

GS225

SCIENTIFIC MEN
AND RELIGIOUS TEACHERS

Two Sermons

SUGGESTED BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S ADDRESS TO THE
STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

AND

PREACHED IN THE FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, KENTISH TOWN

BY

P. W. CLAYDEN

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Ἄρμονία πᾶσα ἐξ ἀνομοίων σύγκειται
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THE FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

CLARENCE ROAD, KENTISH TOWN,

*Is founded on the principles set forth in the Constitution of
the late Free Christian Union:—*

“Whereas with the progressive changes of thought and feeling uniformity in doctrinal opinion becomes ever more precarious, while moral and spiritual affinities grow and deepen, and whereas the Divine Will is summed up by Jesus Christ Himself in Love to God and Love to Man, and the terms of pious union among men should be as wide as those of communion with God:

“This Society, desiring a spiritual union co-extensive with these terms, invites to common action all who deem men responsible, not for the attainment of Divine truth, but only for the serious search of it; and who rely, for the improvement of human life, on filial Piety and brotherly Charity, with or without more particular agreement in matters of doctrinal theology. Its object is, by relieving the Christian life from reliance on theological articles or external rites, to save it from conflict with the reason and conscience of mankind and bring it back to the essential conditions of harmony between God and Man!”

I.

"Then said Jesus unto the twelve, will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—JOHN vi. 67-68.

I HAVE promised to day to speak on the remarkable passage in Professor Huxley's address to the students of the University of Aberdeen, in which he gives expression to the highest word of science in respect to practical religion. The subject, however, suggests a preliminary question, which it is of great importance to discuss and settle. In giving what I regard as the natural reply of religious men to a teacher who tells them to do what they can to do what they ought, and leave hoping and fearing alone, one may be open to the charge of making too much of one transitory phase of scientific scepticism. But it has always been my aim to connect the thought of the Church with the thought of the world. Though the preacher's duty is to call your thoughts away from the passing to the eternal, he should adopt the spirit of the Terentian maxim, and his motto should be, I am a man of my time, and whatever interests the men of my time interests me. Now, one tendency of the men of our time is that of setting up Popes. Cæsarism in politics is the curious birth of a democratic age, and the setting up of new authorities, even though it be authorities in scepticism, is the remarkable effect of an outburst of free thought. Because Mr. Huxley has made great discoveries as to the physical basis of life he must assume to teach us as to its spiritual duties. Because Mr. Darwin has made some shrewd suggestions on the physical origin of man I must sit at his feet to learn my des-

tiny. Because Dr. Tyndall has made large additions to many realms of our knowledge of nature I must accept his assurance that if I do anything else than study material things I shall waste my time. This setting up of oracles is a very ancient weakness of mankind. The Church of Rome found rest in that infallibility of the Church which, in our own days has developed into the infallibility of the Pope. When the Reformers revolted from this authority they set up another, and for an infallible Church substituted an infallible Book. The present generation has broken away from an infallible Bible, and has taken its unchained intellect, its daring thought, its untameable speculation, to lay it all down at the feet of infallible Science. It is as great a heresy in some quarters to express a doubt as to the authority of a scientific man, as in others it is to doubt the inspiration of the Bible, or in some others to question the infallibility of the Church. Men who laugh the Church to scorn, and smile like superior beings on any one who believes in the Bible, lose all their self-possession in presence of a great scientific authority, and when Huxley, or Tyndall, or Darwin, or Spencer speak, uncover their heads as in the presence of an oracle and say in manner, if not in words,—“It is the voice of a God, and not of a man.” This is not the fault of scientific men—it is the fault of human nature. We are too idle to think out a creed for ourselves, and we are glad to find an authority to do our thinking for us. To a certain extent we are right in so doing. If a man has spent his life in the study of a single question, he is likely to know more about it than those of us who have only thought it over now and then. If, for example, a man has occupied the best years of his active life in studying the habits of an insect—say, of a spider or a fly—he is likely to be an authority on that point, and when he says anything about spiders or flies, we yield to his superior knowledge, and, until somebody else disproves all his

teaching, we give him full allegiance and take our belief about spiders and flies from his authority. But that is the full extent to which we yield to authority. If a man knows and I do not know ; if he has seen and I have not seen ; if he has studied and investigated and I have not done so, I feel no shame in yielding to his superior knowledge, and in that one matter I sit at his feet and learn of him.

