CHURCH DOCTRINE,

A WITNESS

AGAINST WORLDLY TIMES.

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The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit.— Acts i. 3.

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CHURCH DOCTRINE, A WITNESS AGAINST WORLDLY TIMES.

WE live in very worldly times. No one can doubt this who hears or reads ever so little of what is going on around him. The times are very worldly. We are wiser than our forefathers, but only in the ways of getting riches. Trade and noise, ships, railways, roads, changes here and changes there, all sorts of wild plans and dreams, we hear of continually, we hear of nothing else. The world speaks of nothing else, thinks of nothing else. Men of business, from sunrise to sunset, are making money. Their hours are all spent in writing letters, in keeping accounts, in going to public meetings and so on. Men in power are struggling to keep their enemies out of power; planning, scheming, debating, toiling continually. Then for people who have less to do, there are theatres, races, balls, gambling-houses, and a hundred other sinful pleasures. All these are the sort of things newspapers are so full of. We might almost think the world was going to last for ever, and that people never died: only we read there the names of people who have just died, and thus the world in its own newspapers witnesses against itself. Now when we read or hear of all these things, of all this early rising and taking late rest, and eating the bread of carefulness, it must sometimes come across us, "When do these people find time to save their souls? when do they pray? when do they repent? when do they hate the world? when do they despise its honours? when do they neglect its gold and silver, or sell all they have and give unto the poor? when do they find time to be Christians? How strange to be sure it all seems—I wonder what the end of it all will be!"---Or in another way, we may fancy an Angel looking down upon London or one of our great

cities, and seeing the ways of living among the people, their greediness and avarice, and worldliness and sin, would he be easily brought to believe that all those men were in the middle of a hot battle, of a deadly fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil? Really it is fearful to see how the world goes on, so high, so careless, so proud, so antichristian, as if were there no Holy Trinity, no Heaven, no Cross, no Angels, no Dead Men, no Churches. It is fearful. But there will be an end of it all; and that end will be more fearful still.—God give us grace to hate it with deep and perfect hatred! It is His enemy.

This is the world then, which we see. It wishes to be seen. It does not hide itself. It is proud of itself. It thinks itself fair and beautiful, and glorious and wise, like Jezebel with her painted face. But there are other people, a few at any rate, perhaps many, God only knoweth, who do not live in this world, in the devil's world, but in Christ's Church: people who cluster quietly around the Cross of Christ in prayer and repentance. They go to their daily labour in the fields, or in the counting-house, or at the manufactory, just as other people do, nay, more regularly, more industriously, more soberly than others. But their hearts are not there. They are set on things above. They live in heaven. They are being with Christ, they are one with Him and He with them, their life is hid with Him in God. Their souls are swelling with immortal hopes, and what are this world's brightest things to them? The loud and merry noises of the world are as little to them as the running of a stream, for the song of angels is ever in their ears. They have a different sun and moon from other men. For the Lamb of God is Himself their bright and shining Sun, and the Church, through which He shines and sheds His beauty, is their faithful and perpetual Moon.

Now it is clear we must all grant that the times are very worldly. We must all see that people who live the sort of life we read of in the newspapers, cannot think much

about their souls. But then some of us who have neither honours nor riches nor business, may not exactly see how all this concerns us or what we have to do with it. The times are worldly it is true. But what is that to us? We did not make them so. We cannot help it. They can do us no harm. They cannot make us worldly. Now this is just the very thing I wish you to see. The times being worldly does very much concern us. They can do us harm. They do make us worldly. We are concerned in it many ways; it makes God angry with us as a nation, it may make Him punish our children for it-it tempts us to be worldly, it tempts our friends and relations and makes them worldly, and does a great deal of mischief to our bodies and souls which we cannot now see or understand. So then, though we may have neither honours nor wealth, nor business, yet are we very much concerned in the times being worldly: and a very great duty it is for all of us to protect ourselves against their worldliness, and keep it at a distance; which God, blessed be, His Holy Name, gives us the means of doing in His Son's Church.

