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remembered, or *a crowd* was addressed, these words were used.

5. Other persons besides the emperor were so addressed or spoken of. This is true of parents, brothers, even of children, and perhaps of other persons important in the view of the speaker, and that both with and without appending the individual's name.

6. The same remarks hold of the corresponding female terms.

7. Finally, whatever can be argued with regard to *dominus* in Italy, can with more force be argued of κύριος in the Greek-speaking parts of the Roman empire, and especially in the East.

It can therefore be readily believed, that when Luke, in the passage before us, attributes to Festus the words τῷ κυρίῳ, spoken of the emperor, he attributes to him what he would be likely to say, even as a Roman official. Furthermore, as we have already observed, he was probably on the spot, seeing that he sailed soon after with the apostle, and he may have been an ear-witness to words which were spoken in a public assembly.

ARTICLE IV.

METHOD IN SERMONS.

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VERY much attention has been paid by most sermonizers to the method, the order, and the division of their discourses. In some associations, it is a constant exercise to exhibit the skeleton of a sermon as a subject of criticism; and yet the success of this labor, it seems to us, has borne no proportion to the labor itself. We have known some cases in which the order of a sermon has been bad just in propor-

tion to the labor bestowed upon it. There are two reasons for this result: One is, there is a spontaneous course of thought in our minds, which is only disturbed by an artificial attention to it; just as a winding river is sometimes changed by art into a straight canal; and, second, the mind of the writer has been injured for want of a comprehensive view of what the true design of method is: he has preferred a pedantic form of method, while all its freshness and power has been lost. We would, therefore, preface this discussion by stating what we suppose the true design of method to be.

The design is founded on the very nature of the human mind. Man is, himself, a system. Everything he sees around him is a unity of assembled truths. A house, a tree, an orchard, an animal, a field, an army — each one is a system, and every unity is a collection. The conception is then within us, and we have been trained up by our own consciousness, and all that is within us, to observe systems, and to be ourselves sytematic; and of a system it may always be said, that there is one order of unfolding it which is the most simple and the best. It is founded in the nature of things. Hence the importance of method. It belongs to rational creatures. It has its foundation in the laws of thought.

It is very true that men differ in this ability to select the best method of presenting a subject. Method arises from a sort of intellectual foresight. The man of method thinks first of that which he executes last. Were you to see an archer preparing his bow, making ready his arrow on the string, taking deliberately his aim, and finally hitting his mark, you would see an emblem of the aim and ends of method in a discourse. The speaker has one great impression which he wishes to make. He always keeps his end in view. In his introduction, his figures, his diction, his arguments and his arrangement of them, he makes everything subservient to his last impression. No matter what his variety may be, if all accumulates on one point, and tends to one result. The first thing in method is:

THE INTRODUCTION.

The object of an introduction is to prepare the way for the subject. It should excite attention and give the mind a previous interest. A paradox is sometimes a good introduction. Sometimes, also, arguing for a foe against the very point you wish to prove, you sometimes set a very powerful objection in the strongest light. Sometimes you begin by an apology: how little time you have had to prepare; how young you are; how humble you feel as to your poor abilities; how you did not intend to speak, but are compelled by the magnitude of the occasion. Though all this is very trite, yet sometimes, by exciting compassion from the extent of your difficulties, it has some efficacy. An introduction should have something of the hue and nature of the subject, as the key-note of a tune bespeaks its cheerful or mournful character. When Burns wrote the mournful song, at the time he was expecting to leave his native land, the introduction is admirable. He dresses up a scene exactly suited to the sentiments that are to follow.

> "The gloomy night is gathering fast;
> Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;
> Yon murky cloud is foul with rain;
> I see it driving o'er the plain:
> The hunter now has left the moor,
> The scathed coveys meet secure,
> While here I wander, pressed with care,
> Along the lonely banks of Ayr."

Some poets would have given us vague description, but every item in the material world, as Burns manages it, corresponds to the tone of his mind and the impression he wishes to make.

Even the apparent exceptions to this rule only serve to confirm it. Dr. Blair's twenty-third sermon, on Death, begins in a remarkably cheerful manner. His text is in the twenty-third Psalm, fourth verse: "Though I walk," etc. "This Psalm exhibits the pleasing picture of a pious man rejoicing in the goodness of Heaven. He looks round on

his state, and his heart overflows with gratitude. When he reviews the past," etc. It might be thought, at first view, that this is too cheerful a tone for a sermon on so solemn a subject as death. But the fact is, he has misnamed his sermon. The fault is in his title. The sermon is not on death generally, but on the consolations which religion, more than philosophy, gives in that trying hour. For this, then, his introduction is remarkably appropriate. Dr. Blair has been praised for his introductions; and some of them are remarkably happy. Mr. Jay, considering the general excellence of his discourses, is not eminent in this part of his execution. An introduction should prepare the way, but not announce the subject. We should descend to our theme by soft gradations. Our first paragraph should not be like Trinity church in Boston, remarkably plain and simple without, and within all the filagree work, which contradicts the first design.

Sometimes it is good to begin from some remote point, and by a natural and unexpected deduction come to your subject, like some of Dr. Johnson's Ramblers. The hearer wonders why you begun there, and where you are going. But this must not be too constant, nor have too much art.

And after all, you cannot always have an introduction; certainly you cannot always have a good one. If you have no good one, make it very short, or plunge at once into your theme. We are called to write so many discourses, that we cannot often afford the labor requisite for the gain of a good introduction. This part of a discourse, next to the close, is the most difficult; and we are inclined to think it should be written last. Only in this way there is danger you should lose nature and magnify art.

It is a bad way to begin with scripture; it draws away attention from your text. A commonplace preacher is very apt to begin with a truism; and if his design be to hoist a flag and show what he is, it is admirable. But your first sentence is the last place to put a worn-out sentiment, such as: Paul was a good man; Paul was a zealous apostle; Prayer is the breath of Christians. It is not well to begin even

with the proposition that Pascal has made so much of: All men desire to be happy. On the other hand, it would not be well to begin with an affected falsehood, as Sterne does, when, after quoting some words of the apostle, which are susceptible of being understood as teaching a falsehood, begins his discourse by saying: *That I deny.*

If you use labor, beware lest it conduct you away from simplicity; if you use art, let it be the perfection of art.