But mark whither this very simple principle leads us. I hear men say that they scorn to be the disciples of any man. They will take up with enthusiasm any new fact which a scientific man tells them about the distant past of this planet's history ; they will sit with admiring delight at the feet of men who, having patiently watched the heavens, or spent a lifetime in studying the doings of an invisible animalcule, can tell them of wonderful movements in the atmosphere of the sun, or describe how a globe-shaped creature in a drop of water can turn itself inside out ; but when great prophetic voices tell them of a universe which they have seen in spiritual contemplation behind the shadows of these material things ; or when a great soul, standing far above our common level, cries down the ages " Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," they laugh such pretensions to scorn. To me it seems that both kinds of teachers rest their claims on like foundations. I do not know, and they do know. They testify to me what they have seen and felt and handled, whether of physical knowledge or of the Word of Life. Spending our time in the world's common duties, you and I have no means of watching the physical phenomena of the universe, and we take the testimony of men who have watched and seen. Occupied and immersed in the world's affairs we cannot draw aside into that life of contemplation in which the seers and sages of our race catch the outlines of other worlds, hear the wisdom of the immortals, and hold communion with God, and we therefore come to them, to learn divine

wisdom from them and find the secret of their peace. The mountain they ascend is veiled in clouds and darkness ; but when they come down, like Moses of old, with a light upon their faces which is not of this earthly sun, and tell the story of their converse face to face with God, I am content to accept on their authority what I cannot verify for myself. And when in one among them I see the signs of a divine enlightenment ; when in his life I feel that all which conscience tells me is embodied and acted out ; when his precepts speak to my heart as never man spake before, I am content to come and sit at his feet and hear his words ; I feel no shame in looking up to him and being disciplined to him. Thou knowest and I am ignorant—oh teach me wisdom. Thou seest and I am blind—oh lead my way. "Lord, to whom shall we go?—Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

Now it seems to me that Peter's expression in these words gives us the true attitude of discipleship. How natural an attitude it is. If a man has knowledge which I do not possess I take it from him as an authority. Among the blind the one-eyed is king—so, among the ignorant, the man who knows is lord. But here comes in the abuse of this principle against which I want to enter a protest to-day. The principle on which all discipleship is based, is—superiority. If I feel that a man is my superior in any matter, I feel so far rest and satisfaction in leaving myself in his hands. If beyond this, I have a perfect trust in his goodness, in his friendly and benevolent feeling, and in his personal regard for me, my tendency to lean on him is indefinitely increased. It is the very same feeling which makes the child hush its crying when the mother's arms are round it, or the young man happy and contented in the course of conduct he takes under his father's counsel. It is the feeling, too, which enables an army to go into the trackless bush and face an almost invisible and numberless enemy, under the guidance of a leader whose knowledge it

trusts, and whose wisdom it believes in. But this very mingling of personal affection in discipleship gives rise to an abuse. For example, is there any reason why a soldier, who might follow a great commander into battle should therefore take from the same man his political opinions or his religious creed? Yet it seems to me that this is exactly the mistake which has been made in all time. It was no doubt wise that in the mediæval church some authority should rule the ecclesiastical body in matters of discipline and ritual; and this arrangement grew into an infallible Church and Pope. It was well in the stirring times of the Reformation to have some authority to fall back on, reverend in its age, venerable in its associations, and this was found in the words which had come down in the Bible from the prophetic souls of former ages. But because these holy men of old could inspire our devotion and lead our praise, they, too, were set up as infallible teachers of universal knowledge, and their words, whether they spoke of those spiritual things which they knew or of those worldly and scientific things of which they were ignorant, were all alike taken as inspired, and infallible, and divine. Something parallel to this is now taking place in respect of science. The age has made wonderful discoveries. It has pushed the bright boundaries of our knowledge over vast plains that to our fathers lay in the boundless desert of the unknown and unknowable. It has won a victory over nature and the forces of the outer world, such as earlier ages had never dreamed of. But when our scientific men come back to tell the story of the vast conquests they have made, we ask them of other matters. Because a man has found out the laws of bodily health we ask him to tell us what will happen to us when we die. Because he has patiently watched some spider weave his web, or learned the ways and habits of a bird, or noted the movement and measured the diameter of some distant star, we ask him to unfold for

