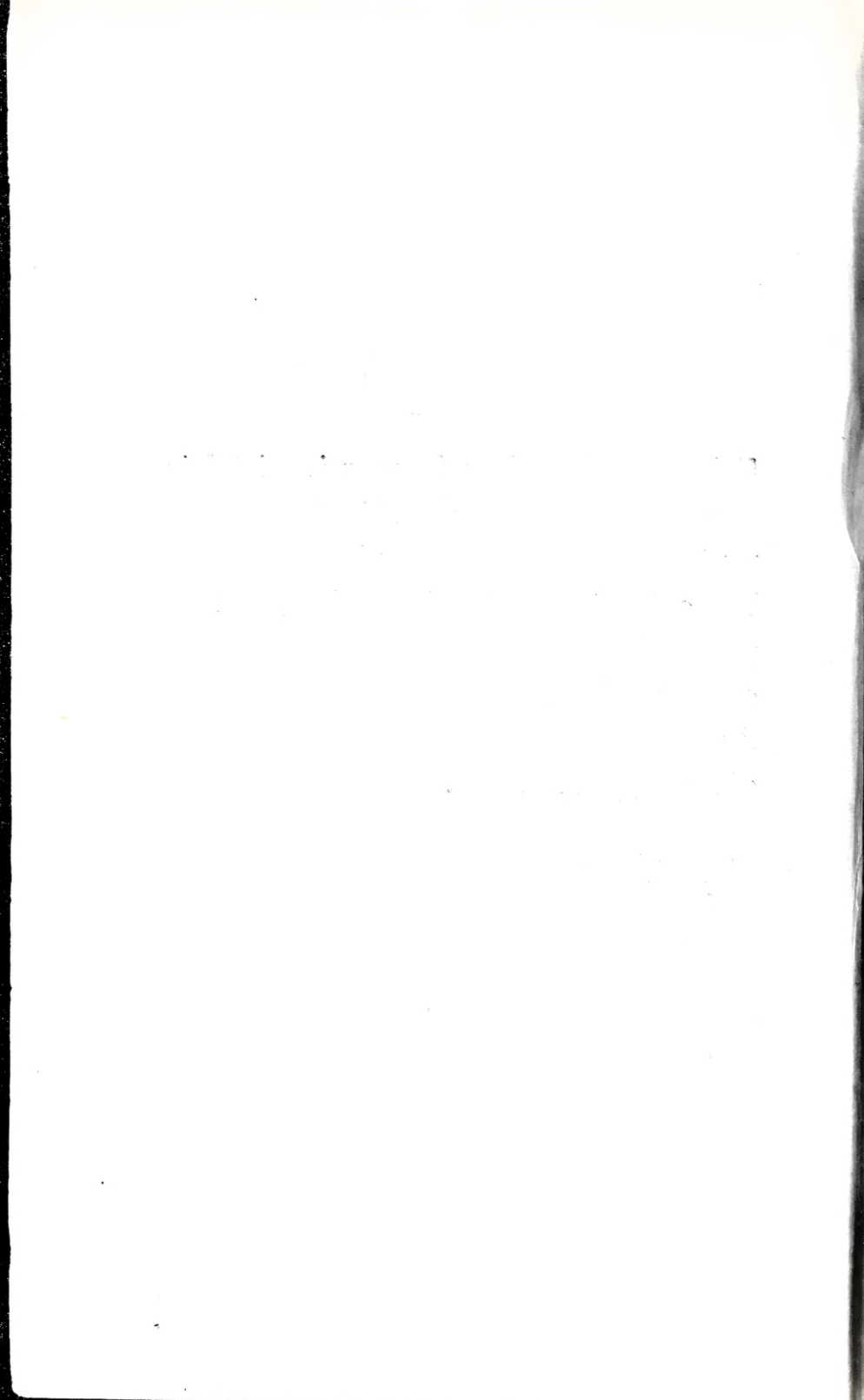


PREFACE.

THE second of these Sermons is printed in compliance with requests which have reached me from various quarters since it was preached. The earlier Sermon has been added, as completing, from another side, the general view, common to both, of the privileges and duties of Academical life, and the rewards and difficulties of the study of Theology.

CHRIST CHURCH,
Feb. 14, 1860.

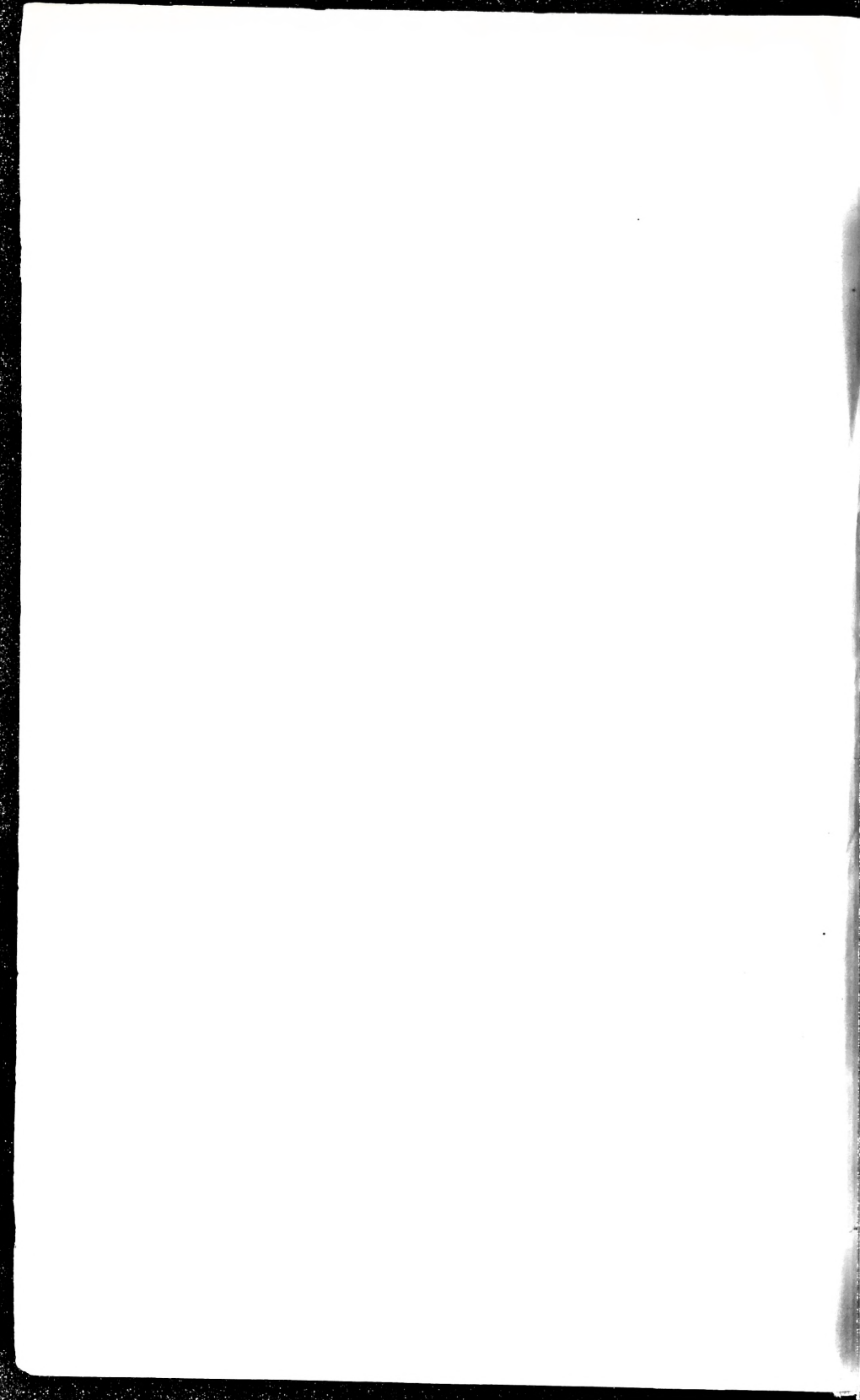


The Freedom of the Gospel.