In getting good introductions, we must study models. Cicero's are fine, but very artificial. The same may be said of those of our Everett. Paul's before Agrippa is simple and beautiful. Its aim is to conciliate a reluctant ear. Stephen's, in Acts vii., is supremely beautiful. It resembles the funeral oration of Demosthenes over the slain in the battle Chaeronea. Its design has not always been seen, even by some learned critics. It was dictated by the same philosophy that dictates our first speech to an acquaintance, not very familiar. We begin by saying: It's a cold day; cold wind to-day; it is very hot; or, It is a fine season;—the meaning of which is: I will begin with something you must agree to; I will not have a dispute with you in the outset. So Stephen, knowing how the Jews would dissent from his main views, begins with a string of historical facts to which they must agree. Besides, it proved that, in embracing Christianity, he had not denied the great facts of Judaism. He thus, in a masterly manner, gained and kept their attention. Webster's introductions at Knapp's trial, and in his dispute with Hayne, are very happy. What a stock of magnanimity he continues to lay up for future influence!

The most daring introductions are those in which your burning subject justifies you in bursting out like a volcano, like Cicero's first oration against Catiline, or he who spoke the Eulogy on Louis the Great. The French preacher entered the church while all the funeral lamps were burning; the pale corpse of the king was before him; the dirge died away on his ear, and he arose, to a breathless audience, and with a low and trembling voice, casting a glance at the regal coffin, said: "Ah! my hearers, God alone is great." But in all such cases, you must remember yourself and the

occasion. If you cannot mount to the third heavens, you must sink to bottomless perdition as an orator. The sublime may be before you, perhaps above you; but the ridiculous is beneath your feet, and a single step may plunge you among its horrors.

But the most important place for a suitable introduction is when you extemporize. Here I can only speak from my own experience. Every man, no doubt, has expedients of his own invention, which, as he has devised them, most readily assist his own practice. Our mental habits differ. For myself, I must say it is a great thing to get a-going; not to stumble at the threshold. It is necessary for me to begin as simply as possible; not with a truism, but something that is plain and excites attention. A narration is useful; something that I know I can remember even before I have recovered from my first confusion. Here I must beg leave to contradict Cicero. He says that an elegant, artificial sentence trims your mind and elevates your subsequent spontaneous style.[1] It is just the reverse with me. To me it is like a head land on the sea. I walk from wavy grass and blooming flowers to plunge down to extemporaneous waves, all of whose waters pass over my head and sink me in their tumult and confusion.

Method.

This is important, and, as Coleridge says, marks the cultivated mind; though native strength will often anticipate it. Two kinds of method have been mentioned by the logicians, the analytic and synthetic, which "differ," says Dr. Watts, "as the way which leads up from a valley to a mountain differs from itself, considered as it leads down from the mountain to the valley." We use the synthetic when we wish to conceal from our hearers the point to which we are going; and we use the analytic when we openly state the conclusion, and then prove it.

The best definition of a good method is that of Hooker:

[1] De Oratore, Lib. I. § 33.

"When all that goes before prepares the way for all that follows, and all that follows confirms all that went before." The object of method is to present a compact whole in the best order.

The stereotyped rule for a sermon is, first to explain the text; then deduce the doctrine; prove it; answer objections, and make the application. But, after all, a cryptic method is often the most real and efficacious; where your thoughts, like a genial river, wind naturally, always progressing, and where every bend detains you among green fields and waving trees, and leaves the whole landscape impressed on the mind. It is best always to be moving, though not with equal rapidity, to our termination.

There are certain kinds of method suited to various subjects. Doctrinal subjects generally demand a more logical method. But such a strict method, formally announced, is not suited to lighter subjects. There is the dramatic, as that of Shakspeare in Hamlet or Othello. There is the poetic, with its various kinds, as the epic, the ode, the satire, the didactic poem. One of the beauties of an ode is a method free from the chains of logic, almost invisible at first, and yet visible on closer inspection. It shows how a genial mind, while it breaks the rigid laws of thought, imposes new ones of its own. The connection is slender and loose; not constrained or confined; quick transitions, congenial digressions; the picture of a free mind, not governed by the associations of logic, but by those of fancy, and yet by no means moving at random. Take the first ode of Horace as an example: "Maecenas, descended from ancient kings, my protector and my delightful pride, there are some who are pleased to collect the Olympic dust and the palm of whose skilful victories exalt them to the gods; another is pleased with the honors of the people; one gathers his harvest, and another is never tired with commercial gain; he practises the rural life and refits his broken ships, unskilled to bear poverty. Some spend whole days over their cups, now stretched beneath the shady tree, and now beside the gentle stream. One delights in war, another in hunting,

remaining in the cold air, forgetful of his tender wife, and busy with his nets and his dogs. But I — I love the muse. Me the ivy wreath, the cool grove, the chorus of nymphs and satyrs, separate from the people and exalt to the gods; while Euterpe yields the pipe and Polyhymnia the Lesbian lyre. But if you, Maecenas, should accept me as a poet — I should knock my head against the stars." Now let us suppose that Horace was asked what his order was, and why he chose it? I have no doubt his first answer would be — that he followed his instinct, and had not thought much about it. But, after all, his mind had its tone, and this ode has its end; and whether he knew it or not, he moved according to the mental laws of genius. There was a silent cause of this order. He mentions the passion for the Olympic games first, because of the vast disproportion between the strength of the passion and value of the reward. It was an obvious instance: political honors are more substantial, and not so strange; property, still better; the merchant's conduct gives variety to the catalogue, and a dash of satire; the drinker, to Horace's epicurean philosophy, was still more rational, and the hunter and the warrior gave a fine contrast, to the glorious wreaths of the poet with which he tops his climax, and pays a compliment to his patron. Now here is a chain of thought, though it is a loose one, and the order seems to me to comply with every demand of poetic method. It was what suited the subject and represented the author's mind.

