, and I thought of it also when, going into one of the very oldest churches of Rome, I saw the priest standing behind the altar so as to face the congregation. In that church is preserved a tradition, more ancient than the middle ages, of a time when, as with us, the minister was Christ's ambassador pleading with his hearers to be reconciled to God. It is very far from my thought that we should, in these new lands, rake up the ashes of fiery historical controversy. We may sometimes have to do this, and should be prepared for it. For the most part it will be enough that we be faithful to our church ideal, and be faithful to the living Christ. Let us also be on the guard against even the germs of priestism among ourselves. Let us develop among us all the gifts we possess in our churches. Let us be careful lest the love of order become a charter of ministerial privilege. The distinction between layman and cleric, however convenient, is not in our New Testament. The sacrament of baptism is, as even the Roman Church admits, in the hands of every professing Christian. Why should it not be a frequent thing when the pastor is

absent for a revered deacon to preside at the Lord's table? Is there any special efficacy in the acts or words of any one of us ministers apart from our gifts and our character? Let us, by our earnest realisation of the life of Christ in our midst, lift up a loving practical constant protest against the delusive fascination of a sacramentarian religiousness. I do not ask you, my brethren, to be all champions in the tournaments of controversy, but I do ask you to remember, every year you work in the service of the church, that you are called to a far higher and nobler calling than that of a mere priest, that you are called to bear the burden of the prophet, and to speak forth what the Master has given you in your hours of lonely communion with Himself on the mountain tops of prayer.

CULTURE AND PIETY.

(3) I hold, thirdly, that God has given us an especial educational message to the thoughtful minds of our colonial society. Religion has both its emotional and its intellectual side, and neither should be neglected or ignored. We do not like a religion which is simply beautiful because touched with the iridescent play of feeling. We want something with a backbone in it. But, on the other hand, we all admit that the world and the church have had enough of the dry vertebrate logic of human formulæ. Piety should glow with sacred passion, but it should also be allied with the cultured

workings of sanctified reason. To ignore brains, just because thinking cannot solve the mysteries of God, is surely bad policy. It is perfect madness and folly to argue, as some sincere Christians do, that there is no need for a highly educated ministry because the message of salvation is so simple and so tender that it appeals at once to the soul of a child. Must a believer in Christ have a blind eye to all those splendid triumphs of science to which I have referred? Must he turn a deaf ear to the bewildered cry of our young men for intellectual guidance in this difficult age? Can he forget that our Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek, not in English, and that a man who knows those tongues has a power which cannot belong to him whose education did not include them? Is it possible for him to ignore the work, be it good or bad, of critics and archæologists in the understanding of Holy Scripture? Does he not know that every modern form of doctrine has a historic basis, and is the outcome of controversy, and that he cannot understand his own creed fully unless he can trace its pedigree? We, brethren, have never been guilty of the folly of divorcing faith from knowledge. We have always acted on the maxim of St. Peter, that to faith, knowledge must be added. Our ministry has always aimed at being abreast of the times, and at the same time loyal to Christ. Our churches have sacrificed much and risked many failures to maintain this high standard. Our young men have willingly submitted them-

selves to years of college discipline that they might be fairly equipped for their work. In the old country now that the National Universities are opening to all, and sectarian privileges are curtailed, our body, true to its heritage of duty, has founded Mansfield College at Oxford, and placed Dr. Fairbairn at its head. It is a grand movement, and I confess that it awakens in the breasts of us older men a wish that we were young once more, and had our course to begin over again. It is the practical expression of our wish and our intention to be among the Christian leaders of the thought of this age, and of that yet more difficult age which is to come. And, brethren, shall we not take up the same mission here in Australasia? Shall we shirk the responsibility here because we are met by new and awkward perplexities? Shall we lower our ideal at the very time when we ought to lift it high? Each of our colonies has its University in which is no trace of the old world class privilege. In our colonial churches there is quite as high a standard of intelligence as in England. The literature of Europe circulates as freely here as in the homes and clubs of London and Manchester. Our young men are asking the same questions as their cousins in Britain. The demand for a living ministry, which can lead the van, is as strong as it is among the circles of English society. We have, I admit, our peculiar difficulties, and must meet them as they arise. It may be impossible, all at once, to realise our ideal of

what a college training should be. We may have to take in a reef in our sails during the time when the breeze is strongest. To do this is not cowardice or faithlessness, it is wise common sense. We cannot all at once do what we should like to do. Colonial Colleges, like colonial homes, must begin in a very humble way, but we must not be content till we have realised our conception. The wandering Israelites could not carry about with them a temple of marble and cunning sculpture, so they put up a tabernacle instead; but they made that temporary sanctuary of the very best material they could find for the purpose. If the walls were mere curtains, they were good curtains. If the pillars were not of brass crowned with capitals of lily work, they were of Shittim wood set in sockets of silver. The temporary tabernacle was a prophecy of a temple not yet builded, and the temple itself was a foreshadowing of that city of God in which no temple is to be found because no temple is needed.

III.

THE GRAND EVANGELICAL MESSAGE.

Let us consider how this work is to be accomplished. Our message is to *individual souls*, and *through them to the church and the world*. We are the professed followers of Christ. What does that imply? We are students of His gospel of the kingdom. Where then, we ask, shall we find the plainest statements and the clearest analysis

of that gospel? Our Christian records, as we all know, consist of two parts, the four lives of Christ, and the Epistles which contain the germs of early theology and practice. It used to be the fashion to make a much fuller use of the latter part of the New Testament, than is the modern habit. There is everywhere a felt reaction from the theological formality engendered by a minute study of St. Paul, and a wish to go back to the simple and profound teaching of our blessed Lord. Against this no one can urge any complaint, for never man, be he Paul, or Apollos, or John, spake as He did. At the same time, some caution is needed even in attempting to be loyal to our Master. He lived with his death in view. He died with the resurrection in prospect. No one can understand his teachings who ignores his cross and his tomb. We look to what his followers were doing and thinking after his death and resurrection, to know the meaning of those events, and through them, of his many dark and mysterious previous utterances. If Christ were a divine moral teacher, his defeat and death are a sad anomaly. If he were a mere martyr we may shed tears over his passion, but that passion loses half its meaning. Now, the early teachers of Christianity do not treat their Lord as a martyr. They base the Gospel to the world, not on His life, but on His cross and His uprising. They interpret his life by its conclusion. The radiance streaming from the cross illumines his deeds, his teaching and his

noble character. They interpret that sad climax of his career as the crowning glory thereof. They explain it by figures and illustrations which they have been taught in the Old Testament. They speak of Him as a "ransom," a "propitiation," and a "sacrifice." He gives "eternal life" to His people, and the earnest of the gift is His forgiveness. They are "redeemed by His precious blood." The inhabitants of the ideal city are they "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The uprising of a man into a new and divine life, is conditioned on the pardon of his sins, and his faith in the risen leader. The first gospel sermon, which touched so many souls with heavenly inspiration, was not an exposition of ethics, or a discourse on the social regeneration of mankind, but a vivid statement of how Jesus had been slain by wicked hands, had passed into Hades, and thence returned a victorious champion over death and sin.

INDIVIDUAL SALVATION.

The message of the Apostles was to the individual man. It might touch very mightily the destinies of empires, and might contain in it the principles that would utterly uproot slavery, oppression and social wrong, but the gospel was God's glad tidings to the guilty and downtrodden soul. It was a gospel which could ennoble the slave without making him into a

rebel, and which could comfort the poor without making them envious of the rich. It had in it the potency of a coming time when the rough places of society would be made plain, and ungodly force and fraud be outwitted by gentleness and humbled in shame ; but, I repeat it with emphasis, its message was a kindly missive from God to the individual soul ; a message of pardon and consequent rest, of righteousness, peace and joy. Says Paul, " We are ambassadors, therefore, on behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating you by us. Him who knew no sin He made (to be) sin on our behalf that we might become the righteousness of God in Him." It may be deemed hardly accordant with the " advanced thought " of our times to lay such stress on a gospel of forgiveness, based on the atonement, but I put it to you whether that message be not the source of all power in the ministry. Eloquence may try to do without it, but it will fail to do what it ought to do, if not inspired by a passion for souls. Wherever the truth of Christ has been successful in working moral and spiritual reformations it has been so by the attractions of the Cross. Missionaries of every denomination will endorse this assertion with emphasis. My own experience in wandering about among the outstations of the great army in India, in the Southern Seas, and in Egypt, has taught me the lesson that it is not the philosophy of the Gospel, or its ethics, but its tender and helpful

message of pardon that attracts and conquers and ennobles the human soul. The wily Brahman will meet doctrine by doctrine, but he has no arguments against the whispers of conscience that he is a sinner who needs to be forgiven, and that He is indeed a great Saviour who is able and willing to pardon. Every student of modern church life will admit that the extreme right, and the extreme left wings of the Christian Church in Britain are the forces that impress observers as the most aggressive in their grip upon the popular mind. The sacramentarians in the Anglican Church, and such rank outsiders as the Salvationists, are alike in this that they make very much of the personal benefits of the atonement. The latter may talk wildly of thunder and blood, but they have a sword of truth in their hands which is wonderfully effective, and that truth is contained in those very unæsthetic metaphors which they indulge in so freely. The former may make much of the power of the priest, but the power they profess to utilise is that which arises from a strong faith in the atonement of Christ. Both agree in telling the thirsty world of man of a great cistern of living water. The difference between them is that the one party invites all to come and drink, while the other says, in effect, "Yes, let all come, the water is there in abundance, the merits of the atonement of the Son of God are indeed inexhaustible, but the charge of the stand-pipes has been entrusted to us; we keep the key and distribute

the stream through divinely appointed sacramental channels." We may object to the first on the score of taste, we may object to the second from our dislike of exclusiveness ; but let us not forget that the world, dying in the arid wastes of the desert of sin, is athirst for this very truth. The average man does not want our wise reasonings, our ethical formalæ, our critical niceties, he wants the assurance of a redemption wrought out for him, on which he can trust, on which he can build the edifice of a reformed character, and which will conquer in him the natural dread of a hereafter. The passenger on a ship, that has impaled itself in a tempest on a serrated ledge of rock, will not thank you for a description of how the waves have worn, or the coral zoophytes formed, that rock, or for a dissertation on ocean currents, but he will be grateful if a lifeboat is sent to the side of the ship, or a flying rocket carries a life line over her bulwarks. When once safely landed he may enjoy a discussion over the law of storms, but not even then till he has had time to shake himself together after the peril.

THE CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE IN SOCIAL LIFE.

Now if this be the prime element of the gospel, we must expect it to bear fruit in very many salutary changes. Saved and redeemed men will soon work out in their lives a sounder condition for society. Before the power of the Cross, in olden times, the

horrid cruelty of the amphitheatre was abolished, though Paul had borrowed from the games of the gladiators some of his metaphors in writing of Christian doctrine. Before the same power slavery erstwhile ceased, because inconsistent with the teachings of redemption, though Paul had actually sent back a runaway slave. In like manner, I believe, war will in due time vanish before the magic glance of the sanctified conscience, though the ranks of the army have at times been inspired by a prayer meeting to new heights of bravery and wondrous deeds of daring. The Spirit of Christ is against all sorts of immoral wrongs wherever they raise their heads. It is opposed to the dreadful inequalities of our social life. It is directly contrary to the oppressions of the poor by the rich. It is on the side of the downtrodden and weak, smarting under the tyranny of the privileged strong, It is the natural adjunct of every righteous reform in politics, in adjustments of wealth, and in the righting of wrongs. A true Christian is bound to be a reformer. Rejoicing in spiritual liberty as the gift of God, he has an inspired hatred of all unholy bondage. I cannot, therefore, withhold my congratulations from the Congregational Union of England that it has widened the sphere of its sympathies, and has come to welcome at its meetings discussions on such subjects as Temperance, the Emancipation of Woman, and the Nationalisation of Land.

IMPERFECT GOSPELS.

In this age, more than in any that has gone before, there has been instituted a more careful diagnosis of the maladies that afflict both society and the individual man. As a consequence, we are made acquainted with a numerous array of curative nostrums which imperiously are demanding our attention. Quackery is abroad in the world of social politics and religion as well as in medicine, and these vaunted remedies prove to us once more that clever and correct diagnosis by no means implies skilful prescription. Many *imperfect gospels* are being heralded in our day for the easement of the woes of humanity, with some of which we have, and ought to have, much sympathy, but others are enemies in disguise. But, even in regard to those that command our endorsement, we must beware lest we put them on an equality with our own august message of salvation, or allow our interest in them to supplant our evangelistic fervour, and our passion for souls. Still more must we deplore that some estimable brethren allow their zeal to evaporate in the advocacy of sundry gospels which are not so imperfect, as faddish and useless. Let us glance at a few of these "imperfect gospels."

THE IMPERFECT GOSPEL OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

(1.) That drink is an awful evil in our colonial life all must admit, and admit it with sorrow and shame.

We are no worse than many other countries, but we are bad enough for all that. To devise and agitate for wise legislation which will set the people free from the domination of a mere selfish trade, is a noble work. To take a strong personal stand against the use, as well as the abuse, of intoxicants is a course that no one can blame us for, even if he do not follow our example. To preach a crusade against drink, and to marshall converts into the benefit clubs named after Rechab, or into brotherly encampments after the fashion of the Templars, is a grand work. But temperance is not the gospel. To make a man sober is not to save the man from sin. A sober man may embody many unsavoury and disagreeable elements of character. He may be even more selfish and mean when sober, than he was when he sought the elevation of merriment over his glass. He may be like the man in our Lord's parable who returned to his house, and finding it empty, swept, and garnished, introduced thereto other and new spirits of evil, so that the last state of the man is spiritually worse than the first. This *may* be the case, and just because of this uncertainty we know that the gospel of Total Abstinence must be classed among the "imperfect gospels" which no Christian ought to be so enamoured of as to forget the superior and thorough grandeur of the gospel of Jesus.

THE IMPERFECT GOSPEL OF LAND NATIONALISATION.

(2.) That all the terrible social inequalities of our time may be traced backwards to radical defects in our

land tenure is a discovery of our age for which we are indebted principally to Mr. Henry George. He cast the light of his clever analysis upon the old-fashioned theories of economical science concerning rent, and tore them to pieces. His diagnosis was both novel and convincing, but the remedies that he and others have prescribed must be received with more caution. Many earnest reformers speak and act as though every evil under the sun could be cured by having "a single tax" on land values instead of custom duties, or by the resumption of all private land by the nation. They tell us preachers that we are not doing our duty because we do not thunder against the despoilers of the poor, and the laws which violate the Mosaic principle that a man has no right to land which he cannot use. Our preaching, we are told, will fall flat and powerless unless we grasp and advocate their great principle which they have got hold of. To all this I demur. Our message, our inspired gospel, is larger than this imperfect gospel of the nationalisation of the land. Our sympathies may go with this reform, we may even help it onward, but our proper aim is to uplift the poor into a spiritual manhood which is worth more than thousands of gold and silver, and which a man who sits under his own vine and fig tree may be without, and be really therefore a poor man.

THE IMPERFECT GOSPEL OF SOCIALISM.

(3.) Akin to this is another imperfect gospel called

the "*gospel of Socialism*," concerning this I shall not say much because it is to be dealt with separately by one of our delegates. I cannot however withhold my mead of praise from its grand and noble ideals. I cannot be blind to the radiance of the picture of contentment and peace that will come to pass, when Britons shall be like brothers in the brave days to come. I cannot deny the sublimity of the vocation that comes to a man to give himself to his fellows, and labour for this cause. But again, I say, this is not the gospel. It is quite powerless to effect the purpose we have in view as ambassadors for Christ. If I go to a man dying in his sin and shame, and tell him how we are working for the enfranchisement of his greatgrandchildren, it may be pleasant news, but it is no message of salvation. He craves to hear of one "who has power on earth to forgive sins," and who can crown him with the hope of an eternal life of holy strength. To young people, to the sick and afflicted, to every man in his lonely hours of thought, to the aged yearning for a renovated youth, nothing can ever take the place of that gospel which brings God down among us as our reconciling friend, and opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

OTHER IMPERFECT GOSPELS.

(4.) Other imperfect gospels demand less consideration, because they are avowedly intended to supersede the

Christian mesage; but, while suspicious of their pretensions, we must not deny the good that may be in them. The much vaunted *Gospel of unlicensed thinking*, which appeals to a man's pride of intellect, and makes him a mere puppet of conceit, is an awkward foe just because there is a measure of truth in its appeal. We, too, advocate the freest scope for the mind we, too call a man to soar on the wings of cultured imagination; but we are ever careful to say that there is no freedom without law and restraint. If a kite, by its tugging, breaks the string, it does not rise higher, but comes tumbling to the ground.

(5.) A curious and fantastic Gospel has made itself heard on every hand in our day, for which I must, perforce, coin a name. I call it the *Gospel of the deadened brain*. It asserts that man is surrounded by spiritual forces; that there are higher planes of being than that in which he lives in his material frame that certain rare persons can, by abnegation of conscious personality and hypnotic influences, make the wall of separation between this world and that other, so thin that communications may come hither from thence to them, and through them to us. The class of phenomena to which this deadening of the brain belongs, is not strange to us in the pages of the Bible; we meet with them both in the Old and New Testaments. We cannot, therefore, reply to those who preach this odd gospel, that it is a

novelty of our day. Nor can we deny the strange collateral facts which psychological research is exploring and classifying for us. But the folly of this Gospel, its dishonest trickery, its kinship with madness, its dangerous tendencies, and its shallow platitudes make us utterly refuse to place any faith in its credentials, or to believe in its message to mankind. The gospel of the deadened brain may be our ally in resisting the attacks of materialism, but otherwise it is no friend to the Gospel of Jesus. His authority it denies, His claims it denounces, and it persistently refuses all critical and careful study of Christian evidence at the dictate of unknown ghosts, or of the vagaries of excited hypnotics.

THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL.

Brethren, I call on you to renewed diligence in fighting all the ills of the world by preaching with increasing faith our grand old Gospel. It has proved itself, what no other gospel ever has or can do, a divine power for the saving of the whole man. No spread of culture can diminish human need for its spiritual healing. No removal of social disabilities can compensate for the absence of faith in a living God. No uplifting of the masses into brighter conditions of comfort can raise them so high that they will not need to hear the pitying voice of the Son of Man. No revision of our laws, no wise enactments, no Mosaic

land statutes, no temperance pledges, no æsthetic polish can so change the face of society as to make men holy, and restore the lost Paradise which sin has spoilt. Nothing can do that except the glad tidings of the grace of God in our Mediator and Redeemer Jesus Christ.

Finally, my brethren, while loyal to our own section of the Church, and faithful to our mission to our fellow Christians of other sections, and to the world, let us cultivate a large and a widening charity. The thoughts of God are broader than our thinkings, and the nearer we come to God the more expansive should be our faith in His purpose. Amid our ecclesiastical disputations, and our study of comparative theology, and our missionary zeal for the conversion of the ungodly, let us keep ever in view the picture of the renewed world, which our risen Lord has given us. He speaks a parable for us, and tells us of a city in a restored Eden, a city great, and high, and strong, and walled in with a mighty rampart, but, he bids us note how there were three gates toward the sun-rising, and three gates toward the sun-setting, and three toward the North, and three toward the South, and twelve gates, and all of them open all the day, and a heavenly day, which knows no night, is not to be measured by mornings and evenings, but by the august shining of the glory of God.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE BIBLE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN DISCOVERIES.

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Being a Paper read at the Meetings of the Congregational Union of Australasia at Wellington, New Zealand, February 24th, 1892.

As we all know, the entire canon of Scripture, and especially the books of the Old Testament, have been, and are still being subjected to a severe testing in the furnace of modern erudite criticism. No one ought to be either surprised or pained at such a process. It is the natural outcome of the spirit of this age, which is prompted to ask a cause for every fact in nature, and to demand a reason for every faith that men hold. To breathe an atmosphere pervaded by such an influence is rather a privilege than a misfortune, and ought to have on the mind an effect similar to that produced by the stimulating airs that blow from off the icepeaks of lofty Alpine regions. I do not envy the unadventurous contentment of the dwellers in the quiet vales of traditional meadowland, when there is an opportunity afforded of scaling the heights of difficulty overhead, and obtaining thence a new outlook into the far distant past, and a glance towards the heavens into the ways of God. At the same time we ought to beware of being

intoxicated with this mountain air. The spirit of inquiry may become a spirit of positive denial, and as such loses all its heavenly glory. To admit a difficulty is a noble confession of weakness ; to affirm that such a difficulty is impossible, simply because it is a difficulty, is a sort of intellectual cowardice. Gœthe in his "Faust," makes that clever personage, Mephistopheles, describe himself as "the spirit that is ever denying;" if he had said, "the spirit that is always inquiring," he would have depicted an angel of God, and not the sneering master of evil. To doubt is the gateway to faith ; to disbelieve is the portal to darkness.

In the criticism of the Old Testament there are learned seekers and inquirers, and also learned deniers ; and there is an evident temptation for a sincere inquirer to be drawn over into the ranks of the sceptics. If a man comes to the Old Testament with an assured Sadducean disbelief in the supernatural, then he must force his criticism into the mould of his prejudiced opinion. If he starts with the idea that there is no such possibility as a prediction of the future, then, whatever linguistic arguments and external evidence may otherwise affirm, he must squeeze his conclusions into the narrow form he has adopted. If he believes that what we call a miracle never did or could happen, whatever the evidence be, it is no wonder that no amount of concurrent fact can establish it to his satisfaction. If such things as these are in the book,

so much the worse for the book. If the book, in spite of these things, be interesting and fascinating, then the authorship and age of the book must be such as to allow of the growth of legend, or the accretion of pretty popular lore, or the wreathing of a mystic haze about the events that are described. That Joseph did really predict and provide for seven years famine, that the waters of the Yam Suph were really divided for the Israelites to pass over them, that Moses lived for forty days on Mount Sinai without food, that the Jordan was driven back at the very time when it overflows its banks in harvest, that the walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of the blast of trumpets, that David wrote prophetic psalms, that Daniel predicted the coming of a Messiah after 490 years from a definite date; that any of these things should happen is to him absurd, and illogical, and against reason, and if the book says these things did take place, some other explanation must be found. Hence it comes to pass that some of our so-called "higher critics" assert that certain books and parts of books must be of late origin, just because certain supernatural events are stated to have been actual occurrences. However, when we consider their arguments, we find that the spirit that starts with denial, ends with most novel and imperious demands upon our credulity, and shrivels up our faith in the literary honesty of the very book which has inspired the world with its noblest conceptions of truth and honour.

Now I, for one, have no fault to find with a true spirit of criticism, whether, like the modest Pharaohs of old, it calls itself "higher," or assumes any other vaunting epithet. Our theology does not rest on Adam but on Christ, and if the Old Testament were to evaporate away in the sulphurous fumes of the crucible of erudition—a result which is not at all likely to take place—it would not rob us of our Divine Master, or shake our strong castle of Christian doctrine. I believe most fully that the more we understand these grand old books, and the more we get rid of the fetters of traditional interpretations, and shake off the Saul's armour of venerable theories of inspiration, the better it will be for us, and the more shall we find of Christ in the Old Testament. I would not hug a single error just because its embrace was warm and comforting, and its lineage was theologically respectable. Truth has nothing to fear, and we may comfort ourselves with that assurance if we really build our faith and hope, not on accepted creeds, nor on a mere collection of writings, but on the living Christ Himself, the organic principle of spiritual life and growth.

What I want to enforce, however, in this paper, is the need for *conservative caution*. Our higher critics are mostly stay-at-home scholars. They pore over Hebrew roots in the midst of their libraries of clashing commentaries and dictionaries. They cut up and dissect the Hexateuch, or Judges, or Daniel, by the dim light of

the midnight oil lamp. They pry with microscopic eye into the hidden recesses of the literary tissues of their subjects, and where others see only red blood coursing along healthy arteries, they detect the microbes of dishonesty, and the bacteria of infantile credulity. I have an immense respect for their unwearied patience and their tremendous learning, before which a hard working pastor like myself feels cowed and humbled. I have too profound an admiration for their skill in grammatical fencing, even to dream of crossing swords with them. I dare not set up, or even entertain an opinion against theirs, that a certain set of words in Genesis, or Deuteronomy, is or is not archaic, or belongs to the age of Solomon, or Hezekiah, or Ezra. I read one of their books, and perforce must be dumb, and merely receptive, like a tyro in the hands of an expert. But, and there is a "but" after all, I cannot accept all their conclusions for all that. I feel there is something dubious about the whole process, which time will explain. When I was in India I heard a curious story told of an Indian juggler, who frequently performed the horrid trick of cutting up a child by hacking him to pieces with a sword in sight of an amazed crowd, yet somehow or other the child was uninjured, for he always appeared afterwards merrily running about among the people. "I saw it with my own eyes," said a spectator. "I was close to him ; I was horrified, though I knew it was a trick." "I saw it too," said the one he was telling, "saw it from

a distance, with my field glasses and watched the whole operation. He was cutting up a pumpkin, and bewitched the crowd, and you among them, by hypnotic suggestions." This story carries its meaning. We see the critical jugglers slashing our Old Testament to pieces, but somehow we don't believe they are really doing it. We admire the sword-play, but are not convinced that it is so very mischievous after all. We wait in puzzled patience till the process is over, and know that the subject will be little the worse for it.

I venture, I say, in this paper to plead for a little conservative caution, and my reason for doing so is this. Concurrently with the "higher" criticism of the study has been going on another kind of criticism, which we may call the "criticism of the field." While the students have been at work with their dictionaries, archæologists have been at work with their spades and pickaxes. The lands of the Bible have been examined as well as the Bible itself. The hills of Palestine, the great valleys of Syria, the rich plains of Mesopotamia, and the ancient land of Egypt have been probed into, their buried cities unearthed, their traditional names collected, their inscriptions decyphered, and their very dead men made to tell the tale of their living deeds. The hieroglyphs of the Nile, the cuneiform languages of the Euphrates, and even the cumbrous writings of the Hittites, have been made to speak. We have thus had given us, like a dawning view, a new background

of history and geography for the old Hebrew writings. Thousands of facts have come to light. A new and certain chronology has been evolved, and whole chapters of lost history have been recovered. These discoveries embrace the times in which Abraham and Joseph and Moses and Solomon and the Prophets either lived, or are said to have lived. The question then arises whether all this mass of new facts has endorsed or opposed the higher critics? Has the spade of the explorer been as effective in cutting up the Bible as the pen of the scholar? To this I give an emphatic answer, and say that the general result of all this practical work runs directly counter to the conclusions of the higher critics, and tends towards endorsing some view much nearer to the more old-fashioned way of looking at the Bible.

We ought to be prepared to accept truth and light, let them come whence they may, and I admit at once that the "criticism of the field" has entirely upset the received Biblical chronology of the book of Genesis. The 4004 years from the creation to the birth of Christ, which Archbishop Usher evolved from the ages of the patriarchs, is found to be much too short. Everybody suspected there was something wrong, and so very many scholars tried to content themselves with the chronology of the LXX, which adds about 1000 years or more to the Hebrew computation. This, however, was also too short, and would not allow sufficient time for

the extraordinary development of history which took place in the years in question. Egypt and Babylon both agree that the dates must be lengthened out. For instance, we have a long list, somewhat vague in parts, of the ancient kings of Babylon. A considerable distance from the mythical commencement of the series occurs the name of *Naram Sin*, the son of Sargon, as reigning in Babylonia. Another king named Nabonidos is better known to us, as he was a near successor to Nebuchadnezzar, and reigned in the latter half of the sixth century 13 C (554). This Nabonidos caused sundry repairs to be made to the temple of the Sun God at Sippara. He sought for, and dug down to, the foundation cylinder, and found it and replaced it, and added an inscription. On this stone we read "I dug for the foundation stone of Naram Sin, the son of Sargon, which for 3200 years no king my predecessor had seen." Nabonidos began to reign 554 B.C.; add to this the 3200 years of the interval, and we obtain a total of 3754 as the year in which the older king founded that temple. There was a long line of kings before Naram Sin, so that it becomes a grave question to say when the civilisation, which the book of Genesis tells us to have existed in the valley of the Euphrates, actually began. The old book is right in selecting that valley as the cradle of history, but we have interpreted the old book wrongly in making it say that all human history must be crowded into the years succeeding the

common date of the flood, 2000 B.C. Egypt agrees with this, for every line of argument which is being worked out tends more and more to fix Menes, the first of the dynastic Pharaohs, as having lived about forty-four centuries before Christ. The Babylonians were good chronologers, but the Egyptians did not understand the science, and their historical dates are guess work. It would seem, however, that the great Pyramid fixes its own date by its elaborate astronomical structure, and that date is 3400 B.C., or about three centuries after Naram Sin. This falls in neatly with other computations, and is interesting if it be no more than a coincidence. This is 1200 years earlier than Piazzi Smyth's date. A very plausible idea is that many of the patriarchal names in Genesis are not personal but tribal, like "the O'Donnahue" and "the Macallum More" of modern times. Read with this light even the mysterious and difficult tenth chapter of Genesis becomes not only credible but positively luminous, and we may indeed thank the author, be he Moses or Nehemiah, for enshrining in his narrative such a venerable skeleton of a dry past. The more that chapter is examined, the more trustworthy it becomes. The stream is evidently laid down as in a sketch map, but we have got confused over reading the scale of the map,

I might give hundreds of instances in which the results of the solid criticism of the field has come in to oppose

the rash criticism of the study. In fact, I cannot but feel, the more I read on these subjects, that, in the main, our old records are contemporary documents. These may have been re-edited and the fragments re-arranged, but their witness to the times of which they speak is undoubted. In other words I believe the "journalistic" theory of Professor Cave has more external support than the "development" theory of Canon Driver and the higher critics generally, and, what is more important still, is the fact that every year's work increases that support. Four-fifths of the names mentioned in the books of the Old Testament have been identified, and this even includes those in Joshua and Judges. Such stories as those of Deborah, and Samson, and Saul, seeking over hill and dale for his father's asses, are found to be livingly correct. David's retreat in the cave of Adullam can now be accurately pictured, and as a result we can more confidently lean to the Davidic authorship of some of the Psalms, in which he says "Come, ye young men, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord." One of the Psalms tells how God did marvellous things of old in "the field of Zoan," which city again is spoken of, in another place, as founded seven years after Hebron, the Hittite city. Now in our days the mounds of San have been unearthed, and it is conclusively proved that Zoan was the favorite capital of the Delta in the days of the Hyksos Pharaohs

of the 16th dynasty, and a whole chapter of contemporary history can be made out, which is the background of the story of Joseph and Moses. The Bible is absolutely silent as to what transpired on the banks of the Nile between the death of Joseph and the birth of Moses, a period of about 300 years, but that gap can now be filled up, and every record of it makes the vivid and truthful character of the sacred narratives stand out more clearly. The Pharaohs that "knew Joseph" and those that "knew him not" turn out to be widely different dynasties, the former being themselves of nomad foreign origin, and therefore likely to have some kindly feeling for a pastoral household, whereas the Egyptians in general held shepherds in abomination. A portrait statue of Joseph's patron is now in the British Museum. A very interesting papyrus in the same collection tells us the story of how the vassal rulers of Thebes gathered force, and overthrew and turned out the Hyksos; and the recently discovered mummy of Ra Sekenen Ta-aaken, all torn and mangled, and slashed with battle axes, shows how the victor was slain in the hour of his triumph, leaving to another to head the line of Pharaohs who had no favour for the Semitic herdsmen of Goshen. The sacred and profane history fit in to each other like hand and glove.