PREACHED ON

THE ACT SUNDAY,

(THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY,) JULY 5, 1859.



JUDGES iv. 4, 5.

Deborah, a prophetess, . . . she judged Israel at that time. And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah between Ramah and Bethel in Mount Ephraim: and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment.

WHO is there so dull as not to be stirred by the event which, in narrative and in song, occupies the first Lessons of the morning and evening of this day? Manifold indeed are its interests. We have the rare advantage of a history, illustrated in its minutest details by a contemporary poem, of which the antiquity, the genuine, absolute, contemporary antiquity, has never been doubted. We see in that poem a picture of the whole state of the Jewish Church and nation, vivid and complete in all its parts, though but shewn to us for a moment. We see in the deed of Jael and the blessing pronounced upon it, a remarkable illustration of the double truth, first, that the spirit of those who lived in old time was different from the spirit of Him who bade us bless our enemies, and forbade us to call down fire from heaven; but, secondly, that there was, even in the midst of their imperfect morality, a zeal and a self-devotion through which "God in sundry times and divers manners" spake to our fathers, and through them still speaks even to us, who know Him in His Son.

Yet there is something of more enduring instruction than any of these points. The main interest gathers round the central figure of the story. It

was not Jael, though she dealt the final blow,—it was not the thunder and rain, and the swelling of the river Kishon, though all these causes helped,—it was not Barak, nor Issachar, nor Zebulun,—that first raised the sinking hearts of the people. Everything remained silent, sluggish, panic-struck, until (to use her own words) that “she, Deborah, arose, that she arose a mother in Israel.”

Under the solitary palm-tree on the rocky heights between Ramah and Bethel, as Saul beneath his pomegranate-tree, as kings and chiefs in later ages beneath their ancient oaks, “Deborah dwelt and judged Israel.” We may remember the representations in which, many centuries later, when the Jews had fallen under the Roman yoke, Judæa is drawn under the figure of a woman in chains, seated weeping beneath a palm-tree. It is the contrast of that figure which best places before us the character and call of Deborah. It is the same Judæan palm under whose shadow she sits,—not with downcast eyes and folded hands and in the last decline of her people, but with all the fire of faith and hope, with all a mother’s burning love for her children, eager for the battle, confident of victory, rejoicing in the triumph, meeting the returning conquerors with the hymn of praise which still sounds like the voice of a trumpet, rousing herself and rousing them, “Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake, utter a song! Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam.” That one spark

of devotion was enough to light up the whole dormant mass : that one voice was enough to break the chain which kept a thousand hearts in unworthy bondage, a thousand tongues in unworthy silence.

And in this her mission of national deliverance she was not merely a ruler and a leader of the hosts, she was a prophetess. She was the first, the only representative (in the earlier history of the chosen people, in that dark interval between Moses and Samuel,) of the divine, life-giving element of religious enthusiasm, of religious instruction, which afterwards grew up into the long succession of the Schools of the Prophets. On her, through the troubled period of ignorance and anarchy, as the harbinger of better times and more settled institutions, the Jewish nation must have looked back, as we from this day may look back to the dim figures of the pure saint, or the wise king, or the good prince, who first consecrated this place to piety and learning. Her palm-tree, or the spot where her palm-tree grew, must have been cherished as the revered relic, as the beloved sanctuary, where first in Palestine the sons of Israel went up to gather wisdom and strength from the oracle, as of their mother and guide.

And what was the lesson, the doctrine, that they learned from her lips, and which still sounds to us through her song of victory ? It is, in one word, *Freedom*. The love of freedom, indivisibly united with zeal for God.

The note which Deborah sounded rang on through

all the nobler portion of the Jewish story: it rang on in wild and desperate cries even into their last days of ruin and decay.

And did it expire in the new dispensation which arose on the fall of the old? Has Freedom become a less sacred deposit under the Gospel than under the Law? Is it less closely bound up with the sacred studies, with the prophetic schools of Christian education, than it was "under the palm-tree of Deborah, between Ramah and Bethel?"

This is the doctrine which I propose to consider this morning,—the freedom of true Religion, the freedom, the independence, the energy of Christianity and of Christian Theology. A union dear alike to those who love freedom, and to those who love the Gospel,—a union of which the possibility has been sometimes called in question, but which must be maintained, if the cause of freedom is to be saved from excess and wrong, if the cause of religion is to retain its hold on the best sympathies of the human soul and the human race.

In this question we have a direct interest. Underneath the shade of our sacred groves has sate from age to age the venerable mother in Israel, "the Mother" (as we call her in the old familiar language of other days) to whom the sons of England resort for judgment and for knowledge. And her voice, like that of the ancient Prophetess, if not always nor in tones equally sustained, yet in its usual and its more elevated strains, speaks to us of Freedom.

Freedom and independence we boast in this place to be our very breath of life. Of all the characteristics of our education and our institutions, it is the one which most rivets the attention and excites the wonder of strangers. It is an inheritance of our earlier ages, it is the aim of our latest aspirations.

A society where spontaneous and contagious energy should take the place of rigid rules, where the generous devotion of the teachers should enkindle the zeal of the taught, where the no less generous zeal of the taught should rekindle in turn the self-denying zeal of the teacher, where free activity of body and mind should leave no place for languid indifference or for brutal self-indulgence.— Or, again, a society where an independent spirit of honest inquiry and ardent research should dwell as in its natural home; as when Wycliffe found in Oxford a refuge which elsewhere he sought in vain; or when, at Cambridge, Cudworth, and More, and Isaac Barrow led the foremost van of English philosophical thought.—These are no imaginary pictures of what a College and a University may become. The freedom is, or ought to be, ours; it is for us to make it a freedom worthy of the Christian name.

All freedom needs restraint, lest it become either tyranny or licence. But the best restraint is the recognition of it as a Christian grace. The true limit of human thought and speculation is its absorption into a wholesome Christian atmosphere, where it may find that the Gospel is not its jealous enemy, nor its hard taskmaster, but its cordial ally. Here

also the great argument of Butler extends. There is an analogy, and not an antagonism, between the best parts of the constitution of our human nature and the highest doctrines of revealed religion. Christianity is a law, but is a "royal law of liberty^a." It is founded on the past, but it is founded on those elements of the past which are most free, most universal, most eternal.

With these objects in view, and passing over the various points, political or social, in which Christianity may, in some sense, be considered the parent of European freedom, I select out of the many illustrations which offer themselves, three general topics specially suggested by the occasion and the services of this day.

I. Let me take first that characteristic of Evangelical Freedom which is brought out expressly in the Gospel itself, as rising above the mere outward and local liberty of which the Jewish nation boasted; the best text and motto, it has been well said, of a Christian place of education,—“Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free^b.” In “the truth,” no less than in “the mercy” of God, Psalmists and Prophets had trusted of old. “By truth” as well as “by mercy” in man, we are told, in the strong language of the older Scriptures, “iniquity and sin is purged away.” “Through the truth,” our Saviour tells us, “we are sanctified^d.”

^a James ii. 8.

^b John viii. 32.

^c Prov. xvi. 6.

John xvii. 19.

“To this end He came, and to this end He was born into the world,” (and to this end also, in our humble measure, we each of us have come into the world, and come to this place,) “to bear witness to the truth^e.” By the truth, by the knowledge and the practice of the truth, the Gospel and our own best experience tell us, we are set free.