We must allow that sermons also demand a different method, according to the more rigid or laxer nature of the subject. There are three kinds of subjects: 1st, the doctrinal; 2d, contemplative subjects; and 3d, pathetic; the last are also hortatory. In the first, *i. e.*, the doctrinal, the *formal* method is to be adopted; in the other two, an order free, but natural; and, let me add, it is far less necessary to announce your method. The more feeling, the less method. The force of the order, in such cases, depends more on particular transition than a studied whole. You go from one sad scene to another by similitude, by contrast, by climax,

by relief, or any other principle that seems to suit your intended impression. Thus Dr. Blair, in his second sermon on Death (sermon xxxv), says: "One day we see carried along the coffin of the smiling infant, the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view; and the next day we behold a young man or young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave." Who does not see the nature of this transition? striking similar notes, having the same loose principle of connection, and yet not without a tie — the coffin — the infant — the smile — the parents — and then passing to the young man laid in the untimely grave. In such cases, the slighter your connection, provided it be a real one, the better for your subject. You are preaching on spring — the very subject is contemplative and descriptive: how absurd it would be to adopt a logical method — I shall, 1. show what spring is; 2. I shall prove there is a spring; 3. I shall answer the objections; I shall endeavor to confute those who say there is no spring; and, lastly, I shall apply the subject. I question whether Burgersdyckius himself would sanction such a division. No: you adopt the contemplative even in your arrangement. You begin with the desolations of winter; you show the ground softened by the first radiance of the returning sun; you paint the contrast; you pass from the birds to flowers; you show us the spring in all its perfection; and you pass to the spiritual spring in the heart of man, and paint the universal bloom that is finally to cover creation with its verdure and its flowers. Rise with your subject, and reserve your most glowing strains for the last, and no one will complain of your want of method.

The essence of method is, *to keep moving to a given point.* The mind here resembles a vessel which sometimes moves directly with the wind; and sometimes, when the wind is ahead, is obliged to tack, making her long and short reaches according to the occasion, but still keeping the point in view, and always gaining on it. Perhaps the most difficult method, and often the best, is to move on a latent line; to put together a string of affiliated truths, where the first

prepares the way for the second, and you reach your end by a journey which no one fully sees until it is finished, and then every one sees. For example: I am preaching on the doctrine that few will be saved. I take my text from Matt. 7:14, *Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way*, etc. I begin by saying: Our existence in life is a gift and a blessing. God is our Creator, and the Bible is full of the goodness of God; creation proclaims it, and our experience gives hourly proof. It is easier to be good than to be wicked; morality is easier than vice; it leads to a smoother path. The *spirit* of morality is easier than morality without its spirit, because more spontaneous. It is easier to follow conscience, than to face its pains and resist it. It is hard, we think, to resist our selfishness. But the generous man makes the best provision for himself. It is a remarkable fact that no abilities combined with supreme selfishness ever knew how to secure their own ends. The devil is an example. He is always tormenting himself. It is easier to build a good character on real goodness, than it is to gloss over a false pretence; and finally, if religion is a real path to morality and reputation, it is easier to obey from love than to attempt formal obedience without its inward spirit. Love makes self-denial, losses, poverty, martyrdom, easy. How, then, is it true that the gate is so strait and the way is so narrow? It must be so *relatively* — with respect to man; and this reads us a lesson of adoration and humility. We see our hope; we see our danger. We have hope, because there is a gate and a way; and we see our danger, because the way is narrow; and the alarm is still greater because the narrowness is caused by our own depravity. Now, in this method I am always progressing; I move on; I reach my end; and yet I do not lay down a formal definition; I do not pass from the general to the specific. My order is not a syllogism, like Cicero's Defence of Milo. It is a train of consecutive truths, not imposed by a logical necessity, and yet moving in a natural order. I resemble the musical composer, who arranges his notes so that the tune may at once please and make the best impression.

In such cases, however, you must have three rules: 1st, to be always moving on, not swing like a door on its hinges; 2d, you must remember to keep the main point in view; and 3d, to have a reason for your order, though at each step the collocation may not be imperative. Method in such sermons is like a path in the woods: there is a path, though sometimes it is doubtful, and sometimes you find two or three, either of which you may take with equal propriety and success.

Sometimes you take a mingled method, a consecutive, which comes nearer to the formal, and for which there is a greater reason. I am preaching on the vanity of human prospects in human life. I take my text, Ecclesiastes 1:2, *vanity of vanities*, etc. I begin by observing: In this strain all nations agree, Christian and Pagan. It needs not the light of revelation to find out the emptiness of life. All feel, all allow. But the conviction is curious, universal, but not practical. It checks no desire, alters no plan, abates no labor. The strain is even pleasing. But there is a *practical* conviction. What? When? And how useful? What? It is deeper; it is painful; it checks, it urges to a new pursuit. But it is produced by occasions. When? In loss, in affliction, in old age. Sometimes even in youth: an early discovery. Sometimes in the bloom of prosperity, as Byron felt the fulness of satiety. But the most practical is, when it is produced by the Spirit of God, like Solomon in his pleasures, or Belshazzar at his feast. Then a train of concomitants, and it often leads to conversion — 1st, As it brings us into the line of the gospel offer: *Come unto me all ye that labor*, etc. 2d, As it teaches the value of the gospel hope, in the only effectual way; 3d, As we are impelled to seek something better than worldly good; and lastly, as it removes the very evil of which we complain, giving to life a substantial object. Now this order I call a mingled one. There is a fixed cause for the general order: 1st, Impractical conviction — the practical, and then the what? when? and how? But if any one should insist on knowing why, under the when, I arranged the circumstances as I did,

viz., in loss, in affliction, in age, even in youth, and sometimes in the midst of prosperity, and, finally, as produced by the Spirit of God, — I would give *some* reason, but not an imperative one: I took loss first as the most obvious; the rest seems to follow, on the climax principle — it is stranger that youth and prosperity should feel this vanity, than age and disappointment; and finally, the most important instance is that produced by the divine Spirit; and yet if one should insist that I ought to have put prosperity before youth, all I can say is, I felt myself on free ground, only choosing where there was reason for a choice. When it was the fashion to arrange soldiers in three ranks — the short men in the front rank, the middle-height men in the second rank, and the taller ones behind — no doubt there were cases in which the orderly serjeant was perplexed where to put a particular individual; and yet he had his general rule, and never abandoned it. Every deviation is not an abandonment.