us the great web of Providence, or tell us the ways of heaven, or foretell the movement of the great thought of God. I have heard it asserted from our liberal pulpits, and have seen it preached in the newspapers, that our scientific men are the true teachers of the age, and some of them evidently take the flattering unction to their souls and believe it. No doubt they are teachers—teachers of science, but as a President of the British Association, an eminent man of science and a religious man, reminded them from the chair a couple of years ago—not teachers of religion. I will sit at their feet when they discourse of what they know. I will be disciplined to them when they tell me of what they have seen and found; but when they step beyond their knowledge and tell me that the great spiritual geniuses of the past were wrong; that the prophetic souls of history, the mediators who catch the light of heaven and reflect it upon us, were mere enthusiasts; when they bring their telescopes to find out God, and seek for the immortal life by chemical analysis, I follow them no farther. “Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?” And as I turn from such helpless intruders upon holy ground I see the gentle face of the Man of Sorrows looking down on me in my disappointment and dismay, and I cry again with one of old—“Lord, to whom shall we go?—Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.”

You will not misunderstand me in saying this. I am by no means depreciating science. In many things it can guide us, though it cannot yet become the Providence of life. Nor do I object to scientific men setting forth the bearing of their discoveries on many of the old doctrines of the Church. You will, however, observe that in many cases they do not do this, but, like Mr. Huxley, love to go deeper and to give advice as to the conduct of life. But let us ask what it is that qualifies a man to speak. Professor Tyndall writes on heat and kindred subjects, Professor Huxley

on biological subjects. They know more about these matters than anybody else, and I hear them as oracles. But there are deeper things I want to hear about than these. Mr. Huxley quotes from the great German philosopher one of those profound truths which it is given only to great genius to utter. "The ultimate object of all knowledge," says Kant, "is to give replies to three questions; what can I do; what ought I to do; what may I hope for." Is not that statement true; is it not a summary of the questions that are practically important to man? But if a man is to answer them for me I naturally ask his qualifications for the task. Does he know my duty? Can he tell me the limits of my powers, and have any pulsations of the future touched and inspired him? It is of no use to tell me that you have pushed your investigations into man's physical frame almost to the pene-tralia of life itself; that you can trace the flash of my will's message along my nerves when, almost unconsciously to myself, I raise a finger or move a limb. All this is beside the mark. I want to know what I can do, not only in matters of business but in high matters of duty. Have you been in temptation and learned the weakness of your will and sought and found some Power to strengthen it? I want to know what I ought to do. My way through this tempestuous world is dark. Can you tell me of a Hand that leads? All around me are mysteries inscrutable, an order which I cannot understand, a confusion which pains me. Can you point me to the light? I look forward to a vague and uncertain future; clouds and darkness gather round the West where my sun goes down, and the chill of the eternal night settles on my soul. Have you felt these agonies of the heart and found refuge from them? Have you cried from these depths and heard answer by One who was able to save? Have you felt that you could not do the things you would; that there is a startling and frightful gulf between what you ought to be and what you are, and have you found how to bridge it over and