1. What a freedom is given to all our intercourse one with another, by frank, open, straightforward, manly dealing, it needs not one word to prove. And what a fearlessness, what an innocence, what a calmness is given to us in thought and study, as soon as we fairly embrace the doctrine that what Christ requires of us is to ask not whether this opinion or fact is dangerous or safe, or pious or useful, but whether it is true. Truth will take care of herself. “We can do nothing against the truth,” says the Apostle, “but only for the truth^f.” How clear is the field, how light the task, even of controversy against others, if we feel and can make them feel that our object is not to blast their character, or to make capital out of our attacks upon them, but simply to set forth what is true. How freely can we pass by all the insinuations and injurious epithets against ourselves, if once we are satisfied that what we have said is simply the truth, —sincere in intention, true in fact.

2. Again, there is the immense relief afforded when we are able to distinguish between the substance and the shadow, the things and the words, the

^e John xviii. 37.

^f 2 Cor. xiii. 8.

truth itself and the various forms in which it is expressed. "Not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth^g," is a rule which clears up Christian speculation, no less than Christian practice. It is because we "know the truth," because we appreciate, understand, embrace it fully, that we are able to dispense with false and artificial supports. He who knows the form, and lineaments, and proportions of truth,—who knows that, as in nature so in grace, as in science so in theology, there are lights and shades, foregrounds and distances, means and ends, signs and things signified, shallows where a child can wade, and depths where an elephant must swim,—he who has so learned "the truth as it is in Jesus^h," according to the absolute truthfulness, the deep reality of Christ,—he "will not be afraid of any evil tidings," "because his heart standeth fast, and believeth in the Lordⁱ." He will sleep with an easy mind, because he knows that he has "laid up his treasure there, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and "where thieves do not break through nor steal;" where no research need be feared, where change of place and time have no effect.

3. So with human characters, nothing places more restraint on our intercourse one with another, as nations, as churches, as students, as companions, as teachers, and pupils, than concealment and affectation and crooked dealing. We know what it is

^g 1 John iii. 18.

^h Eph. iv. 21.

ⁱ Ps. cxii. 7.

amongst ourselves. We know also how it needs but one single man to keep the world in bondage to its fears, if it so happen that from elevation of station, or inscrutable reserve, or unfathomable fancy, or tortuous policy, his character and designs remain a mystery. But, if once we "know the truth," we are set free from alarm, set free from anxiety; we know how to act, how to think, how to speak. So also, as long as we approach men of former ages in ignorant awe, they are to us a succession of phantoms; we dare not mention their names above a whisper, or without a eulogy, or, if so be, without an apology. But our knowledge of the truth, of the exact fact and reality of their lives, sets us free, disenchanting our minds, exorcises our studies, lets us move amongst them without restraint, makes us feel that they are of our race, of our kindred, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone.

4. So, above all, it is with the facts and with the characters of the Bible. Here the Bible itself sets us the example. "Freely it speaks to us of the Patriarch David^k;" freely of the Prophets and Apostles. It is not afraid to tell us the truth. It is not afraid to call even the most hallowed objects by their proper names. That false reverence, that strange illusion of modern days, which will only venture to look at sacred events and persons through a vague, shadowy haze, was unknown in ancient, Apostolic times; or, rather, was known only as a dangerous form of heresy, the heresy of the "Docetæ," or "worshippers of phantoms."

^k Acts ii. 29.

The Apostle Paul was not ashamed to speak of "Christ crucified" and of "the Cross of Christ," although to the sensitive Jew and the fastidious Greek the homely fact which those words expressed was the great stumbling-block of the age. He knew that this homely fact, however humble in form, was the salvation of the world. He determined, therefore, to know and to preach this only. He teaches us, by this one instance, nor yet by this instance only, that the truth, the actual, original facts and words of our faith, have power beyond anything else to make us free from the idols alike of the market-place and the temple.

It may be that "the offence of the cross" has not ceased, that the offence of calling Scriptural persons and doctrines by their right names, of looking at them as they really were, has not ceased, and perhaps never will cease. But not the less in justice to them, and for our own profit, we must "know the truth" respecting them, the "truth will make us free." They will bear to be examined and sifted to the bottom, through the most searching microscope of critical research; the fibres of every true Scriptural fact and word will bear to be seen, will gain as they are seen. Whatever narrowness and servitude there may be, is not in the Scriptures, but in ourselves and our own groundless theories concerning them. To us the Apostles and Prophets may well say,—“Our mouth is opened to you, our heart is enlarged. Ye are not straitened in us, but ye are straitened in your own selves¹.”

¹ 2 Cor. vi. 11.

II. There is another element of liberty, indispensable to its vital power in the world, but endangered by the present tendencies of modern civilization, (so it has been recently urged in a well-known work of great ability^m), namely, the element of independence, originality, variety of mind and character. Does the Gospel furnish any guarantee for this liberty, any opposition to this contracting, monotonous tendency of our age?

1. Yes, in a most remarkable form this sanction was involved in the first appearance of Christianity, and in all its genuine teaching. The very charm by which the appearance and character of CHRIST Himself first riveted the attention of men, was (if it may be said with reverence) its newness, its originality, its unlikeness to anything which had appeared before, or which existed then. He thwarted the course of the world and of the Church of His time. The religion and the kingdom which He founded were "a new creation." Whenever a gleam of loftier genius strikes across our path and opens to us a new world of thought, whenever a brighter vision of justice, or generosity, or devotion passes before us, fear it not, turn not from it. The advent of the second Adam warns us that it is a likeness, however faint, of that Divine Light which "shined in the darkness, though the darkness comprehend it not;" it is the salt of the surrounding mass, which, without some such Christlike invigorating influence, would sink into mere deadness and

^m Mill's Essay "On Liberty."

putrefaction ; it is the very gift of God to prevent our dull senses from falling asleep, and to stir the sluggish blood of our indolent, corrupt, apathetic race.

2. And, further, look at the Parable of the Great Supper in this morning's Gospelⁿ. How exactly does that story represent the one peculiarity of the Christian religion, which to many minds (at least I may speak for myself) is one of the most striking proofs of its divine origin, its heaven-born inspiration ; namely, the unexhausted and inexhaustible character of the words and works of Scripture.

At that "great supper" there are indeed many seats. "In our Father's house there are indeed many mansions^o." "Lord, we have done as Thou hast commanded us, and yet there is room." The feast might seem to have been filled when the Chosen People first were called. The exclusive devotion to one great truth, the fervour, the faith of the Jewish nation, might seem to have met all the needs of the Divine call. But not so. There were many truths, many feelings, many aspirations in the ancient Scriptures, and yet more in the manifestation of Christ, to which the Jewish people, to which the Semitic race had no response. The house grew around and above them ; they filled but a corner of its vast dimensions ; from "the streets and lanes" of the great city of the Greek and Roman world, a new people were called in ; Greek and Roman found themselves at home, where the earlier

ⁿ Luke xiv. 16.

^o John xiv. 2.

inmates were beginning to feel themselves strangers ; and the Church of the Fathers sprang up within the wide walls of the expanding structure. But "still there was room." And again "from the highways and hedges" of the German tribes, another influx of unexpected guests broke in ; and the poetry, and the tenderness, and the chivalry of Christianity fed the Middle Ages, as its divine philosophy had already fed the age of Athanasius and Augustine. The Middle Ages came to an end, and again it seemed as if the feast was empty. The feeling of the age of the Reformation, exaggerated no doubt, yet still bearing witness to the fact of which I am speaking, was as though the Bible had never been read before, as though St. Paul's Epistles were then for the first time understood ; as though the Christian faith had taken a new start in the race of life. "Lord, we have done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

After all that had been done, after all the volumes that had been written by Fathers and Schoolmen, there was still room for Erasmus, for the long succession of translators and critics, who have revealed to us a new world in the Sacred Records, unthought-of before ; there was still room for the Reformers, who have at least shewn us how full of interest that new world was to them, how full of life and interest it may still be to us, in each succeeding age of Christendom. We see it in the words, in the truths, in the characters, which still lie in the sacred volume, almost unoccupied.