Logicians speak of the formal and the cryptic method, and the cryptic is always revealed sufficiently at last. You find it on retrospect: it is but one of those roads whose course you see whenever you have travelled it. Now, I cannot but think that this latter method is the most important, and needs the most cultivation. I strongly suspect that many of the associations in Massachusetts have suffered by cultivating a formal method, by carrying in skeletons of sermons. Two evils emerge: 1st, you fall into a pedantic and formal track, much more nice in the plan than good in the execution; and 2d, in some of your heads, by sticking to your plan, you fall into expansion and tautology. Both these evils are great and common. For the same principle that leads you, by following an uncomprehensive plan, to expansion and repetition, leads you to miss many important things in the field of nature which lie out of your prescribed path. You miss and you too much find; you lose and you repeat; you repeat your path and fail of collateral observation. You resemble a traveller going into a new country to explore, who should leave the shore and

travel inward on one point of the compass; going and returning, he passes over his selected track twice, but he sees nothing of the fertility or barrenness which is spread wide around him and lies on his right hand and left. I never heard one of these strict *methodists* long, without observing both these evils: they expanded too much, and they lost what was deeply interesting; for a stern logician knows nothing about the loose chain which binds a side-treasure to the subject. Hence Burke, when he wrote his letter on the French Revolution, took care to say that he should express his feelings just as they arose in his mind, with very little attention to formal method (page 27). He wished to be *comprehensive;* he knew that a formal method would narrow his track, — just as a tree, to spread a circular shade, must shoot out its branches in every direction. There are subjects, undoubtedly, where the formal method exhausts about all you need to say, but not *all* subjects; for some subjects are circular in their very nature, and a straight line leads you away from them. Last sabbath (Sept. 16, 1860) I heard a discourse on Acts 26:29, the desire Paul had for the salvation of the world: 1. the fact; 2. the object before him; 3. the course to which it led. Now the heads of a discourse must bear some proportion to each other. But the first head might be dispatched in three words: the speaker was therefore tempted to a needless expansion in his first head. The second was not much better; in short, the whole sermon, though a noble subject, was injured by the division. In one of our academies, a few years ago, a young aspirant wrote: ON TIME — the very choice indicating how little time he had seen; and his division was, 1. the nature of time; 2. the effects of time; and one of the hearers whispered: It was a marvel how he could ever begin the first head, or ever finish the second. Only think — the effects of time! It would take a whole eternity to tell. And yet this subject and this division is an exquisite picture of a youthful production. We see the reason of his partitions: he was anxious to find enough to say.

The stereotyped divisions often tempt us either to this

needless expansion or an indefinite object. This is peculiarly the case when you put *the nature of a thing* as one of the objects. I shall first show the nature of happiness, or the nature of sin, or what law is, etc. I do not deny that where there is any obscurity, it may sometimes be appropriate to show the nature of an object whose nature is generally mistaken. Thus Cicero begins his first book of Tusculan Questions by showing what death is. But he says expressly: Though it is a thing that seems to be known, yet in its obvious form it produces diversity and confusion. In all such cases, remember that nature is above rules, and the end more important than the means.

It has always seemed to me that this free, informal method, being the most difficult and the most exquisite, needs to be studied most. When you seem to abandon order, you impose on yourself the task of a more latent and delicate one. Thus in the fifth book of Cowper's Task, a poem which is peculiarly free and spontaneous, whose very title seems to insinuate that, though the author will take no formal rules, we still have a method which suits meditation, and where the connection, though loose, is not forgotten. Let us take the table of contents as we have it. It is a perfect specimen of the lighter chain: "A frosty morning — the foddering of cattle — the woodman and his dog — the poultry — whimsical effect of frost at a waterfall — the empress of Russia's palace of ice — amusements of monarchs — war one of them — wars, whence — and whence monarchy — the evils of it — English and French loyalty contrasted — the Bastile and a prisoner there — liberty the chief recommendation of this country — modern patriotism questionable, and why — the perishable nature of the best human institutions — spiritual liberty not perishable — the slavish state of man by nature — deliver him, deist, if you can — grace must do it — the respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated — their different treatment — happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free — his relish of the works of God — address to the Creator." In all this it is obvious, 1st, that there is a connection; 2d, that it is a slight one; it might

have been in some respects different with little or no loss to its value; 3d, that it is more close in single steps than in the whole order; 4th, that its degree of fixedness and laxity suited the subject; and lastly, that the very order as well as the subject is a beautiful picture of the author's mind. If any one doubts whether the method here is real and is a picture, I would refer him to Hamlet's soliloquy: "To be or not to be," which certainly is loosely methodical, and is expressly intended to be an exhibition of a mind intensely meditative, employed in its deepest meditations.

If you wish, then, to learn this order and to secure its best form, adopt the following expedients. Cultivate this turn of mind; open the fountains in your soul; read the best specimens; some beautiful ones are found in the Bible, especially the Psalms. Consider your subject, and always adopt this method in the subjects that demand it. Be immersed in your theme; find, with the Psalmist, *while I was musing the fire burned.* Keep your end point-blank in view; in many cases, surrender yourself to the natural current of your thoughts, though you must review your work in a cooler and more artificial state; let your eye be single, and your whole body shall be full of light. In a word, be conscious of the existence and value of this sort of method; cultivate it, and your labor will not be in vain in the Lord. You have nature before you — retiring, beautiful nature; and none ever worshipped at her shrine over whom she did not cast the fragrance of her flowers and the order of their arrangement.