When we say the times are worldly, we mean that people are always thinking of and loving things they see, things seen, things temporal, things that profit them here and are not much set by in heaven: times when people think of riches, honour, power, happiness and mirth, of life and health and good spirits, of elegance and comfort, and beauty, and love, and prosperity, of eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; times when people do not think of death, of judgment, of Baptism, of Bibles, of Churches, of Holy Communions, of constant prayer, of fastings and watchings, of self-denial and hard penance. Worldly times are times when all the world, but a few, seem to have agreed with each other to forget all these things, and to say nothing about them; not to take the trouble to deny them, but simply to forget them. This is worldliness.

Now all the doctrines of the Church are opposed to worldliness. The Church herself is the world's enemy. She is set down in the earth by Christ to fight with the world and to get the better of it: which she will do because of the Holy Ghost Who is with her and in her. But there are some particular portions of Christian truth, which recommend themselves to us, as leading us from the world, lifting us above it, making us humble with great thoughts and cheerful with great hopes: doctrines which carry us off from ourselves, and save us from selfishness, which is meanness. Among these are the doctrines of Angels and communion with the Dead. The Church calls us on St. Michael's day to meditate on the wonderful order of Angels; and if we have made right use of that day year by year, doubtless we have been saved from many bad thoughts and evil wishes; for all God's truth has a blessing along with it to do us good and make us pure. Again, the Feast of All Saints, leads us to the solemn consideration of communion with the Dead; and to think of it in this light as a safeguard against worldliness.

These two subjects of sacred thought, the holy Angels and the Dead, are great safeguards to us in these days. The noise of the world, the bustle of commerce, the pride of science, our self-praise, our flattery of one another, our foolish complacency in our national greatness, our idolatrous worship of success in life; all these are so many humours of an age that has forgotten the Invisible World which surrounds us, and is among us. We treat God's works lightly, and give profane judgments upon them, and even venture to praise them for their adaptation to man's moral or mental being. We have forgotten our own place in God's sight, as grievously corrupt and very far departed from original righteousness. We do not remember that our only dignity is in our being knit up with the invisible world of spirit, and joined to a spiritual brotherhood, through Christ our Head; and that our greatness is in our contempt

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of earth, and all it has to give or show. It is an age of intellect-worship, of gross material views, of moneymaking, and of a poor, heaven-forgetting science. For science, surely, if it were true and right, should deepen our humility, seeing that its discoveries keep adding to the number of half-truths and natural mysteries far beyond what they contribute to the stock of definite knowledge. The fear or love of beings and things invisible is counted either poetry and so harmless, or superstition and so contemptible. And we are thus led by the cold and rigid temper of the age to lower the mystery of our Lord's Person, His Church, and His gifts, the Sacraments; and, as to the Angels and the Dead, we do not deem it worth while to think much about them. They do us no good, and they are beyond our doing them good. So we say. We are angry if people try to make more of them. Ease and luxury and literary self-congratulation want to have as little of a spiritual world interfering with them in this life as possible. Now as one instance of the way in which Church doctrine witnesses against worldly times, let us take the Church's giving us two feast-days, one in which to think about the Angels, another in which to meditate upon the Dead.

I. *The holy Angels*. I will not bring together here the teaching of Scripture regarding the order and offices of Angels; although it is now-a-days little attended to, and would astonish many people if fairly drawn out. Yet one is not certain that it might not provoke ridicule, and so give occasion to grievous sin in such as are light-minded. Those who wish to gain deeply practical, consoling, and elevating views on the subject, may be drawn thereto by the services and lessons appointed by the Church for the Feast of St. Michael. In this place I rather wish to treat the doctrine as a witness against worldly times, to set forth the way in which our thoughts should be influenced by it in privacy, at our prayers or our readings, on our beds by night, in our walks, in the company of those we love, on our journeys, in

churches, or at times in mixed society, when the conversation becomes any way unchaste, or runs into inexpedient jesting or light words about the Church and her customs, when God's Name falls unthinkingly from any forward, or worldly one, when low views are put perplexing arguments are forced uncourteously upon religious people. In all such cases the thought of the Angels may keep us safe from taint, where one would be backward to invite thoughts more high and awful still. Now for fear anything which might be said should seem what people call poetical, by which they mean unreal and not binding, the doctrine, viewed as a witness against worldly times, shall be stated in the language of Bishop Bull, one of the gravest Doctors of the modern English Church, and of all men, from the frame of his mind as well as his deep learning, least likely to be carried away by poetry, or drawn unawares into beautiful but untheological language.