Each one, we may say, is the key to a new chamber which has hardly yet been explored. Everywhere, as you look in for a moment, a long vista opens before you. "*Apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt.*" Study the full meaning even of single words, ("Spirit," "Gospel," "Love," "Faith," "Righteousness," "Redemption," "Sacrifice," "Grace"); what treasures does each contain which the successive generations of theology have but skimmed as they passed! Take whole chapters of St. Paul's Epistles, take most of the discourses and the parables of the Gospels, take the closing chapters of the Apocalypse; where were many of these during whole centuries of the Christian Church? How entirely have some of them waited for their fulfilment and understanding till now; how entirely do some of them wait for their fulfilment and understanding in times yet to come.

3. Take, too, large classes of characters as we see them in the world, and as they are reflected, as they are anticipated in Scripture; can it be said that these are exhausted for the service of Christ? Is it only the orderly, the so-called religious world, which the Gospel owns or claims as its own? Nay, may we not almost say that the very reverse is the case? Is it not to the streets and lanes, to the highways and hedges, that the divine messengers are sent forth with the announcement that "yet there is room?" Not the correct elder brother only, who has been in his father's house always, but the wild young prodigal can, if he will, have a share in that feast with music and merriment. Not

the Priest and Levite only, but the outcast Samaritan, will be our welcome neighbours in that vast assembly. Not the staid and dignified Pharisee only, but the humble, penitent Publican of few words and no professions; not the son who said that he would do his father's will, but the sturdy youth who, in spite of his stubborn defiance, went and did it without saying a word. From these outlying, dangerous, difficult, wayward classes, the Master of the feast is still willing that His guests and friends should be drawn. You, if there be any such, who despise yourselves, and think yourselves good for nothing,—who think that there is no occasion, no place, no room for you to be religious,—to you, the Gospel in its freedom especially turns; out of the like of you have been hewn some of the wisest and bravest of the servants of God; Christ has respect for you, even though you have none for yourselves; He entreats, He compels, He constrains you to come in. You have a work to do, which none can do so well; to you it is given to speak with authority which cannot be gainsaid, to deal with those who will listen to none besides.

III. This brings me to a third point in which the liberty of Christianity makes itself felt. It is in the peculiar aspect in which it regards its one great enemy—Sin. This aspect is represented to us by two familiar phrases,—so familiar, that they have almost lost their meaning for us,—“Redemption,” and the “Freeness of the Gospel.”

“Redemption.”—For more than a thousand years

this was the chief image used throughout Christendom to denote the work of Christ. We think of sin as a transgression to be forgiven, as a guilt requiring punishment; do we sufficiently regard it, with the Apostles, with the long succession of their first followers, as a bondage from which we hope to be set free? We regard Christ as our Teacher, as our Lord, as our Priest; do we sufficiently regard Him, as He was regarded in old time, as our Deliverer, our "Redeemer?"

Look at the matter for a moment in this light. It may seem but a mere figure of speech; but, indeed, it is full of significance. Look at any one who is under the influence of some strong passion or prejudice, or who has done some wrong, or who has fallen into some temptation: what word so well expresses his state as to say that "he is a slave to it?" It drags him against his will: the remembrance of it haunts him: it weaves a chain of difficulties round him. Self-indulgence engenders extravagance, and extravagance engenders falsehood, and falsehood destroys self-respect, or unfaithfulness with our consciences engenders superstition, and superstition engenders injustice,—and the man is no longer what he was or what he would be. His time, faculties, conscience, cease to be his own.

And now, what is the weapon by which the Redeemer "smites asunder these bars of iron and lets the oppressed go free?" There are many. I name but one, in accordance with the subject of this discourse. It is what used to be called in old time

“the free grace” of God. It is that grand appeal which, in the original Gospel of Jesus Christ, is made by the majesty and grace of God to the helplessness and gratitude of men. It is that announcement which runs through all the words and works of Christ, but nowhere more forcibly than in the Parable (which we have just heard) of the Prodigal Son. The Prodigal has but to turn and repent; no long remorse or penitence is needed; when he is still a long way off, the Father runs to meet him; “God in Christ” has come down even to this world of ours to meet him half-way, to assure him of forgiveness, of love, of restoration.

These are words, perhaps, that we have often heard without heed or thought. May I, on this the last Sunday of the academical year, give them a homely application which they may well bear for all of us.

We have heard it said in the troubles, and toils, and temptations of the world,—“Oh that I could begin life over again! Oh that I could fall asleep, and wake up twelve, six, three months hence, and find my difficulties solved!” That which we may vainly wish elsewhere, by a happy Providence is furnished to us by the natural divisions of meeting and parting in this place. To every one of us, old and young, the Long Vacation, on which we are now entering, gives us a breathing space and time to break the bonds which place and circumstance have woven round us during the year that is past. From all our petty cares, and confusions,

and intrigues ; from the dust and clatter of this huge machinery amidst which we labour and toil ; from whatever cynical contempt of what is generous and devout ; from whatever fanciful disregard of what is just and wise ; from whatever gall of bitterness is secreted in our best motives ; from whatever bonds of unequal dealing in which we have entangled ourselves or others,— we are now for a time set free. We stand on the edge of the river which shall, for a time at least, sweep them away ; that ancient river, the river Kishon, the river of fresh thoughts, and fresh scenes, and fresh feelings, and fresh hopes : one surely amongst the blessed means whereby God's free and loving grace works out our deliverance, our redemption from evil, and renews the strength of each succeeding year, so that "we may mount up again as eagles, and not be weary or faint."

And, if turning to the younger part of my hearers, I may still more directly apply this general lesson to them,—Is there no one who, in some shape or other, does not feel the bondage of which I have been speaking ? He has something on his conscience ; he has something on his mind ; extravagance, sin, debt, falsehood. Every morning, in the first few minutes after waking, it is the first thought that occurs to him : he drives it away in the day ; he drives it off by recklessness, which only binds it more and more closely round him. Is there any one who has ever felt, who is at this moment feeling, this grievous burden ? What is the deliver-

ance? How shall he set himself free? In what special way does the Redemption of Christ, the free grace of God, present itself to him? There is at least one way, clear and simple. He knows it better than any one can tell him. It is those same words which I used before with another purpose,—“The truth shall make him free.” It is to tell the truth to his friend, to his parents, to any one, whosoever it be, from whom he is concealing that which he ought to make known. One word of open, frank disclosure,—one resolution to act sincerely, honestly by himself and by others,—one ray of truth let into that dark corner will indeed set the whole man free.

Liberavi animam meam,—“I have delivered my soul.” What a faithful expression is this of the relief, the deliverance effected by one strong effort of will in one moment of time! “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, ‘I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.’” So we heard the prodigal’s confession this morning. So may the thought well spring up in the minds of any who in the course of this last year have wandered into sin, have found themselves beset with evil habits of wicked idleness, of wretched self-indulgence. Now that you are indeed, in the literal sense of the word, about “to rise and go to your father,” now that you will be able to shake off the bondage of bad companionship, now that the whole length of this long absence will roll

between you and the past,—take a long breath ; break off the yoke of your sin, of your fault, of your wrongdoing, of your folly, of your perverseness, of your pride, of your vanity, of your weakness ; break it off by truth ; break it off by one stout effort in one stedfast prayer ; break it off by innocent and free enjoyment ; break it off by honest work. Put your “hand to the nail,” and “your right hand to the workman’s hammer^p :” strike through the enemy which has ensnared you ; pierce and strike him through and through. However powerful he seems, “at your feet he will bow, he will fall, he will lie down ; at your feet he will bow and fall, and where he bows, there will he rise up no more.”