One of my parishioners lately went down into the Aroostook country to see a son; and he walked out into the vicinage and was lost in the dark forest which shades that fertile region. How should he find his way back? He climbed up into a high tree to see the cheering glade, and to discover, if possible, the houses. Now suppose this man, in the distance, to discover the opening, his wavering way back may be an emblem of this freer method. He has the mansion in view; he has found the points of the compass, and he knows generally at what point to aim; and yet his walk is far from being a straight one. Here he meets a rock, there

a bog; now a clump of trees, and now a circle of tangled vines. He must turn his course for reason or for fancy; and he gets home by a bending line, which has increased both his fatigue and his pleasure. A surveyor would have taken his compass and moved on his line. The surveyor is a logician; but the other is a man.

The great art in method is to make common sense preside over formal rules. A rule is always a general approximation to the truth; and hence the common maxim, *exceptio probat regulam.* Even in the formal method there are varieties. Take what is often used as the first head, as an example, viz., the nature of a thing, or what a thing is. If it be doubtful, if there be confused notions prevailing, it is well to begin by giving precision to your subject, and showing distinctly what it is. But if it be one of those common notions which no words can make more plain, it is better at once to enter your discourse. The great temptation, in formal methods, is — that in one of your heads, at least, you will be tempted to expansion and tautology. Sometimes a method has an artistic beauty, but no practical importance. When we gain nothing by a formal method, let us always forsake it, and take one which may be more real for not being formal. Let us always sacrifice the substance to the soul.

Dr. Paley, in one of his charges to his clergy, gives the following advice: "Propose one point in one discourse, and stick to it; a hearer never carries away more than one impression; disdain not the old fashion of dividing your sermons into heads — in the hands of a master this may be dispensed with; in yours, a sermon which rejects these helps to perspicuity, will turn out a bewildered rhapsody without aim or effect, order or conclusion." The first part of this advice may be as wise as the head that gave it; but I should advise every young preacher to be roused by the archdeacon's insulting assertions to show how completely they may be confuted, by any degree of cultivation which is necessary to make a religious teacher. Certainly the clergy of England must be vastly below those of America, if the skill that

could make a helpful division in a sermon is not competent to make it clear without a formal division. The fact is, if a man is so confused in his thoughts that he needs the form to keep him from rhapsody and confusion, he will be very likely to wander from his plan when he has once made it; and hence we often see the announcement of a plan is the last we hear of it; just as a man may put a bridle to a horse's mouth, and then suffer him to wander at will. It is well worth a young man's study to show to himself and others how completely orderly and progressive he can be without the ostentation and barren formalities of the schools. A bad plan, however announced, is an impediment to the discourse, and the worse, the more strictly it is followed. A narrow plan makes a narrow sermon. There was a preacher in this vicinity who never failed to announce his plan, and it never failed to perplex his subject. He generally had seven heads to his discourse; and, like the beast in Revelation, it might as well have had ten horns; for the first head was almost invariably two-thirds of the sermon; and, in the remainder, the parts went before the whole, the specific before the general, and the consequences before the antecedent, in the most miraculous confusion. The sermon resembled one of those grab-bags which are employed at our parish fairs: you can never foresee what is to come out next. Yet this helter-skelter orator was a man of respectable powers, of uncommon popularity, and had often preached with great success. We withhold his name; but, with or without a formal plan, he was as little able to write a clear, consecutive sermon, as to set his name to PARADISE LOST.

Here comes in the art of logic. Its sole value is that it teaches the science of method. It is wholly relative. All the metaphysicians previous to Sir William Hamilton speak depreciatingly of it: Locke, Read, Campbell, etc. They say there is no syllogism which does not contain a *petitio principii*. But Cicero saw the true use and only value of logic. It is an art, says he (De Claris Oratoribus, sect. 41, p. 429), quae doceret rem universam tribuere in partes, latentem

explicare definiendo, obscuram explanare interpretendo; ambigua primum videre, deinde distinguere, postremo habere regulam, quâ vera et falsa judicarentur; et quae quibus positis essent, quaeque non essent consequentia. Hic enim ut tulit hanc artem omnium artium maximam, quasi lucem, ad ea, quae confusi ab aliis aut respondebantur, aut agebantur, — an art which teaches to divide all things into constituent parts, to explain the latent by defining, to illustrate the obscure by interpreting, to discuss the ambiguous part and thus distinguish it, and finally to have a rule by which the true and the false can be judged; what consequences follow from whatever premises we establish. He [*i. e.* Sulpicius] brought this art, the greatest of all arts, as a light to those things which others had involved and left in confusion.

The majority of mankind suppose they understand a thing when they can classify it, that is, assign its species or genus. If they have seen other things like it, and can put it into a class or rank with them, and give it a common name, they suppose they understand it for all the purposes of common life. This we see illustrated in that curious passage in Gulliver's Travels when he got among the giants: "The king sent for the literati to determine what the little man could be. These gentlemen, after they had awhile examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me: they all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field-mice with some others too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered by learned arguments to evince that I could not possibly do. One of the virtuosi seemed to think I might be an embryo or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was

manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying-glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, be cause my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favorite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously, that I was only RELPLUM SCALCATH, which is, interpreted literally, *lusus naturae;* a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of *occult causes*, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavored in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge." (Gulliver's Travels, Pt. II. ch. iii. p. 99, 100.) Now, amid all this satire, we see that *relplum scalcath* expresses a class. So Dr. Johnson, talking of ghosts, said he knew one friend, who was an honest man and a sensible man, who told him he had seen a ghost — old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer, at St. John's Gate. He said Mr. Cave did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned. Boswell — "Pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance?" "Why, sir, something of a shadowy being." Here the ghost is classified: he belongs to the race of shadowy beings — you could put your hand through him; which I believe is the true idea of a ghost, the next genus and the specific difference.