The story of how Pharaoh dreamed his dreams, and how Joseph interpreted them, and managed the agricultural and eleemosynary affairs of Egypt for fourteen

years, is a favourite illustration in the writings of the higher critics of the absurd lengths to which credulity may go in dealing with myths. Now, however, some curious counter voices may be heard crying out from the stones. My authority here is none other than Brugsch Bey, who tells us of a tomb in Elkab of a certain man named Baba, who was dwelling at Thebes at the very time that Joseph was ruling at Memphis or Zoan. In his record of his life on the walls of his sepulchre, this man gives, first, an account of some years of unexampled plenty, and then, following the advice of some Joseph, adds, "I collected corn as a friend of the harvest god. I was watchful at the time of sowing, and when a famine arose, *lasting many years*, I distributed corn to the city each year of famine." A single year of famine is a rare phenomenon in that favoured land; a succession of such years is very rare indeed. The coincidence is therefore all the more striking.

The Exodus is, however, the most interesting of all possible illustrations of the need for a wise caution before we relegate a wonderful story to the tender mercy of a development theory. That the Yam Suph should be divided, that a single leader like Moses should outwit Pharaoh, that the chariot forces of Khem should be engulfed, that a mighty horde of slaves should emerge into freedom, and that all this should be gravely and minutely related by an eye witness, seemed

altogether too absurd for credence. The sole residuum of solid fact seemed to these critics to be that the Hebrews did get out of Egypt—all the rest was romantic drapery. Now, however, we can piece the Egyptian history together behind the Mosaic journal. We can see how Merenptah, an old man, was waiting till his first-born son was old enough to help his cowardly and weak father in setting the affairs of the empire right; how that youth grew to be a promising military champion; how Moses too was waiting for the right political moment; how all the incidents of that terrible duel between Merenptah and Moses are exactly accordant with the clockwork year of events on the banks of the Nile; how that son suddenly perished, presumedly in the tenth plague; how the Hebrews gathered at Rameses, and passed on to Pithom, both of which have been identified; how they were shut in in an awkward corner behind the sea, which at that time was twenty feet deeper than now; how the oozy ford of the "Sea of Reeds" was swept dry by a strong east wind; and how Pharaoh was up and after his fugitive slaves. Pharaoh was not drowned in the sea; he kept out of it. As was his habit, he preferred to let others do the work, and himself take all the glory; and what is more, I can find no specific statement in the Bible that he was drowned. Anyway he lived on a few miserable years, and we may now find monument after monument in which he deplores the loss of his brilliant

son, his only heir, and may read the recorded lesson of his terrible grief. The actual story of the Exodus is, of course, not to be found, but the historic background as it is being gradually revealed, fits in with wonderful accuracy into the minute sinuosities of the picture in our Bibles.

As I write this paper, there comes into my hands the last number of the English *Independent*, in which I find my friend Edward White is taking exactly the ground I assume in this discussion. He confines his attention solely to Genesis xiv., which tells us of the military doings of the peaceful patriarch Abraham. Behind the great name of Professor Sayce he "administers a lesson of caution to those gentlemen who have recently dismissed the biographies of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to the realms of mythology." "The higher criticism," says Sayce, "has long since relegated Melchizedek, along with Abraham who paid tithes to him, to the realms of myth. The names of the Canaanite kings were resolved into philological puzzles, and the whole account was demonstrated to be unhistorical. No armed expedition, it was alleged, made their way from the Euphrates or Tigris to Palestine until the much later days of the Assyrian conquest; and the last traces of history that were allowed to remain in the book of Genesis, were ruthlessly swept away." How does the matter stand now? That same Naram Sin to whom I referred as living and laying foundation stones,

3800 B.C., did actually invade that region 800 years or more before Abram. The invading kings of Genesis XIV. have been identified, and the whole campaign worked out. Cherdor-laomer, whom Abram vanquished, was, as it turns out, no petty desert sheikh, but a great potentate whom Abram had probably known before he left Ur of the Chaldees. Moreover, a number of Babylonian tablets have been unearthed at Tel-el-Amarna, in Egypt. They belong to the times between Joseph and Moses. Here we seem to meet with that strange and mighty personage Melchizedek as an actual man—a priest-king, whose temple stood at Ur-Salim, the city of the God of peace, to whom it was fitting that those who had driven the invaders out of Palestine should pay their offerings of gratitude.

This is a very large subject, and I cannot do more than illustrate it by a few examples. Had time permitted, I would have shown how in later years the unhistoric statements of Jeremiah as to the invasion of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar had been established as truth; how the historical facts of the book of Daniel do also bear evidence of being contemporary documents, and how the inscriptions of Nineveh are as able to corroborate Jewish history as are the hieroglyphs of Egypt. I have spoken rather of the older books, because in this controversy they are by far the most interesting and the most important.

I am prepared, as I have said, to sacrifice anything to truth, but I trust I have said enough to warn you against mistaking mere theories for proved conclusions, and to warrant us all in taking up an attitude of cautious and conservative waiting when assaults are made by the higher critics of the grammar and the dictionary upon our Scriptures. For my part I have more faith in the spade than the pen in settling these vexed questions, just because the spade gives us facts, while the pen is tempted to follow will-o'-the-wisps of imaginative hypothesis. Still, be the result what it may, I feel every confidence in the future. Christianity rests upon Christ, and not upon our theories concerning inspiration.

The history of New Testament criticism and its results may teach us the wise lesson of cautious patience amid all this hubbub over the older documents. The time was when objectors boldly asserted that all our New Testament was the outcome of the weak credulity or the pious fraud of the second century, and the life of our blessed Lord a mere crystallised collection of loyal and loving myths about the memory of an unfortunate Jewish patriot who came across the conservative forces of his time, and had to pay the penalty of a martyr's death. The epistles of Paul were pious forgeries, put together to serve a temporary purpose, and the writings of John were the inane rhapsodies of pious and mystical enthusiasts, who were as innocent of political wisdom

as they were of theology. We know now all this is changed. Inquiry has done its work. Most of these questions are set at rest for ever. The pendulum has swung back. First the four central epistles of Paul were stamped by honest sceptics as genuine, and then others of those same Pauline letters were marked as probably genuine. In course of time the three synoptic Gospels and the Acts were treated with becoming respect as the work of the middle of the first century. The Revelation was hurled back till it became to the critical mind one of the earliest of certain Christian writings; and now the fourth gospel is securing more and more advocacy among these critical anatomists themselves. We owe an enormous debt of gratitude to the higher critics for having given us the New Testament back into our hands. The book is like a fresh book to us, fuller than ever of light. The controversy has taught us much that is more precious to our faith than gold. When Paul's four Epistles were given to us, it suggested the thought how much of Christianity we should have if those were the whole of our first century writings, and likewise this further question, on what did the faith and the theology of the early Christians rest? They had no Gospels to give them an infallible life of Christ. They had no apostolic letters to give them an infallible standard of doctrine. Most of them had only a poor and incorrect translation of the Old Testament to quote from, and surely that was not infallible. There were

no universities and colleges where their young men could be educated for the episcopacy of the churches, and no Christian literature of any kind to help them, as far as we know. And yet they were Christians, and wrought hard for their Master, and did good service, and battled for the truth, and endured unheard-of oppression, and were faithful even unto death. The chance visit of an apostle in an age when there were no newspapers and no railways was but a poor compensation for the absence of a Bible and a Concordance. And yet they were Christians. On what, then, did their Christianity rest? Clearly not on a book. On what save on the actual, living, personal Christ, who had promised to be with his people always, and was but keeping his promise? And shall we doubt that promise now? Have we not found the witness in ourselves that He gave us that promise? Have we not learned to know Him and to love Him in Himself? Have we not faith in His redemption because we have proved it by experience? Our New Testament is a help, a comfort and a joy; but our grip of the hand of Christ is stronger than our critical judgment as to the manuscript evidences of a text or of a letter.

Thank God, however, we have got our New Testament after passing this critical Custom House, with only a few packages still kept back for further examination. Two or three contraband texts have been abstracted—that is all. Not a single whole book has been actually

confiscated, though the wise critics are not yet satisfied to let John's Gospel through. I believe, from such study of the evidence as I have been able to give, that it will emerge from the testing process all right. Let those who wish to get a calm, clear, and yet perfectly honest summary of this argument in reference to the New Testament, read the work of our common friend, Dr. Dale, on *The Christ and the Four Gospels*.

Now just as there is a swinging back of the pendulum in this critical treatment of the New Testament, so I believe will the pendulum swing back in the critical estimate of the Old Testament. And this is not a mere "belief" produced by an ardent wish; it is a conviction born of the fact that the higher criticism fails to understand the force of that accumulating mass of evidence which comes to hand, year after year, from the labours of the explorers into the fields of Biblical archæology.

LEARNING IN THE PULPIT.

An Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of Union College.

Let me at this time speak of that defence of a course of college study, and of the development of the mind and heart of the minister to the highest attainable degree of culture and erudition, which may be gathered

from the circumstances of the times, and from the dictates of prudence and common sense; and here I would remark:—

1. The ministerial conscience demands as large a measure of culture as can be attained.

An engineer does not like to attempt to build a bridge unless he has learned the first principles of his art; and a wise public sentiment in its jealous guardianship over the lives and limbs of the people will say that unskilled men shall not flatter their own vanity and endanger their neighbours by building bad and rickety roadways.

We call that man a quack who, without due study of anatomy, physiology, and *materia medica*, attempts to override the wisdom of the profession by his empirical nostrums, and the law quite rightly deals somewhat severely with any such pretender, and puts him in danger of the Coroner.

An ambitious father would be very foolish who would set his son up as an attorney (even if the law did not hinder him) when he had no further knowledge of law than what he had got by a little gentlemanly reading of Blackstone, and by having on his shelves, rather than in his brain, the portly volumes of the South Australian statutes. For every learned profession the youthful aspirants feel that they must prepare themselves by hard study and discipline. There is no

royal road to proficiency in any branch of erudition. Work—hard work—is the gateway to every temple of fame or sphere of usefulness, and genius (as Lord Brougham defines it) is nothing else but the faculty of working hard.

Now, whatever shallow talkers may say about the ministry, I hold that our high calling is no exception. The honest conscience of the young aspirant after leadership in the ranks of the Church militant bids him feel that he is too ignorant for the burden that he covets, and that in justice to his own honor, to the age he would enlighten, and to that God of truth whom he serves, he must toil up the ladder of efficiency by labor, by industry, and by experience. A few aberrant and brilliant exceptions may occur, but, as in other things, exceptions are of use to prove the rule. Now and then a Spurgeon may suddenly appear in the midst of our Church life; but, as if to uphold the cause I am advocating, we find that one of Mr. Spurgeon's most cherished and most successful schemes is his "Pastor's College."

The rising ministry demands of itself that it should be cultured, because—1. Truth is many-sided, and Christianity bears relationship to all truth. It is impossible to separate the doctrines of Christian theology from the facts and principles which form the stores of human knowledge and history. No man can

understand divinity who does not also embrace in his thoughts much that lies beyond divinity. History, politics, philosophy, law, science, and art—all have a side which touches the Christian system. Since the coming of our Lord all history has been modified by the morality which He unfolded by the redemptive story of His death and by the theology which His disciples built thereupon. Even Gibbon, so little inclined though he be to favor the religion of Jesus with any notice save what may be wrapped up in a sneer, in writing his great historic panorama of the fall of Rome and the rise of modern Europe, is constrained to make his immortal story little else than a history of the Church. All modern laws in the various nations of Europe and America can be followed up to that singular union between the teachings of Jesus and the stern system of Roman law which came to pass in the time of Justinian; and our statute books would lose half their meaning if by some subtle process of legal chemistry all the influences of the religion of Jesus could be driven off. The result would be like what would accrue if we were to place a rose in a crucible and watch the process. The crucible might contain a few grains of white ash, and in the air might float a little gas and watery vapor, but the rose with its fragrance, its color, and its form would be gone. That political life runs into sacred as well as social questions is abundantly shown by the busy ferment of almost

all the nations of Europe over Church difficulties. The Church has been everywhere married to the State, and like some other matrimonial unions it has not produced the coveted never-ending honeymoon which is expected to follow upon every wedding. Christianity is now busy about a divorce, but how to obtain a divorce is a problem which is taxing wiser heads than ours among the statesmen of Germany, Italy, and England. We in this colony are to some extent under the same compulsion. Happily, the union of State and Church never even reached the state of wooing and coquetry; but that does not alter the fact that all our laws, our institutions, and our usages are based on Christianity. Every politician must perforce be a student of Christianity in any Christian land, and every student of Christianity must in some measure be a politician.

That philosophy has its relations to Christianity no one can doubt, for in many ages metaphysics and divinity have been almost synonymous terms, and those who have professedly broken loose from the restraints and fetters of revealed doctrines in their flights into realms of transcendental or empirical enquiry have unwittingly carried with them many links of their chain closely welded to their wrists. The Gnostics, the later Stoics, the neo-Platonists, the Sceptics, were all more or less professed theologians or professed antagonists of theology. The English Deists; the German school

which arose with Kant, and passed into the sublimely incomprehensible in Hegel; the Scotch metaphysicians with the wonderful thinker, Hamilton, at their head; the modern followers of Comte, and Mill, and Spencer, have so close a relation to Christian truth that no Christian can understand the thought of his age without knowing something of them, and no one can understand them without knowing Christianity. A singular illustration of this fact is afforded by the tone of the public address of Professor Tyndall to the British Association, which reads almost like a lecture about theology. Whatever truth there lies in the affirmations of conscience, or of experience, must be allied to so deep-seated a creed as that which we are learning; and, as Kant puts it, the three ultimate questions of divinity—God, the soul, and immortality—must ever be the three ultimate problems of philosophy.

That no one can grasp the meaning of art without knowing also the meaning of the religious life of the world, is evident to any one who thinks for a moment of the facts of the case. The grandest buildings in the world are Christian temples, on whose aspiring pinnacles and fretted buttresses have effloresced in stone the breathing thoughts and Christian yearnings of bygone ages. The finest paintings in the world are Christian paintings, just because, in treating sacred subjects the painter has been taken out of himself, and made a nobler man than when putting on his canvas



an Apollo or a Venus, or even when depicting a scene of natural beauty. Would you point to the finest Raphael, you would select his Transfiguration of Jesus. Would you select the noblest work of Michael Angelo, you would choose his Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel or his statue of Moses in San Pietro. Would you seek for where Rubens rises highest in his art you would pass by his fleshy Flemish beauties, his vivid scenes of rustic simplicity or courtly luxury, and, entering the Cathedral of Antwerp, would point with wondering praise to his Descent from the Cross. The history of the world's worship of beauty runs side by side with the world's feeling for Christ.

Thus far the widespread relationships of Christianity may be acknowledged ; but some will demur, both on the one side and the other, to say the same for science. Between these two there is a sort of chronic antagonism, which, like certain other venerable quarrels, is very foolish and very faulty. There really ought to be nothing between them to make them fall out. It is the old story of the big-endians and the little-endians over again. It reminds me of two noble but fiery youths of whom I have heard, who quarrelled no one knew why, mutually challenged each other, passed some time in getting ready for the mortal combat and finally met, when the one struck his sword in the earth, burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "What a couple of fools we are to fight when we ought to be

the best friends in the world." This reconciliation between science and religion has not yet, however, come to pass; though the fact that the Victoria Institute of Christian Scientists numbers over 500 members in Britain proves that the conflict is rather between some two or three noisy talkers on both sides than between the serried ranks of two armies. The fact is, science, with all its fairy tales of truth and its boundless region of wonders, is ours. We claim it as an adjunct, an ally, and a companion. It is our God whose voice is heard in the solemn silence of the moving worlds; it is He who speaks in those arrangements which we call the laws of nature, and He it is who smiles upon us in the many-hued beauties of animated creation; and when God speaks we know His voice, and are bound to listen. We believe that God has also spoken in revelation—then, if so, if we be loyal to God, we must listen at the portals of His temple of nature as well as stand gazing at the far-off gates of the theological New Jerusalem. The Bible is full of the science of its day, and that science moved its writers to holier thought and emotion; and now that the realms of science are opening around us into never-ending vistas of light and knowledge, let us not blind our eyes to their supernal splendors, or shut our ears to their celestial harmonies. I would have every student for the ministry a student of science, did his time permit it; I know well to how rich a storehouse of

thought, of comfort, and of power it can introduce him, and how valuable it is, if for nothing else, as a recreation for his exhausted faculties—a recreation which affords them a better rest in its gently stimulating exercise than can be obtained from any condition of absolute repose.

2. The ministry demands of itself a high standard of culture, because the Bible which it has to expound is a difficult book.

It is a common saying that the gospel is very simple, so simple that even a child can understand it; and that the Bible needs no note or comment for any reader to find his way into its innermost and sunniest truths. This saying I do not dispute, but the facts on which it rests have also another side. If Scripture be so very simple, how does it come to pass that men do so differ in its interpretation? and that its elucidation absorbs more literary skill than any other subject in the world? There are more books on theology and exegetics than on any other of the many themes which attract or absorb erudite attention. I know not, nor have any means of knowing, the extent of the world's Christian literature; but on the one subject of the doctrine of the future life Mr. Abbot has issued a catalogue, which contains no fewer than 4,978 separate works, and I do not think that the literature of this department of theology is more voluminous than that of any other.

No man, without sacrificing his self-respect, can deem it a trifling matter to be an expounder of so many-sided a system of doctrine, or an interpreter of a book so prolific of controversies as the Bible. A young man glowing with love to Jesus, and expending his energies in the modest work of a Sunday-school teacher, wishes to become a preacher of the truth which has so transfigured and ennobled his life and destiny. He turns to the Bible, and at a glance detects that some parts of it are easy and plain, and others quite the reverse. He tries to solve some difficulty, and is at once confronted with the idea that the book he is using is only a translation, and he must learn the original tongues. One of these languages is the comparatively popular and splendid language of the Greeks, but he is told at the outset that the New Testament Greek is very different from ordinary classical Greek. The other is the archaic crabbed and long-defunct language of the ancient Israelites, and even that varies so far that Old Testament literature is commonly divided under two heads, Hebrew and Chaldee. Then as he looks into the New Testament, he is confronted with an array of competing texts, and these texts are founded upon an examination of some hundreds of MSS., versions and patristic quotations from which the peculiarities, blunders, and perversions of transcribers, editors, and translators have to be eliminated. The same may be said of the Old Testament, and its famous

Greek translation. So the young student sees plenty of work before him; but no sooner does he begin such studies than he finds competing books, apocryphal histories, prophecies and poems, false gospels and spurious epistles. He has to pass them in review, and in so doing must perforce weigh in his balances the evidences on which he must finally rest his acceptance of the very books he traditionally deems sacred, and study at the same time the great question as to what is meant by their inspiration.

All this is but preliminary. Passing within the portals of the word, he finds himself involved in intricate questions of archæology, of the history of forgotten nations, of chronology, and of geography. He begins to feel that he must study all the historical records of ancient Oriental nations, all the monuments of Egypt, Nineveh, and Persepolis; dive into the depths of hieroglyphics and cuneiform writings; flounder for a while in the mud of the traditions of Manetho and Eratosthenes; pass thence into questions of race and climate; take up natural history and geology, that he may understand the meaning of a hundred allusions in the Bible to such subjects, and finally emerge some day acquainted with the mere material of his Bible.

But even this stage is but preliminary. He has still to get at the theological truth which is enshrined in so costly and strange a cabinet; and as he surveys this

field he finds that various avenues of approach are opening before him, which come from dim and far-distant regions, each one of which he is tempted to explore. One from the realms of Oriental theosophy with the mystical Zoroaster sitting enthroned on his intellectual throne somewhere along its course. Another, along the sunlit, brilliant regions of Greek literature and philosophy; and another, reaching along the Nile banks, among the mysteries of the temples of Isis and Osiris. For from each of these, and from many other sources, have come contributions to the thought, the doctrine, and the literary garniture of the Scriptures. Moreover, theology itself, in the pages of Scripture, is the subject of a perpetual development from the dawn of truth to the full daylight of the days of Jesus and his Apostles. He finds, likewise, that the life of Christ has its relations with the past—so full of types and symbols, and hidden analogies and prophecies. It has also its own unique character, which rounds it off from both the past and the future as the most perfect illustration of the divinely human in the world's history. And it has its relation with the future; for in the days of the Apostles the theology of the Church was divinely crystallised into system, or rather formed into a young vigorous tree, which has been growing ever since, producing new fruit and more copious foliage age after age, till there seems to be no limit to its abundance, its variety, or its beauty. It sprang up as a tree of life from the tomb of Emanuel,

and now it "yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." The study of what we call Church history and the history of Christian doctrines is nothing else than the study of the growth of that wondrous tree.

It may be that to compass all this round of erudition and enquiry is impossible. It may be that a very long lifetime joined with genius and industry would be needed even to survey the field. It may be true that we can never get beyond the portals of this magnificent domain of truth. I grant it; but I hold that the first thing for any man to learn is to know how little he knows, and that *ea quæ scimus sunt pars minima eorum quæ ignoramus*. In our very modest college course we can at least try to unlearn our juvenile lessons of conceit, and begin on a new basis of humility to do our work for God. Our discussions, our studies, our difficulties, our triumphs, will at least make us stronger and better than if we nourish a spirit of childish pride. If we do not come to know everything, we shall, at all events, find in all that we do acquire that the Bible is more than ever a grand old book, and is the preachers' inexhaustible fountain of inspired thought. We shall learn to bless God that He has not wrapped up His revelation in a dry catechism, or a legal code, or in the articles of a confession, but has enshrined it in a true life-history, which reflects human and divine thoughts and experiences, in the joys and sorrows, the sins and aspirations,

the sad mistakes, and the glorious spiritual victories of those who have been seeking after God, and longing for rest and certainty. Better far to have it thus than for the world to be quieted by the opiate of a faultless creed, which has no perplexities and no shades. Better far the tangled beauty of the sunlight when broken up among the flowers and the foliage and the cliffs and the cascades of a green mountain glade than the pure, unadulterated white but terrible blaze of a changeless desert sun. There is nothing so cheerless as monotonous splendor. Change, struggle, difficulty, are the parents of all true beauty, nobility, and godlikeness. It would not do for the heart to be always "adrowse in a hush of stagnant sunshine," if the heart is to be worth anything. It would not do for the intellect to be fed with crystalline forms of truth if it be destined to grow strong. We cannot see how the Church of Jesus could have become that living potency that it is, working within human life to make it submit to the will of God, if all had been smooth and pleasant. Difficulty has been the rough guardian of the youthful Church struggling against force and fraud to overcome the world by its faith, and difficulty is the kindly but severe nurse of her aspiring disciples, who are called of God to be champions in the battle.

If biblical questions do really cover so wide a field, I think you will confess that I have interpreted aright your feelings, and your consciences as students for the

ministry, when I say that honesty to ourselves and our work, as well as our duty to our Master, God, demands of us that we aspire to as high and as reverent a status of culture as it is possible for us to obtain.

II. I would remark, secondly, that the Church life in which we live requires culture in its ministers.

Others besides artists can tell a good picture when they see it, others besides poets can read and enjoy poems, and in like manner others than those who have been braced by the intellectual athletics of study can value and appreciate learning. Most of the people to whom you will be called to minister will be innocent of that range of thought to which I have referred, but it is a great mistake to suppose that therefore they do not value the trained efficiency of those to whom they wish to look up with respect as their chosen teachers. The establishment of this and other colleges is a proof of what I say. The very means by which our academy lives have come, and still come, from the liberality of our laymen. It used to be cast up against the Non-conformist Churches of England that they were rude and uncultured, and that there were few or no scholars among the ministers. This was rather unfair, seeing that the one dominant Church monopolised all the opportunities for national university training. Even Dr. Arnold, in speaking of certain sections of the Church of England, excuses the illiberality and narrow-mindedness of the dissenters by adding, "but then

they have more excuse, in belonging generally to a lower class in society, and not having been taught Aristotle and Thucydides." But though this was, perhaps, the case they did not rest in their lowly and bucolic state, but aspired towards something better. There was never much sympathy among most of our churches with that feeling that a course of study was fitted expressly "to spoil good preachers." Among some good people there used to be no sympathy with what are irreverently called "man-made ministers," and "parsons manufactured to order." "Don't send your son to college, ma'am," said a village Chadband in Lancashire; "there's no unction, ma'am, no unction in Greek; let him stick to his Bible. I never studied their Greek and their logic, and I flatter myself I know my Bible. I believe, ma'am, that the devil invented logic." An opinion which reminds me of the words of Mephistopheles to the student in Goethe's Faust:—

"I should wish to make
 You first a course of logic take,
 For 'tis an art by which the mind
 Is nicely fettered and confined;
 Laced up in Spanish boots, it creeps
 Discreetly o'er the paths of thought."

The common sentiment of our Churches led them to found the very best colleges they could. They wrought hard to break up the University monopoly by assisting the Government to establish the now famous University

of London, which was to be truly national, and free from sectarian trammels; and finally they have obtained the tardy boon of having at last the free entry into the ancient seats of learning at Oxford and Cambridge. Our Churches may cry out for good preachers, but they know that the good preaching of any ministry, be it a stated or an itinerant ministry, must be the result of the minister's own cultured and well-stored mind. Common sense tells everybody that one cannot be always drawing water out of a cistern only half full, and that no man can be always teaching unless he be always learning. "If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind—it is drinking out of a pond instead of from a spring." So writes Dr. Arnold to a schoolmaster, and his words are even more applicable to the ministry. "You need not think," he adds, "that your own reading will now have no object because you are engaged with young boys. Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge tells immediately upon them, and indeed I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily." None are more conscious of this than those to whom a minister preaches. While surrounding their chosen pastor, if he be a true man of God, with an atmosphere of kindness and love, they are equally intolerant of a plagiarist on the one hand—that is, a man who uses other men's thoughts instead of his own—and of a lazy or blatant talker on the

other, who thinks he has no need of other men's thoughts to strengthen his own. They respect the man who is abreast of his age, or who strives to be so, and for him they will have brotherly sympathy even in his poorest efforts for their good. For him they will never grudge the hours spent in study, but will believe that their minister is working for God and for them in all the accumulations of knowledge that he struggles to acquire.

Besides, we must not forget that the tendency of the age is towards a more general condition of culture. The popularity of our University examinations is sure to cause the more wide diffusion among the people of the rudiments of a higher scholarship. It will raise the national ideal of an educated mind. Our public and private schools are already feeling its influence. Those who have won the honor of being undergraduates, or who carry off certificates of the Civil Service examinations, will soon be found in all our congregations. And though this may not imply a high standard of scholarship, it nevertheless tells us that it will never do for the ministry of the Word of God to occupy such a position as to make these beginners able to sneer at the faulty logic of the pulpit, or to laugh at the crude conceit of earnest ignorance. We do not desiderate in the ministry of the age that its entire sympathy should be with literature. Our colleges do not aim at turning out schoolmasters or pressmen ;

we leave that to the University. But we do wish that those who come forth from your ranks may be men of God, needing not to be ashamed, able to teach others also.

For both these two reasons therefore I advocate the utmost development of education in the ministry of our Churches. The honest conscience of the preacher demands it. The felt needs of our Churches require it.

1. A college course of study cannot furnish a man with a complete stock of material for future use. Some good people I know have this notion. I used often to be amused with the remarks I was wont to hear among the cottagers of Lancashire when I was a student. "What a power of larning you fellows must get put in there, enough to last, I suppose, all your life." One man, a small manufacturer, irreverently compared what we acquired to the stock of wool he had bought in a cheap season—so much wool to be woven into exactly so much cloth. You study to help you to study. You are rather gaining strength and skill than material. That which you have to set yourselves to learn is, what are the instruments you will have to use, and how to use them. The languages are your working tools, philosophy is your mental gymnasium, and criticism and homiletics are the regions where you learn how to employ those tools and that acquired strength. No tutor, however skilful, can turn out good ministers. The real

work is that which the student himself puts forth. The result system may perhaps do very well with boys, but not with men. An aspirant for the ministry must be his own inspector and his own examiner.

2. A college course may be of immense service in showing a man where he is weak, and in thus preventing him from attempting what he is unfit for. It's an old saying, and very true, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" and nowhere is this more true than in theological controversy. If I see a young man, ignorant of Church history, and innocent of mediæval learning, but animated by a Protestant horror of the evils of Romanism, proceed to measure swords with some redoubtable champion of the Papal Church, I tremble for him, and think that if he knew a little more he would be silent till he had come to know a great deal more than he does. The character of many of the arguments which have been employed against the popular heresies of our day is such that if the writers had studied the questions a little more they would never have uttered them. It is ignorance that often inspires the talkers on both sides; a little more knowledge would act as an opiate pill to quiet them down into a more becoming humility.

3. An essential requisite to your progress will be found in patience. No man can learn everything in a week. The amazing skill in gaining an insight into themes

which some men possess is the reward of patience, exercised, perhaps, very painfully in earlier days. Cardinal Mezzofanti learned a new language in one night; but even he could not have done so if, when a young man, he had not wrought laboriously at the rudiments of Latin and Greek. Dr. Chalmers would write one of his wondrous sermons in shorthand in an hour and a quarter, but that was because he had braced his mind by years of previous study and practice. It was demanded by the ribald Court of Versailles of Bourdaloue that he should preach an extempore sermon on a text chosen for him. He would not have accepted the challenge, nor accepting it have astounded his auditors, had he not been a disciplined thinker and a practised orator. Knowledge and the power to use it, thought and the skill of thinking, can only be obtained by patiently waiting for them. All excellence of character, whether physical or mental or spiritual, is only to be gained by the steady, patient, earnest runner in the race, who, seeing the prize before him, does not attempt by short cuts to gain it prematurely.