“So let all Thine enemies perish^q, O Lord ; but “let them that love Thee be as the sun when he “goeth forth in his might.”

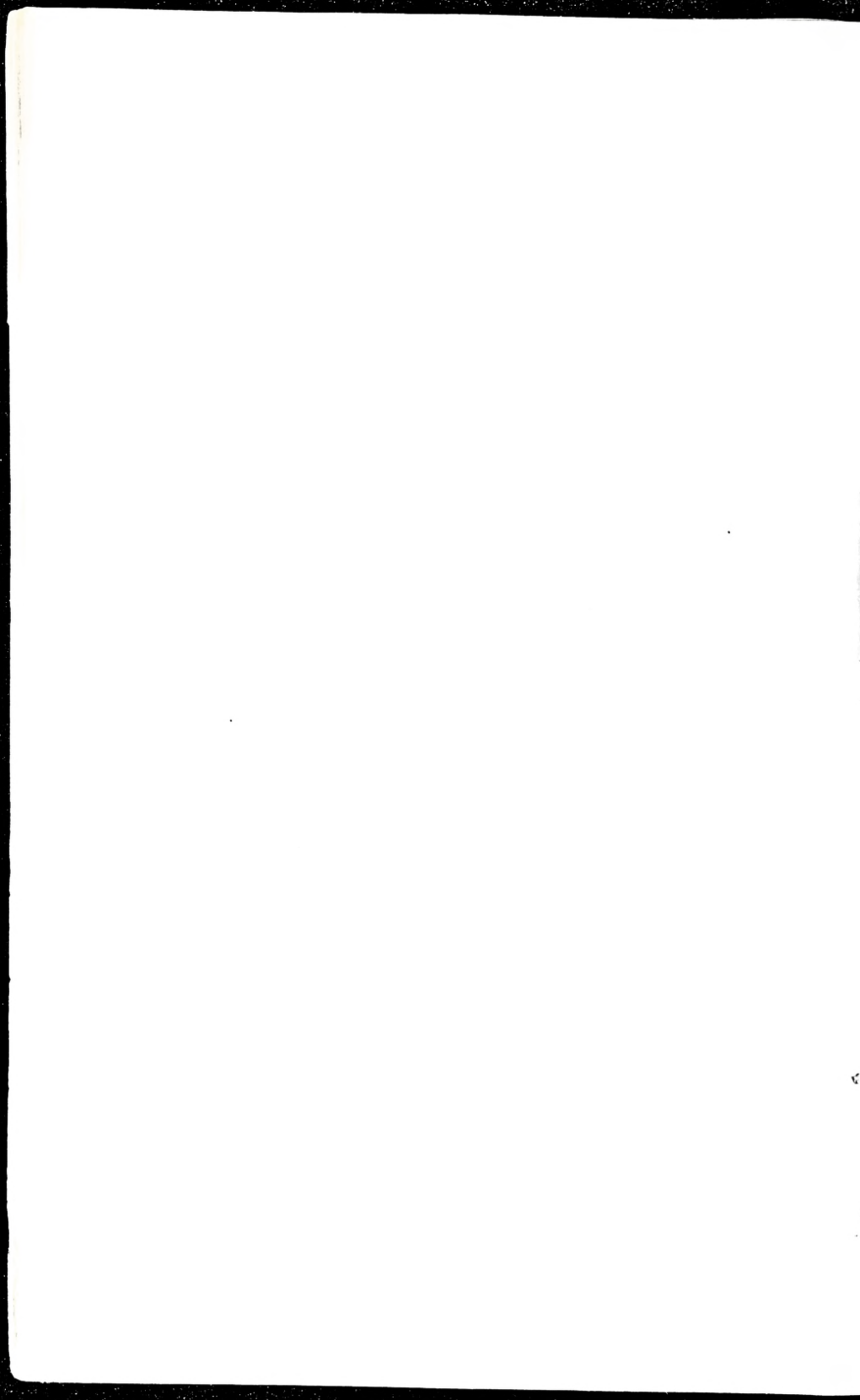
^p Judges v. 26.

^q Judges v. 31.

The Labourers in the Vineyard.

PREACHED ON

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY, FEB. 5, 1860.



*Why stand ye here all the day idle? . . . The last shall be first,
and the first last.*

IF this great Parable teems with difficulties, it also teems with instruction. Dismissing the difficulties, which were amply discussed from this place on this day last year^a, let us gather up its instructions in the two practical doctrines which, under the shadow of the one great truth of the absolute sovereignty of God, it proclaims to the world.

I. The first is that which, in conjunction with the other Scriptures of this day, we cannot doubt that the Church intended to urge upon us in selecting this passage for the Gospel of Septuagesima. It is the call to energy, to labour, to work. Whatever theories we may frame of merit or demerit, of justification or of predestination, this one fundamental truth runs underneath them all, and through the whole texture of Scripture from end to end. "By the sweat of his face shall man eat bread," is the opening doctrine of Genesis^b. "I come quickly," so we read in the last page of the Apocalypse, "and My reward is with Me to give to every man according to his work^c." "He that *doeth* that which is lawful and right, shall save his soul alive," is the voice of the ancient Prophet^d. "He that

^a By the Regius Professor of Divinity.

^b Gen. iii. 19.

^c Rev. xxii. 12.

^d Ezek. xviii. 27.

doeth righteousness is righteous," is the voice of the beloved Disciple^e. "He only that runs shall win the prize," is the burden not only of the Epistle of this day, but of all the Epistles of St. Paul. "He only that labours shall receive the labourer's reward," is the burden not only of this, but of all the Parables of Christ.

Doubtless the Gospel recognises the sacredness of repose, as well as the sacredness of labour. Mary may choose the better part by sitting at the feet of Jesus, whilst Martha is cumbered with much serving. But still the prevailing call of God and of nature is that "man must go forth to his work and to his labour until the evening^f." If the great Puritan poet has beautifully expressed the exceptional case in that most touching and consoling line,—

"They too may serve who only stand and wait,"—

the wider and more general principle is laid down in the ancient medieval distich,—

Qui laborat, ORAT.

'Why stand ye idle?' 'Why standest thou idle?' is still the first, paramount call which the Lord of the vineyard addresses to all His innumerable labourers.

II. The other practical truth of this Parable is that brought out by the Church in selecting the context of the passage for the festival of the Conversion of

^e 1 John iii. 7.
(Serm. i. and xxvi.)

^f Compare Newman's Sermons, vol. viii.

St. Paul^g. Every generation, every age, every station and circumstance of man has its own peculiar work to do, which none other can do as well. The day of the world, the day of life, is long and various. At each successive hour,—at the first, at the third, at the ninth, at the eleventh hour,—the call comes, in different tones, to different plots of the vineyard, each equally needing to be worked, each work equally deserving its reward. In the pale dawn of the Patriarchal age, in the bright sunrise of the Law, in the noon-day clearness of the Prophets, in the evening shades of the close of the Jewish Church,—or again, in the Christian Church, as the finger of the great dial of time has marked the onward progress of events from the first early age to the fifth, to the thirteenth, to the sixteenth, to the nineteenth century, the call has been again and again repeated,—in each the same, yet in each different. We must not despise or impede the call or the work of any. The latest labourers must acknowledge that their predecessors “have borne the burden and heat of the day,” must not grudge them their thrones^h, exalted high, “in the regeneration” of mankind. But the first must no less be ever ready to receive the last. The twelve elder Apostles must not murmur at the unexpected intrusion of the younger Paul. The work that each can furnish is not more than is needed for climbing the successive terraces of that vine-clad hillⁱ; for “fencing it” round about; for “gathering out the stores thereof;” for “digging a deep

^g Matt. xix. 27—30.