Our first business in this world is to sort things. We trace a resemblance, and not only resemblance, but that peculiar resemblance on which species and genus are founded. To these classes we give names; and when we have once done both these, we suppose ourselves to understand both language and things. Nothing can come to our observation which does not indicate itself and the class to which it belongs; or if it does not, the mind is impatient to reach a class. We call it a non-descript, or a lusus naturae, or, as Dr. Johnson did his ghost, *a shadowy being;* and if we cannot arrange it now, we have no doubt that further knowledge would enable us to do it. Induction in logic always

precedes deduction, or the use of syllogisms. Now, the whole object of this classification is not to penetrate into the nature of things, like the chemist or metaphysician, but to arrange our thoughts as others arrange them, to be in harmony with all mankind; and as logic is founded on order, the species being a part of the genus, and the individual a part of the species, logic is, as Cicero says, an art which brings light to confusion. When you have a subject where a regular syllogism can embrace all you wish to say, a strict method is admirable. As Cicero's Milo: 1st, There are times when it is lawful to kill; 2d, the case of Milo, assaulted by Clodius, was one. Every one can see how comprehensive each of these points, and how naturally the one precedes the other

But all subjects are not cast in such a regular mould.[1] Sometimes the logical steps are too obvious to detain for a single moment; and then there are occasions when you choose to steal on conviction by the synthetic method. All I contend for is, a preacher should be free.

It is sometimes the case that the most consecutive minds are induced to adopt an order which seems very abrupt and strange, until we see the reason of it. If a man could look out of a window on the sea, and observe a vessel aiming at the river's mouth with a head wind, he would consider her motions erratic and strange while she was tacking, provided he did not know which way the wind was. In like manner, many authors have a latent reason for an incomposite method, unaccountable until explained. Paul himself was an example. He had a very methodical mind; that is, moving on a mental line with perpetual divergences. He was methodical just as Burke was methodical, and all that class of men, wavering with a centre to which they perpetually return; and sometimes with an assumption which the subject does not immediately suggest. Thus the second

[1] The design of the discourse is accomplished, if the audience fully understand its genius and main import, become interested in it, and inspirited by it to a virtuous life. Neither the ancient nor the modern pulpit orators have confined themselves to the use of the partition. — *Schotts' Treatise on the structure of a Sermon. See Bibliotheca Sacra*, Nov. 1848, p. 742.

epistle to the Corinthians seems, on the first perusal, to be a jumble of unconnected themes. It resembles one of those apple-trees which have russets on the north side, pearmains on the west, winter-sweetings on the south, and the baldwins on the east, all growing from one root, and hanging in rich confusion. Rosenmuller observes concerning this epistle: Desiderari in hac epistola arctiorem argumenti connexionem, a multis est animadversum.—Well, what is the reason? Has nature violated her laws, and has the apostle forgot his character? We wonder at the phenomenon, until we learn the cause. The fact was, that the Corinthians had subjected to him a series of questions, which he was bound briefly to answer. In like manner, I can imagine a preacher to be addressing his people, perhaps in a farewell discourse, on whom the topics are forced by the occasion, and his method by those on the spot (interpreted by the silent conditions existing in each of their minds) may seem perfectly natural; yet when those silent conditions have evaporated into a new state of things, his order in the discourse may seem abrupt, arbitrary, and inconsequential. The best method, often, like the tallest tree, grows up from a root the deepest hidden in the ground. A clear mind never can shake off its fetters, just as some minds never can put them on. There was a youth in one of our colleges, some fifty years ago, who had no fondness for the inventive work of a scholar (or indeed any other), who ingeniously lighted on this method of composing his theme: he would ask each visitant in his room to write a paragraph; and each one wrote, not knowing what the other had produced. When he came to present the unity of his composition to the admiring class, the late Professor Kingsley drily remarked to him, that it was as beautiful a specimen of consecutive harmony of thought as he ever knew *him* to produce.

SPECIMENS.

In the following specimens I shall give two of a regular plan, formally announced, and two others, examples of consecutive thoughts without a regular plan. No man has

exhausted the subject who does not cultivate both these methods. Can you make your plan very slight, and yet not wholly lose it?

SERMON FIRST.

Gospel of John 10 : 11 — "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

INTRODUCTION.

Christ represents his variety of excellence to us as a Saviour by a variety of similitudes. A shepherd, one. Seen in the light of antiquity, beautiful and affecting. Let us consider:

I. He is a shepherd.

II. He is the good shepherd.

III. Why? — he gives his life for the sheep. His love expressed in the atonement.

IV. The assurance we have of this truth — his own unbroken word.

But what! will you take the testimony of each individual to himself? Will you believe that Mahomet is the prophet of God because he says so? No: but consider who Christ is, and what proofs he gave. The word of Christ is a word divine.

CONCLUSION.

A shepherd implies a flock. It is a relative term. Of those that hear me, some see the Shepherd's beauty, hear his voice, and love his person. Others are blind to all his charms, and deaf to all his invitations. O, my insensible hearers! if you see nothing in the work or person of Christ that touches your heart, it is because you are not of his flock.

SERMON SECOND.

Luke 9 : 59, 60 — "And he said unto another, Follow me; but he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God."

The heart of man is a sand-bar where two tides meet. It is unstable; it is washed by two currents, which disturb

its stability. Religion meets us with a command, and we should meet that with decision.

All sinners have an accusing conscience and a corrupt heart. They often know their duty without a disposition to do it.

The man in the narrative of which our text is a part, had a great veneration for the gospel and its author. He had even determined to become a disciple. He only asks for a little delay, and for that he seems to have a most excellent excuse. He wishes to go and bury his father. Some suppose that his father was not yet dead, and that by the expression "bury my father," he means, Let me wait until I receive my inheritance, settle my affairs, and then I will be ready to attend to religion. But our Lord requires his immediate service. He allows of no procrastination. The propensity is general, and so is the lesson. We remark:

I. Men have many excuses for delaying to give religion their present attention.

II. These excuses really have some weight; they are often very plausible.

III. They are all overruled by the superior importance of religion.

I. Men have many excuses:

1. This we know from observation and experience; from what we have seen, and what we have felt.

2. It arises from the human heart: no man is a total unbeliever. Conscience sheds some light on the darkest mind. Most feel the necessity of doing something for their salvation. But it is hard to begin a work we do not love. The conviction of danger is not deep enough.

II. These excuses really have some weight. Of this we have an example in the text: "Bury my father." How important! How becoming! How necessary! There is a class of such duties: the youth has an education to secure; the man of business, a family to support. Many things demand our time and attention. When religion is weighed against some sensual trifle, all see the difference; but when one solemn duty is opposed to another, the partial mind is deceived.