4. And lastly, a college course can only truly prosper when it is sanctified by intense personal devotion to God. That intimate union of the soul of man with the infinite God, which is more or less the heritage of every Christian, should be sought by the student as his very life. It should be the atmosphere in which he breathes, the light in which he basks. It, and it alone, can save

him from degenerating into the spirit of the mere pedagogue, the literary dilettante, or the showy religious talker. If he dwell much with God when he studies, his very study will be a service of communion; and when he mounts the pulpit, however crude or juvenile his efforts may be, the fire of God will burn in his words, and irradiate his being. The temptations of the student are very many, but God can keep him through them all. His very life seems to compel him to omit, as it were, one petition from the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," for his pathway leads through perilous and novel and enchanting dangers; but he need not fear if he sincerely adds the words, "But deliver us from evil." You, my friends, will never prosper, however you may toil in literary diligence, unless you are bound to the throne of God by prayer. I ask you, therefore, that you will this year aim at excelling in diligence, in patience, in attention, in care; but I entreat you yet more earnestly that you practically endorse Martin Luther's famous sentence, "*Bene orasse est bene studuisse*"—to have prayed well is to have studied well. Do not aim at being classical scholars merely, or philosophers, or literary pedants, but "covet earnestly the best gifts." Seek to become true students, that you may become true ministers, true preachers, and true pastors; therefore work and pray, study and trust. The secret of your success lies deeper than in any of the splendid adornments of erudition; it is to be found in earnestness

of purpose and devotion to God. You remember the legend of Sir Galahad, the holy knight of King Arthur, how he sought for, and how he often missed, and how at last he found the Blessed Grail, and bore it under his robe.

People knew he had found it, for

“ Where he came the smiles came forth, where he left the tears.
 Spur nor charger needed he,
 Sword, nor shield, nor mail;
 Not a foe was left to flee
 From the Holy Grail.”

People knew he had found it, and many envied him, and some would have robbed him in their greed, deeming the Holy Grail to be something to be measured by money ; but

“ When he died, with reverent care opened they his vest,
 Seeking for the cup he bore hidden in his breast ;
 Nothing found they to their will, nothing found at all—
 In his bosom, deeper still, lay the Sangreal.”

TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

Notes of a Sermon preached at Stow Church, January 29th, 1893.

It is not my intention to give a lecture on Tennyson as a poet, but to utter a few thoughts on his influence upon the religious movements of this age. Every true poet is or ought to be a teacher. He is at once the

product of his age, and its mouthpiece. This is especially true of the late poet laureate. He began his long career just at the time when England was awaking from the slumbrous mental quietude of the eighteenth century, and has lived almost through the ambitions and the agonies of the Victorian age, as an intelligent observer and a clear-voiced prophet. Unlike some other poets he came into the struggle of life with many advantages. Unlike Burns or Keats he started in the race amid surroundings that were helpful. Poverty, neglect, and ignorance, never thwarted him. He was born to a goodly heritage of honoured family character, and, after a good schoolboy's training, distinguished himself as a scholar at one of the national universities. From what we know of him as a youth he was animated by a poet's intense love of beauty, a scientist's hunger for facts, an Englishman's delight in his own beloved land, and a Christian's reverence for spiritual truth. All those four characteristics have grown with his years. His poetic pen never lost its exquisite cunning. His mind was ever ready to accept new discoveries, and to make a place for them, if possible, in his philosophy. His patriotism made him the eloquent singer of national song. His piety enabled him to interpret for others the wondrous relations between this age and the problems of religion. He was in short a cultured English Christian gentleman, gifted with a marvellous poetic talent. One of his own youthful poems seems

to give us an autobiographical picture at once of his moral character and his spiritual ambition.

“ The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above ;
 Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
 The love of love.
 He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
 He saw thro' his own soul ;
 The marvel of the everlasting will,
 An open scroll,
 Before him lay——”

Every thinker as he puzzles over the problems of sin and sorrow, life and death, time and eternity, is tempted to look on the dark or the bright side of things. A Christian thinker, however, feels that an unseen hand is guiding him, and an unseen finger is pointing him, to select by God's inspiration the brighter aspects of the problems. No Christian heart, that is true to itself, can be a pessimist for long. Christianity is in fact an inspired optimism. Tennyson gives us the true key-note of his prophetic message in a short luscious poem with which he closes his earlier volume, published in 1842, which ends thus,

“ The nightingale thought I have sang many songs,
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be,
 When the years have died away.”

This was his own conception of his mission in those early sunny days of youth, before passing into the more bitter experiences of life. But, as we all know, to

every man upon this earth there comes a great testing time as the years roll by. Love, sorrow, ambition, bereavement, failure, success will be woven into the fabric of every noble soul, and each of these changing motives will add a new richness in development. He was, however, ever true to his mission. He built every experience into the edifice of his ideal, and so, as the spire of his character rose higher and higher, and fresh carven beauties were added thereto—here a buttress, there a pinnacle, and there an oriel window—he placed, high over all, the cross and crown of Christ, symbols of man's hope beyond the tomb.

Tennyson's was essentially a private life. He shunned publicity from his earliest days. He wished to be known to the world only through his books, but it turned out in his case that his noblest poem was to be the direct lesson of a sad private and personal experience. He formed a close college friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian. The two young men were like David and Jonathan—the soul of one was knit with the soul of the other. Many plans did they form together, and together discussed as young men will, all things in heaven and earth. For four years their friendship grew. “But,” says he,

“When the path we walked, began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the shadow, feared of man,
Who brake out fair companionship.

And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt the formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip,
And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
That shadow sits and waits for me."

Hallam died when on a visit, for his health's sake, to the Continent. "God's finger touched him and he slept," says his friend. He died at Vienna, and the body was brought home to be buried in the family tomb of the Hallams, in the graveyard of the quaint little church of Clevedon, near Bristol. This event it was that suggested and inspired that marvellous collection of religious poems which he called "In Memoriam." They dropped from his pen at intervals during four years. They are all in one metre, but they touch upon many themes. Words of joy and sorrow, doubt and faith, quiet home pictures, wild descriptions, birthday and wedding songs, deep speculations, and tender memories are woven into one beauteous wreath of poesy, and placed by the widowed hands upon the grave of his friend. It is in this poem that the religious opinions and thoughts of Tennyson are exhibited most clearly. It is in this poem that Tennyson becomes the personal friend and companion of the lonely baffled thinker. It is here that we find those guesses at truth which seem to breathe an inspiration from on high. It is here that the rhymster becomes a prophet, who has a message to

those who are mourning; a message which he has learned in his own deep communings with God. It is here that while he seems so sadly in earnest, his skill as an artist is most perfect, and his manipulation of the English language is at its best. From this poem have been culled many phrases which the world will not willingly allow to die, but place among the jewels of expression. It is here that we first meet with "The larger hope," "The grand old name of gentleman," "Ring in the Christ that is to be," "Truth embodied in a tale shall enter in at lowly doors," and also that couplet which is the text of the poem,

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

I remember with pleasure how, when I was in England many years ago, I paid a visit to Clevedon, and how every feature of the surrounding country is eloquent in illustration of the poem. The "old yew" in the graveyard, the "four hamlets" with their answering bells, the tide washing the cliff on which the little church stands, the tablet in the chancel inscribed with "the letters of his name and the number of his years," the "cold baptismal font," entwined at Christmas with holly boughs; these and many other things told me how absolutely true to fact were the descriptions of the scene. The place is now redolent with a double presence, the presence of him who had passed away and the presence of the living poet.

But I wish in what I am now saying to emphasise the prophetic voice of the dead poet. How is it that so many of us confess that he has been to us one of the formative forces of our life, that we look upon him almost as a rescued sailor might regard him who had thrown out a life-line, and drawn us into the cleft of the rock of ages, and that we have come to regard him with a personal reverence and a love for which it is difficult to find expression.

In this age of scientific doubtings he taught the world to have faith in human nature. However, man came to be what he is, whatever science may say concerning his evolution from lower forms, there is now in man's soul that which cries out for a living God. He is not a "cunning cast in clay." Men are not

" the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die."

No, man has something in him which is akin with God. "Crying he knows his Father near." He is one who can trust "that God is love indeed, and love creation's final law," in spite of many things which "shriek against his creed." He is capable of impulses which ought to lead him to aim at a high ideal, and to behold and grasp the "Holy Grail;" impulses which are oftentimes thwarted by sin, but still are there. He is not yet what he may be and will be. To him, if he will but struggle and overcome, will be given to "eat of the

tree of life which is in the paradise of God." This splendid vision of hope is to be found in all Tennyson's poems, and it is this that makes them so helpful. Perhaps, however, in none is it expressed so tenderly and exquisitely as in those two companion lyrics, "St. Agnes," and "Sir Galahad." In the former, the maiden looking out on the sunny landscape says, as she contrasts her taper with the brilliant moonlight,

"So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee:
 So in my earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord, and far,
 Through all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me Thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean."

In many of his later poems he unites this thought with his conception of social evolution and prophesies of a golden time for the race on earth, as well as for the individual in the mystic future.

"Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning age of ages
 Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape.
 Prophet eyes may catch a glory, slowly gaining on the shade,
 Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in chorus,
 Hallelujah to the Maker, 'It is finished—man is made!'"

2. The poet is possessed with an intense faith in a living God. The existence of God is not to be apprehended by logical proof, so much as by an intuition which is higher than reasoning, and goes deeper than

any syllogism can reach. A God who could be demonstrated is not such a God as we seek. This is the way in which the Bible deals with this great question. "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." The oldest written creed of the Church does not begin by saying, "I have roved the existence of God the Father Almighty," but asserts it to be known only by faith. With the poet all the experiences of human life, all the questioning of science, all the guesses of philosophy, all the works of nature tell of a living God.

"Speak to Him for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet;
God is law, say the wise, O soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunders by law, the thunder is yet His voice."

These words are quoted from one of his later poems, but the same lesson is even more eloquently set forth in one of the cantos of "In Memoriam" (No. 123), beginning, "That which we dare invoke to bless."

3. The poet is animated by a faith in human virtue as a divine reality. He is no utilitarian. His doctrine is not that because honesty is the best policy therefore a man should be honest. Conscience is more than an inherited instinct, it is a divine voice. Right is right, be the consequences what they may. The golden rule is the law of God, and ought to be the law of human life. There is no true beauty save in what is good, and no goodness save in what is divine.

"Howe'er it be it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood."

So says the disappointed suitor of the Lady Clara, and with him agrees the hero of the monologue, "Maud," who after many a mistake awakes at last to a better mind, and says,

"It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

This faith in virtue for its own sake, and as an inspiration of God, makes him not only an idealistic but a wise practical reformer. He it is who has lashed with his sarcasm both the pampered aristocrat and the money-loving tradesman, who have worshipped rank or gold instead of truth; who has also made the stories of the "Beggar-maid," and "Enoch Arden," and the "City Clerk" to be beautiful, because pervaded by a true morality. To Tennyson we owe much in the way of healthy reform. His romantic account of the strong-minded princess, surrounded by her "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair," has done more towards the recognition of the rights and powers of womanhood than any other book ever published. His patriotic songs have fired the national heart. He has told us of old England that it is

"The land, where girl with friends or foes,
 A man may speak the thing he will."

He has described its history when he calls it

"A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down,
From precedent to precedent."

But he adds a wise word of caution in his very praise,
for he goes on,

"Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusing thought,
Hath time and space to work and spread."

He would have England great because she deserves to be great. Not power, or wealth, or military prowess can make a people blessed, but freedom wedded with virtue, and patriotism based on righteousness.

4. The poet rises to his grandest height as the prophet of the hope of personal immortality. For him the other world is ever present in imagination as the completion of this. For him death is the portal to life, and the entrance into a larger sphere of being. On this theme he is ever pondering. No pleasure can make him forget it. No materialism can blind him to the sunlight of his hope, and lead him to dread "dropping into vacant darkness," and ceasing to be. No pantheistic metaphysics can teach him so "unsweet" a creed as that

"Each who seems a separate soul
Shall move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self, again shall fall,
Remerging in the general whole."

No "devil-born" doubt can rob him of his vision of "that life that lives for evermore," or cheat him into agnostic despair, or rob him of his sacred fellowship with the unseen world. Beautifully is this set forth in his "In Memoriam," written when he was a young man, and again, with equal beauty and pathos, in that last short lyric which was sung by a weeping nation around his grave in Westminster Abbey. In his early years, guided by what he calls "the creed of creeds," which Jesus wrought out "in loveliness of perfect deeds," he reached a strong faith. He had lost his friend, but he had found him again. He knew him to be alive with God. He had felt him ever near. He had trusted in due time to join him. He had said of him,

"Thy voice is on the rolling air :
I hear thee where the waters run :
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.
Far off thou art, but ever nigh,
I hear thee still and I rejoice,
I prosper circled with thy voice,
I shall not lose thee though I die."

Long, long years rolled by after writing these words. The ardent youth grew into the venerable sage, and still he lived on, and still he waited, animated by the same holy faith; and in his old age, as he felt the end coming nearer, he sang of his own death in words that will never die, and tells us,

"Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me,
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound or foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark,
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark ;
 For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
 When I have crossed the bar."

The very last of his printed poems is set in the same key. He takes his farewell of the world of readers in words which will ever be memorable.

"The face of death is towards the sun of life,
 His shadow darkens earth ; his truer name
 Is " Onward ; " no discordance in the roll
 And march of that eternal harmony
 Whereto the worlds beat time, though faintly heard,
 Until the great hereafter. Mourn in hope ! "

Tennyson was thus an intensely religious poet, but he was no hymn writer. I have only heard of two of his lyrics being ever sung by a Christian congregation. But he did what was better : he has been the teacher and guide of the pastors of the Church in their lonely hours of thought. Many are the prayers that he has

suggested, and many are the sermons that he has inspired, and much of the strong ethical vigour of modern preaching of our day is the direct outcome of his influence. No tongue can tell the debt of gratitude that we all, both teachers and taught, owe to him. His winged words have been like winged seeds that have been blown into the crevices of the hard granite rocks of conservative dogmatism, and there have taken root and grown, and split the crags of prejudice quietly but strongly. His career has shown that it is possible for a man to be filled full of the spirit of our times, and yet to be devout, and prayerful, and full of faith, and to live near to God. His works will live as long as there are left on earth those who, amid the entanglements of nature, are still craving for faith and hope and the assurance of a divine presence. Let me conclude by quoting his own prayer with which he closes his "In Memoriam." And well will it be if we can make it truly our own.

“ O living well that shall endure,
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise inspired rock.
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,
That we may lift from out the dust,
A voice as unto Him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years,
To Him that with us works; and trust
With faith that comes of self control,
Those truths that never can be proved,
Until we close with all we loved,
And all will flow from soul in soul.

JOHN'S DEFENCE OF THE MESSIAHSHIP OF JESUS.

Preached before the Congregational Union of Victoria, 8th May, 1865.

“And we know that the Son of God is come and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life.”—I John v. 20.

No one of the characters who appear in the New Testament clustered around the great central personage—the Saviour—so interests us, as John, the son of Zebedee. As the subject of biography we are struck with his singularly long life, protracted far beyond the ordinary term, and still more with a most remarkable personal change wrought not by external circumstances but by a new spiritual life-power which possessed him when he came in contact with Jesus and never left him. We first meet with him in the full vigour of early youth, with a character which obtained for him the surname of Boanerges. Tradition gives us a last glimpse of him as a venerable, kind, old man of nearly five score, so enfeebled as to be borne on a litter into the midst of his flock at Ephesus, and summing up his advice and his doctrine in his favourite words—“Little children, love one another.” From the position of an honest, humble, intelligent fisherman at Bethsaida, he advances to be the writer of the life of the Saviour and of the boldest prophecies of the Bible; employing as the vehicle of his

thoughts in his life of Jesus, a diction singularly pure and beautiful. He is employed by God to complete and close the Canon of Inspiration, and in doing so to shed such a light upon the previous Scriptures that they all assume new meanings and splendours. He gathers up in his wonderful books all the offices of God's Ecclesiastical government of the world—law-giver, prophet, priest, Evangelist, and Apostle; all the types, figures, and predictions of the Old and New Testaments; all the doctrines as well of ethics and philosophy as of theology, and all the lines of history, both sacred and profane, and shows how all centre in Him who, while He sits on the throne of the universe, yet bears the name and character of Jesus of Nazareth, “the Lamb as it had been slain.” “This is the true God and eternal life.”

To understand the books of John, it is necessary to remember that he wrote as a disputant in an age of controversy. His works have more reference to the conflicting opinions of doubters, sceptics, and cavillers, than any other Scriptures. He was appointed to defend the Church in its first serious doctrinal difficulties, and for this end his life was preserved by God long beyond the days of Apostolic activity. As the believers grew in numbers and intelligence, it was inevitable that the doctrine they held should come into contact with Grecian and Oriental philosophy. It was impossible that the doctrine of the Cross, so subversive of all

proud human speculations, could enter peaceably among men's opinions. Great mental tumult arose, and heresies began to abound in proportion to the success of the new creed. During the days of the other Apostles, the disputes were mostly within the Church, on questions affecting Christian casuistry and the Jewish law; but with the progress of events the field of inquiry and warfare was extended. The Church had to awake to defend her bulwarks against a new species of enemy. While the great political power of the Roman Empire endeavoured to crush the rising Church by "bonds and imprisonments," fires and crosses, the wisdom of the East and the learning of Greece did their best to corrupt and disprove its glorious and peculiar doctrines, spoiling them "through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men,—after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ." Well might John say, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, for many false prophets are gone out into the world."

It is the natural feeling of every age to affect a curious contempt for the controversies of those times which are gone by. The lapse of time uncloaks the absurd side and conceals the plausible side of a heresy. Truly we are amazed and scandalised as we study with our present light the odd and wild dreams of the first opponents of Christianity. We read the fantastic conceptions of the early Gnostics, the doctrine of Cerinthus,

the immoralities of the Nicolaitains, and various sorts of "worshippers of angels, intruders into things which they had not seen, vainly puffed up in their fleshly mind," and we wonder at their power. Their very absurdity seems to condemn them. But while we affect to treat these things with pity, we should be wary of being too conceited in our knowledge. Time wears out heresies, and in their wrinkles and old-fashioned rags they look absurd, and time may wear out the heresies of our day. Doubtless these Gnostics of John's days looked back with similar pity upon the colder and less imaginative opinions of earlier thinkers, comforting themselves that they were far in advance of their learned predecessors, and hardly deigned to take notice of the popular idolatries of the age. So, in like manner, the controversies of our age may to the twentieth century seem quite as insignificant. Strauss and Renan may rank with Celsus and Porphyry—the dreams of spiritualism and the positivism of Comte, with the towering fantasies of Gnosticism, and the icy reasonings of the Epicureans. The history of religious controversy among its many lessons should teach us that the Evangelical Church has no need to fear, for its doctrines have already survived every species of attack;—that truth cannot die, for it is passed on from mind to mind, imparting light in its progress, and constantly renewing itself; but that though truth be eternal, old heresies will certainly arise in new forms, and the best

way to meet them is to fall back on the grand central doctrine of our text,—“ We know that the Son of God is come, and He hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true.”

In the days of the Apostle John, the attacks made upon the Church were of a kind strikingly similar to those which are disturbing modern times (if only we except ecclesiastical questions.) There were (1) some who assaulted the person of Christ by ill-timed and fictitious reverence; they elevated Him so far above humanity, that He ceased to be the tender-hearted brother man, and all links of fraternal sympathy between a sorrowful world and its so-called Saviour were broken. There were (2) others who, in an affected reverence for the Supreme Deity, could not conceive how a human life, so humble, so simple, and so sad, could express the mind of the absolute God. Both these objectors alike stumbled at the doctrine of the person of Christ, and both forms of error were fatal to evangelical peace. It mattered little whether the Church saw its Christ brought down to the level of a mere man, or elevated to the curious rank of an *æon* or an angel, moving about among men in phantasy, for in either case it could recognise its Mediator no more, His person and His office were lost, His power to give comfort and peace was gone. This was not apostolic doctrine. What Paul and Peter had taught was that “ God was manifest in the flesh,” that the life of Jesus

was a divine-human life, that the "Son of Man had power upon earth to forgive sins," that "He died the just for the unjust to bring us to God," that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." John saw, with much sadness, this precious gospel vanishing away in the mystic dreams of the speculative theologians of his day, and, in his old age, as the last of the apostolic band, as the one "who had seen and handled the word of life," who had leaned on the breast of Jesus, and been His friend, who had seen Him alive after His resurrection, he felt the call of God, duty, and conscience, to undertake the defence of his Master against the heresies of his own time, and the similar heresies of all coming time.

It is my intention in this sermon to call your attention to *the mode of John's inspired defence of the Gospel of Jesus*. A careful scrutiny of John's tactics as a polemic may help us in our difficulties, both by assuring our hearts of their comfort and hope in that faith which we repose in the kinsman-redeemer, and by making us confident and wise in modern discussions.

John's contributions to the controversy of his age are contained in the two larger books which bear his name, the *Revelation* with which the Bible closes, and the *fourth Gospel*. These books are very different, yet in many points are very similar. They are mutually explanatory, and exhibit two sides of one and the

same truth. Let me invite you to contemplate John—

- I. As the prophet of the Apocalypse.
- II. As the historian of Jesus.

First, let us contemplate John as the writer of “the Revelation.”

It was, as far as we can learn, about thirty years after Paul had written his last epistles that John was banished to the island of Patmos. The shortsighted foes of the gospel evidently thought that if he was out of the way the Church would crumble to pieces and be destroyed by the power of internal discord. At first sight this seemed a very likely event, for who could have thought how it could be otherwise? They who banished the apostle did not think how God could overrule that imprisonment for the lasting glory of his name, and make it the means of establishing once and for ever the hated doctrine of the person of Christ. But so it was. A risen Christ is independent of the patronage or disdain of emperors, or the reasonings of philosophers. “He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh,” predicted the psalmist; “the Lord shall have them in derision, saying Yet have I set my King upon my holy Hill of Sion.” The risen Christ, and none other in his own person appeared to the apostle! A vision of glory amazed and surprised the lonely prophet, and out of that vision emerged a well-known though wondrous

form, and a voice was heard—a celestial echo of the familiar tones of the preacher of Galilee, “I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore.” These were to John no mere words of celestial rhetoric, but must have sounded as an argumentative declaration against the heresies of the time. “Jesus was a mere man,” said the false teachers of Ephesus; “I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last,” said the voice. “Jesus was no true man, only a phantom man,” said others of these teachers. “I am he that was dead,” said the voice. Whether they denied his divinity or denied his humanity, the mysterious vision pronounced them in error.

This is the key-note of the whole of the scenes that follow. They all bear out the character of that first heavenly surprise in being a succession of unexpected disclosures. In no book in the Bible is the personal character of the writer so completely lost as in this. The author is more a mere penman and less a writer than in any other Scripture. So much do we feel this to be the case that we are warranted in saying that this book is a direct answer from heaven itself to the heresies of that day. It is the self-vindication of the mighty God-man against those who would traduce his doctrine by denying his divinity. In this book, as in the conclusion of the book of Job, the Omnipotent himself enters the lists of controversy, and gives His great and final answer to the speculative doubters and

upstart sceptics upon earth. "My glory I will not give to another," says the Christ of the New Testament as emphatically as the Jehovah of the Old.

The book which comes to us thus is not an argument but an assertion. God does not run his revelations into the moulds of human logic, simply because they transcend our feeble grasp. It is his province to state truth, and the duty of men is to believe. Much that is found in this book is very difficult to understand, but its main lessons, its grand theology, its declarations of evangelical truth are very plain. It is God's wish to show us, and to make us have a firm confidence therein, that there is a sympathy between heaven and earth, between himself and his flock. The Divine head of the Church tells how he knows each Church and each member of each Church; how he observes the morality, notes the doctrines, and watches the public and private life of every member. Christian dogma is seen to be, not a mere phenomenon in the history of human opinion—religious heresies are of more moment than scientific or political mistakes—there is one above who "walks amid the seven golden candlesticks," and who knows how brightly or how dimly they are burning—one who "holds the stars in his right hand," and knows the measure of their illumination! "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over even one sinner that repenteth." Still more plainly is this mutual sympathy between heaven and earth shown in the unfolding of

the great drama of the Church universal which follows upon the seven epistles to the seven particular Churches of Asia. The Church is seen to be militant on earth, but its King is above watching, directing, inspiring, and rewarding. The Church is militant in doctrine, but they who have gone to their reward are at peace, for they know that they "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The Church is militant against force—suffering from the tyranny of heathen and ecclesiastical potentates; but they who are above celebrate the power of the despised Jesus, and his victories as "King of kings and Lord of lords,"—"the Lord God Omnipotent." The Church is militant against corruption and fraud. It is seen as polluted by false doctrine, selfishness, and intellectual pride; but above, in the New Jerusalem, it needs "no candle, neither light of the sun," for "the Lamb is the light thereof." The Church is militant now, but as we read on, we are call to behold a vision which tells of a day when the wearied Church shall rest! The New Jerusalem will, in some far distant day, descend from heaven to earth. There shall be a new earth as well as a perfect heaven, wherein shall dwell righteousness. The golden city on high shall come down. Beautiful indeed is this picture thus drawn for us by the Sacred Spirit, but its beauty and attractiveness to us are, that its permanency—its character—its doctrine—its worship—and its joy—are

all shown to rest on the same foundation of evangelical truth. It is the Church of the Lamb. Its radiance is the radiance of that human sympathy which illuminated Nazareth and Bethany. Its Governmental Head is not alone the Omnipotent Deity, but the Deity as displayed in the tender Shepherd and Friend of the persecuted earthly flock—the divine God-man—the “Lamb upon his throne!”

As the recipient of such a revelation of truth from Jesus, do we not feel inclined to envy the favoured evangelist in his island prison? The faithful pastor sundered from his people, he was thinking of how “grievous wolves” of heresy had come in among his flock, had devoured many, and disturbed the peace of all: he trembled for that pure truth of the gospel of Jesus which he had preached for sixty years, but he is now told and shown how the same truth will be everlastingly potent against all such intruders and sceptics. As the last of the apostles, he doubtless thinks that he has the care of all the Churches upon him, and that that care is too heavy a burden for his venerable age, but God shows him that the Master is with his people “always, even unto the end of the world.” As the social thinker, perplexed by the enigmas of an age of tyranny and blood, he told how all things will, by the doctrine of Jesus, be transmuted into peace, and “the creation itself be delivered from the bondage of corruption.” And as the persecuted Christian man, holding

himself ready, faithful unto death, he is cheered by seeing in the city of the Lamb how personal honour and reward are awaiting him. He beholds on the foundation stones of the new city the names of his friends, the eleven apostles of the Lamb already gone to their rest, and as the twelfth his own name.

Do we not envy St. John his magnificent privileges? Yet, fellow Christians, may we not take the same truths and the same facts that he saw depicted, home to our hearts and consciences? May not we listen to the same voice of revelation, and charmed with its power to soothe and bless, be comforted as he was? May not we, through Jesus, read our title as clear to mansions in the sky as he did, and born aloft on the same strong wings of faith in our Saviour, see, as he saw, the same far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves? Is it not in our power, as it was in his, to escape from the prison-house of earth in holy exercises? Truly, yes; for is it not the same divine voice which authenticated for John and his times, the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, still sounding? It is impossible that such a declaration once true should not be always true. Is, then, the Church now in danger? Is heresy now creeping in unawares, or undermining our glorious battlements? Is faith waxing cold and piety becoming weak? Is it true that the power of the pulpit is anywhere lessening? Is the carnal spirit of gold touching with a polluting touch the sacred ark of God? Then

let us listen to the heavenly message which gives us the remedy for all evils as the stimulus to holiest effort, as the perpetual inspiration of the churches' faith, a reverence for and firm belief in the divine character, name and doctrine of the historic Jesus of Nazareth. "In him we know the son of God is come and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true."

Thus John saw the old Divine form walking on the troubled waters of speculation and history, and heard the old voice say again, "It is I, be not afraid;" and like Peter, his former companion, he replied, "Lord bid me come to thee." His Lord bade him and he came. "Write," said Jesus, "the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter." John heard and obeyed, and indited for us the great historic drama of the world as he had seen it acted on the heavenly stage. He wrote with authority; and so it has come to pass that amid the wildest commotions of controversy his book is ever whispering of peace. He wrote as he was told, but he did far more. "I am he that *was dead*," said the voice, "the Lamb that was slain," and this declaration set him thinking over that gentle and mighty life which in earlier days he had witnessed. He thought of long-forgotten words, now, in the light of a new revelation, full of deeper meaning. He thought of the miracles, parables and sufferings of Jesus as he had never thought

of them before. The Holy Ghost, as Jesus had promised, brought to his recollection many things relating to that life hitherto lying dormant in his mind. In his loneliness he lived over again in memory those years of the holy incarnation.

This leads us, II., to some considerations connected with John as the historian of the life of Jesus.

1. It was the common tradition of the early Church that the gospel of John was published at Ephesus after the writer's return from Patmos, and that the Revelation was given to the Churches about the same time. Testimony is very conflicting about the order of the events of John's later years, but after carefully collating the evidences, I do not see any reason why we should throw overboard the current opinion that the Gospel was composed subsequent to the Apocalypse. I assume for distinctness sake the correctness of the common tradition, though the mere question of priority, which ever way scholars may argue it or decide it for us, does not affect the argument of this discourse, which is based on the fact that these two great books are mutually illustrative, and should be contemplated in each other's light.

Assuming this to have been the case, we see how, after God had revealed himself in the glory of the celestial Lamb, and had shown how all heaven was occupied with the worship of the omnipotent Jesus,

that John thought he could best manifest his love and homage by giving to the world as faithful, as affectionate, and as simple a picture of the human life of his Divine Friend as was possible. Hence the fourth Gospel is very different from those which preceded it. We can trace the peculiar beauty of John's Gospel, viewed in this light (1) partly in the general distinctive features in the portrait of Jesus which he draws; and (2) partly in his especial care to exhibit the career of Jesus as a teacher of Evangelical doctrine. Let us dwell for a moment on both these points.