"It is true indeed," says the Bishop¹ "the good Angels do not now ordinarily appear in visible forms, or speak by audible voices to men, as in ancient times they did. After God had once spoken unto men by His Own Son, manifested in the flesh, and by Him fully revealed His will to the world, and confirmed that revelation by a long succession of unquestionable miracles, there was no such of angelical the instruction, need appearances. for consolation. and confirmation of the faithful. The succeeding ages do indeed afford us very credible relations of some such apparitions now and then; but ordinarily, I say, the government of Angels over us is now administered in a secret and invisible manner. Hence too many have been inclined either flatly to deny, or at least to call in question, the truth of the docrtine we are now upon. But they have souls very much immersed in flesh, who can apprehend nothing but what touches and affects their

¹ i. 293. Oxford Edition.

senses; and they that follow this gross and sensual way of procedure, must at last necessarily fall into downright epicurism, to deny all particular Providence of God over the sons of men, and to ascribe all events to those causes that are next to them.

"But besides, although the ministry of Angels be now for the most part invisible, yet to the observant it is not altogether indiscernible.

"We may trace the footsteps of this secret Providence over us in many instances, of which I shall note a few. How often may we have observed strong, lasting, and irresistible impulses upon our minds to do certain things we can scarce for the present tell why or wherefore, the reason and good success of which we afterwards plainly see? So, on the contrary, there are oftentimes sudden and unexpected accidents, as we call them, cast in our way, to divert us from certain enterprises we are just ready to engage in, the ill consequences whereof we do afterwards, but not till then, apprehend. Again, How strange many times are our present thoughts and suggestions in sudden and surprising dangers! We then upon the spot resolve and determine as well as if we had a long time deliberated, and taken the best advice and counsel; and we ourselves afterwards wonder how such thoughts came into our minds. Hither also we may refer that lucky conspiracy of circumstances, which we sometimes experience in our affairs and business, otherwise of great difficulty; when we light upon the *nick of opportunity*; when the persons, whose counsel or assistance we most need, strangely occur, and all things fall out according to our desire, but beyond our expectation. What strange ominous bodings and fears do many times on a sudden seize upon men of certain approaching evils, whereof at present there is no visible appearance! And have we not had some unquestionable instances of men not inclined to melancholy, strongly and unalterably persuaded of the near approach of their death,

so as to be able punctually to tell the very day of it, when they have been in good health, and neither themselves nor their friends could discern any present natural cause for such a persuasion, and yet the event proved, that they were not mistaken? And although I am no doter on dreams, yet I verily believe, that some dreams are monitory, above the power of fancy, and impressed upon us by some superior influence. For of such dreams, we have plain and undeniable instances in history, both sacred and profane, and in our own age and observation. Nor shall I so value the laughter of sceptics, and the scoffs of the Epicureans, as to be ashamed to profess, that I myself have had some convincing experiments of such impressions. Now it is no enthusiasm, but the best account that can be given of them, to ascribe these things to the ministry of those invisible instruments of God's Providence, that guide and govern our affairs and concerns, namely, the Angels of God.

"However it is most certain, that the holy Angels are appointed by Divine Providence as the guardians of good men (as, and whilst they are such) in all their ways, and throughout the whole course of their lives. For of this, as you have heard, the Holy Scriptures (to which we have all the reason in the world to give credit) often and most expressly speak; and the wiser heathens themselves acknowledged as much, though they called those blessed instruments of God's Providence over the virtuous by other names than we do, as by that of 'good geniuses,' and the like, as hath been before observed.

"This theme of Angelical Ministry is indeed very pregnant, and hath administered abundant matter to exercise the more curious wits, who have raised very many questions about it of more subtlety than profit.

"But for my own part, being truly conscious to myself of my infirmity, and believing that what I discourse at this time of the ministry of the holy Angels, I deliver in the presence of some of those heavenly Ministers, I shall be

very careful to keep myself within the bounds of modesty and sobriety."