Be it ever remembered, that the antagonism is a false one. We may as well say that the liquid ocean prevents the solid ship from going through it, as to say that true piety impedes the execution of any real obligation. No. *We are straitened in ourselves.*

III. This brings me to the last remark: all these objections are overruled by the superior importance of religion. You are exhorted here to flee from the wrath to come; your immortal interest is at stake; death and judgment are before you, and your opportunity is flying away on the wings of every hour. God himself has appointed the duty and the time. *To-day if ye will hear, harden not your hearts.*

CONCLUSION.

How much there is to seduce us! How easily are we seduced! Satan is never more malignant than when he is *transformed into an angel of light.*

SERMON THIRD—METHOD UNANNOUNCED.

Ps. 42: 5—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

This psalm presents an extraordinary spectacle: a man remonstrating with himself; a single soul dividing itself into two parts, and one part undertaking to instruct the other. Strictly speaking, this is impossible, and yet nothing is more common than this impossibility. Who has not, etc.? The pagan moralist, long before the Bible was known, had pictured this dissent of unity, these dialogues with one's self. Cicero has said, Somehow or other we are two: one part of our nature resists the other; the one commands, the other obeys. (Tusc. Quest. lib. ii. § 20.) What did the psalmist mean, when he said to his soul: Why art thou disquieted in me? Who is *me?* who is the person speaking? and who is the person addressed? What is there left of a man, when you have abstracted his soul from him and made it an objective personage? Who is the *I* addressing the soul in

him? It would be impossible to give an analytic answer to such questions; and yet nothing can be more natural than the words of our text.

Indeed, all serious reflections begin in this mysterious self-remonstrance. The very idea of repentance is, that a man differs from his former self. A converted man hates what he once loved, and loves what he once hated.

The natural man, the very pagans, had something of this duality. They had a higher nature, which condemned the desires and pursuits of the lower. They remonstrated with themselves. Every sinner is a sinner because he condemns himself in the thing he alloweth.

This dialogue is often very remarkable before the commission of sin, and still more so after it. Then he perceives how small the gain, how infinite the loss.

Sometimes when we are nerving ourselves up to some hard conflict which it requires all our courage to begin, we summon our powers, we rebuke our own timidity.

Sometimes in great dejection, under a great loss, we say: *Why art thou cast down, O my soul, etc.?*

But the true Christian, with grace in his heart, is the most striking specimen of this self-remonstrance. He is a strong instance of this duality of being. He often has to argue the point with himself, to preach to himself; and it is the most direct preaching, because he knows his audience.

Paul has carried this duality of person to the greatest extent, Rom. 7: 15, 16, 17 — *For that which I do, I allow not; for that which I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do. If, then, I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now, then, it is no more I that do it.* Such, then, is the conflict. Let us apply the subject by asking three questions.

1. Have we ever held this dialogue with ourselves? Have we thus rebuked our own hearts? It is essential to all serious reflection.

2. How did the dramatic scene end? Which power prevailed? Did the rebuking power conquer, or did the culprit ersist?

3. If the latter was the case, that is, if the remonstrance did not prevail, what did you then? Did you give up in despair, and let the crushing serpent twine his folds around your gasping heart?

The result of such a conflict shows our need of help and the place of prayer.

SERMON FOURTH.

Matt. 16 : 26 — "For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Great complaints are made by many people of the perplexities of faith and the intricacies of religion. They pretend to wish that the subject was simpler and plainer. Revelation presents us too many mysteries; doctrines hard to digest, as they are difficult to prove; such as the trinity, original sin, free grace, election, and the power of God acting on the volitions of men. There are so many opinions, they say, we hardly know what to believe.

But when Jacob saw his ladder in vision, though the top might lean on heaven, the first round was but one step from the ground. It was an emblem of our holy system. The first truth is nigh us, even in our mouths and hearts, and it sheds its radiance on all the rest, and prepares the way for our receiving them; for as no man, in a clear winter evening, ever saw one star alone, but must have passed his eyes through sparkling constellations, so some of the articles of our faith are simple yet inclusive; they give importance and grandeur to the whole system.

The immortality of the soul! what an inexpressible grandeur it gives to the pursuits and destiny of man! It changes the whole economy of human life; it changes prudence into religion; it shades with finer light the purposes of God; it makes his mercy and his justice infinitely greater; it awakens new desires in our hearts, and presents new objects of prayer, and it sheds its lustre on the darkness of the tomb, and presents heaven and hell as rewards and

punishments for a soul created for the joys of the one or the flames of the other.

But this truth, to have its effect, must be believed. The very presentment of it is a part of its truth; for everything proclaims the existence of God: this mighty fabric of creation, this lofty arch over our heads, that golden sun, the great and wide sea, the rolling clouds and revolving seasons show the greatness of the design; and yet how inadequate are the pursuits of life to the longings of the soul! Immortality explains the mystery, and the very presenting of the doctrine shows a purpose worthy of the efforts of man, worthy of the wisdom of God.

Two objects are presented to us which explain each other by their contrast: the poor rewards of this life, and an unfading crown in heaven. This balance facilitates our choice, if we are wise; *for what is a man profited if he gain*, etc.?

It shows our perversity if we do not choose right; for the blindness which can thus dispose of eternal glory for the shadows of life, must be a voluntary blindness; it must indicate intense hatred to piety, arising from intense love of the world. So that you gain religion, or become a monument of its truth, by your perversity and loss.

This text sends us to our best instructor, our own experience. We are continually feeling the consolations of religion, or the vanity of the world. It is an increasing experience. If we refuse, we are sinning against God and our own happiness at the same time.

What an alternative is before us! what a responsible condition is our place in life!

The grand sin that seduces all and ruins thousands, is WORLDLINESS. We love the world, we live for the world, we hope to gain the world. But what is the world worth, if we lose our Saviour, and are left to die in our sins?