make your way to peace? Have you looked into the open grave where one you loved had disappeared, and heard the hollow fall of earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, as it smote your ear and woke a dull echo in your heart, and turned away from that narrow opening to feel that all you hoped and all you lived for, the charm and zest of life, lay buried there, out of your sight for ever? Have you then seen a light dawning on the darkness, and caught the inspiration of immortal hope and learned to know what it was to sing with heart and understanding the song of triumph over death, and victory over the grave? If so, if you have gone through the fiery furnace and come out a conqueror, I will sit at your feet and learn from you, if I can, the secret of your victory. But if you have not been through these depths of what value is your advice to me when I am in them? You can weigh the moon and measure the sun, and count the stars; what is all that to me in my time of weakness and temptation, or in my hour of need or sorrow? I turn to those who have known nothing of your science, to whom the sun was but a lamp to light our earthly day, and the moon and stars but little lamps to give us help by night, but I find in them a deep knowledge of my needs, sympathy with my experiences, and a solace for my fears. When my heart is overwhelmed within me they lead me to a Rock that is higher than I. When I feel my weakness they bring me to a source of all-sufficient help; when I know and realize my imperfection they show me the way in which to go from strength to strength. And the one Perfect Example, touched with a feeling of my infirmities, sets before me his own life of complete humility and perfect faith, shows the way to conquer evil and despoil the grave, and not only tells me what to hope for, but almost turns my faith to sight. This is the teacher I need. To him I will be discipled; at his feet I will sit to hear his words. "Lord, to whom shall we go, Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

I conclude therefore that he only can teach who

knows, and that for a man to teach religion and the philosophy of life he must himself have been through the depths. Discipleship to a man in scientific matters is the being able and willing to accept on his authority that which I cannot myself find out or prove. I have but a vague idea how to weigh a planet, but when a philosopher gives me the equivalent of Jupiter in tons I take it on his authority, because I know just enough to be certain that he knows. Just so when Christ tells us of the blessedness of the meek ; of the divine vision which is granted to the pure in heart ; of the peace passing all understanding that is found in perfect resignation to the Father's will ; of the Kingdom of Heaven within us which perfect self-renunciation brings, I believe him, because I have had just enough knowledge of these things to be able to receive his teaching, and to know that in this matter he is one who knows. But how much deeper a thing is this religious discipleship than any other. My scientific opinions hardly touch my life—my religious principles entirely shape and mould it. Hence an element of personal affection enters into the one which is absent from the other. I know no more beautiful description of the attitude of discipleship in this religious sense than that which Tennyson gives in some lines of his *In Memoriam*. Speaking of the friend whom he mourned, and of the doubts which would force themselves upon him whether he should ever be his mate again ; or whether he might not

Tho' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,
Thro' all the secular to be,
Be evermore a life behind ;—

he turns upon himself, rebuking his own doubts, and says :—

I vex my heart with fancies dim,
He still outstript me in the race ;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I ranked with him.

And so may Place retain us still,
 And he, the much-beloved, again,
 A lord of large experience, train
 To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those,
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
 When one that loves but knows not, reaps
 A truth from one that loves and knows?

That is discipleship. That is the way to learn the deep mysteries of the faith. Just as a little child who loves but knows not, learns all his early knowledge of the world into which he has come from the parents who love and know ; so we learn the higher truths of life from those who have been through its trials before us, and who love and know—the great souls of history, who lived and suffered and died for us—who went through the deep waters to make our way the easier, and died that we might live. And as the example of this trust and confidence speaks home to us and inspires us, is not our attitude with respect to Jesus ; the attitude which the great souls of history teach us, something like that of which Tennyson sings, the true trust of soul—the discipleship of love.

For him she plays, to him she sings
 Of early faith and plighted vows ;
 She knows but matters of the house,
 And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
 She darkly feels him great and wise,
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
 'I cannot understand : I love.'

II.

“Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.”—ROMANS xii. 12.

THE address of Professor Huxley to the students of the University of Aberdeen is worthy of notice for two reasons. In the first place, it strongly illustrates the tendency of the age to set up new religious authorities, and the natural instinct of mankind to rush into some kind of discipleship, of which I spoke last Sunday morning. In the second place, it illustrates what I may call the modern sceptical view of Life and Duty. The men of olden time looked up to Heaven, and, believing in a great invisible Power there, exclaimed, “Lord, what wouldest Thou have me to do?” For hundreds of generations mankind believed that to this cry answer came, that wisdom was given them to discern what they ought to do; that strength was sent down into their hearts to help them in doing it; and that an awful Presence was ever near them to be the object of their reverent fear, and an everlasting life was before them to be the stimulus of their hope. But in every generation there have been those who have gone to some visible form of authority to ask what they shall believe and what they shall do. To-day the authority is science. We go to science as the soldiers went to John the Baptist, and say, “And what shall we do then?” and here is the whole sum and substance of the scientific answer. I quote the whole passage in which it stands, that you may see exactly its bearing. It is a fine and effective sermon in itself:—