He who had seen the Lamb upon his throne is the one who has told us how John the Baptist first gave him that holy name when he saw him walking by the banks of the stream at Bethabara. He who had heard the heavenly choirs chanting the praises of Messiah has told us how aforetime he permitted Mary to "anoint his feet with spikenard, and wipe them with the hairs of her head." He who had beheld the Son of Man sitting on the white cloud in the awful pomp of judgment, commanding that the sickle of the great harvest should be thrust in, and the winepress of the wrath of God filled, has told us how he wept by the grave of his friend Lazarus, washed his disciples' feet—not excepting even the traitor:—on the cross of atonement, expressed his humanity in the fevered cry, so common to all sufferers, "I thirst"—and ere he died made provision

for his virgin mother's comfort. It is to John we owe the vision of Christ among his saved ones, and to the same writer the story of Jesus talking with the woman of Samaria, and his giving sight to the man born blind. He sees nothing incongruous in uniting the dignity of the great white throne, and the humility of the passover supper—the greatness of the king, with the tenderness of the friend, and the highest attributes of Deity with the lowliest attributes of man. There may be mystery, but, to the mind of John, nothing impossible in this sublime marriage of heaven and earth in the life of Jesus Christ! Such teaching may transcend the utmost powers of human reason, but the heart can grasp it with the fullest confidence. Philosophy may fall back amazed and confounded, but the loving heart seeking for its resting-place in God may keep company with the wearied, saddened Man in his midnight prayers on the mountains of Galilee, and with those who adore him as the Omnipotent Lord of all. John is a disputant, but he does not attempt to deal with reason. He was contending against conceited and frivolous dogmas of reason, and the weapon he uses, is such a display of the life and character of the divine Christ, that reason is shut out of view and the heart is alone invited to respond. Mightier in heaven and mightier on earth is emotion than logic. Religion transcends dogma as far as the living soul transcends the body it inhabits. Man's perfect redemption from corruption may be wrought by

the out-going of the heart towards a God all love and power but can never be effected by intellectual processes. God in his wisdom has made foolish the wisdom of this world by the gift of the gospel, wherein through his human life, he is "made unto us, wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

2. I will yet further illustrate the power of John's second defence against the anti-evangelic heresies of his day, by reminding you of his peculiar picture of the Saviour as a Teacher. Not alone did this Evangelist give the world an original view of the person, but also of the teaching of Jesus. John had lived into the time when the gospel of the atonement had rightly become the prominent characteristic of the Church. The purpose of Messiah had become fully known, and his life had become the Church's creed. This is borne out by the vision of Jesus in heaven, which represents him as the victorious sacrificial Lamb: but John has it in his mind to unveil the earthly career of Christ under the same idea. He would show the world that the life of Jesus when on Earth was the same in name, purpose, character and achievement, with the life of Christ in heaven. Matthew, Mark and Luke had long before given the world their graphic sketches of the years of the Saviour's ministry, John would add such a picture that the opponents of the doctrine of the gospel might see how the whole public life of Jesus was but a "leading of that Lamb to the slaughter." In Matthew's

gospel, Jesus opens his public ministry by delivering his sermon on the mount. The very beauty and perfection of that discourse has been a cause of error. Cavillers often object now, as they did in John's day, that religion is but morality, and that as the climax of all moral teaching is that sermon—it is sufficient for salvation to follow its precepts. True, but if it were hard for weak men to keep the law of Moses, it were harder still, nay impossible, to keep the deeper law of the new Lawgiver, who demanded the allegiance of the heart as well as the decent ordering of outward life. "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." In John's gospel on the other hand, we find that Jesus, before he gave the world his sermon on the mount did, in private, to Nicodemus, sketch out the whole scheme of his doctrine, and indicate how the law was to be kept under a new economy of grace. It was manifestly impossible that the atonement should be fully proclaimed by the living Lamb, not yet brought to the altar. The atonement could not be preached openly as a doctrine before it was a fact. What Jesus generally did, as we find in Matthew and Luke, was to sow seeds of truth, which afterwards his cross would cause to germinate. This gave occasion to objectors to say that Jesus was, in fact, a wise teacher of mere morality, and that the "gospel of his cross" was the invention or the delusion of the Apostles. So said Cerinthus of old, and so has said Renan of late. John

wishes to controvert the statement, and he tells us how Jesus was first saluted by the Baptist as the Lamb of God, and how in his first visit to Jerusalem as a "teacher come from God," he gave to Nicodemus the main doctrines of his mission. Something more than mere morality fills the third chapter of John. Few men could equal the consistent Nicodemus in morality, yet Jesus said to him, "Ye must be born again," and thus gave us the doctrine of *human depravity* and the need of *conversion*; and further on, by his reference to Moses uplifting the brazen serpent among the dying Israelites, he foretold the *true atonement*. Jesus came into the world not to condemn the world, as he seems to do in announcing the all perfect law of the sermon on the mount, but to save the world by dying for it as the slain Lamb. We learn from John's Gospel that from the beginning he had before him the Christlike doom and the Christlike glory. The purpose of his advent, the life of suffering before him and the gospel doctrines thus early indicated in his public ministry, John shows us never to have forsaken him, but to have grown plainer and plainer until he unfolded them fully to his disciples in the broken bread and the wine cup of the farewell supper, and proved to the world in his "resurrection from the dead to be a Prince and a Saviour."

It has been my endeavour, my honored brethren, to exhibit to you the Church of Christ in its first terrible doctrinal struggles, and the mode in which the last of

the apostles, under the supreme direction of the Holy Spirit, became its defender. I have reminded you of the peculiar position in Church history of those two cherished works, written by this loving polemic, and throughout I have endeavoured to show you how their power as a defence of our gospel arises from their unflinching advocacy of the divine human Christ in his relation to the plan of salvation and the government of the world. In both these works the author answers every objector, not by argument, but by pointing to the historic Man of Nazareth, who is declared to be "the only begotten son of God," in whose deeds and character we have the "express image" of the "person" of the invisible God; and in whose life, as an accredited fact in the world's records, we have "the Word made flesh, dwelling among us," and exhibiting to us the "grace and truth" of heaven.

Shall this sublime theme teach us no practical lessons at this time? Has our vision of the Saviour this evening not a message to all Christians and Christian churches, but especially to those whom, as his ministers, God has appointed as the intellectual and spiritual leaders of the Church?

No man can say of our age that it is marked by intellectual dulness. Within and without the church there is a perfect tumult of life. In every branch of human learning and enquiry—in philosophy, in ethics,



in criticism, in social and economic questions, there is no sparing of mental power. The church and its various theologies have been cast into the crucible, to be purified and strengthened. The living energy of the Church has found its expression in a more fully developed practical expansion than has been seen since the days of Constantine. Societies have covered the world with the gospel army of missionaries. Organisations in Britain and America have flooded all classes of the community with religious publications. Without any unnecessary forsaking of old dogmas, the divine life within the Churches has exhibited these dogmas in newer and more kindly light.

Meanwhile, the enemies of the Church, seeing that that strength which animates all sections of Christians is something nobler than the dogmatic expressions of their creeds, have sought out our stronghold. Biblical Unitarianism has had its day, but we are threatened in its stead with furious onslaughts upon the name, character, and person of our Saviour. Under the patronage of learning, Jesus is to be degraded from his high position, and to be content with a place among the world's questionable heroes and "noble initiators." How shall we meet these attacks? How shall we demean ourselves? Shall we tremble because the Old Testament is thrown into the crucible of Christian criticism? Shall we be afraid if those who have no sympathy with us deal rudely with our cherished

theology? It is surely unmanly to quake when in God's service. If the world can destroy the truth, it ceases to be the truth. We may really be ashamed of the wail of timidity which has disgraced the army of Christ's soldiers in the present crisis. Does the army not know its Captain? Have his followers not learned to pray to him? If a little outwork falls, the shameful cry is heard that the citadel is in danger. If a verse or a chapter is proved to be an interpolation, the fear is that the whole Bible, and with it Christ, are going away. If a hurricane blows off a mistletoe parasite from an oak, is the tree going to fall? Let us fall back in our perplexities on the historic Christ, and we are safe. It is a fact that eighteen centuries ago there did live a man named Jesus, whose life demands more than a passing notice. That life, as a fact, cannot be obliterated. It is preserved for us in biographies, letters, sermons, traditions, and historic annals, which are partly the productions of the Church, and partly of the Church's enemies. Examine that life. Test it with critical acumen and unbiassed emotions. It challenges attention as an astounding miracle. It shines with wondrous brilliancy. It is gentle, pure, and gigantic. It is simple, yet vast. It ever has been and now is the source of holiest feeling and most kindly impulses. It defies criticism by its artless power, while it invites it by its assumptions. Take it as we will, this life is a historic fact.

We examine that life and but two conclusions are open to consistent human enquiry. Either that life is what John says it was, and its meaning that which he declares, or it is a miracle of deceit and imposture. The constructive figment of Renan, a character for which he challenges our reverence as a curious mixture of two impossible extremes, has already fallen to the ground. It was too untrue to history to stand. But its very publication has shown how impossible it is to withhold some mead of reverence from the wonderful Jewish prophet. If, however, we give him any reverence we must believe what he says:—if we believe him, we must worship him—and if we worship him, we have our hearts' utmost wishes realised, we have found “the true God and eternal life.”

How then can we who are God's servants in the ministry make our preaching a power, and conduct ourselves bravely amid the controversies without and within the Church? I reply, by falling back on the life of Jesus Christ. There we are on firm historic ground, and there we cannot be wrong if our religion be true at all. No firmer foundation can be laid for theology and faith than the historic Jesus. Let us believe in Christ, love Christ, and preach Christ. If we do so we cannot be afraid, and can afford to be large-hearted and liberal-minded amid the conflict of opinions. Let us preach Christ. I mean not as a mere dogmatic element in a creed, however evangelical; but as a living, loving,

brother Man, whose life and whose love and whose brotherhood, once exhibited on earth, are not passed away but are still the world's regenerative power. Let us never divorce the atonement from him who made the atonement, nor the hearer of prayer from him who taught us to pray, nor the written word from him who said, "Search the scriptures for they are they which testify of me." Let us preach Christ, and use as our aids at once philosophy, history and learning, faith, gentleness and sympathy, that we may defend his life from fantastic assaults and commend his person in all its loveliness. Let us preach Christ, and doubts will vanish as the stars in the morning dawn, and the truth of the divine nature, the sacred Trinity, and the doctrines of salvation will crystallize naturally around our central figure. Let us preach Christ, and the weakest of us may feel strong; and be we strong or weak we know that he whom we preach is our living Master, who leaves us not alone in the battle, who will keep us to do his will and receive us at last to his mansions of purity and honour.

Finally, my fellow Christians, let us never, through cowardice, consider it an evil that controversies should arise. It was a good day for the Church when Cerinthus and the Gnostics advanced their daring heresies—advocated corrupt morals, and attacked the person of Jesus—for it called forth such an exposition of the Diety of the Saviour and such a display of the Divine Trinity

as the Church could ill have spared. What would our Bible be without the writings of John? And it was likewise, I take it, a good day for the Church when Strauss led the van against the same Divine doctrine, and beginning with his denial of the Son, ended by denying the Father also, and "so rolled out of the chaos of Pantheism into the black abyss of Atheism,"—for the movement awoke the Church. It roused it from its slumbers. It summoned it to earnest inquiry, and produced a healthy activity. And the result is, that it has made the Church gather closer around its Lord, the "Captain of Salvation," and has provoked such a noble defence of the doctrine, person, work and reign of "the Christ of history," that the Church may take up a song of joy. The struggle has not ended yet, but in proportion as there emerges from the tumult of opinion the great historic personage, Jesus of Nazareth, will the world receive and love his doctrine, and by faith in him work out its regeneration. Theories of that life are not exhausted yet, but in proportion as we are able to recognise in the tenderness of the man Christ Jesus, the love of the eternal Son of God; and in the power of Almighty God the same might which was displayed in the life of the Jewish worker of miracles:—so shall the Church be able to join with heart and meaning in that grand chorus with which the Apocalypse opens, and which expresses at once the Christian's loyalty, devotion, doctrine and privilege. "Unto him

that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests, unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Preached at Stow Church, August 3rd, 1884.

"Consider the lilies how they grow."—Matt. vi. 28.

In my former lectures on "Science and Religion" I was at some pains to set before you the great law of modern biology—that there can be no life except it has a life germ to originate it. This law, which is called the law of Biogenesis, is, without doubt, the law of life as set forth in every part of Scripture; but I do not ask you to accept it on that ground, because I do most firmly believe that the Bible was never meant to be our textbook on science. I showed you that it has come to be accepted as a great fact in the scientific world, which no one now thinks of denying, that every living thing came from a living parent; that the beginning of all life is a germ cell; that dead matter may, by its laws of chemistry and attraction, form crystals, but is unable to make anything that is alive. I then tried to show that there is a close correspondence between the natural world and the spiritual; that there is not

simply an analogy between them, but that the same law holds in both. Just as the region of living organisms is different from and above the region of mere matter, so the realm of spiritual life is different from and above the realm of mere worldly virtue. And as the natural life of men originates in a living germ, so the new life of the Kingdom of God is said by our Lord to originate in the very same way. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven," "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The practical issue of this line of thought is just this. That religion is not virtue, though it includes virtue; that it is other than morality, though it enjoins morality; that it is not the result of mere education or training, or teaching, but of something which when added to these, gives them a new character, but which may be found without them. It cannot be gotten by purchase of mere brain power in searching into the mysteries of science or philosophy. Though more precious than rubies and than all the things that may be desired in comparison, it is not to be obtained in the common mines of earthly excellence. It is the gift of God, an inspiration from on high, a bestowment from above, a new creation; but, as it is a gift offered to a man with a free will, it is one which he may reject and spurn if he likes, for God will never force any one into his kingdom. This is not a popular doctrine. It is especially unpopular among scientific men, though as

I have shown you, it is the outcome of the application of scientific law to religious matters. But whether popular or not, it is borne out most emphatically by the statements of many educated men, who tell us that they can see no meaning or beauty in prayer, or the salvation that is in Christ, or in the hope of heaven. Their own words are far stronger than any words that I can quote from Scripture, about being "dead" to the righteousness which is in Christ Jesus, or being "blind" to His attractive glory, or about the "natural man not receiving the things of the Spirit of God." It is not a popular doctrine, but it is the doctrine of the Bible; it is the written doctrine of all sections of the Christian Church, though sometimes forgotten in their search after ritualistic beauty; and it is the doctrine which gives Christianity its power in the world. "Ye are spiritually dead," says the Gospel, but God will give you life if you will look up to Him.

Our theme this evening is growth. Let us note carefully what growth means. "Consider the lilies how they grow."

1. *Growth is not mere accretion.* As you stand near the seashore on our bay you will not have failed to notice the fringe of sand dunes that line the coast. Some of those are becoming larger, being fed by the drifting sands which the wind heaps upon the dunes. They increased in bulk, but only by a figure of speech

can they be said to grow. The beautiful process of electroplating will give us a still better illustration. A dull metallic body is placed in the bath and is coated with a thin coat of silver ; you leave it longer and that coating is heavier and thicker ; layer is laid upon layer, and the thing augments in size, in weight, but it does not grow. There can be no growth without life. In growth the living energy within takes to itself what the material world supplies, and builds it into its fabric. A tree grows but a crystal does not. A bird grows, but a snowball does not. There is a tiny and very interesting little worm that forms for itself, not a shell, but a tube, and the way in which it makes that tube is very curious. As the creature wants more room it enlarges its house, and it does this by fashioning tiny little pellets or bricks out of clay or sand, and building them on to the wall of its enclosing case, repeating the process as often as required. As you look at that creature we see the two modes of increase side by side. The animal grows but the tube does not ; that is a mere accretion.

2. *Growth is spontaneous.* The lily grows because it is its nature to grow. It grows without conscious effort. It sucks in moisture from the soil, and breathes in carbon from the air, and builds them into itself, and thus transforms dull matter into green leaves and snow-white blossoms, and all this is done spontaneously, and this is true of all growth, and even of the growth of

those higher creatures which can know that they are growing. A boy is growing, but he does not know how. No effort of his can give effect to his frequent wish to grow a little faster ; and no effort can prevent him from growing. No one by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature, or diminish his stature by that or any amount. We may help and we may hinder growth by what we do, but the growth itself is spontaneous. And the same is true of minds as well as of bodies. A child may acquire knowledge, but the growth of the intellect, the mental stature of the soul, cannot be accelerated. Even the child who has been the victim of the most inordinate amount of cramming still thinks as a child, and is a child, and will not put away this childishness until it has grown into a man. Knowledge is like food. You cannot make a young horse or a boy grow fast by overfeeding and you cannot make a mind grow by stuffing it with knowledge. All growth is spontaneous.

3. *All growth is affected by condition.* The conditions are not the growth itself, but they greatly affect it, and may either render it possible or impossible. A rose tree will die if it have no moisture at the roots and no sunshine to bathe it with light. It is said that certain of our gum trees, which grow to a goodly size in the glens of our hills, are only stunted shrubs on Kangaroo Island, where they are exposed to the perpetual winds from the sea. Silkworm breeders have found out that they can obtain silk of different natural hues according

to the food that is given to the worms. Our squatters and stockowners tells us that different kinds of pasture affect both the size and the quality of their sheep and cattle. A child that is kept in perpetual hunger will develop tardily and very weakly. The factory operatives of the north of England have a lower stature and a weaker frame than the field operatives of the south, though quicker in intelligence, and this is due to the differing conditions of the lives of the two classes of workers. And what is true of bodily growth is equally true of moral and of mental growth. If a babe is brought up in an atmosphere of moral pollution it will develop very differently to what it would do in a bright, cheerful, virtuous home. If a boy or girl is never taught, you cannot expect to find a strong and cultured intellect in the man or the woman. If a young man starves his brain while he trains his body he will not develop into a strong, vigorous thinker. Growth may be, and is, spontaneous, but it is subject to conditions. Conditions do not make life, but they guide it. They are like the banks of a stream, not like the stream itself. The banks may add elements of beauty or grandeur to the picture of the current, but they do not cause the flow. A story is told by one of the early missionaries to the Pacific Islands that when the natives saw the missionary using some iron nails in the building of his hut that they begged some, and forthwith proceeded to sow them, and were greatly surprised

because after they had been put into moist earth and had been watered they did not grow. The conditions that might develop grains of wheat would not make nails to grow.

Now, let us take these three marks of growth and see if they do not apply to the growth of that inward spiritual life which we call religion. Piety is life of a higher grade than mere intelligence. Just as a life-power from the realm of organisation may take up and give life to dead matter, so a life-power from the realm of the Kingdom of God may come down into human souls which are dead to that realm, and may make them living sons of God ; and just as these three marks of growth apply in the one case so they will apply in the other.

1. *Spiritual growth is not a mere accretion.*—In illustration of this let me quote a passage from the University sermons of the Rev. T. Mozley, a noted preacher and writer of the Anglican Church. He draws for us two pictures—the one of an upright man of the world, the other of a believer. Says he—“Take an ordinary man of the world, what he thinks and what he does ; his whole standard of duty is taken from the society in which he lives. It is a borrowed standard ; he is as good as other people are ; he does in the way of duty what is generally considered proper and becoming among those with whom his lot is thrown ; he reflects

established opinion on such points; he follows its lead; his aims and objects in life again are taken from the world around him and from its dictation. What it considers honorable, worth having, advantageous and good, he thinks so too, and pursues it. His motives all come from a visible quarter. It would be absurd to say that there is any mystery in such a character as this, because it is formed from a known external influence—the influence of social opinion and the voice of the world. Whence such a character cometh we see; we venture to say that the source and origin of it is open and palpable, and we know it just as we know the physical causes of many common facts.” What is this but saying that it is a mere accretion and as such Buckle, and Spencer, and Galton, and many others are investigating the problem of humanity. Their methods, and their arguments, and their conclusions are quite lawful and correct as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. They do not touch the other picture. Says Mozley again—“There is a certain character and disposition of mind of which it is true to say ‘thou canst not tell whence it cometh.’” There are those who stand out from among the crowd, which reflects merely the atmosphere of feeling and the standard of society around them, with an impress upon them which bespeaks a heavenly birth. Now, when we see one of these characters it is a question which we ask ourselves—how has this person become possessed of

it? Has he caught it from society around him? That cannot be, because it is wholly different from that of the world around him. There is nothing gregarious in the character; it is the individual's own; it is not borrowed; it is not a reflection of any fashion or tone of the world outside; it rises up from some point within; it is a new creation, of which our Lord says—"We know not whence it cometh." These two pictures are sharply drawn, and the principle involved in them will apply in every case. Spiritual life does not destroy or lessen, or even alter the other life, but it is something which exists in the very midst of it. The other life, with its graces and defects, its intelligence or its ignorance, still remains. And so it comes to pass that we may find a man with no religion in his soul, more gentlemanly, more intelligent, more polished, than a man who may, nevertheless, be alive toward God in his inmost self. A diamond when cut and polished may be beautiful and more valuable than a dingy house-sparrow, but the sparrow, nevertheless, belongs to the kingdom of life, and the diamond to the dead kingdom of matter. A God-loving ploughman is nobler in the scale of being than a godless scholar; a lowly, uncultured mind, which has been born, as Christ says, from above, is a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, whereas one which is furnished with the vastest accretions of knowledge, who is not so born from above, says our Lord, cannot even see that kingdom.

2. *Growth is spontaneous.*—That is just the lesson of our text; that is the point of our Lord's use of this parable of the lily. He is rebuking anxious thought, and says—"They toil not, neither do they spin, &c." A man can no more make himself grow in this higher life than he can in the lower. Growth is growth and must be spontaneous. A youthful believer cannot have the same strength and experience as one who has had years of holy tuition in the rough school of the world. Peter the fisherman was as really a servant of God as Peter the martyr, but the one was like a babe in the kingdom, while the other Peter was like a fuller-grown man. Very many Christians seem to think that growth is a duty, and they worry themselves because they do not grow fast enough; but it is the very essence of growth that it is spontaneous, and proceeds according to its own implanted law. In our ordinary life we are enjoined to live healthily, and then we may expect to grow; and so it is in our spiritual life. The servant of the Master must seek him in prayer, and exercise himself in working for the Master; that is he must live out his inward life, and then will that life grow. Like the racers of whom Paul speaks, he must look towards the goal, the prize, and meanwhile keep on running. He is not crowned with the chaplet when he begins to run. "I count not myself to have apprehended," says St. Paul, "neither to be already perfect, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which

are behind and reaching forth unto those that are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

3. *This growth is affected by conditions.*—Spiritual life has as many phrases as natural life. It has its stunted forms, its perverted forms, its half-starved forms, and its strong forms, just as our bodily life or our mental life has. If a man who loves God will persist in keeping that love selfishly to himself, how can he grow otherwise than as a very narrow-souled Christian? If he will fill his attention with worldly pleasures and gaieties, and will neglect prayer, how can he grow in any other way than as a most stunted and uncomfortable specimen of what the man of God really is? If he will not feed his soul with good reading, if he will neglect to gather in thoughts with his mind, how can he bear fruit in ripened intelligence? If he will neglect God's house, or when there listens to sermons or prayers with no thought as to how he can take them into his heart, how can he be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus?

Many Christians murmur at their condition, and think that if their conditions were different they might grow. But these conditions are partly of God's choosing and partly our own; and in as far as they are God's we must trust them. God knows what is best. As well might a rosetree fancy it would grow tall as a palm if

planted in a desert oasis, or a thistle fancy it would bear figs if it were not banished from the garden soil. A poor man may think that it is easy for a rich man to be holy, and a man with the cares of the world upon him may think how much more favorable a quiet, humble life is to this divine growth. Both are wrong. God wishes us to grow into His kingdom where we are—the master to be a Christian master, the servant a Christian servant, the statesman a Christian statesman, the workman a Christian workman. What we have to do is simply to abide in the Christ, the living vine, and then, in Him, whether we be top branches or bottom branches, we shall bear fruit, not because of our position, but because of the life of Christ which circulates in us.

We must accept God's conditions, and also try to improve those which are in our own hands. The plant does not go forth in search of air, and moisture, and light, and heat. Those things come to it. It finds them around it. It opens its rootlets and its leaves and takes them in and grows. And so, to some extent, it is with the Christian. His attitude is to stand still and wait. The Gospel is peace. "Oh, rest in the Lord," sings the Psalmist, "wait patiently for Him. Commit thy way unto Him, and He will bring it to pass." The meaning of God's conditions and of our use of them may be shown by parable. Men are not altogether like lilies, and our analogy does not hold here in all its

details. But look at a bird preparing for flight. It does not make its wings or call up the breezes; it simply expands those wings and flaps them, and keeps its eyes open, and flies. "Much work," says Drummond, whose interesting book has suggested many of these thoughts, "is done on board a ship crossing the ocean, yet none of it is spent in making the ship go. The sailor but harnesses his vessel to the wind. He puts his sails and his rudder in position, and so the miracle is wrought. All the work of the world is merely a taking advantage of the energies already there. God gives the wind, and water, and heat, man but puts himself in the way of the wind, fixes his waterwheel in the way of the river, puts his piston in the way of the steam. And so it is in the higher life of Paul. He puts himself in position before God's Spirit, and all the energies of Omnipotence course within his soul." The noblest Christian lives have not been those which have had the most favouring outward conditions, but they have been those in which the soul has opened its eye upon God and expanded its wings in prayer. In the common earthly life outward conditions count for much; in the higher life of the kingdom of God they count for very little. The noblest heroes of God upon earth have been found among the poor, and the tried, and the persecuted, and the tempted, who, in spite of adverse circumstances, looked unto God and were enlightened. The world's great men are not God's

great men. In the ranks of the kingdom of heaven the world's last are often God's first, or God's first are the world's last. The world not understanding this higher life may treat it with sneers, and scorn, and even with persecution, but the soul that can say "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," may take up Paul's glad-some hymn of praise and endorse its every word, "Who shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" The Christian's victory is in the life within.

MORALITY AND LEGISLATION.

Preached in Stow Church, December 6th, 1885.

"What nation is there so great that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which I set before you this day."—Deut. iv. 8.

The difficult problems involved in the relations of religion to morality and of morality to legislation are of immemorial antiquity. Our text is a signal illustration of how these problems have perplexed one of the great thinkers of old. It is taken from the oldest law book in the world. It is the comment of the lawgiver himself upon his own laws. He evidently thought highly of

the work that he had been commissioned to accomplish. He deemed that he had solved the knotty question how to harmonize law and morals for ever. And it was in truth a most admirable system of enactments, and well fitted for its purpose as a means of education for his nation and for the world, but was too far reaching to be as effective as Moses wished. The statute book was in advance of the people. Moses laws were made, but were but poorly kept. God was dethroned in favour of Baal and Astaroth in spite of legislation. Jubilees and Sabbaths do not figure as time marks in Hebrew history, though prominent in the law. The problem was far from solved when the aged Moses went home to his God and Master and left his wondrous code as his inheritance. It confronts us still. We are bound to face it, and in doing this we have the principles of the Mosaic legislation as they were expanded in the subsequent Christian ages to guide us.

There is an old verse which was very common in the days of our grandsires which runs thus:—

“ For every evil under the sun, there is a remedy or there is none,
If there is try to find it, if there isn't never mind it.”

This proverb expresses pretty clearly the state of the case in the problem concerning which I have to speak this evening. That immoral conduct is a grievous evil none will deny, not even the culprits themselves, and that such conduct is dangerous to the commonweal is

also evident, for all history is an illustration, and further, that if a remedy be at hand the true policy of everyone is to try to find it, will be confessed by all. The stoical admission that sometimes it is best to give up trying or "never to mind it" is one that all may acquiesce in, in theory, but which few find it easy to practise. This practical problem how to find a remedy for the woes and worries of life and society, is the one with which religion and morality and legislation are all concerned. Each takes a different method, not in antagonism to the others, but, as that with which it is especially occupied. With the fractured and diseased body politic to deal with, legislation with its legal amputating knife acts the surgeon, morality with its maxims of behaviour plays the part of a wise old nurse, and religion aims at curing the sources of trouble, and calls herself the good consulting physician. The surgeon, the nurse, and the physician, all have their part to play and no one of them can do without the other. The surgeon may kill instead of cure if no nurse be at hand to take care of the patient. The nurse may prove herself an old fool if she usurps the functions of the physician. The consulting physician depends on the nurse to administer his remedies and on the surgeon to remove an offending member, which is endangering the patient's life by the risk of mortification. Sometimes the duties of these three potent healers overlap, but in theory they are distinct and occupy certain well defined limit.

That society is suffering and that that suffering is linked with sin no one will deny. On every hand we hear the cry of woe and pain. The strong oppress the weak and the weak cry out for help; the rich is tempted to despise the poor, and the poor to envy the rich. Selfishness and greed invade the regions of trade and commerce, and make men feel that they have to be armed at all points to avoid being over-reached and cheated. Drinking habits pollute all ranks of society and make havoc and ruin among the reputations of the polite and the learned as well as of the illiterate and the boorish. Brothels are herded together in certain parts of our cities and are scattered over both city and suburbs, Vice parades itself in the streets and proclaims before men and women that shame is dead and that lust and passion are to be courted and indulged. Public amusements are disgraced by the intrusion of gambling, and even newspapers record faithfully the odds of the betting. Labor is up in arms against capital, each deeming the other a foe, whereas they are naturally linked in their fortunes, and each making laws against the other. Diseases thin the ranks of all classes and diminish the working energy of society. While some are surrounded with every luxury, others say they cannot, in this land of plenty, find bread for their children. It is true now as it was in Hamlet's day, that the times are out of joint, and that much needs to be done to set matters right. I do not speak of this colony in par-

ticular, but of the world at large, for, as for this colony, I believe that there is less need for meddling legislation or any other nostrum of like kind here than elsewhere. The problem of legislation and morality is important enough in Australia, but it is still more pressing and difficult in Britain, and when we pass away to the semi-barbarous regions of the world it is more awful still and the solution almost hopeless.

Almost hopeless I say, but not quite so, for I believe that we have in the religion of Jesus Christ that which will cure the evils of the world in due time. Religion passes by legislation and moral maxims as of secondary importance, and aims at purging the heart of the individual man. It deals with each man separately and offers to him, be his circumstances what they may, what will renovate his life for him and make him blessed. To the poor as well as to the rich, to the slave as well as to the master, to the weak as well as to the strong, it gives the hope of escaping from the damning effects of the evil that is within the heart. It kindles hope, it awakens faith, it sets forth unselfish love as the ideal law of being, it acts on society by acting on the individual, it purifies the whole by purifying the units. While legislation and morality are busy trying to manage the dangerous overflow of the currents of evil, religion goes to the separate fountain heads, and, cleansing them, sends them forth to mingle beneficently with the great onward rush of the waters of life. Or, to

use the simile of the Teacher himself, His saved ones are to be as "salt in the earth" to preserve the mass from corruption.

But though this be the radical principle of the Christian method of dealing with the world, it does not say that moral rules and legislative enactments have no part to play. It simply reminds us that nothing short of its own way of treating humanity will effectually work a cure. Laws may palliate but they cannot remove the ills that flesh is heir to. They lie too deep for any but the deepest remedies. It must be confessed that Christianity has oftentimes been tempted to take up the lower functions of the other healers. The Church has sought alliance with the State and has got the State to pass stringent laws against heresy in doctrine as well as in practice. It has made use of the machinery of the Inquisition to serve its purposes. It has given its sanction to Star Chambers and Test Acts. It has, at one time, enforced rigid ecclesiasticism, and at another rigid puritanism. It has deliberately called in the aid of the "secular arm" to enforce its decrees, and to administer its punishments. It has too often forgot its noble functions and its spiritual method of work. It has grievously suffered in consequence of this erroneous and timid procedure, but now, in these days, the whole world is awakening to the fact that religion must work independently on her own God-given lines, and must leave to morality

and legislation to practise their own methods on their own lines, though inspired and infused with religious convictions.