^h Matt. xix. 28.

ⁱ Isa. v. 1—7.

winepress therein, and building a high tower in the midst of it^k;" for "preparing a wide room for the choice vine," and "causing it to take deep root so that it shall fill the land, that its boughs shall spread far and wide like the goodly cedar, that the hills shall be covered with the shadow of it^l." For works so various we must welcome all assistance; here, as elsewhere in the Divine dispensations, we must be prepared for sudden surprises, unexpected combinations, unwelcome disturbances: "The first shall be last, and the last first."

These are the two truths, each sustaining the other, each blending with the other, which I propose to set before you,—The necessity, the sacredness of work. The necessity, the sacredness of the peculiar work of each successive age. Homely and universal as these Evangelical doctrines are, overlaid as they have been by human traditions, trampled upon by carnal or spiritual pride, they are the words of Divine Truth, not the less true because they are so homely, not the less divine because they are so universal.

And to us this double call comes home with peculiar force on this, as it may in some sense be called (with its new beginning of Lessons and Services), our second New-year's day.

There are years marked in the history of mankind by such unusual destructiveness amongst the gifted men of the earth, as to call our attention with unusual force to the void which has to be

^k Matt. xxi. 33.

^l Ps. lxxx. 9.

filled up by those who remain. Such a year, beyond any perhaps within the memory of any here present, has been the one which has just passed away^m. From Germany, we have lost the poet, the scholar, the geographer, the master of universal knowledge; the statesman-philosopher of France; the two chiefs of practical science amongst ourselves; from those who speak the English language, seven names, at least, great in historical literature, two of them to be remembered as long as that language endures, as having told the story of our country's greatness, the one with unexampled judgment, the other with unexampled skill, to the whole civilized world. Such men are the gifts of God. They go and come at His good pleasure. But when they go, their departure gives a keener edge to the question, What is there in the coming generation that shall supply their place? In the day "when the towers fall," who is there that shall "bind up the breaches" of time, "and heal the stroke of the wound"?

It is a question which concerns not a few only, but all. For it is out of the whole atmosphere of a generation that such characters are born and bred. A thousand men, it is said, go to make up

^m The obituary of the last twelve months includes amongst its celebrated names, connected with science and literature, Humboldt, Ritter, Wilhelm Grimm, Arndt, Tocqueville, Brunel, Stephenson, Prescott, Washington Irving, Hallam, Lord Macaulay, Sir James Stephen, De Quincey, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Col. Leake, and I may add, since this Sermon was preached, Sir William Napier.

ⁿ Isa. xxx. 25, 26.

one hero. It is the collective energy, industry, honesty of all, that renders the appearance of any one such possible or probable. It is the idleness, stupidity, commonplace indifference of the whole mass that weighs down the hopes and aims even of the firmest and grandest minds. "One generation, O Lord, shall praise Thy Name unto another." Each one of us will succeed into some one else's place. Each one of us is treading in some one else's footsteps. Behind each one of us another is treading, whose progress we may advance or retard. Behind us all, with ever lengthening shadows, comes the Dark Night "when no man can work."

Let me, then, to the various stages of life, address, in their various senses, the warning and the encouragement of the text.

I. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" So, in the simplest and most literal sense, we hear the complaining question asked of many amongst you, my younger hearers, "Why stand ye here, idle, all the day, all the year long?" Why stand ye idle in the market-place, idle in the street, idle in the quadrangle? idling, lounging, loitering, from room to room, from one listless pleasure to another; listless in work, listless even in amusement? "Why stand ye here at all? For what use or purpose are ye here, if ye thus stand all the day idle?"

It may be that this question, as put in these words from this place, is fired into the air. It may be that those whom it most concerns are far

away, standing and loitering in a still deeper idleness on this day—I cannot say “of *rest*,” for “rest” has no meaning for those who know not what it is to *work*. But if in the minds of any who hear me the words find an echo, the answer will perhaps come back almost in the words of the Parable, “No man has hired us;” ‘the life of this place ‘is against us; its studies do not suit us; we have ‘worked elsewhere; we have worked at school, ‘but we cannot work here.’ No, not so. There is no fatal charm of indolence and apathy in college life. To labour here is indeed your special call. As the preacher stands Sunday after Sunday in this place, and doubts what is the special duty which he shall lay before you, there is one of which he can feel no doubt whatever; and that is, to work. In after life you may be in doubt what your calling is, but here it cannot be mistaken. Here, in the natural studies of this place, it lies straight before you. Now is the golden time which will never come back to you. The field of study may be narrower than you would wish; narrower, perhaps, than with advantage it might be. But it is wider by many degrees than once it was; it is wide enough for almost every one to find his sphere. At any rate, *do something*; if not within the prescribed limits of study, then do something outside of them; do something to justify your existence here; do something which will enable you in after years to say, “This at least I then learned so as to remember still.” “This idea, this book, this cha-

racter then first broke upon my mind." "This habit, this principle got hold of me in such a year, in such a term, and by God's grace it has stood me in good stead until now."

II. But is it too much to ask you all to look forward to those years to which some among us have already attained? the years of those future professions and callings which are indeed the "callings," the "*calls*" of God, and which derive their very name from this Parable. I am not going to dwell on so obvious a truth as that which bids us be diligent in our several spheres. But there is one object, one mode of diligence which perhaps hardly occurs to us with sufficient clearness, but which is worth many precepts, which presents a fitting object of ambition, not too high to be unattainable by any, not too low to be unworthy of any, namely, *to make the most of your position*; not merely to do your duty in that station to which God has called you, but to make that station all that it ought to be; not merely to be yourself an example to those around you, but to make your station an example and proof of the dormant capacities for good which such a station contains. We speak of a man "*filling* his situation," "*filling* his post." How much is there in that word, and how few endeavour to carry it out! Look round your situation; look round and round it on every side; look round it in prospect now; look round it when you are in it; observe its dimensions, its opportunities, its associations, its idea, its intention, and then "*fill*" it, fill it

out with your own exertions ; put on all the sail that it will bear ; let them catch every breath of wind that is stirring ; trust yourself to it, and then, like a gallant ship, it will of itself bear you to the haven where you would be. That was a noble saying which is recorded of a well-known modern Sovereign, who on the day of his accession suddenly encountered a conspiracy, which at once threatened his life and his throne,—“ If I am to be Emperor only for half-an-hour, in that half-hour I will be every inch an Emperor.” What he thus said of the loftiest and widest of all the spheres in the Divine Vineyard, may be said no less of almost all below it. Whatever you are, be every inch that which you undertake to be. Animate, inspire, strengthen yourself with the whole spirit of your profession, of your office, and it will make you twice the man that you are in yourself, and you in return will make it twice what it is in itself.

Take the case of the future lot of so many amongst you,—that of a country pastor. He may go through the routine of his office respectably, he may be a popular preacher, he may observe the rubrics exactly, and yet, as regards the real call made to him, he may be “standing all the day idle.” But let him throw himself into his parish ; let him live for it and in it ; let him gather its society round him ; let him treasure up when he is absent from it whatever may instruct, or amuse, or console, or elevate its inhabitants ; let him draw from *their* experiences, from *their* conversation, from *their*

sorrows, the life, and language, and consolations of his own sermons and ministrations to them; let him be remembered not only as their minister, but as their friend and representative,—and then he will be transfigured through his office, and his office will be transfigured through him.

Or take any one who is engaged in teaching. Who is it that really succeeds in leaving a deep impression on his school or his college? Not he who “stands idle in the market-place” as soon as his necessary work is finished; not he who makes it a mere stepping-stone to something beyond; but he who enjoys his work; who makes it his own; who makes his pupils feel that his interest is theirs and theirs is his; who drinks in strength from the rising generation and pours back his own strength into them; who feels that his calling is to him in itself sufficient for serving God and for saving human souls.