In an ideal University, as I conceive it, a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge, and

discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained. In such an University, the force of living example should fire the student with a noble ambition to emulate the learning of learned men, and to follow in the footsteps of the explorers of new fields of knowledge. And the very air he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning; a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge; by so much greater and nobler than these, as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual; for veracity is the heart of morality. But the man who is all morality and intellect, although he may be good and even great, is, after all, only half a man. There is beauty in the moral world and in the intellectual world; but there is also a beauty which is neither moral nor intellectual—the beauty of the world of art. There are men who are devoid of the power of seeing it, as there are men who are born deaf and blind, and the loss of those, as of these, is simply infinite. There are others in whom it is an overpowering passion; happy men, born with the productive, or at lowest, the appreciative, genius of the artist. But, in the mass of mankind, the æsthetic faculty, like the reasoning power and the moral sense, needs to be roused, directed, and cultivated; and I know not why the development of that side of his nature through which man has access to a perennial spring of ennobling pleasure, should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of University education. . . . I just now expressed the opinion that, in our ideal University, a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge. Now, by “forms of knowledge” I mean the great classes of things knowable; of which the first, in logical, though not in natural order, is knowledge relating to the scope and limits of the mental faculties of man; a form of knowledge which, in its positive aspect, answers pretty much to logic and part of psychology, while, on its negative and critical side, it corresponds with metaphysics. A second class comprehends all that knowledge which relates to man’s welfare, so far as it is determined by his own acts, or what we call his conduct. It answers to moral and religious philosophy. Practically, it is the most directly valuable of all forms of knowledge, but, speculatively, it is limited and criticised by that which precedes and by that which follows it in my order of enumeration. A third class embraces knowledge of the phenomena of the universe, as that which lies about the individual man; and of the rules which those phenomena are observed to follow in the order of their occurrence, which we term the laws of nature. This is what ought to be called natural science, or physiology, though those terms are hopelessly diverted from such a meaning; and it includes all exact knowledge of natural fact, whether mathe-

matical, physical, biological, or social. Kant has said that the ultimate object of all knowledge is to give replies to these three questions. What can I do? What ought I to do? What may I hope for? The forms of knowledge which I have enumerated should furnish such replies as are within human reach to the first and second of these questions. While to the third, perhaps, the wisest answer is, "Do what you can to do what you ought, and leave hoping and fearing alone." If this be a just and an exhaustive classification of the forms of knowledge, no question as to their relative importance, or as to the superiority of one to the other, can be seriously raised. On the face of the matter, it is absurd to ask whether it is more important to know the limits of one's powers; or the ends for which they ought to be exerted; or the conditions under which they must be exerted. One may as well inquire which of the terms of a rule of three sum one ought to know, in order to get a trustworthy result. Practical life is such a sum, in which your duty multiplied into your capacity, and divided by your circumstances, gives you the fourth term in the proportion, which is your deserts, with great accuracy.

Now I have no hesitation in describing this as pre-eminently noble teaching. It reminds one of the philosophers of antiquity. There is a classic breadth, and I may add, a classic sternness about it, which admirably suits the air of an ancient university, and is almost surprising in a sturdy opponent of the old system of classical instruction. It is infinitely higher than the common teaching of the Churches. We are, of course, all open to the influence of human motives. But when I am asked to give my assent to certain opinions on pain of everlasting damnation, the course I am impelled to take, impelled by every noble impulse in my nature, is to reject the opinions, and take the consequences. Such an appeal is an attempt to reach my will, not through my intellect, but through my feelings. It is an effort to warp me, to bias me, to bribe me. And when we are told that we must do certain things, because we shall be punished if we do not, we are appealed to by childish motives. Burns says,—