Putting religion therefore on one side, let us narrow our view and consider the relation of morality to legislation. And here we may remark :

1. Both morality and legislation are professedly aiming at the same result. They both seek the happiness and the well-being of society. Sometimes, through error or through the power of selfishness, legislation takes up one part of society and neglects the other, as for instance when slavery was permitted even under the constitution of the American Union, or when laws are made in the interests of landowners as against landtillers.

2. Except under an absolute tyranny, no legislation can go against, or be far in advance of the moral sentiment of the community. It is impossible to reform morals by act of legislature unless there be a wish for such legislation. The Maine law is the law of Maine because the people of that State want that law. The English laws against slavery would have been incomprehensible in ancient Rome and still more so in ancient Egypt. Our chivalrous laws concerning women's rights would be ineffective if suddenly introduced into Persia. The contagious diseases acts are an offence to the whole of England because they violate the British

conscience, but they are not so regarded in Belgium or France. Legislation and morality must go forth hand in hand, and then will they be strong.

3. The great end of morality is *rightness* of conduct, and the final test of that rightness for each man is his own conscience. The great end of legislation is to secure to each man as much *freedom* and as much *protection* as is possible under the circumstances of society. These two ends are not the same though their methods overlap. They must not be confounded for they are very distinct. My conscience tells me that I ought to consecrate the weekly day of rest to worship, and to take my place every Sunday in the house of God, but if any law were passed compelling me to attend church, I should resent it as an interference with my liberty. "A Englishman's house is his castle," says a national proverb, but if the Englishman in his castle injures his neighbour by riotous behaviour, or bad drainage, or by erecting combustible premises, the law steps in to protect the neighbour. The voice of a man's conscience says, "Be thou pure," but if the law stepped in and compelled purity it would be an offence against liberty, if, however, the law says it will take in hand to protect the young, and the innocent, and the imbecile against clever, designing impurity, it is acting strictly within its own province. The goal at which legislation aims is to give as much *liberty* and as complete *protection* to all members of society as is possible.

4. Two errors of action are therefore possible in applying this principle. Some would give us too much law, or others too little. The former error is the more common. There has been, and still is, a great deal too much legislation in most civilised communities. There is a very common feeling that whatever goes wrong a new law can put it right, hence the statute books of all countries are burdened with useless enactments. If anyone will take the trouble to examine, he will find that nearly all the onward legislation of Great Britain during this century, has been the repealing and undoing of former laws. Legislation which ought to have given liberty has forged fetters, and now those fetters have to be knocked off, with infinite wrangling and trouble, so that the Church may be free, commerce may be free, and individual life be freed from meddlesome interference. This mistake of getting too much law is one on which we ought all to be on our guard, but as I do not wish to trench upon political questions, I pass on merely laying it down as a principle that we ought to aim at having as little law as possible, that is as little as is compatible with securing as much liberty and protection as are practically within reach.

Others aim at having too little law. They will see little children working ten or eleven hours a day in factories, and reply that it is no business of the State to interfere between parent and employers. They will resent as a violation of liberty a law compelling

machinery to be fenced off, or mining shafts to be properly ventilated. They will tell us that it is no affair of anybody if a man works his horse or his ass till they drop down dead in the road, cruelty to animals being a matter between a man and his beast and his conscience alone. They will argue for the abolition of all licences and allow a man to make and sell and drink what he likes and when he likes, and that if the neighbours like to be poisoned it is their own affair and no one else's. They will tell us that of course no man ought to be impure but that no law has any right to take any cognizance of such matters unless vice becomes a public nuisance. They will argue that trade ought to be free, and therefore if a man likes to sell indecent pictures and lustful fools like to buy them it is impertinence of the law to step in between him and his living. Between these two extremes it is quite practicable to steer a common-sense middle course. The doctrinaires on either hand will lead us into confusion. We should not give to them the helm of affairs but let the wheel be in the hands of those who can read the compass face properly and can see that the needle points at one end to individual liberty and at the other to individual protection, and can steer between the two lighthouses which warn against the dangerous rocks of too much legislation on the one hand, and the treacherous sandbank of too little legislation on the other.

I might, in conclusion, apply this principle to many matters which often come before us in our social life, but I have hardly time to do more than advert to them. I may touch upon them in some future address. I mean such questions as belong to the laws relating to Sunday, to the drink traffic, to insolvency, to oaths in a court of justice, to public gambling, to bribery and corruption, to slander and libel, to marriage and divorce, and especially to the protection of young persons from the evils of impurity. In all these matters the man himself, whether at home or in business, is bound by his own conscience to be a moral man, a man who dare make no excuses to himself for his peccadilloes, a man living manlike before God and his fellow-man. And in dealing with these matters legislation will become useful and practical if the extremes, to which I have referred, be avoided, and the true aim of all law-making be kept in view. I especially call upon you to support, with your whole soul, the Bill which is now under discussion for the protection of young persons. It is a true law—that is, it aims at giving adequate protection against designing villainy, to the weak and the young, and it does not trench upon the liberty of individual action save as it becomes injurious and criminal. If this Bill pass let us see to it that, by the fervour of the instincts of conscience in the community, we give it all the support which morality can afford it, and in so doing both law and morality

may be assured that they have the sanction and support of the higher and deeper principles of religion. Let the consulting physician, the surgeon and the nurse work harmoniously and the patient must be in a very poor way if he do not mend.

BUDDHISM

(One of a Series on the Religions of the World).

Preached at Stow Church, July 1st, 1883.

“He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”—Matt. x. 39.

In my last lecture I endeavoured to give you a short account of Brahminism—the venerable religion of India. I have now to speak of Buddhism, the religion of Burmah, Ceylon, Japan, Thibet, and China.

There is no religion in the world which has so many adherents to-day as Buddhism. It outnumbered all others by at least two to one. Of the computed 1,000,000,000 inhabitants of the world, somewhere about 450,000,000 profess, in some form or other, the principles of Buddhism. This of itself is a fact of immense interest. There must be something worthy of study, and perhaps of imitation, in a religion which has

laid hold upon such civilised peoples as those I have named, and which has satisfied the yearnings of great thinkers. Our Christian faith ought to teach us not to despise other faiths because not so noble, so pure, and so truthful as our own, but to appreciate what in them is good, and if in their gropings after the infinite they have come upon what seem to us half truths, let us say, "The glory of Christianity is not that it is as unlike their religions as possible, but it is their perfection and fulfilment." That we may understand our theme, let us carefully note one or two points.

1. Buddhism, though not the religion of India, did, nevertheless, arise in India. It is a branch from the Brahminical tree. It flowed forth from it just as Christianity came forth from Judaism, and like our own religion, was more successfully preached and more reverently accepted in foreign lands than in its own country.

2. Buddhism had its origin in the life of a very remarkable man, who lived about five or six hundred years before Christ, and Buddha was the leader in a reactionary movement against Brahminical teaching. A man of earnest moral purpose, unbounded energy, great faith, and who utterly despised all worldly machinery for working his reformation. He was a preacher, an organiser of a band of disciples who caught his enthusiasm, and a man of calm peacefulness.

He lived to a good old age and died having given birth to the mightiest religious movement the world has ever known outside Christianity.

3. Buddhism at its origin, was very different to Buddhism as we find it existent to-day. It would take too long to trace the history of its corruptions, under which it has degenerated into a system of senseless ceremony and superstition. It cannot now boast of any moral superiority over the bastard Hindooism of to-day. Nay, I think it has descended lower in superstition than any other religion, for to it belongs the curious contrivance of praying by machinery. A certain mystic prayer which no one can understand, is oftentimes repeated by a Buddhist, but repetition is too tedious, so a small revolving cylinder is fixed in the house, which everybody gives a turn to as he passes it, and on this cylinder are the mystic words, and to ensure greater frequency in this mechanical devotion the praying wheel is affixed to a windmill, or placed in contact with a water wheel in a village stream for the benefit of all the inhabitants of the place.

4. Let me recall to your minds one or two points about Brahminism, without which we cannot understand Buddhism. Brahminism sprang from a faith in one supreme ineffable Being, whom no one could ever know or love, save by a long process of illumination. The people of India are divided by a rigid system of caste—

the Brahmins, the highest caste, being alone capable of intercourse with the divine intelligence, and acting as priests or mediators for the lower castes. The religion of Brahma became by degrees intensely formal, exclusive and sacerdotal, and, as we might expect, the intelligence and position of the Brahmins begat in them a most inhuman pride and in the people a most abject reverence. Remembering what I have said let us go back to the seventh century before Christ, and enquire about the creed of this people on certain points.

1. All man's life is full of sorrow. Why is this? Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Everybody knows this sad fact, and tries in vain to escape it. To avoid hunger we struggle for daily bread, to cure disease we search all the arcana of Nature for remedies, to fortify against want we hoard up the results of our labour, by acts of kindness we try to lessen the sorrow of others, and we like others to do the same for us. This sorrow is a terrible fact and the worst of it is that it is quite inevitable, for everyone must, sooner or later, die and pass away. But there is a still worse feature about it and that is, that it is closely bound up with sin—wrong-doing makes misery—right-doing helps to lessen grief, but it does not take it away, besides it is hard work to do right and that is a fresh grief, and easy to do wrong, and that makes the wrong more sad.

Now, we Christians say that all this is true, but that our sin may be forgiven and our sorrow turned to joy through Christ, but the Buddhist says, existence itself is evil, in all being there is sorrow. We can only cure sorrow by ceasing to be.

2. There is in all human beings a notion of another world. This creed took, in India, the form of transmigration of souls. When a man passed out of this world he might be born again as another man or spend a few hundred years as an inhabitant of a sort of super-human world, or come into this as a dog, or a bull, or a monkey, or a gnat, and after this go through some other phase of being again and again. Everything originally emanated from the Superior Being and everything must return to Him again in time. "As the thread from the spider, the tree from the seed, the fire from the coal, the stream from the fountain, the waves from the sea, so," said the Brahmin, "is the word produced out of Brahma." It is with us when we enter the Divine Spirit as if a lump of salt was thrown into the sea; it will be dissolved into the water from which it was produced and is to be taken out again. To be absorbed into this vague ocean-like Deity was the end of all life, and after a man had gone through all sorts of lives the end would be to reach this absorption at last.

3. This other life was thus an evil. It was a thing to be dreaded. Immortality had no attraction for the

Hindoo ; he would live because he must live, and every transmigration was a step towards this wished for absorption. Every life whether the life of a man, or the life of a bird, or the life of a fish, was a sort of purgatory in which the essence of some soul was being prepared for its final rest in the Deity. A boar, an ass, or a goat was probably a man who had once killed a Brahmin, an ape was a man who had stolen fruit, a rat was a rat as some punishment for some human theft of grain, and thus by an exact law of retaliation, evil deeds were punished and the only end of punishment was not to be. Till then, a soul is born into the world that it has made for itself. It seems strange to us that any human beings should hold such opinions as these and could find comfort in such a curious immortality and nothingness, but the reason of our difficulty is in our different notion of existence. With us to be is a blessedness, we thank God that we are, sorrow is but an accident, being is separable from it, existence is a joy. At the creation the morning stars sang together and every day creation repeats this song of gladness. The world is full of bliss, all things that have breath praise the Lord ; the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork. We rebel against this Indian creed because we do not sympathise in this fundamental idea that existence is, in itself, an evil. Very beautifully has the Poet Laureate expressed our loathing for this Indian longing for

absorption in his poem written in memory of his departed friend.

“ That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general soul.
Is faith as vague as all unsweet ?
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside ;
And I shall know him when we meet.”

We are now prepared to speak of “ Buddha ” himself. The Buddha is really an official name like the Christ as the official name of Jesus. Buddha means the enlightened, and expresses the idea that the soul of man has at last reached the height of its ambition and because it is so pure, so good, so full of light, it will cease to be when the moment of death comes. It will die in God as a flame dies in the air.

About 600 years before Christ there was born into the family of a Rajah, who ruled in Northern India near Benares, a son to whom was given the name of Siddartha, his family name was Gautama and by that he is usually known. This famous man was thus born to wealth, splendour, and power. In his early years he lived the life of gorgeous luxury appertaining to his rank. At the age of 19 he married his cousin, daughter of a neighbouring Rajah, and became the father of one child—a boy. But beneath the superficial glitter of his

career in an Oriental palace, there lay hidden a nature which was very tender in its sympathies, and an intellect that was ever on the alert to ask questions. He saw through the outward shell of life and could but feel that the kernel was rotten. There grew upon him first a dissatisfaction with his gay position, and this deepened into a positive distaste for pleasures that were so shallow and so sad. We are told that one day when the Prince was going out by the eastern gate of the city to his pleasure garden, he met on the way a decrepid old man leaning heavily on a stick, and trembling in every limb, his veins standing out on his emaciated body, his teeth gone or loose, and his voice, as he begged, broken and quavering. "What is this?" said the Prince to his charioteer. "Is this condition peculiar to this man or to his family?" "By no means, my Lord; this is old age. Suffering and toil have broken this man's strength, and he is now scorned by his kindred and left without support, like a dead tree in the forest. And this comes to all men—your father, your mother, every creature must come to this." "Alas," said the youth, "how ignorant and mistaken is man, who is proud of the youth that intoxicates him, and sees not the old age that awaits him. Turn back to the city, what have I to do with pleasure who am destined to such an end?" Another time going out by the south gate to another pleasure garden, he saw in the road a man seized with sickness, lying without shelter,

gasping and cramped, and with dismay in his face. He again bade his charioteer drive back to the city. Similarly a third time he went out, and this time he met on the road a funeral procession, the dead man stretched stark on the bier, and the relatives throwing dust on their heads, beating their breasts, and uttering piercing lamentations. "Alas for youth," said the Prince, "which old age destroys! Alas for health which sickness invades! Alas for life which ends in death! Oh that there was no old age, no sickness, no death; let us drive back. I will meditate how to accomplish deliverance." On his way back he saw a mendicant walking along with the placid expression of a disciplined spirit, wearing his single poor garment with dignity, and carrying in his hands his alms bowl. The charioteer, who knew more of the common world than his master, interpreted for him that this man walks through life with calmness because he has renounced its pleasures, and has forced himself to conquer himself and lives now without passion, without envy, without desire. "This," said the Prince, "is the way of escape. I also will renounce life and its pleasures." This story is told with so many variations that it is difficult to get at the exact facts. It may be that we have herein simply his thoughts, expressed in Oriental fashion, in figure and story. He was at this stage of his career, passing through the crisis that nearly all moral and thoughtful young men have to

pass through. He had awakened to the existence of the mystery of sin and sorrow, and did not know what to make of it. However, the story goes on that on the very day when he saw all these things, as he was returning from the pleasure gardens and had entered his chariot for the purpose, a messenger arrived with the news that his wife had given birth to a son—his first and only child. “This,” said Gautama quietly, “is a new and strong tie that I shall have to break.” The news had spread among the people and his return was quite an ovation. There was music and dancing and much merry making. A company of dancing girls had been hired for the occasion. The Prince fell asleep during the performance. At midnight he awoke, found the dancing girls all asleep in the ante-room in *deshabille*; the sight filled him with loathing. He arose instantly with his mind fully made up. He called his faithful charioteer, and told him to saddle his horse. He then opened the door of the room where lay his wife and the new born babe. She was asleep under festoons of flowers, with one arm on the babe; he longed to take the babe in his arms but was afraid of waking her. He gave one long last look and finally determined to go; to go away from the world, away from false pleasures, and not to come back till his mind had become clear and he had become a Buddha and was enlightened, then he would come back, not only as a husband, but as a Teacher

and a Saviour. His resolve was taken. He, with his charioteer, set forth, leaving his father's home with station, power, wife and child behind, went forth into the wilderness of the world to become a penniless, unknown, despised student, and a homeless wanderer.

I have not time to detail to you the curious history of his troubles and adventures. He was terribly in earnest. He grappled in intense thought with the mysteries that appalled him. He fought his doubts and he gathered strength. He came to the conclusion that he had found the solution of all the mysteries of anguish. His soul became elate with a calm gladness, he gathered others about him and became the founder of a sect of devotees. He went back to his family. He converted to his way of thinking his father, his wife, and his son. He became a great preacher. His disciples went forth east, west, north, and south; he raised many enemies, but never had a hard feeling against one of them, and finally he died at the age of 80—died quietly and calmly, discussing the deep problem which he said he had solved—and passed away into blessed non-existence, annihilated into the absolute, lost in Nirvana.

What then, was Gautama's secret which he had found? Just these truths in which his whole system is expressed. These are the four great or excellent truths which constitute the discoveries of Buddha. (1) The first is the statement of the fact that in all existence there is sorrow. (2) That all existence

results from attachment to life or from desire. (3) That existence may be extinguished by extinguishing desire. (4) That desire may be extinguished by following the path to Nirvana, or absorption in the absolute. When we come to enquire what he means by following the path to Nirvana, we find ourselves face to face with a most noble morality. The path is laid down through these eight things: right views, right will, right effort, right action, right liking, right speech, right thought, right meditation. The two things which a man has then to get rid of are (1) ignorance, because in his ignorance he will not see how all things are vanity and vexation of spirit, and (2) desire, which attaches man to life and carries him, like the crow on the elephant's carcase, down the river till he finds himself seated on a skeleton picked clean, and hopelessly lost in mid-ocean. The suppression of all wishing, longing, desiring, by the help of wisdom, is the Buddhist's means of salvation. This suppression must be absolute. It does not mean simply conquering the flesh and mastering passion. It does not mean overcoming the lust for wealth, or power, or comfort. It means that the man must even have ceased to desire happiness or even existence, must have given up his hold upon everything, and have thus attained inward peace and charity. Self must be absolutely trampled under foot, and then as a reward, will come this bliss of ceasing to be, the blessedness of sinking in the ocean of Nirvana.

A strange religion this and still stranger that its Atheism should have inspired this man to undertake a crusade to convert the world to its cold comfort, and stranger still that one-third of the human race should be its adherents. What is the secret of its hold upon the world, and how came the Brahmins to oppose it and banish it from India? What hope is there of Christianity ever overcoming it? These are questions of intense interest, but I can only touch upon them.

1. The Brahmins disliked it because it was opposed to their priestly pretensions; it abolished caste, not Brahmins alone but any who would enter upon the new pathway to annihilation might succeed. No priest was needed, no sacrifices would avail, the change must be in a man's own heart. Buddhism was arrayed against all the exclusive pride of Indian caste and so it was proscribed and banished.

2. What is the secret of its hold upon the world? I answer this by saying that it deals honestly with the great fact of human sin and misery, and offers, I will not call it a salvation but a refuge from its direful consequences. The gospel of Jesus is fully as honest, but it comes to man with a cheerful sympathy and bids him escape from sin into a holy blessedness of intenser being.

3. The moving spirit of Buddhism is radically selfish after all. The frame work of its morality is very

beautiful and all but perfect, but the heart of it is selfish, it is based on a sense of man's misery and his wish to escape. Not as Christianity, on a sense of sin and a desire to do right and thus to conquer sin. It does not aim at making man pure, but at saving him from unhappiness by helping him not to be, it makes no appeal to conscience, and it lacks all thought of a personal God, without which it is difficult to conceive that religion is a reality.

Though the practical morality of Buddha be superior to that of any other teacher among the nations and may even bear some resemblance to that of Jesus, the principles on which it is based are mean in comparison. It is based on falsehood, therefore the edifice cannot stand. Existence is not an evil—sin may be, suffering may be, but not being itself. Whether is it nobler to conquer sin and sorrow by destroying conscious existence, or by elevating life and enlarging it to prepare it for a state in which there would be intense energy without sin? This is what the gospel of Jesus does for us, and in doing this it is more true to our instincts than the Nirvana of the Buddhist or its modern scientific imitations as preached by Spencer and Comte. We take the facts of life as the Buddhist saw them, but we give a new colouring to them, as says the Poet

“ This world is all a fleeting show
For men's illusion given,
The smiles of joy the tears of woe

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
 There's nothing true but Heaven.
 Poor wanderers on a stormy day
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way,
 There's nothing calm but Heaven.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY

(A Sermon to Young Men).

Preached at Stow Church, September 9th, 1883.

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize," &c.,—I. Cor. ix. 24-27.

The phrase which I have prefixed to this sermon is not one which is to be found in the Bible. We do not read of Muscular Christianity in the Epistles of St. Paul or the gospels which contain the words of Jesus. The phrase is of modern coinage. It bears the stamp of the nineteenth century. I believe the author of it is the Rev. Chas. Kingsley; at all events he is credited with its parentage, or he adopted it. I do not quite like it, but I admit that it contains a thought which is of great value. No phrase thrown out at random perhaps, can take root in popular language and popular thought,

unless it enshrines some truth which was not previously expressed so felicitously. Words are like seeds, and if a fitting word falls into a fitting soil, it will take root and grow, and become a living thing.

It is so with "Muscular Christianity." It represents a reaction from an idea of religion that used to be very prevalent. The puritan spirit in its zeal for what is right and pure and noble, took up the Bible maxim, that a man in becoming a servant of Christ, is to come out of the world and be separate, and gave it an earnest but a one-sided meaning. Its ideal of a Christian was a man who for the sake of Christ had killed all pleasure, except such as was directly of a religious sort. The result of this was that piety was divorced not only from sin, but also from all enjoyment, and a further result was found in the frequent feeble health which accompanied piety. Religion was associated in thought by those who were outside the Churches with namby pambyism.

This perversion is, however, much older than the times of the Puritans. If ever you go among the renowned picture galleries of Europe, you will find countless pictures of a certain church father called St. Jerome. He is perhaps the most popular subject for pictorial art outside the range of scriptural subjects. He was a remarkable man whose soul was altogether too fiery for his body. He is known as the translator

of the Bible into Latin. This noted saint meets one everywhere, and in all these pictures we have a miserable, wrinkled, emaciated old man. He himself speaks of his mis-shapen limbs, rough with sackcloth, and his skin so squalid that he might have been mistaken for an Ethiopian, and his naked bones which scarcely held together, and which rattled on the earth as he lay down! I have, I confess, a great admiration for this enthusiastic old worthy, but I do not approve of the selection of him as the ideal saint. He was great in spite of his eccentricities, not in consequence of them. If such a type were to become the popular model for imitation, there would indeed be need of a reaction in favour of what is called Muscular Christianity.

The truth that is enshrined in this phrase is just that which is expressed by St. Paul in this remarkable passage which I have chosen as my text. It does not say that muscularity is worthy the name of religion, but it does imply that in a body which is not properly nourished and cared for, and duly kept under, just as an athlete keeps his under during training, piety will be weak or one-sided, or lacking in earnestness. We might place alongside of this text in the margins of our Bibles the old Roman motto, "a healthy mind dwells in a healthy body," *i.e.* disordered digestion may produce disordered theology. A low condition of nervous energy may open the door to all sorts of spiritual fears which would vanish under the stimulus of fresh

air and exercise. The body and mind are so tied together that neither can suffer without the other suffering also. If then Muscular Christianity means that there is any special virtue in a strong arm, or a capacious chest, I demur; but if it means that Christianity cannot be itself, cannot be strong and natural, and what God intended it should be if associated with enforced feebleness, then I endorse it with all my heart.

1. Let me say a word or two about my text.

That Paul was a man possessed of an intense hatred of sin no one will deny. If anyone wishes to read what he thought of the heathen world in the midst of which he lived and wrought, let him turn to Rom. Ch. 1. But Paul with his clear common sense was able to distinguish between what was innocent and what was guilty. No one could have detested the bloody deeds which were done in a Roman circus or theatre more than he did. The vilest modern theatres are houses of virtue, compared with a classic stadium; but in spite of this we find him entering into vivid sympathy with some of the things that went on there. He draws many of his metaphors from the Grecian games. During his long stay at Ephesus and at Corinth he had doubtless witnessed those wrestling bouts, those highly skilled encounters of pugilists, those swift races to win the fading garlands of laurel or pine, which for some of

his heathen converts, and especially for the younger among them, could not at once have lost their charm. We can well imagine how some young Ephesian or Corinthian might have pressed Paul to come with him, and see this struggle and the race, and how for one whose sympathies were so vividly human, there would have been a thrilling interest in the spectacle of those many myriads assembled in the vast stadium—in the straining eyes and eager countenances and beating hearts—in the breathless hush with which they listened to the proclamation of the herald—in the wild-eyed charioteers bending over their steeds with their hair blown back from their glowing faces, in the resounding acclamations with which they greeted the youthful victor as he stepped forward with a blush to receive his prize. Would these youths do so much and suffer so much, to win a poor withering chaplet of pine and parsley, whose greenness had faded before the sun had set, and would they make no effort, make no struggle to win a crown of amaranth—a crown of righteousness that could not fade away? And that too when here the victory of one was the shame and disappointment of all the rest, while in that other contest each and all might easily be victors, and the victory of each be a fresh glory to all who were striving for the same prize. And as such thoughts passed through his mind there was no Judaic narrowness, but a genial sympathy in his soul, and a readiness to admire whatever was innocent

and beautiful in human customs. With this thought in his mind he wrote our text. Let me give it to you in the exact and vivid translation of Conybeare and Howson. "Know ye not that in the races of the stadium, though all run, yet but one can win the prize (so run ye that you may grasp) and every man who strives in matches trains himself by all manner of self restraint. They do it to win a fading crown—we a crown that cannot fade. I therefore run not like the racer who is uncertain of his goal. I fight not as the pugilist who strikes out against the air: but I bruise my body and force it into bondage, lest perchance having called others to the contest, I should myself fail shamefully of the prize."

If this is our text there is no difficulty in getting out of it these three thoughts.

1. That the highest prize attainable by man is the fadeless crown of piety.
2. That a healthy body is only to be obtained by self mastering.
3. That a body which is not enslaved into health is not the type of a Christian's manly frame.

That is, the crown of God is given not to the glutton, nor to the ascetic, but to those who have a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Let us look more closely at the thought which this text has given us. Man is composed, says the Bible, of body, soul and spirit. These three are very closely linked together, so closely that each suffers if anyone of them is injured. By the body we mean the physical framework in which the man lives. By the soul I think is meant that which man has in common with the lower animals, who can think, reason and feel up to a certain point. By the spirit is meant the man himself, the man in his highest selfhood, the man as a being capable of aspiration, of enthusiasm, of worship, of prayer, the man as a candidate for immortality. Thus the soul is higher than the body, and the Spirit is higher than the soul. Better to have a soul well ordered than a body well ordered, and better still to have a spirit face to face with the infinite God; but best of all to have all three in health and harmony. This I say is best of all, but it is impossible to attain it for the simple reason that our bodies are naturally frail, even the healthiest are ill sometimes, and there must come a day when desire shall fail, and old age lead the body to the grave.

Now if a man gives all his attention to his body, is he acting a wise part? If he so lives that an undue share of nervous energy goes in that direction, and his brain be starved, and his spiritual self be left altogether out of account, is he doing justice to himself? Let us suppose that he succeeds, that his arm is strong in its



muscular power, that he can throw a ball to some marvellous distance ; that he can run like a gazelle and not get wearied ; that he can win prizes on the cricket field, or take his part in a boat race, and at the same time is ignorant, neglects the culture of his mind, finds it impossible to reason, and votes all thought a bore, and as for religion, utterly ignores it, is he doing the right thing ? He may have a healthy body, but there is only a baby-like soul inside, and a spirit even more insignificant.

I remember looking at a statue in the Vatican at Rome of a gladiator. It is a grand statue of a man, such arms, such muscle, such vigour in every limb. What could not that man do if living ? He might wield Thor's hammer, or like Samson carry off the gates of Gaza, or try to swim the Hellespont, or the British Channel, or do any other wonderful thing. But as I looked at his face there was nothing there to attract anyone ; no lines of thought, no power of imagination ; nothing in fact save brutal vacancy, such an one might win in a wrestling match, but he would never make a living even by his wits. I should not like to have a class composed of such abnormally developed monstrosities to teach, if only the alphabet. Near to this gladiator is a statue of the great orator Demosthenes, wiry, thin, nervous, undeveloped, but with a face marked with the nobility of thought and mental power. In that man the body has been sacrificed to brain ; study,

anxiety and enthusiasm, have drawn all the nervous energy in one direction. It is a nobler type than the other, vastly higher, but still it is one-sided and imperfect.

And there is yet another statue which may stand as a third type. It represents Plato the philosopher, erect, dignified, harmonious in proportion, strong in body, but yet no match for the gladiator. The majesty of thought crowns his brow, as it does that of the orator, but there is a repose about him which is utterly wanting in the others. He has looked higher than the mere student of this world's politics. His uplifted finger tells us that man must look to the unseen God if he would be at rest. I could imagine him repeating his own words "there is a city of God somewhere in the unseen where all is perfect, but whether there be such a city or not, the man who has seen it in its ideal excellence is constrained to do the deeds proper to that city, and to do nothing which will be out of place there." He stands for the very ideal of a man, a man with a vigorous body, a strong intellect and a spiritual charm, which tells of communion with the unseen God.

Let us not forget then, that man consists of body, soul and spirit, that bodily development is good but mental is better and that the spiritual is best of all. I would, therefore, urge upon you a few practical hints.

1. Take care of your health. Health is indeed a choice boon. It is worth more than all the riches of the world. It is a kind of wealth, however, which is very easily squandered. When squandered it is not easy to redeem. A healthy man is greatly tempted to draw bills upon the future by living too fast, but easy as it may be to draw such bills it is hard to meet them. They all seem to come back with a terrible accumulation of interest.

2. In order to do this, do not hesitate to find pleasure in manly recreation. The cricket field, the Torrens lake, the football ground are places where the soul and body may gain stimulus and strength. The day is happily past when Christian people were bound to look askance on such things. A man will do his work all the better who has a vigorous and muscular frame. I like to think of that grand old man who now wields the destinies of England, able to find his recreation even though above three-score and ten, in competing with his woodman in felling trees. If he had not been the muscular man that he is, he would never have been the muscular Christian that his public and private life proclaim him to be.

3. Do not carry these things too far. A man is not necessarily a great man, because he can carry out his bat in a match, or balance himself on a tight rope, or perform marvellous pedestrian feats. Some of the

greatest fools I have ever known have been heroes in manly sport. If a man gives his mind to such pursuits so that his soul and his spirit are shrivelled up, he is but a poor specimen of a trained man after all.