Or take yet another case,—a country gentleman. How easy it is for such an one to stand idle all the day long, and say that no man has hired him; to shut himself up from his neighbours; to leave his home and its concerns to be looked after by others; to be himself, his better self, away and abroad, but at home, in his own place, to be nobody, to be nothing; nobody in his own eyes, nothing in the eyes of any one else. How easy, how natural, yet how ruinous to himself, how ruinous to his generation, how ruinous, we may almost say, to his country. On the other hand, how ennobling, how inspiring,

how sanctifying is the influence of such a position thoroughly used, thoroughly appreciated, thoroughly mastered. It needs no splendid abilities to be thus, in the full sense, a labourer in the vineyard of God. For such an one to be a support instead of a hindrance to the good works of his property and parish; to look with his own eyes after the comforts, the health, the decencies of the cottages of the poor; to bind together in social intercourse the various classes around him; to take part in the beneficent institutions of the neighbourhood; to render his wealth, his domain, his house available for the pleasure and profit of others,—this call can surely be heard and obeyed by all whom it concerns.

Many there are, I doubt not, who will at once recal living examples of what is better seen than described, more easily learned than taught. It is not the romantic mission of the Hengists and Horsas, who bore the burden and heat of the first sunrise of civilization. But it is to work the work of the nineteenth century. It is to leave a name honoured in life and mourned in death. It is to be doing in our measure for England, as many doubtless are doing, what even in the eleventh hour might have saved the aristocracy and the clergy of France.

The "*Eleventh Hour*." It is one of those proverbial sayings, charged with a thousand meanings, which this Parable has bequeathed to us.

"The Eleventh Hour." How the very sound of the word deepens every warning, at every stage

of our probation ! How much it says to us of the coming and final twelfth hour, which has not yet struck ! how much of the golden hours which have already struck and passed away ! how much of the present hour which is still striking ! Late, late indeed, but not too late ; too late to undo all the evil that ought to be undone, but not too late to do all the good that ought to be done ; not too late for any of us, even in the eleventh hour of their stay in this place, to start afresh in the race of life, to be as energetic as they once were indolent, as pure as they once were dissolute, as devoted as they once were indifferent. Not too late to see the disappearance of evil fashions and customs of whole societies of men, especially in the fleeting generations of a place like this. "I myself," (many of us may say this,) "have seen ° an ungodly," an idle, a frivolous, custom "flourishing like a green bay-tree : " in a few years "I passed by, and its place could nowhere be found." A new generation has swept it out ; the idlers are gone from their accustomed haunt ; a fresh interest has sprung up ; an active work is begun ; the reproach that rested upon us has been wiped clean away.

So, in the most hopeful sense, we may close up the ranks that are thinned and succeed to those who are gone. The evil is driven out by the good, and the waste places in the vineyard are repaired, and the former things give way to the new, and the last takes the place of the first.

° Ps. xxxvii. 36, 37

III. This leads me to yet one further application of the lessons of the Parable. Of the more special work needed in the other high callings of life, let those of other callings think and learn for themselves. But I may be forgiven if I say a word of my own sacred profession, my own sacred study,—the profession and the study of Theology.

To us too, in this eleventh hour of Christendom, there is a call, clear and shrill as the voice of a trumpet, bidding us hear, and listen, and obey.

It is, as I have observed on a former occasion, a striking testimony to the truth and the greatness of Christianity, that after all that has been done, so much still remains to be done in each successive age. 'Truth is always green^p.' The Scriptures are always fresh. The relations of Science and Theology ever require new adjustments. The words and works of Christ are a mine of unexhausted wealth. Many books of Scripture still need a faithful, wise, and honest interpreter. Many chapters of the history of the Church need to be told. False supports of the faith ever need to be removed, and true supports to be put in their place. We need every help that learning and intellect, courage and faith can render, to search out the manifold problems and treasures of the Gospel.

And now, why is it that, in the full view of these divine studies, so many stand idle on the threshold? Why is it that, when the harvest is so plenteous, the labourers specially needed for the work are so

^p *La verdad sempre verde.*—(Spanish Proverb.)

few? Why is it that the number of gifted minds and loftier characters,—those who from their knowledge, their power, and their love of truth, are most fitted, and would naturally be most attracted, to the study of theology or to the ranks of the clergy of our Church,—are in this sphere so few, so very few, within the last ten years, compared with what they were in former days?

The fact, as regards the present time and this place, is, I fear, undoubted. If it be, (as I trust that it is not,) more than a mere local or transient phenomenon, it would be, of all the clouds on the future horizon of the Church of England, the darkest and the most portentous. Why is it,—why stand they aloof, apart, in this extremity of our want, as though no man had called them?

Many answers, more or less true, may be given.

I shall confine myself to one, because it suggests, in connexion with the close of this Parable, a lesson of general and serious import.

What if it be that, here or elsewhere, we, the elder, the fellow-labourers in the vineyard, instead of eagerly welcoming the consecration of such gifts, are careless or unwilling to receive them? that we gaze at them with fear or indifference; make them ‘stand idle and silent, as the very condition of our bearing with them; bid them begone where they will be more welcome; sell them for nought to the stranger that passes by?’ What if it be that, when genius and learning and devotion have offered themselves for this sacred but perilous service,

we turn away from them, we try to set the world against them, we distrust their arguments, we magnify their errors, we overlook their excellences ?

O, my brethren, if this charge be brought against us of thus casting stumbling-blocks in our brother's path, of thus narrowing the entrance to God's vineyard, of thus grudging the reward of God's labourers, what shall we say of the mode too common everywhere and on all sides, of carrying on theological warfare ? "Are not God's ways equal, are not your ways unequal, O ye house of Israel ?" Are we not guided too often by a blind caprice, which bids us swallow the hugest camels of those who belong to us, and strain at the smallest gnats of those who do not ? which refuses to hear from the living what we gladly or patiently hear from the dead ? which quietly receives from a layman what we condemn in a clergyman ? which receives without murmur from the lips of the great or the successful what we endeavour to crush in the friendless or the suspected ? which endures gladly the most fantastic novelties, in accordance with the popular opinions of the day, but cannot endure the least variation from those opinions, even though it be in accordance with the teaching of many an honoured name in theology, with twelve centuries of Christendom, with the Creeds of the universal Church ?

It is an infirmity, I well know, of some of the best and purest ; it is the 'original fault and corruption' of the old carnal Adam of theological fear

and hatred, of which 'the natural infection remains' even in the most enlightened and the most generous. It is, perhaps, in God's wise providence turned into good by becoming a clog on changes else too rapid, on speculations else too aspiring.

But not the less is it a grave and mournful evil,—an evil against which, I humbly but firmly believe, it was one special purpose of Christ our Saviour to raise His continual and awful protest,—an evil, which in its more remote effects does as much to undermine the faith of mankind, to "strengthen the hands of the wicked and make sad the hearts of the righteous," as any heresy or any superstition of which we have the keenest dread.

Yet this habit of discouraging and disparaging the highest gifts of God in the Christian Church and ministry has not always prevailed in other Churches, nor at all times in our own. True, in this way we lost Calamy and Baxter,—we lost Milton⁹,—we lost the apostolical Ken. But, in spite of their vast latitude, we succeeded in retaining the "ever-memorable" Hales and the "immortal" Chillingworth. In spite of the torrent of theological abuse that burst upon them, we retained the pastoral beneficence of Burnet and the persuasive holiness of Tillotson. In spite of their far-reaching speculation and singular moderation, we exalted Berkeley and Butler. In spite of himself, we almost (would that it had been altogether!) retained John Wesley.

⁹ See Masson's *Life of Milton*, vol. i. pp. 288, 292, 369.