"The fear of hell's a hangman's whip
To keep the wretch in order;"

and men who are only kept in order by the fear of hell are wretched indeed. There is something far nobler than this religion of fear in what Mr. Huxley teaches. Paraphrased, it reads something like this, "Do your duty with all your ability, and to the best of your knowledge; but do not do it from any fear of punishment, or any hope of reward." Now such a motive, where it is a possible one, is also a noble one. It is deliberately choosing the better way, because it is the better, and not from any knowledge as to whither it leads. Before a man can do this he must be filled with the love of the beautiful and the true. He must so fully understand all the charms of a noble life, so profoundly appreciate all the beauty of self-control, so entirely love the perfectness of the perfect, that he can but live to it and for it. There is beauty in the moral and intellectual world, and beauty in the world of art, as Professor Huxley says; and there is such a thing as living in the love of that beauty, and finding that love to be its own reward. A mother absorbed in her child never needs to think whether her love will be returned; an artist buried in his art would cultivate it, even though no eye ever looked on his productions; a poet smitten with the love of song would give utterance to his thoughts, even though no ear should listen to his verses; just so a man who was fully possessed with admiration of the things which are right, and beautiful, and true in human character, would reflect that beauty in his life, even though every virtue was born to blush unseen of men or angels, and every noble action of his life wasted its sweetness on the desert air of a forsaken world. He would do what he could to do what he ought, and would do it from "that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity," of which Mr. Huxley speaks, even though no outward encouragement was given him, no reward promised him, and he was obliged to let hoping and fearing alone.

So far, then, I am heartily in accord with this noble teaching. As a philosophy of life—a philosophy, mark, and not a religion—it is one which will dignify and elevate those who act on it. For young men who have not known trouble, and loss, and sorrow, before whom the horizon of this world lies dim and shining in the distance, it will do well enough. For every one of us, as a lesson of practical duty, it will be of value, as tending to lift us out of that mere love of reward, or fear of penalty, which St. Paul calls being under the law. But here it stops. It is as far below the highest motives of human conduct as it is above the lowest. It is the step out of bondage from the law, but another step must be taken before we are in the liberty of love. For when I am told to do what I can to do what I ought, the question of my power comes in. One of the very earliest, yet, perhaps, the deepest experiences of the soul is that which comes to us when, for the first time, we learn the meaning of that kind apology of Jesus for his disciples, “The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.” The “natural man” knows nothing of this antithesis between weakness and willingness, between the spirit and the flesh. He does the bidding of his desires, and sees no reason why those desires, so long as they are lawful, should not be law. But when the spiritual nature has awakened in him, and he hears voices calling out of the Infinite, and knows of some great law of truth, and rectitude, and beauty, which he ought to serve, which he desires to serve, and which he is only happy in serving; when he is filled with “enthusiasm for truth” and the “fanaticism of veracity,” he cannot satisfy himself that the amount of his ability is the measure of his duty. Not only does he feel that he cannot do what he ought, but he is compelled to say with the apostle of old that he cannot do the things he would. His will is weak, his high purpose stumbles and falters, and the mount of beatitude, up which he would climb with winged

feet, becomes a dark and frowning Sinai. Is such a man to sit down content, and leave those heights untrodden, and make his golden calf and dance around it till he no more cares to hope, and forgets to fear? To do so is to crush his imperial instinct, and dwarf his nature. Indeed, he cannot do so. He cannot, without a spiritual suicide, lose himself in worldly things. He must strive on, fighting his own weakness, and looking round him for some source of strength. The philosophy of which I speak to-day regards all this effort as superfluous, all this anxiety as vain and futile. Do what you can, it says, and leave the rest. But a higher and Diviner philosophy tells of a Helper in time of need, a Strengtheners of our weakness, a Power which can come into us, and lift us above ourselves. You cannot of yourself do what you ought, but when the Lord stands by and strengthens you, you are strong indeed. Imagine this advice given to soldiers on the eve of battle—"Never mind what England expects. Do not think of home, and what the friends there are hoping and fearing for you. Do what you can to do what you ought, and let hoping and fearing alone." What would you say to a General who should thus address his army, and what, think you, would be their chances of victory? The General who understands his men says to them, "Soldiers, the eyes of England are on you, her honour is in your keeping; think what they will say at home, the welcomes there when you return victorious. By all you hope and fear from them, do your duty manfully to-day." And to an army just going out into the battle of life the true leader says, in precisely similar language—"You must not be content with anything you do. Think of those who have gone before and won their peace. Think of the welcomes which await you when the great cloud of witnesses hail you as one who has overcome; and, by all you hope and all you fear, do your duty nobly in the strength of God." They who thus