II. Fellowship with the Dead. This is the doctrine of All Saints' Day, as that of the holy Angels 'is of St. Michael's.' It is not a doctrine the world likes to think upon. It leads our thoughts to a place and a time, where all the world values most, has vanished away. It is continually drawing our affections heavenwards; and making us so cheerful and contented in ourselves that we stand in no need of the world's noisy mirth and loud happiness. We are not alone in our Christian course. We on earth do not make up the whole of Christ's Church. We are but a small part of it. All the holy men who ever lived since Christ ascended up on high, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, belong to it still in that place of rest where now they are, in Abraham's bosom. All those who, like their Lord, were crucified, or beheaded, or broken on wheels, or eaten by lions, or frozen in ice, or consumed in cruel fires, all these belong to it, belong to us, hold communion with us, and we with them. All the good and holy men of England are in it likewise; and England in old time was proverbially the "land of saints." Europe called it so. Many kings and queens have been born and reigned and died; years have rolled away, great changes have been made all over the island; but all the holy bishops, lords, doctors, priests, and poor people, who there are equal to the highest, for none are poor in Christ, Who is Himself unsearchable riches, all these, though they are dead, may hold communion with us and we with them. When the Churches we worship in are as full as they will hold, how little is the company within, compared with the silent and invisible congregation of dead men. They all hold communion with us, and we with them. The world has got a bad, cold heart. It is sometimes very kind to people while it sees them, but when they go away it forgets them. It cannot remember anything out of sight. It forgets the dead. But surely it must be an unaffectionate thing, yea, a great

sin, to forget the dead. They have gone nearer Christ than we are. They see greater things than we see. They are safe from the world, which we are not. Surely the memories of the holy dead are greatly to be honoured and had in remembrance among us. You would not like to be told, if any of you had lost a very dear friend, that you would soon forget him, and be as happy as ever you were, and not be sad when you saw his grave, nor think of him every year when the day of his death came round. It would not seem affectionate. Yet surely we all do something of this sort when we forget our brethren departed in the Lord. Now let us see what sort of feelings Holy Scripture expects us to have towards the Dead. A few passages will be enough to show that we ought to think a good deal about them; and that is all I wish to show just now; I shall say nothing of their state; of what we owe them, or what they may do for us. This will be enough to teach us how the continual quiet thought of them would keep the world out of our hearts.

St. Paul, in contrasting the Christian with the Jewish Church, gives us a list of all the great and glorious things to which the Church brings us, as members of the Body of Christ. Ye are come, he saith not, ye shall come, or ye may come if ye are holy, but "Ye are come,"² come already, "to Mount Sion and the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." This is a very plain passage. Then again we are taught, if one member of Christ's Body³ suffer, then all the members suffer with it, or one member be joyful, all the members rejoice with it. Thus the invisible Church, the Dead in the Lord, who are more honourable members of His Body than we are, suffer and rejoice with the Church on earth, and hold communion with it. We on earth are or ought to be anxious with a holy impatience for the end of

² Heb. xii. 22.

³ 1 Cor. xii. 26.

this world and the filling of the thrones, and the coming of Christ's kingdom. We pray every day in the Lord's Prayer, Thy kingdom come, and we ought to live up to what we pray, or any-how try to make our words real. Now the Dead also as well as ourselves are impatient for the coming of Christ's kingdom; for from underneath the Altar they cry, How long?⁴ So again Holy Scripture leads our thoughts towards the Dead in another way, for two opposite reasons. The Dead leave their sins behind them, and the living are punished for them. Diligent, hard-working sons are often punished for the sins of drunken fathers, long after their death. Their property is spent and lost, or their good name gone, or diseases inherited, or a hundred other miserable consequences of sin and chambering and wantonness. So, for example, we are all of us punished for Adam's sin. His sin, because it was the first sin, never dies. It has lived all along. We are conceived in it, and born in it, and were it not for Holy Baptism, we should all be lost in it, as many still are wilfully in spite of Baptism. Therefore it is, because of what is said in the second commandment. I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, that in the Litany we say, Remember not, Lord, our offences nor the offences of our forefathers. This then is a very good reason why we should think much and often of the Dead: we are concerned in their sins and the punishment thereof. But we should think of the Dead too for a quite opposite reason: that we often reap the blessings of their piety and goodness. All things, good words, good works, good thoughts, all things which have Christ in them are fruitful and multiply. They are never done multiplying. God will "keep the good deeds of man as the apple of the eye, and give repentance to his sons and daughters." Thus many a time was Judah spared the punishment of sin, for David's sake, for My servant David's sake, saith the Almighty. God loved David,