4. Beware of certain things which are hostile to Muscular Christianity. Amongst these I would name especially drink, and lust, and gambling. The statistics of insurance societies prove abundantly that the life of a man who never touches alcohol is worth about ten per cent. more than that of a sober moderate drinker. When sickness comes upon him it is found to last only about half as long, and the risk of accident is of course much less. An abstainer can insure his life in some offices for less than other men. As for lust it is enough to name it. No victim of unholy passion is ever found justifying it. He may excuse himself, he may palliate his indulgence, he may laugh at his amours, but in his heart he is ashamed of himself and knows that it is dangerous. God's law on this point is the law of Muscular Christianity. "Keep thyself pure." As for gambling, who can defend it? Even our Parliament condemns it. The recent debates about legalizing gambling, all go to the supposition that it is an evil, but it is one that cannot be cured, and so might as well be recognised. Happily this enormity of legislation is doomed. The totalizator has a short lease of life; I wish it were shorter. Gambling and horse-racing go hand in hand. Muscular Christianity has no

sympathy with that amusement. It may develop the muscular power and fleetness of the horses, but it does only evil to those who aid and abet such sports. It neither fosters body, or mind, or spirit.

5. Some of you may be old, some of you may be in feeble health; some of you may be by circumstances for ever cut off from all hope of vigour. If Christianity be muscular you can never be Christians. Perhaps you were born with a heritage of weakness, or an accident has impaired your strength, or you have outgrown the fire and passion of youth, as we all shall do some day. To such I need only say that the soul is nobler than the body, and the spirit again is higher than the soul. There may exist intense holy fire in a sickly frame. Though the outward man perish, the inward man may be renewed day by day, and man's true self is not his body. The body is only his tabernacle, his instrument, his slave. Paul who gives us our text was a man of feeble health, he had his thorn in the flesh; he was no Plato in aspect, but there was in him a grand mental and spiritual life which has made him one of the greatest men of all time. So it is now. Christians can thrive even if the adjective Muscular be impossible.

6. Would you begin the true development of yourself, begin with the noblest part first. Let the spirit be directed aright, and then let the rest follow.

A spirit full of faith and trust, will save a man for ever; but no skill in athletics will help a man to make his peace with God. The awards of God will not be the awards of Muscularity. A man when he dies, must leave his cunning and wonderful body behind him to moulder in the grave, but his spirit must live in another world. Begin then by looking within, begin by seeking for the help of a Saviour that God has provided: begin by giving your hearts to your Saviour; begin as a Christian and you may add thereto as much Muscularity as you like.

SOCIALISM.

Preached at Stow Church, August 7th, 1886.

“And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.”—Isaiah xxxii. 17.

No thoughtful Christian can regard with indifference or coldness that modern movement which goes by the name of “Socialism.” Nay more, the more earnest he is in his devotion to the doctrines of the gospel, the deeper will be his sympathy with many of the aspects of this benevolent reform. Socialism and Christianity

both aim at producing what our text calls "peace," and at ensuring for the toiling millions of human beings "quietness and assurance for ever." They are both schemes for the salvation of mankind from hunger, and sorrow, and injustice, and for the bringing in of a golden year of brotherly kindness and charity. They both spring from the deep pity of thinking onlookers for the woes of the world, and they both aim at purging out of human society all that is selfish, and mean, and miserable. This being the case I plead with you all to give this subject all thoughtful care. Because we may differ from most Socialists as to their ways and methods is no reason why we should not recognise that they, with us, are aiming at bringing about an era when every man "shall sit under his vine and his fig tree, none daring to make them afraid."

But even if "Socialism" fails to enlist the sympathy of an onlooker it must awaken his concern. In one form or other it permeates all modern society. In the various nations of Europe its dim echoes are heard even among us who dwell in these free and democratic colonies. In its milder aspects it has preached to the world a memorable sermon in its story of "Progress and Poverty," or of the "Bitter Cry" of the poverty-stricken districts of the great capitals of England or Germany. In its more terrible forms it startles all lovers of order by its communistic outbursts, its Nihilist crimes, and its dark conspiracies for creating dynamite

disturbances. There is a Christian Socialism, and there is also a Socialism which boasts of no creed, no foundation for the moral law, and no hope for the individual man. But whatever be any man's creed he cannot be blind to the fact that modern European society is in constant peril from the dangerous forces that are at work undermining its foundations. Europe may be likened to that region of weird wonder in New Zealand, of which we have heard so much. Visible to the eye were smiling homesteads, placid lakes and luxuriant vegetation, but underneath the plutonic heat was so very intense and so very near the surface that a slight change in the balance of Nature's forces overwhelmed all the beauty in a deluge of volcanic mud, and the land has become as the land of Sodom and Gomorrah.

We shall see more clearly the relation between Christianity and Socialism if we consider it under a common illustration. The human body, as we all know only too well, is liable to get out of order, and when that takes place we call in medical aid. Some men carry the seeds of disease within them without knowing that they do so. Some will suffer in silence rather than confess to themselves or others that anything is the matter with them, and some are ready to fly to the doctor on the first symptom of pain. However, when the doctor comes his first care is to examine his patient to find out what is wrong with him, and then his

second is to prescribe a remedy if he knows one. There are thus three stages in the cure of disease—first recognition, second diagnosis, third prescription. Christianity and Socialism are both at one in recognising that the world of human society is sadly out of joint. Things, somehow or other, have got into disorder. Sin, and misery, and injustice, and sorrow, and pain are on every hand. The distribution of wealth is very unequal. Some are born to luxury and idleness, and some to poverty and misery. Dives is able to fare sumptuously every day while Lazarus sits at his gate full of sores. I will place side by side a paragraph from one of the most noted of modern Socialist writers, and a few sentences from the Bible and it will be at once apparent that both start with a similar recognition of the disease. “At all times,” says Cabet, “and in every country, history shows nothing but troubles and disorders, vices and crimes, wars and revolutions, massacre and murder, calamities and catastrophes. Now if these vices and misfortunes are not the effect of Nature’s will, we must seek for a cause elsewhere. And is this cause not to be found in the bad organisation of society? And is not the radical vice of this organisation the inequality on which it is based? Not a moment must be lost to repress this evil by a substitution of equality for inequality.” This language is strong but it is not so strong as that which we may quote from the Bible. Says Isaiah: “Woe unto them

that join house to house, that lay field to field till there be no room and ye be made to dwell alone in the midst of the land." "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees and to the writers that write perverseness, to turn aside the needy from judgment and to take away the right of the poor of my people, that widows may be their spoil and that they may make the fatherless their prey." Similar in import are those words which St. Paul quotes and which he makes the text of his epistle to the Romans. "There is none righteous no not one. There is none that seeketh after God." "Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood, destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known."

Thus far then true Socialism and true Christianity go hand in hand. They are linked in their hatred of wrong, in their pity for the unfortunate, and in their desire to help the weak. They are banded together to oppose all oppression and injustice and cruelty. They have a common inspiration in their feelings of humanity. But after saying this we must confess that from this point they often diverge. They do not agree as to the diagnosis of the disease, and, in consequence, are at issue very frequently as to the remedy to be prescribed.

The religion of the gospel says, "Make men good and you will bring in all the blessings that we all crave." The common principle of most systems of Socialism, inverts this order and says, "Make men well off and give them what they crave and then vice and unrighteousness will pass away." I have taken a text from one of the old prophets, most modern Socialists, if they adopted it, would turn it round and read it, "the work of peace shall be righteousness, and the effect of quietness and assurance for ever shall be righteousness." Our Master, Jesus Christ, deems sin to be the radical cause of all our misery and so came to seek and to save lost sinners. They deem misery to be the cause of sin and attack the symptoms to cure the disease.

It would be foreign to my purpose and would take too much time to say anything about the way in which various Socialists propose to effect their purpose. These schemes differ widely among themselves. Some like St. Simon and Fourier advocate a refined communism, others like Proudhon would wage a savage war with the existing state of things, and trust, out of the ashes of a political conflagration, to see some fair social Phœnix arise in new and unimagined beauty. Some ignore religion and others treat it as a matter of indifference and some give it a place of honour in their schemes. Some have propounded practical measures which have already been adopted with widespread benefit. We owe to Socialism the principle of co-

operation, which, after being scouted, is now admitted by all to be one of the great social features of the coming age. From Socialism has come forth that idea which enters so largely into all men's thoughts in this age, that we must look to our methods of land tenure for the cause and the remedy for many of the ills of this erring peccant world. Some of these Socialist measures must meet with the heartiest support from all who enter into the grand benevolence of Jesus Christ, but others again, we who love and serve him must feel bound to oppose with all earnestness and zeal, and we must do this in the interests of humanity as well as religion.

Admitting then that there is much in common between true Christianity and Socialism; admitting that to a certain extent our aims are identical, and that we desire to see the time when "all

"Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth

Shall, with one heart, honour their common kind."

Admitting that we are equally of opinion that something ought to be done to make things better, I will try to set forth a few principles and facts which tend to make us criticise certain socialistic movements very severely.

1. We are not content to think that man is only a human animal, we believe that he will live a longer life than three score years and ten. We take into our account the endless ages of the future. If a man be poor and

his poverty be a discipline which will make him a nobler being in another world, his poverty may be worth more to him than all the wealth of Golconda or the Broken Hill. We do not pity men like Elijah and John the Baptist because they were poor. We are filled with honest pride as we think of the grand lives of John Bunyan the tinker, and Pallissy the potter. We claim kinship with the noble army of martyrs and do not regret on their account that they were crucified and burnt. They would have missed something worth more than gold if they had purchased ease and luxury by recantation. Any scheme of reform which does not take into account the grand possibilities of being which may be concealed in the hearts of the poor, the outcast, and the suffering, will not satisfy us. We do not believe in sacrificing the individual to the race as Herbert Spencer does. If it be a law of society that "the weakest must go to the wall" for the sake of the future glory of humanity, we will join the Socialists in fighting that law, not for the sake of the present merely, but with the idea that Lazarus in his rags may be a richer man in reality than Dives in his opulence. Our gospel is God's message to the poor in his poverty, and offers while he is still poor to make him surpassingly rich.

2. That which a man has, as his own, is his own. To take from him what he gains as the result of his own industry, and honesty, and care, and thrift, is

robbery. I grant that he ought to be ready to give and to give freely. Giving ought to be the joy of his regenerated being, for giving is the expression of divine life in him, but to make him give is to steal from him. If he has appropriated what is not his by right, then it is another question, when and how he ought to be made to surrender it up, but what is his he has to do with as his own. All Socialist schemes which go on the principle that no man has a right to anything, that all goods and labour are common property, that the man who saves has no claim upon his savings, are sure to end in ruin for they begin in injustice. Community of goods is a direct violation of this right of human nature. Gold and silver cannot be treated as light and air, and called the common stock of the community. To abolish capital would be to commit a felony in the eyes of abstract justice. Many Socialists have been led into this unchristian attitude by not seeing that the arguments they use against the monopoly of land do not necessarily apply to what a man earns by his own diligence, or superior intelligence, or nobler character.

3. The basis of all society is the family. Many Socialist theorists, from Plato downwards, talk of making children the common property of the State. We have put before us curious pictures of State nurseries, and State playrooms, and State education in which the boys and girls know no father save the law, and no mother save the body politic. All such schemes

are fearful caricatures of human hopes. A man is rich not according to his possessions in gold or land but according to what he has in his heart. Happiness is attached far more to family love than to the revelry of pastime. To make humanity blessed by cutting out of the heart its tender affections, and to produce happiness by robbing all parents of their children, and all children of their home life, is a preposterous perversion of Nature. The State is strong, and healthy, and happy, and moral, just in proportion to the vigour, and the beauty, and the sanctity of its homes. A nation's families are the foundation stones of its honour and its patriotism. Whatever scheme or theory weakens the home feeling, weakens the community. The marriage tie is the strong cement which binds the several elements of society into one whole. Whoever attacks the home, even in the imaginary interests of social happiness, must wage war with Nature and with Christianity. The home is the kernel of the Church. It has been selected by our Master as his own type of heaven, for God is, as He says, "Our Father," and in the union of the chaste bride and her affianced husband we have the symbol of the union of Christ and his Church.

4. Happiness develops from within. No man can be made blessed by changing his surroundings unless you change the man, and if you change the man he is then almost independent of his circumstances. To plant

hope and contentment in a man's soul is worth more to him than to place him in a paradise of luxury. If a man is a sinner and you persuade him that he may be forgiven and saved from his sinfulness, you crown him with a bliss which far surpasses all the passing emotions of pleasure. A poor man, whose soul rests in God, has a lighter heart and a more radiant face than the richest epicure under the sun. Would we make the world happy, we must begin with the men and women in the world to-day, and not torment them by telling them that their grandchildren may perhaps be better off, but that for them there is little or no hope. Christianity is opposed to slavery but it tells the slave that he may be a free man in spirit before he loses his chains. Christianity is opposed to injustice, but the victim of oppression may claim sonship with God even if hopelessly entangled in the meshes of tyranny. Christianity is opposed to war, but the soldier may carry his Christian feeling with him even when under orders to march.

5. Social progress must develop from within. Our Master, who initiated the greatest reform the world has ever known, adopted this common-sense method as his plan. "Ye are the salt of the earth," he said to his disciples. He wrote no books, he formulated no system, he organised no rebellion against social wrong, but he did more, he gave the world himself. He touched and inspired human hearts and sent them forth to conquer the world by the might of gentleness. No

law can move society like men can. Acts of parliament may do much to hinder or to help, but they cannot of themselves remake society because they cannot remake men's souls. Any scheme, however wise or benevolent, which does not aim at getting at the man himself can only very partially succeed. Christianity does that and therefore, in spite of having a hard battle to fight with selfishness and worldliness, it and it alone, has succeeded in making the world better. The true Christian is bound to be a philanthropist; redeemed himself, he enters into the profound loving thinkings of God. He feels he is here to work for mankind.

“And not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity and so work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did first.”

I said in commencing that Christianity has a great deal in common with Socialism. It too aims at realising the golden year when sorrow and sighing shall be banished from the earth. It too aims at levelling the inequalities of society, but its levelling is a levelling upwards not downwards. It develops the individual man instead of dwarfing him. It too aims at abolishing all selfishness, and all vice, and all misery, but it does this for the penitent man himself now and for ever. It puts him on a new way which leads upwards to life. I do not despise or undervalue the aid that may come from improved legislation, but I put religion first and fore-

most. Religion may effect its purpose without new laws, but all laws are powerless to quiet the storms of human life without religion. Systems may be like oil poured out on the troubled waters, but 'tis the voice of the Master alone who can say "Peace be still," either to the agitated soul of the solitary sufferer, or to the seething tempests of this world's strugglings.

"Fewer programmes," says that noble-hearted genius, Elizabeth Browning, in that poem of hers in which she passes in review all manner of Socialist theories.

"Fewer programmes, we who have no prescience.
Fewer systems, we who are held and do not hold.
Less mapping out of masses to be saved
By nations or by sexes. Fourier's void,
And Comte absurd,—and Cabet puerile.
Subsist no rules of life outside of life,
No perfect manners without Christian souls.
The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver,
Unless he had given the life, too, with the law."

THE JUBILEE OF CONGREGATIONALISM.

Preached at Stow Church, September 12th, 1886.

To-day is a memorable day in the history of this church, and of the Congregational denomination. We inaugurate this day, the jubilee year of our history, and

it is fitting that we should do so with holy joyfulness, with renewed faith, and with earnest vows of consecration to the service of our divine Lord. The jubilee is a Jewish institution, and through the Jews it has passed into common usage and has been adopted in various forms by all civilised nations and churches. For the Jews it was the climax of their cycle of festivities. This cycle was built up on the basis of the number seven. Six days with a seventh added made a week. Six months with a seventh added made the series of festive months, from the first seed-sowing of early spring to the last harvest of autumn. Six years with a seventh added made an ordinary week of years, of which the last was to be a year of rest, which was meant to teach the people that a man may be happy and blessed and prosperous even if he be not making money. Six such heptads of years were to be followed by a seventh, which was to end in two such Sabbatic years, when the land was to rest for two years. This extra year, the fiftieth, was the year of jubilee. It was the year of liberty, for all slaves were to be manumitted. It was the year of brotherhood, for all debts and mortgages were to end then. It was the home year, for every family inheritance came back to the representatives of the household. No wonder, then, that the coming round of this year came to be the signal of gladness, and it is no wonder that through the Jews the languages of the world have been enriched by such words as

jubilant and jubilation, and the usages of the world have been made joyous in the celebration of various jubilees.

There are many questions concerning the jubilee which are very interesting and very puzzling, and one of these concerns the name itself. I am inclined to think that the name was originally the name of some musical movement or tune, or melody. If that be so the tune has not survived the wreck of ages, and has been lost to the world. Like other good old tunes it has been elbowed out of memory by newer tunes which were more accordant with the advancing taste of the ages. I wish we had it for use this morning, though I could not promise that we should all like it, however excellently the organist might do his part or the choir and the congregation take it up. If, however, we have not got the real original music, we may claim to inherit the spirit of jubilee, and may give a richer meaning and a higher enthusiasm to our anthems of praise, as we avow ourselves disciples of Jesus, servants of His church, and heirs with our Master of the endless blessedness of the Father's house.

A jubilee is an occasion both for looking backward and for looking forward. The monotonous journey of life seems herein to pass over a ridge or a watershed, whence the view and of the years that are gone comes into view, whence opens up a misty vision of the years

that are to come into which the roadway necessarily descends. The past is plain, the future is hazy. We can track the path by which we have come, but so obscure is the march of coming years that we can do nothing save trust, and in that trust go forward.

Memorable in all our lives is this year on which we are entering. Such a year can only happen once in an ordinary life-time. When next this church celebrates its jubilee, pastor and deacons and nearly all of our members will have gone hence to other climes, and then it may happen that a few old men and a few venerable matrons may remember how, when they were young and sportive, they gave their hearts to the Lord and themselves to His church just before the old jubilee, when Victoria was the Queen of England, and how the minister, whose name has been almost forgotten, spake earnestly to them, and how they were amused at the idea of their ever growing old and becoming grandfathers and grandmothers. Two out of the first members of this church still live, who were all then either young or in middle life. If the same proportion holds with our present roll of 320 it is easy to calculate how many, or rather how few, will be alive in the year 1936, when this church will inaugurate its second jubilee year. God knows the secrets of the future, happily we do not, but of this we may be assured that if we be "faithful unto the end" God "will give us the crown of life," of life not of death.

Life, however, is only possible under the condition of a living and persistent memory, and so we trust assuredly that then from a higher region, from a grander point of view we may be thinking of what we were doing to-day, and may be cognisant of the jubilation of our successors here below, just as we believe that Thomas Stow, William Evan, William Giles, and hundreds of others are sharers with us to-day in our holy merriment, and are sympathising with us among the angel brotherhood, who, we are told, are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation." Brethren, let us give wings to our faith to-day. Let us recall to memory the sainted dead; let us think of them as alive; let us associate them in thought with our songs of praise, our prayers to our common Lord, and our jubilee thanksgiving. The church on earth and the church behind the veil are but one. Our friends are gone, but we have them still. "They sing the Lamb in hymns above; we, in hymns below." Their voices may be more tuneful; their knowledge vastly greater; their experience untouched by trouble; but surely no lapse of ages can deaden fellow-feeling, nor their celestial life forbid them to cherish some painless sympathy with pain and sorrow and effort, such as we have to pass through here below.

'Tis more than 50 years since this colony of South Australia came into being in the brains of its first promoters. Unlike Victoria, this colony existed on

paper in England before its actual history commenced. Among those promoters were several men of earnest religious feeling who knew well that in the long run a country can only be exalted and prosperous inasmuch as it is actuated by the fear of God. Among those we must especially name the late Mr. G. F. Angas and Mr. William Giles. Good and true men are of more permanent value to a community than rich veins of ore or even fertile land. It was through the force of godly character contending with obstacles in the name of the Most High that the New England States have arisen to eminence and power. It was hoped that this young and ideal community would have something about it of a similar puritan fervor and puritan vigor. At the instigation, I believe, of Mr. Giles, the Colonial Missionary Society resolved to send out a pioneer Congregational minister. The choice fell upon the late Rev. T. Q. Stow, then settled in Halstead, in Essex. They could not have selected a better man. He was pre-eminently a strong man, in whose bosom burnt the twin fires of liberty and of piety. They furnished him with a tent, and sent him forth with their good wishes. He and his tent and his family and Mr. Giles came hither in the ship "Hartley." He landed here in the month of October, 1837. Adelaide was not then what it is now. A few huts stood at the north-west corner. The Torrens was a rustic stream fringed with a thick copse of reeds. The lines now occupied by wide streets

were then occupied with primitive gum trees. The site of this sanctuary was afar off in the bush. The city had been surveyed, and its plan seemed very pretty and Eden-like on paper, but its development was then in embryo. A few friends who were already here gave their pastor a hearty welcome. The tent was unpacked and erected on acre No. 5, North-terrace. It was a weak and flimsy structure, but it was made more serviceable and permanent by a covering of reeds and a flanking of wood. Those reeds, says tradition, were cut by Mr. Stow with his own hands, not because willing helpers were scarce, but because official interference wished to conserve those reeds for some purpose connected with the Government premises. Mr Stow had the idea that they belonged to the people, and could not be put to better use than in roofing in the tabernacle he had erected in the Australian wilderness. He knew that no one would interfere with *him*, and so he undertook the work. It was his first protest against anything that would meddle with the liberties of a free commonwealth. The building was erected, a drawing of which hangs in our schoolroom. The first services were held in the following month. On the 19th of December a meeting was held, when 11 persons entered into a covenant to form a Christian brotherhood and to serve their Master Christ in "that delightful relationship." We have still several persons now worshipping with us who formed part of the congregation that met

in the reed chapel. On the occasion of the first anniversary of the formation of the brotherhood the number had increased to 36, chiefly by transfers from the churches in Britain. Mr. Stow's influence was felt by the small community from the first. He was a man that feared God and loved righteousness, and was possessed of a vigorous public spirit. The church grew rapidly, for when it was only three years old it had built and proceeded to occupy its new sanctuary at the extreme verge of the population, in what was called Freeman Street. To erect so large and commodious a place of worship is an evidence at once of the liberality and the faith of the small brotherhood which by that time counted about 110 members. The church grew with the growth of the city. Other churches arose of a similar character to itself and as branches from the parent root. Other Christian denominations were also at work, and with them Mr. Stow laboured heartily for the benefit of the young colony. Sometimes in his zeal for liberty he found himself in antagonism to those whom he nevertheless respected. This was especially the case in the famous controversy over the complete severance of religion from the patronage of the State.

The ideal of the colony had been sketched on the principle that there should be no State aid to religion. This was being practically departed from, and grants were being made to such churches as were willing to

accept the same. It was sought to get a clause inserted in the constitution—a clause appropriating a certain sum of money every year for the support of the various denominations of Christians. This Mr. Stow resisted. A warm and eager contention followed. The party of progress won the day. Religion was not to be bolstered up by State-pay in this young land. It is some satisfaction to know that Bishop Short has frequently confessed that it was a good thing for the colony and for his own church that the State-aid party was beaten, and that he never regretted, after he was once used to the idea, that the churches got no assistance from the public purse.

South Australia may well be proud in her jubilee year of having followed the lead of Mr. Stow. She set a noble example. She was, I believe, the first dependency of Britain that had taken that stand. Victoria followed her example after many years' trial of the opposite policy. New South Wales and Tasmania were more tardy in doing so, but they too abolished, in time, State-aid to religion. Our example has touched England. The struggle is going on there, and I venture to predict that those who live to see the next jubilee will have to congratulate the old mother country on having fought out to the end the battle of justice and liberty against unfairness and restriction. Religion, as we learn from our experience, needs no fictitious aid

from the State to do her noble work in the hearts of mankind.

Mr. Stow was permitted to remain pastor of the church for 22 years, during the latter part of which time he had as a coadjutor the Rev. C. W. Evan. He died when on a visit to Sydney in 1862. As a monument to his memory this church was erected and opened for worship in April, 1867. It was a costly and worthy monument of him whose name it bears, and I hope that this jubilee year will see the last vestige of debt removed from these premises, and at the same time all the debts taken off from all the many offshoots which have gone out from the now venerable mother church. May this year of jubilee be a year of release, a year of liberty, and a year of rest to all the Christian churches of all denominations. During these 49 years 1,350 persons have been enrolled in the fellowship of the church. Of these, 337 are now on the church roll, the others having either passed away, or resigned, or been transferred to other churches.

During these 49 years six ministers of the Gospel have held the pastoral office among the people, either singly or in association as co-pastors.

During these 49 years the church has seen her school increase, till now we have about 600 scholars, with an average attendance of 430. Two schoolrooms, with

classrooms, have been erected, and our work has been blessed. During these 49 years we have seen other churches of the same order arising around us, till at the present time we have pastors and churches and buildings for worship.

Brethren, as we thus cast our glance on the years that are past, let us also look upward to God in gratitude. He, and He alone, is the Giver who has given us all that we have. Let us dedicate ourselves anew to Him. Let us look afresh to the Cross and become more faithful servants of Him who died for us. It is a grand thing to be a servant of Jesus, for that service is a service of liberty and blessedness. Let our watchword to-day be "forward." Much has been done, much remains to be done. Let us go forward—forward into a more industrious study of the Divine Word; forward into a more practical consecration of life to our Master; forward into an enlarged liberality and benevolence; forward into fresh enterprises for the good of souls and the honour of the kingdom of God; forward even if our pathway lead into a tomb, for the Christian's horizon is not bounded by death. For him to go forward means to go forward into the light of God.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE YEAR.

Preached at Stow Church, April 16th, 1887.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? Watchman, what of the night ?
The watchman saith—The morning cometh, and also the night.”—
Isaiah xxi. 11.

The vivid picture sketched in this text stands aptly as a motto, for this is a memorable time, and it befits every watchman on the walls of Zion to be awake and do his best to read the mystic signs of the times. This year is a year which will leave its indelible mark on the scroll of the history of the British Empire. It is a year of gladness, for we are privileged as a nation to commemorate the fiftieth year of our Queen's reign—a rare event in the annals of any people, and which has only occurred once before in the records of England. It is a year of congratulation, for as we look back on this long reign we are compelled to say that never before was there a period marked by so much that is noble and hopeful and inspiring. It is likewise a year of anxiety, for beneath the brilliant surface of modern society and the orderly conservatism of orthodox opinions in politics and religion there is a wild and seething unrest which threatens dismay and disturbance. It opens as a year of peace ; but all the nations are armed to the teeth, and it may close, which God forbid, in bloodshed and tumult such as the world has never known. To borrow

the striking figure of our text, it is night time and the night is dark, but there are signs of coming dawn. The watchman set upon the walls feels the keen night breezes, but if he has eyes to see, and if he uses those eyes, he may behold the coming of the morning light, even if it is ushered in with storms.

There is always a tendency for every man in every age to think more of his own surroundings than he ought to do. The present looks huge in comparison with the past or the future. Jubilee periods, like mountains in a chain, require to be looked at from a distance to understand their proper proportions. Movements thought to be very great, and men who have been esteemed mighty men in their day, are apt to be dwarfed when looked at by the sober eyes of those who have lived in the next generation. We all remember hearing how good people thought the world was coming to an end when the "red fool fury" of the French Revolution first broke out. Napoleon the Great was given a position in the interpretations of Scripture as the leader of the hosts of the predicted battle of Armageddon. That vain upstart, his nephew Napoleon III., was honored with giving a title to a book called "Napoleon the destined Monarch of the World." These men have, however, gone, and now their brilliant and doubtful careers are no more than passing events in contemporary history. They both died in obscurity, and the world has gone on its way.

Without forgetting this caution I do, nevertheless, assert that this period of fifty years which is now drawing to a close is noteworthy beyond all other similar periods. Never before has the world made so much progress all along the line in so short a time as in this half century. Never before has thought and opinion been so agitated and perplexed. Never before has so much been done for the cause of humanity. Fifty years ago the poet-laureate uttered the words—

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.”

and the fifty years that have since elapsed have been the best illustration of his meaning, and even “Cathay” itself, and India, and China have been learning its truth.

To us in this colony, and to us who are the members of this church, this memorable year stands out most prominently, for it is likewise our own jubilee year. The birth of this colony and of the neighbouring colony of Victoria are almost coincident with the time when the youthful Queen ascended the throne of England in her girlhood. We have no past beyond this period. The history of her reign is our entire history as a community, and so it is with our history as a church.

The thunders of the cannons which greeted Victoria, as she rose to be Queen had hardly died away when the ship set sail which brought my honored predecessor to these shores, where he laboured so arduously to

maintain a British love of freedom, joined with true British loyalty. I cannot but think that if this jubilee era had been noteworthy for no other reason than the planting and growth of two vigorous colonies, that would be sufficient to mark it off from the ordinary run of years. We in Australia may rightly and without unseemly boasting claim that this new Britain in the south is destined to play no small part in the great drama of the future.

This fifty years has been signalized by an intense spirit of enquiry. I do not say that the great men of this century are either better or worse, than the great men of other ages, but there have been more of them at work, and so the aggregate result of what they have thought about and have done is very much greater. In every department of life there has been awakened a spirit of ambitious research, which has been both bolder and more successful than in the ages of our ancestors. The science of our fathers is infantile compared with the science of to-day. Practical inventions have completely transformed our manner of living, almost annihilating distance, and making the world seem smaller in our idea than it used to be. The social theories which our fathers dreaded as wild and revolutionary are the realised and harmless principles of this present age. Liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of action are recognised now as they were not by any means fifty years ago, and it is found that such

liberty, instead of leading to licence, is leading towards greater social safety. It was thought by men of olden time that liberty was dangerous ; that in philosophy and religion all our thinking must be done for us ; that too much freedom was like an edged tool in the hands of a babe ; that liberty must be doled out in very, very small doses else the patient would die of mania : The experience of this jubilee reign gives the lie to all such fears. America is all the stronger now that her slaves are free. England is all the safer now that her people are politically free. Her toilers are transformed into loyal bands now that the right to unite together has been recognised by Parliament. These colonies are loyal and peaceful, and are full of hopefulness, because here liberty is allowed to reign, and no fetters of any kind hamper our social and religious life.

It was not to be expected that such an age would be without its direct influence on the Christian Church, and it is in reference to this aspect of our jubilee year that I feel at once the honor and the responsibility of being set as a watchman on the walls of Zion. Our theology has been assailed ; our Biblical records have been thrown into the crucible of criticism ; our creeds have been exposed to a fierce and novel light from the intellectual discoveries of our time. Our methods, our modes of work, and our aspirations have been examined and tested. Without and within, the grand tumult has

been raging. The church herself has been infected with the spirit of the age. From her pulpits have been heard doctrines which would have amazed her venerable leaders of the last century. Controversy has arisen within her ranks. Some in their timidity have striven hard to save the church by falling back upon the principles of the middle ages, and others with a differing enthusiasm have tried to carry the church right into the midst of the fashionable "broadness" of modern thought. Some have been sighing for a return to the strong doctrines of puritanism, and have grievously been bemoaning the religious degeneracy of our times while others have told us that they have felt, in casting off the vestments of puritan theology, like David did when he put aside Saul's armour and attacked the Philistian giant with a sling and a stone. Our old men tell us that they are happy in having been clothed with faith before these times came on, and our younger men are often heard saying they do not know what attitude to assume. Outside our churches a certain no creed which has the name "agnosticism," has attained some measure of popularity, and yet no one who worships that vague deity has any liking for it. "Watchman, what of the night?" is the cry which is constantly coming up from below to those who are on the walls. To this cry many are afraid to give an answer, and others will give no answer at all, because they dare not honestly give the answer they would like. Meanwhile

the cry is being heard, and how shall we treat it? I for one cannot be silent. I should deem myself faithless to my trust if I were to seal my lips. I am happy in being in the midst of a people who never by word or sign wished me to curtail my liberty of speech. You have learned to trust me as one who was loyal to truth and to our common Master, and to know that my one great ambition is to be helpful to all whom I can reach, and to bring them to a serene and sunlit faith.