go out, not merely doing what they can, but doing what God helps them to do, find that though they themselves are weak and can do nothing, they can do all things through Him that strengtheneth them.

Here, then, is the first defect of this scientific gospel. There is no glad tidings in it. There is no saving efficacy in it. There is no all-conquering might revealed or communicated by it. It can say, indeed, Work out your own salvation ; but it can say nothing of a God who worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. But it may be said that practically this external source of strength is included in the advice, for a man has not done what he can to do what he ought till he has sought and found such power and such strength as there may be in the Universe to help him in it. But this strength comes through faith, and "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," while this advice is to let hoping and fearing alone. But we will just suppose that a man did not get to this deep religious experience. Suppose that he lives on the dead level of life, has no ideal, is one of God's once-born children, in whom the spiritual faculties have never yet awoke—how can even such a man be a man and let hoping and fearing alone? He knows too much of modern thought to have any low fear of the theologian's hell, he is not in bondage to an imaginary devil, and knows there is no such being in the universe as an angry God. Let him, thus emancipated from superstitious fear, absorb himself in outward things, and do what he can to do what he ought, and be quite content with what he can do, and not over-anxious about his shortcomings. I can imagine such an one living a fairly honourable life, with nothing of the heroic in it, and not much even of self-denial and self-control. But all this is very well in youth, and strength, and the summer of life. It does for *action* ; but it breaks down utterly when we are driven back upon ourselves in the inner

life of contemplation. How can an ordinary man be patient in tribulation, if he has no hope to rejoice in? Let him lose some one whom he loves—a little child who has been the darling and the pet of his domestic hours, the sunshine of his home—a wife who was the idol of his boyhood, and the beloved helper of his struggling manhood, and the fond mother of his children, and the good angel of his household; or let him be himself thrown aside from work and set face to face with death; how can he have the courage then to let hoping and fearing alone? At such times we must hope or we must fear. The longing heart cannot give up its dead; it follows them whither they have gone, and either sees the earth close over them in vague fear and dull despair, or else feels that they are not there, but are already risen and gone before along the shining upward way. You may preach to the man your gloomy gospel of despair, but you cannot prove to him that his dead are turned to dust, and that the glorified being of his imagination is nothing but the mocking reflection of his memory; you may make him fear, but you cannot still all desire within. I know nothing so utterly dark, so awfully and unnaturally depressing, as to stand at the side of a grave with those who have no gospel for that hour of need, and who see no light beyond the darkness there. The effort to let hoping and fearing alone at such a time; to have done with the dead; to bury all that we have loved, and let it lie in dull obstruction and forgetfulness; to think of those sweet smiles as only a flash of joy which shone on us for a moment and then went out for ever, is a more fearful trial of our nature than any that superstition can inflict. It turns the natural and loving hope to fear; and as it refuses the expectation of reunion beyond the grave, it creates the natural dread and inward horror of ourselves falling into nothingness. At the grave we must call for some kindly light to lead. The night has come, and we are far from home, and science can only

tell us to stoop down and feel our way along the darkened path, or camp on the cold ground till the gloom is gone and the new day of forgetfulness of our grief comes round again. But religion comes to us in our darkness and abandonment, and bids us lift up our eyes from earth to heaven ; and there, where our sun has just gone down, the light of other worlds appears, and in the darkened sky the stars shine out, and hope and faith see the promise of another dawn. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and making us free of two worlds links Time and Eternity together.