⁴ Rev. vi. 10.

and David's goodness was graciously and mercifully allowed by God to stand as a reason why Judah should be spared yet awhile. So too in the Christian Church there was a time when the wicked Roman emperor Dioclesian tried to burn all the Bibles in the world. He ruled almost in every country, and he gave orders that on a certain day all the bishops and priests should bring the Bibles of their Churches to the heathen magistrates to be destroyed. Now in those days there was no printing, and so books were very scarce indeed; so that it would not have been at all hard for a Roman emperor to have got them all into his power and made away with them. But God put it into the heart of most of His servants, the bishops and priests, to hide the copies of the Holy Bible, and to bury them or send them away to be kept by people who would never be suspected of having them. The emperor had the bishops and priests tortured and imprisoned, and put many to death to frighten them. But Christ was with them and strengthened them. They would not reveal the secret, and the Bibles were preserved. Now what would have been our religious condition, if the emperor had had his will, if the bishops and priests had been cowardly men, or counted their lives dear unto themselves, and had not suffered sharp pains and long tortures for Christ's sake? We are now enjoying the fruits of their courage and holy deaths. In low spirits, in affliction, in sickness, we can turn to our Bibles, and get new hope continually and fresh light springing up in our hearts from them. It is so easy we never imagine it could have been otherwise. Yet it might have been so, had it not been for the holy piety and strong zeal of those bishops and priests hundreds of years ago. Now is it right, is it gentle, is it affectionate, to forget these holy Dead? ought we not, as soon as we hear of their goodness, to praise God for it, and to think affectionately of them? So too, to come nearer home to ourselves, people often derive great blessings in this life from religious fathers and grandfathers: not only

from their good example or good teaching, but after their deaths. Other men respect us and do us good, and help us in difficulties and are kind to us, because of the religiousness of our dead relations. Surely then it is a cold-hearted and ungrateful thing to forget them, or to think little and seldom about them. Here then is another very good reason for thinking much about the Dead: their goodness lives after them, and we are concerned in it, and in the reward thereof. Now, of course, if any one wants to know what Scripture means and wishes about any thing, he would naturally and at once go to the Church to learn. This is what our Saviour appointed as the Church's office, to be "the pillar and ground of the truth:" to lead His members and her children into His truth. The Church does not teach anything contrary to Scripture, and we also may not interpret Scripture contrary to her. So then we think that if Scripture intended us to think often and much about the Dead, our Church in the Prayer Book will teach us to do so. And this is the case. At the Holy Communion we bless God's "holy Name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear; beseeching Him to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of His heavenly kingdom;" and then again we pray, "most humbly beseeching Thee to grant that by the merits and passion of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in His Blood, we and all Thy whole Church (of which of course the Dead are the largest and most important part) may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of His Passion:" and in the Burial Service we pray God to hasten His kingdom, "that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thine eternal and everlasting glory."

This then is the way in which Holy Scripture and the Church teach us to regard the Dead and think about them, and hold communion with them, and long after them, and follow their good examples. Now let us see the holy fruits which this duty, rightly performed, would produce in our life and conversation.

Thinking of the Dead would keep us from worldliness and selfishness. While our thoughts and affections are set steadily on the hings of an unseen world, we shall be safe from the dangers and temptations of things seen and temporal. We should be gradually drawn from the love of money and of honours, and too great attention to business, drawn from these and led to Christ crucified, by Whom and through Whom alone, the holy Dead have fought the good fight, and are now passed further into the bosom of the Church, and the hopes of heaven. Thinking of the Dead will keep us from bad thoughts, from impure thoughts and unclean sins, which this age is full of and cares little about and treats as venial, though they are deadly sins. Who among us, if he were left alone with a dead body, could feel the risings of lust or anger or pride? Would not the calm, white, motionless face of the dead keep down the risings of sin? Would it not have power to make us full of thoughts as quiet and solemn, as its own solemn self? When any of us lose a father or mother, a brother or sister, or a dear friend, do we not for a long while after feel that sadness keeps us from sin? We are not proud, we are not angry, we are not lustful when we are sad. Sorrow is better than laughter. Sorrow keeps us from sin. Immediately after the death of one we love, we feel, if we may say so reverently, as we feel after we have been at the Holy Communion: silent and thoughtful, quiet, gentle and full of good-will to everybody who comes near us, and inclined to prayer. The devil seems to depart from us for a season, and not to trouble us with temptation; as knowing that we have been with Christ, and that now even our weak sinful bodies are too holy a place for him. Thinking of the Dead will make us kindhearted, meek, and forgiving. Rudeness, anger, spite, ridicule, noisiness, we have no