As we try to survey the field of thought and enquiry in relation to the gospel we must all admit that the position we occupy is not exactly the same that it was fifty years ago. We have had, like all around us, to unlearn some things while we have been learning others. As in studying the history of a great battle one wants a map of the position of the forces after each successive movement, so it is with the struggle of truth against error, of the glad tidings of God against human suffering and sin. Some points of defence have been given up because they were neither vital nor tenable, while others have been more strongly entrenched. The parallels may in some cases have been altered, perhaps sorely against our will, and only after an obstinate defence, but it is found that the citadel is not only unshaken but is more impregnable than ever. We have been taught the lesson that to defend a useless or a weak place is nothing but a waste of energy.

I hope in the course of these jubilee sermons to illustrate this statement by setting forth some of the details. We shall be called to look at the attempts that have been made to tear our Scriptures to pieces, and how those attempts have resulted in giving us an original text of the Bible which is better than that which we possess for any other ancient book. Of late Christianity has been brought much into comparison with other venerable religions, and the result of this comparison has been to make us feel more respect than our forefathers had for these outside creeds, and at the same time to be conscious of a Divine superiority of the Gospel of Jesus. The buried treasures of knowledge which were concealed in the tombs of Egypt and the sand dunes of Babylon have been unearthed, and what is more have been read, and as a consequence the history contained in the Bible stands forth more fully credited for trustworthiness and fidelity to truth. The sacred land of Palestine has been minutely explored, and that great work has set the Word of God in a new framework and has thrown light on many a passage hitherto hopelessly obscure. The advance of modern scholarship demanded that our English translation of the Bible should be revised, and the result of this work, which is one of the most memorable achievements of the reign of Queen Victoria, is that the popular Bible is made more lucid, and that many a crooked place has been made straight, and many a rough place plain.

Moreover, as we glance at the extraordinary progress that has been made during this fifty years in the work of missions, at the way in which the Bible has been translated and circulated in the far off parts of the globe, at the amount of labour that has been put forth among the poor of our own civilized lands, at the strength of the Church of Christ in our own day, we shall I trust feel that the good old gospel has lost none of its charm. It is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It still holds its own as the great ideal of what ought to be the condition of the world. It is still the dominant factor in the formation of the future. There is not only no need to be ashamed of it, but we may with more and more confidence glory in it as the very truth of God. The character of Jesus, the ideal Man, stands out more clear and more beautiful, and the words of truth that He spake, and the deeds that He did, and especially that greatest of all His deeds, His dying, and His resurrection, are more eloquent with meaning than ever they were. The Bible, like one of the old masters' paintings, may have been covered with some of the dust and cobwebs of ages, but when the dust is washed off, and the cobwebs removed, the skill of the Divine painter seems all the more wonderful and His work more full of meaning.

Brethren, without going at present into these questions it is not difficult for us to see how it is that

the gospel does maintain such a hold on the world and will ever do so. There are three great and terrible facts in our human life with which every man must deal, and those are *sin*, and *sorrow*, and *death*. They cannot be ignored, or escaped, or vanquished by any scheme that man can devise. They are there before us, tormenting conscience, agonising life, and filling the mind with fear. The question for humanity is a practical one. It takes this threefold form—Who or what can save us from sinning? Who or what can comfort us in our sorrows? Who or what can give us a hope of escaping death? The Gospel of God does what we want. It answers all these three questions. It reveals God as a God of mercy and grace to those who are penitent. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." It unfolds the mystic deeps of the Eternal as an infinite wellspring of compassion and love, and it draws aside the curtain of the future and promises an eternal and an ever enlarging life to those who by patient continuance in well-doing seek to reach thereto. This is the threefold ground of the power of the Gospel—this the reason why we love it, and this, too, is the reason why it is hated and opposed, and spoken against, and sneered at. It calls sin by its right name. It does not hold parley with wrongdoing. It offers no rewards to selfish worldliness. It has no comfort for criminal sorrow. It opens no gate of bliss to those who will not struggle after what is right. Like the blessed sunlight it

awakens life, and at the same time scorches and rebukes the impenitent. In it God deals honestly with us, and tells us what we are and what we may be. If we do not like this straightforwardness and honesty on the part of our Maker shall we blame the gospel, or shall we blame ourselves? Let conscience answer.

MRS. BROWNING.

A sermon to young women preached at Stow Church, 12th October, 1884.

“ My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.—Luke I, 46, 47.

The theme which is before us this evening is very different in character from any that we have hitherto considered. My task is not to present to you a life of domestic heroism, or of busy, social activity, but a picture of quiet work. I do not intend to lead you away into the distant ages of Puritan suffering, nor across the Atlantic to the New World of the Pilgrim Fathers, but to tell you of one who but lately was a living name among the leaders of modern thought, and whose husband still lives in an honoured old age.

Mrs. Browning is well-known as a poetess, but I would go further and say that among all her sisters in

song she stands pre-eminent as their queen. I know of none in any age or any nation that can be named as her equal. The fluency of sweet music is no uncommon gift among woman-kind, but to find that joined with sensibility, and intuition of genius, and allied with learned culture of no ordinary degree we can alone quote the example of our heroine. She was as learned as George Eliot, but unlike her, her whole soul was aflame with tender emotion and Christian faith. She was no mere literary dilettante, but an enthusiast as her own words testify. "We want," said she, "the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature, as it has touched other dead things; we want the sense of the saturation of Christ's blood upon the souls of our poets, that it may cry through them in answer to the ceaseless wail of the sphinx of our humanity, expounding agony into—."

She did not write mere hymns, but true poems, and these poems throb with the enthusiasm of faith and hope. Her poems are exquisite as works of art, but their charm lies in their sympathy. Her song was a living voice eloquent with the holy Christ-like passion for humanity with its joys and sorrows.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London in 1809. She was the daughter of an English country gentleman, and was in early life deprived of the tender care of her mother, and so was left to be, not only the charge but

the companion of her father. She was weighed down through the whole of her life by ill-health. Her constitution was most fragile and delicate, and it required the utmost care to keep the frail spark of life from passing away. But if she was weak and fragile in body, she was especially gifted in mind. She seems to be one of those cases in which all the energy of living went to make the brain strong at the expense of the body. She lived in a world of thought and feeling, and no amount of suffering could quench the fire of her imagination or tempt her to mental indolence. At the early age of fifteen she had written verses which bore the stamp of true genius, but what interests us still more is the noble spirit of self-dedication to what is highest and best that inspired her. She expresses this in one of her youthful poems in which she represents a chorus of poetic spirits chanting their song.

“O we live, O we live,
And this life that we conceive
Is a clear thing, and a fair
Which we set in crystal air,
That its beauty may be plain !
With a breathing, and a flooding,
Of the heaven life on the whole,
While we bear the forests budding
To the music of the soul ;
Nor is it tuned in vain.”

When she was quite a young woman she attempted no less a theme than that which absorbed Milton's

mature powers, and told anew the old biblical story of the loss of Eden, and the incoming of sin and sorrow into human life. Her treatment of the theme may lack the mighty outlines of the majestic Milton, but it is marked by wonderful sublimity of thought and intense human tenderness, and, as the work of a girl, is marvellous. The poem ends with an angel chorus chanting their hopeful grief as they bid farewell to poor Adam and Eve as they wend their way through Eden, "Exiled but not lost."

"Exiled human creatures
Let your hope grow larger!
Larger grows the vision
Of the new delight;
From this chain of nature's
God is the discharger
And the Actual's prison
Opens to your sight.

"Calm the stars and golden
In a light exceeding;
What their rays have measured,
Let your feet fulfil!
These are stars beholden
By your eyes in Eden,
Yet, across the desert,
See them shining still!

"Future joy and far light
Working such relation
Hear us singing gently
'Exiled is not lost'!

“ God, above the starlight,
 God, above the patience,
 Shall at last present ye
 Guerdons worth the cost.
 Patiently enduring,
 Painfully surrounded,
 Listen how we love you,
 Hope the uttermost !

“ Waiting for that curing,
 Which exalts the wounded,
 Hear us sing above you—
 ‘ Exiled is not lost ! ’ ”

Not long after the “ Drama of Exile,” she wrote another of a kindred order, in which she tells the story of the Passion, as seen, not by the disciples of Jesus who watched him die, but as seen by the angels. I mention these early religious poems because they show the sacred depth of her emotion, and how beneath all the many poems which her mind has given birth to, she was uttering what seemed to her almost like an inspiration. Like with those old Hebrew poets, Isaiah and Ezekiel, it was as if the hand of the Lord was upon her. She is, herself, now among the departed and that fact adds meaning and beauty to these exquisite lines with which she closes this poem.

“ I, too, may happily smile another day
 At the far recollection of this lay,
 When God may call me in your midst to dwell.
 To hear your most sweet music’s miracle,
 And see your wondrous faces. May it be !

“ For his remembered sake, the slain on rood,
Who rolled his earthly garment red in blood
(Treading the wine press) that the weak, like me,
Before his heavenly throne should walk in white.”

Miss Barrett was favoured with an unusually good education; she went far beyond the region of prettiness which some seem to think ought to satisfy the female mind. She became a good classical scholar and under the leadership of a blind tutor named Boyd, she obtained a profound knowledge of the Greek poets. Greek, Latin, English, Italian and Portuguese literature afforded her ample room for her spare time and ambitious thought. Unable to move about, almost confined to her room, and often times for long periods the victim of weakness and suffering, she revelled in her favourite authors. Nothing could quench the fire in her spirit; in spite of weakness her pen was ever busy in carrying on a voluminous correspondence. When twenty-eight years of age, her life was endangered by the bursting of a blood-vessel in the lungs, but though death was near then, his advent was postponed by care for nearly a quarter of a century after that, and if it had come hers would have been the gain and ours the loss. Some two years after this as she sat at the window of a house at Torquay, she saw her favourite brother, who was out on the sea in a pleasure boat, pass suddenly away. The boat was caught in a squall, capsized, and he was drowned. She saw it all but

could render no help. Such an event had a great and lasting effect on the tender soul of the poetess. A long period of danger to her own life followed this catastrophe and when at length she was able to be removed to her father's house, it was only to become an invalid, with a prospect of a life couch-ridden to its close. This time of seclusion lasted for seven long years, but it was no time of idleness. Some of her best poems were written during these years. Among the rest was one containing a few lines which, if the story be true, had a weighty and romantic interest on her life, character and career. In it she speaks of someone who read,

"At times a modern volume—Wordsworth's solemn
thoughted idyl
Howitt's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie
Or from Browning "some pomegranite which if cut deep
down to middle
Shows a heart within blood touched of a veined humanity."

It is said that Browning was induced to make the acquaintance of a lady who could so strangely and aptly describe him, and that this acquaintance ripened into an attachment which resulted in a marriage singularly felicitous. This marriage took place in the year 1846, when the authoress was thirty-seven years of age. 'Tis not often that two persons, each of surpassing genius in the same walks of literature, when married find the mutual life to be blessed. Marriage seems usually to demand certain differences, as well as

similarities of taste to make it what it should be. To this common rule here was a notable exception. The greatest and strangest English poet is mated to the greatest poetess of the nation and each was helpful to the other, though in their subsequent works each maintained a separate individuality of thought, of style, and of language, as marked as in the earlier years of their life. It may be interesting here to note concerning Browning that he has written a characteristic preface to the recent volume of sermons by the late Thomas Jones of Melbourne. The poet was drawn toward the eloquent prophet preacher and was a member of his congregation in London, and both respected and admired him. And we have some slight interest in this coincidence as Mr. Jones was at one time offered the pastorate of this church and was on the point of accepting the post had not the importunity of his friends in London dissuaded him from coming hither.

Mr. Browning took his wife with him to the genial climate of Italy, and for many years the sunny skies of Florence were instrumental in giving her that health which was impossible in the bleaker region of her native land. They took a villa in Florence called the Casa Guidi. Italy at that time was in the midst of that struggle for liberty which for years tormented her social life and kept her spirit under check. Foreign tyrants ruled the land with an iron hand and many and cruel were the

oppressions under which she groaned. This state of things touched most deeply the heart of the poetess. One might say it was little that a fragile woman, a foreigner, and a disciple of an alien Protestant faith, could do to help in this struggle, she did, however, what she could. She sang the wrongs of Italy in the noblest verses that had as yet come from her kindly heart, and the echo of those songs, though written in English, reverberated through the land. And in that poem she did not flatter or use words of exaggeration. Unbelief, and selfishness, and lustfulness, and wrong were in her eyes ever hateful. She did not hide or gloss over such things, but she tried to raise her readers' thoughts ever upward through virtue to Christ, through Christ to the Father. She died at Florence in the year 1861, after testifying in many ways to her singular devotion to the country of her adoption.

I remember well how, when I was in Florence, I came upon her grave. It is in the beautiful English cemetery on a small hill near one of the gates. Amid a profusion of semi-tropic foliage are clustered a large number of tombs, and in that land where white marble, and labour, and taste, are all to be obtained with ease, the tombs are marked by monuments of unusual beauty.

Walking up the central path, I caught sight of the grave I sought. There is no name upon it, and no

words of inscription, simply E.B.B., ob. 1861. The tomb is elegant and suitable. It represents a sarcophagus standing on six stunted lombardic pillars, with richly carved capitols. In the centre of each side is a medallion in relief. On the first is her own profile, with her face upturned cheerfully and yearningly toward Heaven. At either end is a harp, the one a classic lyre, with the masks of Greek Art wrought on its frame; the other is a Christian harp with sacred symbol of the Cross interlaced with the wires, as much as to say that no word of hers can come to the listening ear, except that ear can understand the Song of Redemption. At the other side, quite concealed from view unless one looks for it, is another device. A triangular wall is pierced by a circular gothic window, a wreath of roses entwines the wall at one end, and a broken chain at the other, while a harp, with its strings arranged like lines of music, covers the whole so as to make the window to be barred like the window of a prison. The device is eloquent in meaning. Life is a prison—a prison with barred windows—but she, the prayerful poetess, has made even these prison bars to vibrate with heavenly harmony, and has made God's music to resound from the saddest things of earth, and her soul now set free is crowned with a wreath of the roses of Paradise.

Death to her was ever beautiful, for all her life-time she had thought of it, had conquered it, and made it

into a friend. Loving life she loved death, because it was the gateway to more life, and this is as it should be. I have no sympathy with that way of looking into the future which makes us feel estranged from life here. It is neither natural or right. But to think of death as Paul thought of it when he said, "I am in a strait betwixt two," is a very different thing. Why should we be obtuse to the glory of Christ's promise of life? Why should we be afraid to think of it, to speak of it and to make it real? Did not Jesus say, "In my Father's house are many mansions"? Did He not die to open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers? Forgiven through Him, helped by Him, guided by Him, should we not long for that fuller fruition of His presence which is shadowed forth in our dreams of heaven?

If the time would allow, and if this address were simply a lecture, I should like to give you a fuller account of Mrs. Browning's works, of her influence, and of her relation to our times. She is eminently the poetess of Christian Philanthropy, so in all her words and especially in her chief and longest poem, "Aurora Leigh," she has striven to awaken in the minds of her readers a spirit of practical sympathy with the oppressed and the afflicted who are to be found in our city life. Civilization has its very dark as well as its very bright side, and that dark side we are apt to forget in the glitter of the sunshine. The utter poverty of the

very poor, the evils of drink and crime, the curse of unbridled lust, the oppression of modern competition, the growth of infidelity and socialism, the cry of the children born into misery, and the selfishness of wealthy comfort, all move her to both pity and scorn. She has tried to look out from her sick chamber upon the modern world with the same eyes with which Jesus the Christ looked out upon the Judean world of his day—hating what was hateful, scorning what was mean, and loving what was lovable. She had no faith in any gospel of socialism, or legislative reform, or deadened brain. The remedy for all was the active working spirit of Christ.

I think you will agree with me that hers was a beautiful life, but perhaps my words may leave upon you the impression that in no sense is it a life that could be imitated. Her genius was her own, her education was her good fortune, but her spirit was one which we may all admire and absorb.

1. The root of all her doing and thinking was loyalty to her Master, Christ.

2. She is an example of patient endurance of suffering which is very remarkable. Most women situated as she was would have developed into valetudinarians, with no thought except for their aches and pains. I do not remember a single passage in her works in which she even tells us of the life of suffering she led.

3. She did what she could. That is a lesson which we all have to learn both for ourselves and for each other. God wants all our hearts and all our lives, but he does not ask of all of us to serve Him in the same way or to do the same deeds. A maiden among her friends, or teaching in a Sunday school, hears a very different call from that which falls upon the ear of a mother surrounded by her crowd of little children. A girl who has a good education, has had more talents committed to her from the Master than one whose mental training has been neglected. All have their own sphere of work ; all are called upon to do just the things they can.

THE DRY-AS-DUST CLUB PAPERS.

BY MR. PHILADELPHUS PENN, M.D.D.C.

WASTED WEALTH.

I have mentioned incidentally that I, Philadelphus Penn, am not only a member of the Dry-as-Dust Club, but am also a member and a president of a family circle. My domestic club is one over which in theory I ought to reign supreme, but I have a managing partner, who somehow or other contrives to get a good deal of power

into her hands. She once promised to obey me, but some promises are only made to be broken like the covering of those delicious confections which appear from time to time on my midnight supper table when I come home tired and out of humour from the gloomy excitement of the *Register* Office. Some tyrannies are very wise, and when I see a nice blazing fire lighting up my snug parlour and see slippers, dressing-gown, and meerschaum awaiting my use, and a smile on my tyrant's face which is quite genuine, though not to be trifled with, I smile in return and have no thought of rebellion. Sometimes, however, I do assert my rights, and perhaps the most notable instance of this natural impulse was my joining the D.D. Club. Mrs. Penn has a profound though unreasonable distrust of "men's theories," and of political economy in particular. She resolves every difficulty by common-sense. She is a great admirer of the old Greek conqueror, who cut the Gordian knot without bothering about untying it. "What is the use of all your talk," said she, one night when I told her all about Mr. Byron's effusion about man as a tool-making animal. "You men when you want to get across a field go round the fences, but we women have sharp eyes for gaps in the hedge, and go straight for the other side."

The other evening when I got home after a heavy day in the reporters' gallery, I found on my supper table a

large letter. It was addressed to Mr. Philadelphus Penn, M.D.D.C., and this address was in a lady's delicate handwriting. My domestic tyrant, like all her sisterhood, could not contemplate such a letter without a little pardonable curiosity. It was unopened, but I knew well that she meant to know the contents of that letter before she went to her room, and that it was no use for me to think of resisting. I opened it, and I do not wonder at her expression of alarm as she saw that it consisted of eight pages of letter paper. I ran my eye down the first page and then most dutifully handed it over to her. She read it, and was much relieved, "For," said she, "O, this is only from some woman who has been bothering her brains about economics. I am astonished at her. I venture to say that she won't beat me in housekeeping. What sort of supper does she get for her husband, I wonder?" I handed the second sheet, and then the third, but the remaining five were destined to remain unread, because the fire just then wanted adjustment. As I finished she looked at me and said, "You talk, Philadelphus, of our sex as being sentimental; why that letter is as dry as old chips." "Then," I replied, "it is evident you did not write it."

The letter, which bore a well-known signature, contained some strictures on the cavalier way in which I had dealt with the time-honoured distinction between pro-

ductive and unproductive labour, and was a justification of Adam Smith in writing his famous chapter on that subject. As I read it I took out my pencil, and by a natural instinct, began to imitate Captain Cuttle, and, having found it, to take a note of it, intending to submit the document as a curiosity to the next meeting of the Club. It began :—" Sir,—Although an industrial country can support, and is in many respects better for many branches of unproductive labour, there is really the widest difference between the two classes. When Adam Smith wrote his famous chapter he had before him the state of things in France, which we are too apt to forget." This state of things was discussed under two heads ; first, the unnecessary dynastic wars in which the various nations—and especially England—were involved, with the necessary burdens of taxation, which had to be raised to pay interest on capital which had been " blown into the air," but which, if employed in making railways, docks, and other abiding works of public utility, would have been additions to, not deductions from, England's wealth ; and, secondly, the peculiar condition of France before the great Revolution.

When Adam Smith wrote in 1772, he saw the consequences of the magnificent non-productive expenditure of the French Monarchy—palaces at Versailles, and elsewhere, costing millions of money ; an enormous

expenditure on a showy Court, where each grandee vied with the others in maintaining retinues of unproductive servants. Splendid horses in carriages and miserable horses for the plough ; pleasure grounds and avenues round the chateau ; but the most wretched roads for the carriage of produce, and these, bad as they were, made and maintained by forced labour diverted from agricultural operations. Armies, costly and inefficient, even for the purpose they were intended for ; patronage rotten to the core, and no career open to industry, talent, or enterprise ; armies of highly paid functionaries, and the most curiously inequitable system of taxation, by which the few industrious classes bore all the burdens and the idle classes reaped all the advantages. The magnificence of the Court and the leanness of the peasant of France were proverbial throughout Europe. Surely with such a warning before his eyes, the father of political economy could scarcely say anything too strong as to the difference between the productive labour which created wealth, and the unproductive labour of soldiers, of jewellers, of decorators, of silk-weavers, livery tailors, and Court dressmakers which dissipated it. He said, however, that in spite of considerable extravagance on the part of Government, if the industry of a country and the thrift of individuals had only *free play* and were not harassed by taxation and restrictions, it could, and it would, replace enormous losses both of Government and other individuals not so

prudent. And in this we have the most striking example in France herself. In spite of frequent changes of government—in spite of much Imperial and individual extravagance and losses in the late disastrous war—the thrift of the great mass of the French people, which is now allowed free play, and which especially has got hold of the land, has carried her through all her troubles, and she is now of all the nations of Europe in wealth only second to England. If, as Smith says, and I agree with him, it is thrift rather than industry that makes a nation as it makes an individual rich—for no matter how hard labour toiled, if it is spent as it is earned no one is the richer—France, as the thrifty nation, ought to become in time the richer of the two; but England began earlier in the industrial race, and began with larger stores of capital. England is rich in inventive faculty, the most valuable kind of labour, but her people have to be educated to thrift. The poor law demoralised her on one side, and the great stores of accumulated wealth seeking for profitable investment has on the other side secured a constant supply of daily work for daily wages to millions of operatives, who therefore are tempted to take little or no thought for the morrow.

“No feature in the colonial body politic is more hopeful than the colonial debt is, and ought to be increased for *constructive*, and not for *destructive* works;

for what lasts, and is a source of wealth, and not for what is a loss at first, and a continuous drain to the revenue afterwards. And so long as there are profitable means of fixing capital in all sorts of good things—all sorts of material settlements of our condition on a wide territory; the best colonist is not he who spends most money, but the man who spends least. The most closefisted moneylender cannot really get more than the market value of his capital in the matter of interest, and the more men of this class there are in the colony the cheaper money will become to those who can make a good use of it."

When I had finished I read the letter to my patient tyrant, who was sitting opposite to me the whole time employing her busy fingers on some small-sized garments that due economy said required mending. "Yes," said she, "your 'fair correspondent'—is not that the right phrase in newspaper English?—is quite right. Capital blown away in gunpowder smoke is gone sure enough, but a good tramline remains to keep on helping us through the mud. I wonder what she would say about the gunpowder that was effective in getting rid of the Kellys. I call that capital saved. Now, let me compare your great concerns with my small ones. You put what you call the 'fragrant weed' into your pipe, and it is gone every bit as much as the powder in a cannon; but if you put some of your

capital into some new stockings for that romping boy of ours it will be of some use." "But what," I replied, "becomes of the capital when there are holes in the stockings?" "I thought you had some sense. Will not that do for an illustration for your promised paper on 'Productive and unproductive consumption?' You see I can see through a problem on economics every bit as quick as you, though I don't go to the Dry-as-Dust Club, like you, or read Adam Smith and McCulloch, like your 'fair correspondent.'" I gave in, like a sensible man.

SELECTIONS FROM EGYPTIAN SKETCHES.

TYPICAL RIVERS.

Of all the famous rivers on the face of this earth there is none that can compete with the Nile for absorbing interest, and of all the countries which are renowned in history not one is so fascinating as the "land of the double crown" through which the Nile wanders. Other rivers may be much more beautiful, other lands may be more varied and picturesque, but none can touch that love of mystery which is in all of us, like that narrow strange strip of country which the Nile has rescued from the burning deserts of Africa. It will, I grant, never compete with the Rhine in the estimation

of holiday tourists. It has no castled crags, no terraced slopes for vines, no dreamy legends of knights and ladies, and no woodland glens whose leafy bowers fairies may still be deemed to haunt. It is utterly unlike the Ganges, which rolls on through an immense basin which is one vast sea of verdure, and where thousands of villages are scattered on every hand. It is not like our own Murray, whose banks are fringed with venerable gum trees and whose career lies in the future, when a score of Renmarks shall be the homes of a busy, happy, peaceful people, "dwelling every man under his own vine and figtree." The Rhine, the Ganges, and the Murray, which I select as typical rivers, have all their own special attractions, but in its own way the river of Egypt surpasses them all. It is in Egypt that we obtain the first clear view of mankind in its earliest civilisation. From the queer uncouth hieroglyphics of Egypt came originally the germs of our own methods of writing and printing. From Egypt the Greeks learned much both of science and literature, and their exquisite skill in architecture was borrowed from the Nile. It was in Egypt that the idea of political liberty was born; for would we trace back our inherited notions of personal freedom, our hatred of slavery, and our glorious consciousness that "a man is a man for a' that" we must go back to the night of the Exodus, when Moses headed an inspired peaceful strike of the slaves of Goshen, and led forth the workers into the desert.

SACRED HISTORY.

Egypt, too, has a close connection with sacred history. When the Patriarch Abraham, sore pressed by famine, visited it 18 centuries before Christ, he found there a strong empire, a fully developed civilisation, and a Pharaoh who could point to 13 dynasties of predecessors. We all know the story of Joseph, who was sold into slavery but who rose from being a menial to be the grand vizier of the monarch, and who married an Egyptian wife, and whose father-in-law was priest of that very temple whose fine obelisk now stands on the banks of the Thames. Moses was a student in the University halls of Seti, or of On, and carried his learning into that wonderful legislation which nursed the Jews into liberty. The Exodus of the Bible was an event in the annals of the Nile quite as momentous as in the annals of Israel. Solomon "made affinity" with one Pharaoh, and if you look on the walls of Thebes you will find the picture of his successor, Rehoboam, among the captive princes whom another Pharaoh had disgraced and conquered. To Egypt Jeremiah fled when Jerusalem was destroyed. In Egypt the Old Testament was translated into Greek, a version which was the popular Bible of Jesus and St. Paul, of St. John and Apollos. To Egypt Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus took flight when Herod's jealousy caused danger to the young child's life. To Egypt we probably owe the Epistle to the Hebrews ;

and it was in an Egyptian corn ship that St. Paul sailed on his memorable voyage to Rome. Every reader of the Bible must perforce feel no small interest in the land which admittedly underlies all the sacred story of revelation.

ITS PERENNIAL INTEREST.

To know Egypt is, in fact, to find a new commentary on the Bible. Nor is the history and importance of Egypt at an end. It is a country which has not only a past like the valley of the Euphrates, but also a future. It is a perennial region. It has a soil which is never in danger of being exhausted though cropped three times every year. It lies in the very centre of the Old World, where the three great continents meet. It is a stopping place in the great highway of nations. It is the key to the world-wide politics of the coming centuries. It is the gateway between the north and the south; between India and Australia on this side of the globe, and the dear old motherland on the other. We cannot help noting also that this gateway, this magnificent strategical centre, this keystone in the arch of political destiny, is in the hands of British statesmen, and that before three years are gone by the Suez Canal will be virtually the property of British subjects. It is not generally known that the shares which Lord Beaconsfield acquired for England do not bear any

profit or carry any voting power with them. On January 1, 1894, they will rank with the other shares of the company, and will secure for British interests a predominance in the councils of the directorate. England's rule is beneficent, and I venture for that reason (and also because I believe it will be for the benefit of the whole world, and even of jealous France herself, and because it will raise the down trodden peasants of the Nile into liberty) to hope and trust that the day is far distant when British control shall come to an end.

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NILE SCENERY.

A few weeks ago I had a voyage up the Murray, and as I steamed past those steep limestone cliffs which abut upon the banks, I was strongly reminded of the Nile. The cliffs of the Murray are, however, only on one side at once, those of the Nile are never absent from view. The geologist would find a similar attraction whether he were on our river or on the river of Egypt, for the limestone hills are in both cases crowded with fossils, but even he would say that the Murray fossils are quite young compared with those of the Nile. An irrigation engineer would cast his eye over the numerous billibongs and flats, and would ask why the waters of the Murray should not be made as useful as the waters of the Nile,

and would recall the endless contrivances he had seen there for running tiny streams over the thirsty banks, shadoofs and shakiehs, and even Californian pumps. But for every other species of traveller the resemblance would soon come to an end. In Egypt are to be seen no forests, no shady copses—nothing, in fact, but barren naked desert, which impinges on the narrow strip of green garden land which fringes the river. When the cliffs open and give a peep into the hill country beyond, the glens are wild, treeless, sunbaked and drear. It is a land in which rain hardly ever falls, and never in such measure as to have any effect on vegetation. The mighty river rolls on through a rainless desert, and so great is its flood that it seems to need no showers to fill it. Sailing up the Nile you may make your way without let or hindrance for about 588 miles above Cairo. There you will come upon a network of granite rocks, which are studded about its bed and fret and fume the current into a series of pretty rapids. These are called the First Cataract, but the name is very misleading, for there is no such thing as a real cataract to be seen. There the scenery is very lovely, and in that poetic region is the famous island of Philæ, sacred to Isis. Beyond, again, is another 100 miles of smooth water, and then another cataract, and so on again and again and again. Other rivers get less as one ascends them, but the Nile waxes stronger and deeper the further you go, and when you have reached the furthest limit where

Egyptian conquerors ever planted their spears it is a bigger stream than it was at Thebes or Cairo. From one end of this long course to Memphis there is a narrow strip of land on either side, except when the cliffs rise sheer from the surface, which is wonderfully fertile. Sometimes this is only a few yards wide and sometimes, though rarely, it extends for three or four miles. Wherever Egypt is green that greenness is bright and fresh; wherever it is not green it is utterly barren. The land is either very good or of no use at all. On this green strip three crops a year are reaped, and so rich is the soil that that tiny country supports its millions of people, and exports to the rest of the world cotton and sugar, and dates and oranges, and in olden time used to help to feed great Rome itself. Villages and small towns abound and each one makes a striking picture with its quaint huts and tall minarets seen against a background of palm trees. The scenery is monotonous, but yet it has an attraction of its own, for the views, though similar, are never alike. The river is always busy. Boats and barges of antique build, just like those which were in fashion in the days of the early Pharaohs, abound, each one carrying an enormous lateen sail, shaped like a swallow's wing. These boats are for the most part crowded with peasants, and with them are to be found donkeys and buffaloes and goats, and even camels. The donkeys seem quite used to such passages, and jump on board a little boat with

much alacrity and with no thought about paying their fare. Every now and again one meets one of those luxurious floating houses called "dahabeahs," in which wealthy Englishmen and Americans who have abundance of time and money are wont to make the voyage of the Nile; and very pretty they look, especially when one sees a pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen lounging on the upper deck, enjoying the modern dissipation of afternoon tea. These dahabeahs are the modern form of the royal barges in which the Pharaohs and the great men of their day were wont to go up and down from Thebes to Memphis and on to Alexandria or Pelusium. But anon one sees a cloud of smoke round the next curve and there comes into sight one of Cook's or Gaze's steamers. You spell out its name and find that it is "Rameses the Great," or "Amenemhat;" but how either of those famous persons would have stared if he could have beheld a boat ploughing its way up stream when the south wind is blowing in its teeth, with no rowers to propel it and with an ugly black cloud instead of a fairy-like sail.