What was possible in the Church then, may be and has been achieved from time to time since. HERE, if anywhere, we may be expected to breathe a serener atmosphere, to recognise the truth of ancient days re-appearing in modern forms, to bear patiently with the struggles after light, with the weaknesses of noble natures, with the troubles of tender consciences. Here we know that there have been—we may trust that there always will be—those who shrink from breaking the bruised reed and quenching the smoking flax ; whose wise, and just, and silent endeavours to smooth the entrance into a new and trying career need never be repented of by themselves, and will never be forgotten by those whose difficulties they removed, or with whose doubts they sympathized.

Above all, let none measure the truth and the grace of God by the faithless murmurs or grudging complaints of men. Though “our eye be evil,” contracted, distorted, darkened, the eye of God and God’s Word is “good,” gracious, long-suffering, seeing not as man seeth, judging not as man judgeth. Though individuals are narrow and small, institutions are high and wide. Individuals and generations last but for an hour ; the loving-kindness, the loftiness of the Ancient of Days, the richness of the vineyard to which He calls us, last for ages. Those gifted souls whom the caprice or hardness of men may have driven into wayward courses, are yet, as a great historian^r well reminds us, not forgotten by

^r See Niebuhr, *Hist. of Rome*, ii. 603.

God. ' God will judge their faults more mercifully than those which have ruined His noblest work.' Jerusalem, of the Christian no less than of the Jewish Church, is surrounded by the tombs of the Prophets, which have been built by the children of those who slew them, nay, built by the slayers themselves. God knows His own; " He can do what He will with His own." " Many that are first shall be last, and the Last shall be First."

NOTE ON PP. 10—12, 42—44.

THE principles insisted upon in the earlier pages of the first and the later pages of the second Sermon, of course admit of a very general application, which ought to be extended to the utmost length that justice and truth may require in any of the opposite difficulties which divide and perplex the theological world. But as it will probably have occurred to most of my hearers that a recent case was particularly in my thoughts, I wish to take this opportunity of adding a few words to explain and to strengthen what I have already said.

It is not my intention here to dwell on the well-known fact that the distinguished person who now occupies with signal efficiency the Regius Professorship of Greek in this University has for the last four years been excluded, on theological grounds, from the just endowment which has been awarded to all the other important Academical Chairs. The condemnation of this singular anomaly by almost the whole body of Professors, by nearly all the most eminent of the Heads of Colleges, and by the educational staff of all the most flourishing Colleges, is, I would hope, a guarantee that the University will not much longer suffer from the continuance of so great a scandal.

The demands of justice, however, require me to go a step further than this, and to point out (so far as it is possible without entering into personal or theological controversy) the precedents and arguments that must be set aside before we can presume to treat, as many of us have treated, the particular statements of the Greek Professor, which have exposed him to so much obloquy. I allude of course to those^a which have reference to modern theories respecting the Divine Redemption. How far

^a Professor Jowett's *Essays*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 537—546, p. 547—595.

those statements are correct, and whether they are well or ill expressed, is not here the question. But it is certain that they are entitled, if not to respectful consideration, at least to dispassionate toleration from all faithful sons of the Church of England, on the following, if on no other, grounds:—

1. They are founded on a serious, reverent, careful study of the words of Holy Scripture.

2. They are justified by the general language of the Church of England in the most solemn expressions of its faith, particularly in those which on Good Friday commemorate the event and the doctrine in question.

3. They are not condemned by the Apostles', the Nicene, or the Athanasian Creed, or by the four first General Councils^b. The silence of the Creeds on this subject has, in fact, exposed those venerable Confessions to the most violent attacks from partisans of the modern popular theology^c.

4. They are substantially in agreement with the general (though, it may be, not exclusive) teaching of the Church for twelve hundred years. That teaching has been, accordingly, assailed on this very account by many modern divines. But even as late as Anselm, his peculiar view of

^b At the close of a volume of University Sermons issued in 1856 against the Greek Professor, is printed, as if decisive of the question at issue, the following passage from the *Enchiridion Theologicum*:—"Every minister ought to be careful that he never expound Scriptures in public contrary to the known uses of the Catholic Church, particularly of the Churches of England and Ireland, nor introduce any doctrine *against any of the four first General Councils*: for these, as they are measures of faith, *so also of necessity*; that is, as they are safe, *so are they sufficient*; and *beside what is taught by these no matter of belief is necessary to salvation.*" It is the necessary consequence of a study of the Canons of the four Councils, that not the Essay of the Greek Professor, but the volume of Sermons by which that Essay is assailed, falls under the censure of the rule which has been thus set up as the standard of the controversy. For as, on the one hand, none of these Canons condemn the doctrines which the Essay contains, neither, on the other hand, do they contain the doctrines which the Sermons declare to be "*matter of belief necessary to salvation.*"

^c Riland, *On Church Reform*, pp. 159, 160, 166, 167.

a part of the question did not prevent the complete accordance of that great theologian with the general doctrine held alike by the early Fathers and by the Greek Professor, on a point to which, in our own day, the most ardent opposition has been raised.

5. Since the time of Thomas Aquinas, and, still more, since the time of Calvin and of Grotius, another theory has gradually gained ground, and there is no doubt that between the ancient and simpler view, and those which are now popularly preached, there is sometimes a wide variance. But that simpler view, as maintained by the Greek Professor, has, even in modern times, been supported by names of great and acknowledged authority. Even in the last century it was protected, though not adopted, by Bishop Butler in his famous condemnation^d of all conjectures on this subject, as being "if not evidently absurd, yet at least uncertain;" and by Professor Hey's summary of the doctrine in his celebrated Lectures on the Articles^e. It is substantially that of William Law^f, the author of the "Serious Call," and of Alexander Knox, the distinguished friend of Bishop Jebb^g. It is identical with the doctrine of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection"^h, once used almost as a text-book by students of theology and philosophy in this place. It is, in its most vital points, the same that has received the sanction of the late Mr. Robertsonⁱ, who is regarded by not a few excellent persons as a model preacher of the Church of England^j;—the present Dean of Ely, who is well known as one of the most esteemed divines of the sister University^k;—the present Dean of

^d Butler's Works, vol. i. p. 212.

^e Hey's Lectures, vol. iii. pp. 295, 320.

^f Law's Letters, pp. 70, 93, 97, 99, 100, 104.

^g Knox's Remains, vol. iv. pp. 363, 372, 468, 511.

^h Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, vol. i. pp. 257—270.

ⁱ Robertson's Sermons, vol. i. pp. 154—157, 162.

^j "Oh! that a hundred like men were given us by God, and placed in prominent stations throughout our land."—Appendix to Consecration Sermon of the present Bishop of Gloucester, by the Rev. J. H. Gurney.

^k Harvey Goodwin's Hulsean Lectures, pp. 27—37, 221, 223.

Canterbury, in the most widely circulated of all English editions of the Greek Testament¹;—and my lamented predecessor, the late Professor Hussey, who has guardedly but decidedly expressed this view in an Ordination Sermon on this subject “published at the desire” of the present Bishop of Oxford^m.

It would have been easy to multiply names and facts in the same direction. It will be easy, if necessary, to give at length the passages which I have here cited only in the briefest form. But I was unwilling to encumber these pages with a controversy which, I trust, is now all but extinct. What I have said will be, to any who are ready to be convinced, a sufficient proof that in my Sermon I spoke, not without ground, of the “unequal ways” of modern Theological warfare, and that the liberty which is there claimed for English Churchmen is not more than has been, in many instances, already conceded, without peril to the interests of true Religion or of the Church of England.

¹ Alford's Greek Test., vol. iv. p. 54.

^m Professor Hussey's Ordination Sermon, preached in Christ Church Cathedral, December 23, 1855, pp. 9—14, 17, 19—21, 23, 24, 29—32.