Any philosophy of life which tells men to leave hoping and fearing alone is therefore simply impracticable. Professor Huxley carries out his teaching by adding that practical life is like a rule-of-three sum, in which your duty multiplied into your capacity and divided by your circumstances gives you the fourth term in the proportion, which is your deserts, with great accuracy. No doubt it does, but the accuracy of the result depends on the correctness of the figures which state the terms of the problem. What is my exact duty? What is my exact capacity? How far do circumstances help or hinder or divide? I cannot know these things; I cannot, therefore, even set the sum, much less work it out, though it shall be set and shall be worked out infallibly in the great judgment which Heaven is always passing on my doings. But then, as to our deserts. Are you content, my friends, to have your deserts and nothing more? When the awful rule-of-three sum is set by the unerring Hand; when the great Assessor puts down the precise amount of your capacity, and multiplies your duty into it, and divides it by your circumstances, and brings out the exact figure which estimates your deserts, are you content to abide the issue? Do you not feel that some fear comes in lest in such an estimate of your deserts you should be found wanting? and do you not look round you for some ground of hope that the merciful Master will in

some things take the will for the deed, make allowance for your weakness and your wilfulness, and give some weight, and value, and efficacy to your tears of penitence? To me this hard philosophy of life, which makes the world a machine, and man a slave, and life a rule-of-three sum, with no escape from the stern payment of one's deserts, is like the view of the universe which a man born blind may make in his fancy. He has heard of sea and air, of landscape and cloud, of the wide horizon and the deep arch of heaven, and from the narrow experience he has gained from his sense of touch has tried to picture what they all are; but some day the Divine Healer comes and touches his blind eyes, and he then sees and knows. How infinitely wider is the earth and sea—how infinitely deeper that infinite heaven—than anything his poor imagination had constructed for him. So it is with us when religion with divine finger opens our spiritual eyes and shows the world of mere material forces lying in the sunshine of a Maker's love. It is the great step from the natural to the spiritual; from law to gospel; from the sternness of a universe governed by unintelligent and unfeeling forces to the brightness and gentleness of a home ruled by a loving will. No doubt this floating cradle of God, this spinning nursery of souls, this play-room of the Great Father's house, is built of material forces. The child's eyes cannot yet see beyond the cradle, and the angels as they rock it bend over it invisibly. But so surely as over the human babe the mother bends and her invisible love shields it from danger, and listens to its inarticulate cry, and runs to satisfy its needs; so surely over this cradle of souls an Invisible Protector bends, and shields us from evil, and hears us when we cry, and gives us help in all our feeble efforts to run the upward way, and gently supports our nascent virtue as it goes out into the world to get its discipline and win its crown. This doctrine of a God who is indeed our Father; this glorious assurance of ever-

lasting life in Him ; this long line of witnesses, who have caught some ray of his divine beauty and shed it upon us—these things, which religion grafts upon philosophy, make life rich indeed. We can fly for shelter from Infinite Law, and take refuge and find peace in Infinite Love. We can see the terrible sum which estimates our deserts worked out, confident in Him who will blot out the handwriting that is against us. We can do what we can to do what we ought, knowing that wisdom to see and strength to do shall both be given us in answer to our prayer. And when the fear of death comes on us, we can look through the darkness to the light beyond, and lie down in hope, knowing Whom we have believed, and confident that He will keep that which, in life's last act of renunciation, we commit to Him. It is this tone of triumphant confidence, this enthusiasm of faith in the truth of the Universe, this fanaticism of trust in the veracity of God, which gives zest to life. It is this hope which brightens the eye and nerves the hand, makes us strong and happy in the conflict of duty, and enables us to overcome the world. It is this certainty of faith which turns belief into knowledge, and is the everlasting Rock on which we stand secure amid the changes and calamities of time. To "let hoping and fearing alone" is to renounce our birth-right as the sons of God ; to fear only that which is beneath our nature, and to hope always and hope everything from Heaven, is to take full possession of our heritage as "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ"—"followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a dense block of text, possibly a letter or a page from a book, but the characters are too light to be transcribed accurately. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines appearing to be indented. The overall appearance is that of a scan of a document with very low contrast or significant fading.