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THIRTY CENTURIES AGO.—THE BIRTH OF LIBERTY.

In my last chapter I told briefly the story of the finding of the royal mummies. In this sketch I intend to narrate something of what was going on when those

shrivelled forms were living men. The sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt was contemporary with those very monarchs whose remains have been unearthed. There is a perennial interest attaching to the Exodus of the Hebrews from their slavery in Egypt. This arises not only from the romantic character of the story but from the world-wide results that have followed. The Exdous was the first occasion in history of the assertion of the rights of man as man. The storms that swept the Yam Suph and made a passage for the fugitives, and the lightnings that flashed over the two hosts, were the birth throes of the novel idea of political liberty. In the Exodus we learn that peoples, not monarchs, are the true subject of history.

If we compare our own times with those of Egypt thirty centuries ago, we must admit that in some things that far off time was abreast of ours. In architecture Egypt was sublime; in pomp and ceremony and brilliant luxury, no court to-day could vie with the court of Rameses the Great; in science, in art, in literature the old land of the Nile could boast of learning and skill, and the names of great poets. But, in all Egyptian history, in all the records of the deeds of the Pharaohs, in all the dreams of her wise men, there is not a single trace of the idea of a man having rights as well as duties, and being by virtue of his manhood, a free being—free to look upon his fellows as brethren, free to

look up to God and pray. It is this inspired thought of our manhood as a divine thing, which is at the basis of our modern society, and marks it off from all ancient civilisations. It is this which, in one way or another is moulding and influencing the struggles of humanity. It is the developing of this idea which is causing the blind but noble unrest of our times. A sublime Christ-like human brotherhood is the natural flower of the tree of liberty, and we are all waiting for its blossoming. But, as we wait and long, let us not forget that the first seed of that tree was planted in the heart of that one man Moses thirty centuries ago, and that it began to sprout when he led his countrymen forth from their slavish contentment in the fat fields of Goshen, into the arid, difficult, but glorious freedom of the desert. If that seed had not been sown this century would never have tasted the fruit.

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A DYING CONQUEROR.

It has been my privilege when lecturing on Egyptian subjects to exhibit several pictures illustrative of my theme. Some of these I purchased in London, but the most important have been prepared in Adelaide. One of these is indeed a curious picture. It is not beautiful, or æsthetic, or a thing to be remembered at midnight, but it is nevertheless very interesting, and the very

horror of the picture is its attractiveness. It is a photograph of a mummy, the oldest of the royal mummies found at Deir-el-Bahari. It does not give us a representation of a grand and proud calmness like what we may see in the shrivelled remains of Rameses or his father; one will see instead a man with an awful agony on his face—his mouth is open, his jaw is shattered, there is an ugly hole in his forehead, two or three of his ribs are broken, his collarbone has been cloven in two, his tongue is half bitten through. That is the mummy of the Pharaoh Ra-Sekenen. Few people have probably ever heard of that man, but I promise any one of my readers that he will not forget him after once seeing him.

That mangled mummy introduces us at once into a curious and remote chapter of history. It is a pictorial comment on the short statement that "there arose a new Pharaoh that knew not Joseph." I must go back a little to make this clear. The long line of Egyptian history is broken in upon by the invasion of a race of foreign conquerors from Asia, who were called "Shepherd Kings" or "Hyksos." Who they were, or where they came from, is a learned puzzle. My own idea is that they were of the same race as that obscure king in Genesis named Chedorlaomer and came from Babylonia. However, they held the country for 500 years and became quite Egyptianised in time. The country

conquered them, just as Ireland is said to turn all Englishmen who settle there and live there, into true Irishmen in two generations. They became Egyptian kings, and built temples and put up obelisks and carved sphinxes, just like other Pharaohs. England transformed the Norman kings into Englishmen, and so Egypt, when ruled by these Hyksos, or Shepherds, had her revenge by giving them a varnish of true Nile coloring.

There was one of these Hyksos Pharaohs who was called Aphophis, and he was the man who hanged his chief baker and promoted his chief butler, and who adopted as his grand vizier the Hebrew youth named Joseph. This man wore the double crown, but he had his centre of government in the Delta not far from the land of Goshen. Now, he had a sort of vassal at Thebes who was the governor of the province. His name was Ra-Sekenen. Ra-Sekenen was a proud man, and deemed, like the famous pretender of Scott's novels, that he was of truer blood than the Pharaoh up in the north. The two began to quarrel. We find it hard to get at the rights and wrongs of the quarrel, but I rather think that the Pharaoh had the worst of it. It was a deeper quarrel than appeared on the surface. Ra-Sekenen was the representative of the national party that wanted to re-establish the old Egyptian royal house. He was on the side of the old national religion, and did not like the religious novelties which

the Hyksos Pharaohs had introduced. The old gods, the old priests, and the old traditions of the land were supposed to support him against the novel and simpler gods of the court. Baal or Set was the chief deity of the Delta, against Amen and his co-deities, who were the idols of the Upper Valley.

This quarrel became serious. It led to a great war. It led at last to the overthrow of the whole dynasty of the Pharaohs with whom Joseph and Jacob were familiar. It led to the expulsion of the Hyksos, and the coming into power of a new race of Pharaohs "who knew not Joseph." All this is matter of history, but the details are obscure. Let my readers remember this bald sketch, and then look on the actual fact presented in the aspect of Ra-Sekenen's mummy. He hoisted the standard of rebellion. He came on against Aphophis. He had assumed the style and title of a Pharaoh. Somewhere—I know not where—the armies met. The two kings confronted each other. Re-Sekenen fared badly in the battle. A terrible stroke upon the jaw brought him to the ground. His foes came around him with savage glee and dispatched him where he lay. One aimed a blow at his head and split his skull, and another inserted his spear into his brain just over his eye. The fallen hero was not, however, defeated. He died, like Nelson, when victory was attending his arms. A fierce fight took place over the

body. It was rescued by his friends and hastily carried to Thebes. The embalmers, however skilled, would have no easy task before them in dealing with such a subject. Still he was a king, and had died in the moment of victory, and so all proper honor must be paid to his remains. He was embalmed in a fashion, and, if the body was mangled, some amends were made by putting him into a very splendid coffin. This coffin was modelled into a vivid likeness of the man as he had been. It was in fact a portrait statue carved in wood, adorned with plates of gold, and with a calm and peaceful inscription on the front. No word was to be read of his terrible end, nothing but a pious prayer that the deceased Pharaoh may have given him by the good gods "a quiet repose, and oxen, and geese, and bread, good store, and good water, and enjoyment and happiness." This mummy case was among those found by Herr Brugsch Bey, and is the oldest of the royal coffins. It was not opened till five years after, in 1886, and great was the surprise of everyone to find such a contrast between the calm splendor of the outside, and the awful confusion of the inside of that sarcophagus. It was a new chapter in history suddenly laid bare. It may interest us to know that Ra-Sekenen was not surprised into his fatal encounter. At all events this old Pharaoh had found time to get himself shaved on the very morning of the battle.

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THE GROWTH OF FREEDOM.

This is the last record of this king. He himself died not long afterwards, leaving a sad heritage of confusion and anarchy to his successors. The glory of Egypt waned into obscurity under that unhappy man, who defied the living God and contended so obstinately against the cry of his subjects for freedom. That battle between him and Moses is typical of a grander conflict which has been going on ever since, and will go on, till every band of slaves shall have followed the cloud banner of Moses into that spiritual liberty, which is man's inspired birthright. That battle once begun cannot cease till oppression kisses the dust, for God is on the side of the weak. The warfare may seem to us to progress slowly, but the eye of divine wisdom looks out from the pillar of cloud and directs the hosts as He will. In the fulness of time, and not before, came He who is a greater champion even than Moses—our divine Master. Again, in the fulness of time, Europe burst asunder the chains of superstition, and in spite of inquisitorial torments, and prisons, and bulls, said she would be free. Again, in the fulness of time, a small band of exiles left old England for a new England over the waves, seeking nought save freedom to worship God, and from that small exodus has arisen the mighty popular empire of the States of America. Yet again, in the right time, in our own days, a new

group of loyal and obedient and liberty-loving peoples has been formed in these southern seas, and we have to take our part in conserving and developing the germs of national freedom which have been planted here. And as we thank our God for all our blessings, let us never forget that under Him we, and all the world, owe to that grand inspired man, Moses the Hebrew, all the liberty we possess and all the hopes of a more perfect freedom which are involved in our developed Christian faith. Christianity is the world's charter of a holy liberty, signed and sealed by the mediatorial King of Heaven, just as the legislation of Moses was the Magna Charta of the children of Israel.

SELECTIONS FROM "BUDDHA AND
BUDDHISM."

THE RUANWELLI DAGOBA.

We stood between these two venerable dagobas as the sun went down behind the trees. Around us were ruins without number, each with its legendary background of romance to give it a living interest, and each a puzzle to the antiquarian. It seemed as though we were encompassed about with ghosts of far-gone ages which took form in the bats that were wheeling overhead. A sound of tomtoms from the village reminded

us that the time of offering the evening sacrifices of flowers had come, and that the faith in Buddha, which had inspired the builders of these structures, was not dead yet. The lights of a small band of pilgrims going the circuit of the dagoba twinkled against the shrubbery. We set off on our walk home to the resthouse, musing on the strange mysteries of this religion of despair, which, in spite of its awful negations, has so much charm for these people. To us it is incomprehensible that such a religion should have any attraction at all. It presents to us doubtless a tender morality, but it is based on the denial of pleasure. It offers as a reward for virtue not the expansion, but the eternal shriveling of our energy. It opens up a rest in Nirvana in which nothing remains to enjoy that rest. It practically denies a God, and offers instead a human prophet who is wrapped in an everlasting sleep and has conquered his desire to be anything conceivable. It takes no form as prayer, and yet makes much of magical incantations. In all those things it is the direct opposite of Christianity, which comes as a glad message from a living God, through a living Christ, and offers us righteousness in our sin, peace in our troubles, and eternal joy in God as an immortality of blessedness. I do not hesitate to say of Buddhism that it is the purest of non-Scriptural religions, but the religion of Jesus is as sunlight contrasted with moonlight when named in comparison therewith.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

The great vanished city of Anuradhapura was founded before the Island of Ceylon was converted to the religion of Buddha, but it owed all its social and architectural glory to the influences of the creed that it adopted under the teaching of the missionary Mahindo. Buddhism, like Christianity, seemed to inspire its architects with a new life. The wild Gothic tribes of Europe built their castles and halls in a style of rude vigour, but they only learned how to add grace and beauty to strength when they erected their Cathedrals. The ancient Indians were not great builders. There is not a single Hindu temple that is as old as Durham Cathedral. India learnt the art of building from the Buddhists. Anuradhapura, in its earliest days, was a mere collection of huts and houses built of wood and sun-dried bricks, but it blossomed into solid glory when its Kings and Councillors became enamoured of the new religion. Every ruin that is there is either a monastery, or a sacred bathing-place, or a dagoba, or a shrine. Even those ruins which are called palaces were more or less holy edifices. The question, therefore, naturally arises—How did all this come about? Who was the genius that gave such a novel impulse to this dreamy island? What was the doctrine that he taught, and why has it been so potent a factor in the life of this country, and indeed of the whole eastern

world? Who was this Gautama who gained the name of "the Buddha," and of what sort was the religion that he founded? To answer these questions fully would take a volume, and would lead me into endless mazes of controversy. Before, however, attempting even a slight description of Buddha himself allow me to introduce my readers to the great missionary whose spirit created this ruined city.

MIHINTALE.

About eight miles from the centre of Anuradhapura, where the sacred Bo-tree stands, rises a grand mountain rock called Mihintale. It is a granite upheaval, and is crowned with enormous boulders piled one on the other. Its sides are covered with forest, except where too steep for trees to find any roothold. Its summit is now crowned with two large dagobas and a variety of sacred edifices, and in the crevices beneath and among the boulders the yellow-robed monks have their abode, dreaming away their existence "far from the madding crowd." That mountain was the home of the first Buddhist missionary, Mahindo. There he lived in a tiny cell; thence he descended to preach to the citizens; there he founded a community of monks; and there he was buried, and his mighty monument can be seen from afar by every traveller over the jungle plains of Ceylon.

The way thither used to be along a busy and crowded street, which we may compare to the "Strand" in old London which connected the City with Westminster, but now is one dense forest. It is even uncertain whether the modern highway follows the ancient street at all. My friend and I hired a bullock-bandy to take us there, and as the bullocks did not profess to be able to trot, we made a very early start so as to get to the end of our two or three hours' ride before the heat of the day. The pace was such that we could easily alight and examine anything we wanted to see without stopping our conveyance. We saw some wonderful trees, and passed through a matted jungle which was like a prison-wall on each side of the road; we saw lovely birds floating through the bushes, and were amused at the behaviour of the baboons, who stared at us and then beat a retreat; but we did not see a single ruin. What a mine of wealth for some future antiquary at the head of an army of excavators armed with axes and spades! We drew up about 9 o'clock at a small rest-house, located in a sort of parklike suburb of the village, which stands at the foot of the mountain. The more open character of the country enabled us to see the mountain rising before us in all its grandeur about a mile off. It is not very high, being about 1,000 feet or rather more, from the plain to the monastery, but its rugged character makes it look higher. We now noted that it has two summits, and

both covered with enormous ruins, but the amount of forest which clothes the hill all the way up hid the many lesser ruins upon its slopes. This mountain is undoubtedly the most ancient of the sacred high places in Ceylon. It was venerated by the Cingalese long before the time of Buddha or his devoted missionary, Mahindo. For many centuries it was to the religion of Buddha what Iona was to Christianity in the north of Britain.

A GIGANTIC STAIRCASE.

Securing a guide we set out on foot first for the village and then for the ascent. Entering the dense jungle we were prepared for a stiff climb, but soon found that our pious forerunners had done their best to make the way easy. An enormous staircase, 15 feet wide and composed of 1,850 steps, cut in granite, or built of granite slabs, runs right through the forest to the top. This staircase is in flights, and ruined shelter-houses are on either hand between the stages. Everywhere are to be found traces of ancient monastic dwellings and hermit cells, where "the holy disciples of the fourfold path" dreamed away their life. In fact, this mountain was one vast pile of sacred edifices, and was tenanted by thousands of monks. A little off the stairway to the left are the ruins of an immense refectory, and near by a granite trough, which royal munificence used to fill with rice for these hungry

anchorites. A quiet little path which branches off from the last flight leads to a very curious relic on a ledge of rock, which, where a spring oozes through a crevice, has been hollowed out into a huge cistern or tank about 150 feet long by about 10 feet wide. It is called the "Naga Pokuna," or the Snake bathing-place. At the back a five-headed cobra has been carved in relief, as if it were rising out of the water. This monster measures seven feet across the head, and its aspect is not reassuring, as veritable living cobras haunt the nooks and crannies thereabouts, and however cobras may be worshipped I never heard that they had any special reverence for human character, religious or otherwise.

A MOUNTAIN PARADISE.

Continuing our upward march we come through a narrow glen to a gateway, which opens upon a veritable scene of sacred fairyland. On a level platform between two peaks is a beautiful stone dagoba, called the Ambustala, graceful in form and perfect in preservation, and all around is a forest of fantastic columns and another forest of living palm trees. Here we are met by two or three monks, who give us a kindly welcome in their own way. It is against their principles to make salaams to any one except a superior in their own grades of ecclesiastical rank, but they greet us with a smile, and motion to us to sit and rest on a fallen column,

after the toils of the ascent. My friend soon gets into conversation with these monks, and asks them the story of Mahindo, and why these dagobas were built, and how many monks live on the mountain, and where their cells are. They soon lose all reserve and talk freely, but I can only get a few odd snatches of the conversation through the tedious process of interpreting. Meanwhile one of them calls a young man and says something to him, and forthwith he climbs up one of the tall palms like a monkey, and throws down a couple of cocoanuts. With the aid of a great curved knife, like a heavy sickle, the top is cut off each nut like the top of an egg, and a nut is handed to each of us. I do not know on what principle it can be accounted for, but the fact remains that the milk of a fresh cocoanut is always cool however hot the day may be, and however exposed to the direct rays of the sun the tree may be. It was a delicious draught, and we drank the health of our entertainers in that innocent beverage.

THE SUMMIT.

It was a lovely and interesting spot. Overhead on one of the peaks is a mighty dagoba, built when Jesus was a boy at Nazareth to afford a secure resting-place for a single hair which once grew between the eyebrows of Sakya Muni himself, and from the gallery around it, we were told, a very wide view could be obtained. On

the other side was a pile of enormous boulders marking another summit, also covered with shrines. Not far off among the palms was a royal statue of one of the vanished kings, but sadly weatherworn. The place on which we were resting was carved with fantastic emblems. The whole place was redolent with a mysterious historic sanctity which I soon learned to understand. We explored the whole surroundings. We climbed to the gallery of the great dome before us, and were rewarded with success. We made vigorous attempts to reach the top of the highest boulder of the other summit, but had to confess to a defeat. It rested on other boulders, up which we climbed with our stockinged feet. Right glad were we to clasp the friendly hands of reverend guides, for they, with their bare feet and constant practice, were as sure-footed as mountain goats. The actual top was only to be reached by the aid of a long perpendicular bamboo ladder. I looked at it and came to a pause. I was suddenly conscious of the growing force of an argument that might be educed from the value of my life to others far away. The argument seemed to me irresistible, and I postponed the further ascent *sine die*. Our yellow-robed attendants laughed mildly at our prudence, and doubtless in their tongue described it as timidity, but instead of discussing the matter we began to go down by the way we had come. The descent was far worse than the ascent. But for the steadying help of our

guides we should, both of us, have rolled to the bottom, and fallen martyrs to our rash inquisitiveness into sacred shrines.

“ MAHINDO'S BED.”

Coming again to our idyllic resting-place under the palms we started off by a little path to see the lower side of those boulders, which we had been rash enough to try to climb. Here a new interest met us. The crannies and ledges have been quarried out for monkish cells. Rude walls were built to close in numerous natural caves. The result is a medley of the quaintest little dens in the oddest of places—some above, some below, and of all shapes. One grand boulder especially attracted us. It gave beneath it a narrow ledge, on which there was comfortable resting-ground. Here a rude couch was carved out of the rock, with a great granite arch overhead. The situation is romantic in the extreme. To the left of this perch is a deep ravine, filled with fallen boulders, as if giants of old had fought with huge rocks for missiles. The chasm was adorned with gay creepers and lively with monkeys. To the right was a view which reaches far over the steamy jungle plain of Ceylon, and over the entire site of the vanished City of Anuradhapura. Far away, over eight miles of foliage, we could see the domes of the ruined dagobas. Near to them glittered in the sun the great engineering reservoirs that had kept that city alive.

Far away to the north stretched a wilderness of forest, broken by a few rocky knolls, and, as we strained our eyes, we fancied we could discern the waters of the ocean both to the east and the west. What a prospect must have been presented to the beholder when the city was in its glory! I can conceive of no similar picture, not even that of Damascus from Mount Lebanon, or Cairo from the Mokattam Hills, that would at all equal it.

“Here,” I said to my friend, “let us rest and talk, and you can tell me all that those yellow-robed fellows have been telling you.” We sat down, our Buddhist friends at a respectable distance, marvelling much over our English tongue. “This rocky retreat was Mahindo’s home; here was his study, and here was his bed. He certainly showed his taste in the choice of so romantic a spot, but it would not have done if he had been given to walking in his sleep. Everything about this mountain tells of Mahindo. Where we got our cocoanuts is where he lies buried. Near by he preached his first sermon, and in this eagle’s eirie he lived.”

MAHINDO.

I have since then searched in the quaint pages of the Mahawanso Chronicle for the facts of this man’s life, but to separate fact from fiction is not very easy.

Mahindo was a descendant of the family from which the Buddha came, but he was born about 200 years after him. He belonged to India and was a high-born Prince of the country of Maghada. Like his renowned ancestor he preferred religion to splendour, and made choice of the life of a monk rather than that of a secular statesman. He was, however, in his own line, a great man, and was renowned as "profoundly sapient," and a "Thero" of twelve years' standing. There came to him one day a remarkable vision. One of the devas appeared to him and said "The time is come. Depart on thy mission for the conversion of the land of Lanka. It is the fulfilment of the prediction of the supreme Buddha." He prepared to obey, and enlisted five others in the enterprise. The voyage was no trouble, for we read that "on the day of the full moon he and his companions stood together in a certain sacred spot, and rising aloft into the air were carried along and instantaneously deposited on the top of the sacred mountain," on the very spot where we had enjoyed so much our rest under the palms. I suppose the real meaning of this story is that he came there quietly and without ostentation. The name of the king at that time was Devanampiya Tissa, the same King of whom I said so much in telling the story of the Bo-tree. At that time this king was a stranger to the new religion, and the missionary, like Gregory in England, thought it would be a good thing to begin by converting the

King. This, however, was easier thought of than accomplished. The holy mountain was not then so covered with shrines as it afterwards was, and was a favourite ground for a hunt, and one day the King went out for a day's sport. The old chronicle says he had 40,000 attendants, which I fancy would spoil any hunt. He came to the foot of the mountain. He saw in an open space, not far off, a fine elk quietly grazing. It was, as we would say, "a good shot." The King had, however, a love for fair play, and as he saw the elk, said, "It is not fair to shoot him standing," and twanging his bowstring startled the creature, who fled into the glades of the mountain. The huntsmen were after him, and reached the neck of the hill between the two summits. Then the elk was nowhere to be seen, but in his stead the Thero, Mahindo. The metamorphosed deer had vanished. This was a novel and easy way to get a congregation, and the devas might do well to help modern missionaries by some such interesting device.

HOW THE KING WAS CONVERTED.

Mahindo disdaining compliments addressed the King, saying—"Come hither, Tissa." The King thought he must be some rude yakkha, but the missionary added—"We are the ministers and disciples of the Lord of the true faith, in our compassion toward thee have we come hither." The King laid aside his weapons and sat

down, and then the Thero talked for a long time, and told who he was. "How did you all come here?" asked he. "We came neither by land nor by water, and yet we are here." He then put the King through a curious catechism to find out what capacity he had. This is a part of it :—

"O, King, have you any relations?"

"My Lord, I have many."

"O, King, are there any persons not thy relations?"

"There are many who are not my relations."

"O King, besides thy relations, and those who are not thy relations, is there, or is there not any other human being in existence?"

"My Lord, there is myself."

"Ruler of men, thou are wise."

Then follows the story of how the missionary preached. He was satisfied that the King had brains, so he recited and explained one of Buddha's discourses, and the King listened, and the 40,000 attendants listened, and it came to pass that they were all converted there and then. With such a beginning it is not to be wondered at that the work went on apace, and that the King and Mahindo were great friends. Then it was that the city began rapidly to arise into a new splendour. Building went on at a great rate. Dagobas and monasteries, and huge tanks, and public highways, and

parks, and monuments adorned the city. A new civilization came in with a new creed, and Ceylon, entered upon the most brilliant period in her history.

Mahindo lived to be an old man. He had nearly fifty years of work to do in Ceylon, but at last he too must pass away. He breathed his last lying on that stone couch gazing on his beloved city. He died in the proper odour of Buddhist sanctity—that is, he entered, like his master, into Nirvana, that painless, passionless rest in which is neither joy nor sorrow, but which is the Buddhist's heaven. He was accorded a more than royal funeral. His body was taken in procession all the way to the centre of the city, carried in a golden coffin, and there cremated, the King himself applying the torch. There was no gloom over the land over this death, for had not the prophet gained the proper victory? Some of his ashes were taken back to the mountain and buried on the very spot where he first had met King Tissa, and where, after 2,000 years, my friend and I sat and talked together with his monkish followers over those very things that had happened so long ago.

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WHAT THE BUDDHA TAUGHT.

Buddhism was an outgrowth of Brahminism—a sort of Indian Protestantism. It was a revolt of the more spiritual principles of higher Hinduism against

the lower and more sacerdotal aspect of it. In some things it was like, in others exceedingly unlike, its parent. The Prince when he left his home became a "Yogi," just like those who may be met with to-day in Benares or Kalighat, but he did not remain one. He became a reformer, and preached against the entire priestly system of the Brahmins. To understand him and his creed we must remember that he was brought up in the Hindu doctrine of the transmigration of souls. This curious delusion he never doubted. With him it was fundamental, and needed no proof. He believed that he himself had been on this earth many times, and that he had a dim memory of those days of a far-off past. This succession of births was the result of an iron ethical necessity, the outcome of the law of "Karma," which neither man, nor the gods, nor the demons could interfere with. When he set himself to find the light he really meant to discover how it was possible for a soul to escape from Karma and to get rid of its separate existence and pass into "Nirvana." His song of triumph, when he found the light sitting under the Bo-tree at Gaya, seems to us more like a song of despair. I quote it, as given by Sir Edwin Arnold, that my readers may judge for themselves:—

"Many a house of life hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses—fraught with sorrow :

Sore was my ceaseless strife.

But, now, Thou builder of the tabernacle, Thou !

I know Thee ! never shalt Thou build again these walls of pain,

Nor raise the roof-tree of deceit, nor lay
 Fresh rafters on the clay ;
Broken Thy house is, and the ridge-pole slit !
 Delusion fashioned it !
Safe pass I thence—deliverance to obtain."

How different this to St. Paul's hymn, "If the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." So different in spirit are these two utterances that it is hard for either to understand the other.

The difference between Buddha and the Brahmin priests now comes out plainly. They agree in their fundamental positions, but their pathways now diverge. The Hindu thought that by making proper use of the priests and by following their ritual he could buy the favour of the gods, and so come back to this world to live a less questionable life, or else go to one of the heavens. Buddha replied in effect—"That is no deliverance at all. Your heaven with the gods is only a temporary refuge. The soul must come back to earth some time or other. The gods, too, are passionate and cruel, and their heaven is not much better than this world. There is and can be no rest till the soul is set free from the awful fear of being born again, and sinks back into the unfeeling peace of "Nirvana." So it comes to pass that Buddha brushes aside Brahminism and its gods because such a religion does not go deep

enough, and he says that each man must reach this rest for himself if at all. No brother man, no priest, no devil, no god can do it for him. He must make up his own mind to save himself. People often ask whether or no Buddhism is atheistic. The fact is Buddha never troubles himself about the gods ; if they exist they are no better off than men are. He held to a belief in the one great vague Deity, who is the uncaused cause of all, and in whom he would rest at last ; but his published system was one of practical morality, whose end was to win deliverance from personality. He had, however, a heart of wondrous sympathy and kindness, but he had no heavenly friend to pray to, no external life to look forward to, and no divine heart to beat in sympathy with his own. His very kindness was an inconsistency, for pity and love are outbursts of personal life which sooner or later must be got rid of, as they cause a disturbing ripple on the ocean of inward peace. Buddha tells us how he attained Nirvana when he sat under the Bo-tree. To be consistent he ought then to have died, but, with a delicious violation of logic he felt so strong a pity for suffering humanity that he postponed his entrance into rest for many years that he "might preach deliverance and the unknown light." He lived within sight, as it were, of Nirvana, but for our sakes he would not enter in. It is this wonderful self-sacrifice which gives the life and character of Buddha such a mighty influence over his modern followers

BUDDHISM A MORAL SYSTEM.

It will thus be seen that Buddhism is not, strictly speaking, a religion at all; it is a system of practical ethics. It is the deliberate adoption of certain moral maxims in order that a man may escape from personality and loosen the ties that bind him to life. If a man will abjure vice; if he will deliberately set himself by kindness and virtue to conquer all desire for life; if he will crush out or overmaster all his passions, he will then be rewarded by passing away into a painless, dreamless, eternal sleep. The tough bubble of life will at last be burst and be absorbed into the ocean of deity. The moral maxims which Buddha preaches are excellent enough, but we cannot ignore the strange motive that upholds them. They are simply the steps by which a man climbs up or down to Nirvana. As a code of ethics they have been grafted into all sorts of creeds, have been wedded to atheism on the one hand and the worship of devils on the other; have been compared with the teachings of Mohammed and Zoroaster and Jesus, but it is impossible to sever them from the mystical goal which they contemplate. Other systems aim at well-being; this system aims at non-being.

Extract from Letter to Mr. Fletcher's son, Alfred, on his twenty-first birthday, received too late to insert in Memoir.

My Dear Alfred,—This is Sunday afternoon, and I take the opportunity to write you my paternal good wishes over your approaching birthday. It is a memorable day in any man's life when he bids farewell to the golden days of youth and enters on life for himself. I hope and believe that you will pass over this bridge with much deep thought, with many earnest prayers, and with many good resolves. I have always acted on the practical principle of *trusting* my sons, and I am not dissatisfied that I have done so; and now you are to be nominally a man, I hope and expect that you will respond to my trust by increasing confidence in all things—spiritual as well as ordinary things. Whatever you may meet with in the world of thought and science, you will never get a better ideal or a better Master than Jesus, whom you profess to serve. Our service must take a double form, neither of which ought we to forget; it should make us less selfish and more determined to help others.

J. P.
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