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room for all these when our hearts are filled with thoughts of the quiet and peaceful Dead. We move softly about a room where a dead body lies; not as though our footsteps could awaken it or disturb it, but still it comes natural to us to move softly; it would seem rude to make a noise. It is the strong power the dead body has over us. So it is in our souls when we are thinking of the Dead.

Thinking of the Dead sets forth the power of the Cross of Christ, the power to heal, to save, to make the dead alive. What was there the Cross of Christ did not constrain their love to do? Did it not drive them from one end of this broad earth unto the other? Was not the Gospel heard, as the sound of good church bells, in every coast of the poor dark heathen, in our coast, the heathen English? In sun and frost, in wind and rain, in the scorning cities and colleges of the rich and wise, as well as in the rude huts and mud-built villages of the cruel savage, did they not bear the Cross, and lift it up on high, and plant it in the earth, and water it with prayer, and oft-time feed it with their blood? The Cross then is no word, no name, no sweet imagination. People do not die for names. The Cross was unto the dead, the Cross is unto us, the power, the very mighty power of God. Deep wood, high hill, cold sea and sandy desert, all have seen and heard the Cross. The Dead took it there, the great, brave-hearted Dead. And then shall we forget them, as if they cared not how the Cross fared now on earth? Christ is the head of all of us, the dead and living, the Holy Ghost knits dead and living into one fellowship and holy communion, He joins us to our Head by joints and bands, full of heavenly nourishment, poured in and out of each other, like veins in our bodies, which are a shadow of Christ's Body; increase flows out from Christ into the dead and living; we increase together, while we increase in Him. Let not one member say or think it can increase without another. Let not the living think that they can live and grow without the Dead; the Dead in Christ; nay, though they be

absent in the flesh, yet are they with us in the Spirit, even the Holy Ghost, joying and beholding our order, and the steadfastness of our faith in Christ.

Thinking of the Dead brings other blessings yet. It leads us by God's grace to follow their examples. We see nothing but strife and struggle here. The best man's good deeds are mingled with much amiss. They are men; and so have sins. They are pious now; but we do not know whether it will be given them to persevere unto the end. We see them sometimes angry and out of temper, unforgiving, hasty, proud, thinking too much of their religiousness, disobeying the Church, and so on. But when they were departed in the faith and fear of God, then we see how they have lived all along, and how death passed over them like a white cloud in a summer afternoon, and took them into the shade, and gave them no fear at all. If any of my younger readers are striving to keep to the Cross of Christ, if any of you are counting Christ dearer than the strength, and lusts, and mirth of your young years, if any of you feel how your heart beats to be in the world, to have pleasures like other men, to go where you will, to be merry and careless-hearted and unchecked by serious thoughts, hold on still, as they who went before, the Dead in Christ, held bravely on. They lived, they died, their life, their death were Christ's, and Christ will be theirs for ever. Precious indeed does the merciful God vouchsafe to regard the sacrifice of a young heart to His will and holy ways. Beautiful above all bright things on earth is a young soul stripping itself of its wild wishes, its over-light spirits, its strong loves, desires, and and sweetest earthly feelings. appetites. and flving heavenwards, to receive for its strength and liberty and youth, which it has sacrificed, the youth and freedom and lustiness of an eagle. The world loves youth, for youth is strong to sin. The world would fain count you among her sons. But be not afraid,—in the Name of Christ be not afraid. When you are struggling wearily against the

pleasures that are about you, when you faint with keeping impure thoughts down with all your might and main, let the Dead in Christ cheer you. Their very voices call out to you from the earth that thinly veils them. Lift up your hearts Christianly; lift up the knees feeble with being bent in prayer, feeble with prayer and fasting, against the lusts of the flesh and the world's gay pomps. Let the Dead in Christ cheer you.

THE END.