The first motive by which religion influences us, is here presented and sanctioned. In both parts of this text, in the value of the soul and in the little value of gaining the world, our prudence is addressed. No doubt the professed Christian proceeds to higher motives: he has disinterested love;

his last lesson is to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts; but he begins by a sense of his own personal danger. He contemplates the fearful possibility, that *his own* soul may be lost. It alarms him into reflection. He fears, he trembles, he compares; and this first step in religion is an excellent point of view to distinguish the second. "I must rise," he says, "higher than this; my danger shows me the common danger of a dying world."

The inconsistency of two pursuits is presented: the care of the soul, the gain of the world. The pursuit of the one implies the renunciation of the other.

In the day of judgment, it will be a sad aggravation of our sin and folly to see for what poor rewards we have lost the eternal glory. The baits of Satan will then be surveyed in their true light. The bribe will be weighed; the remorse will be complete. Judas will see the value of thirty pieces of silver for which he betrayed Christ. Nabal will see his churlishness; Saul will see how needlessly he afflicted himself in his jealousy of David; yes, in the light of a burning world, when the heavens are passing away with a great noise, the righteous Judge will hold up the toys, the chaff, the momentary pleasures, the transient honors which seduced you, and in this amazing brightness you will see the folly of your choice and the justice of your doom. Verily the wicked have their reward.

How dreadful the condition of him whose joys are seen only in an increasing retrospect, and whose agonies are the whole of his eternal experience!

ARTICLE V.

GOD'S OWNERSHIP OF THE SEA.[1]

BY REV. LEONARD SWAIN, D. D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PSALM 95 : 5. — "*The Sea is his, and he made it.*"

THE traveller who would speak of his experience in foreign lands, must begin with the sea. Especially is this the case if he would speak of his journey in its religious aspects and connections. For it is through the religion of the sea that he approaches those lands, and through it that he returns from them. God has spread this vast pavement of his temple between the hemispheres, so that he who sails to foreign shores must pay a double tribute to the Most High; for through this temple he has to carry his anticipations as he goes, and his memories when he returns. Nor can the mind of the traveller be so frivolous, or the objects of his journey so trivial, but that the shadows of this temple will make themselves felt upon him during the long days that he is passing beneath them on his outward, and then again on his homeward, way. The sea speaks for God; and however eager the tourist may be to reach the strand that lies before him and enter upon the career of business or pleasure that awaits him, he must check his impatience during this long interval of approach, and listen to the voice with which Jehovah speaks to him as, horizon after horizon, he moves to his purpose along the aisles of God's mighty tabernacle of the deep.

God's way is in the sea as it is in the sanctuary; and

[1] This Article is a Sermon, which was preached by the author to his own people soon after his return from Europe. Many who heard it felt desirous of its publication; and many who heard of it, requested that it be printed in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. It has been yielded to the press by its author reluctantly, and in compliance with the earnest wishes of his friends. — EDS.

having so recently come from beholding it, that the roll of the ship and the roar of the waves are scarcely yet vanished from my brain, let me speak to you of it in his house to-day; that so his works may combine with his word to teach us the lessons of his greatness, and that some strains of that vast anthem of the deep that praises God round the whole world this morning may mingle with the worship which rises to him from this sanctuary.

In speaking of God's ownership of the sea, I wish to consider, first, some of the more important material uses which he has made it to subserve in the economy of nature and for the welfare of the world, and then to refer to some of those more distinctively religious elements of impression by which it becomes the symbol of his presence and the earthly temple of his glory.

It is very natural, in looking at the ocean, and in travelling over its enormous breadth, to wonder why such an immense mass of water should have been created. When we think that three-fourths of the entire surface of the globe are covered by its waves, it seems to us like a vast disproportion. It is a common thing, in speaking of the sea, to call it "a waste of waters." It seems as if it were a mere desert, incapable of being turned to any profitable use, and as if it would have been much better were its vast hollows filled up with solid land, and its immeasurable area covered with fields and forests, waving with harvests and resounding with the noise of cities and the busy life of men.

But this is a mistake. Instead of being an incumbrance or a superfluity, the sea is as essential to the life of the world as the blood is to the life of the human body. Instead of being a waste and desert, it is the thing which keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and desert. It is the world's fountain of life and health and beauty; and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills, the harvests would become powder on the plains, the continents would be one vast Sahara of frost and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in.

the heavens as silent and dead as on the first morning of creation.

1. Water is as indispensable to all life, whether vegetable or animal, as is the air itself. From the cedar on the mountains to the lichen that clings to the wall; from the mastodon that pastures on the forests to the animalcule that floats in the sunbeam; from the leviathan that heaves the sea into billows to the microscopic creatures that swarm a million in a single foam-drop; all alike depend for their existence on this single element, and must perish if it be withdrawn. But this element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. All the waters that are in the rivers, the lakes, the fountains, the vapors, the dew, the rain, the snow, come alike out of the ocean. It is a common impression that it is the flow of the rivers that fills the sea. It is a mistake. It is the flow of the sea that fills the rivers. The streams do not make the ocean, but the ocean makes the streams. We say that the rivers rise in the mountains and run to the sea; but the truer statement is, that the rivers rise in the sea and run to the mountains; and that their passage thence is only their homeward journey to the place from which they started. All the water of the rivers has once been in the clouds; and the clouds are but the condensation of the invisible vapor that floats in the air; and all this vapor has been lifted into the air by the heat of the sun playing upon the ocean. Most persons have no impression of the *amount* of water which the ocean is continually pouring into the sky, and which the sky itself is sending down in showers to refresh the earth. If they were told that there is a river above the clouds equal in size to the Mississippi or the Amazon; that this river is drawn up out of the sea, more than a mile high; that it is always full of water, and that it is more than twenty-five thousand miles in length, reaching clear round the globe, they would call it a very extravagant assertion. And yet not only is this assertion substantially true, but very much more than this is true. If all the waters in the sky were brought into one channel, they would make a stream more than fifty times as large as the Mississippi or

the Amazon. How many rivers are there in the sky? Just as many as there are on the earth. If they were not first in the sky, how could they be on earth? If it is the sky that keeps them full, then the sky must always have enough *to* keep them full; *i. e.*, it must always be pouring down into them just as much as they themselves are pouring down into the sea. It is computed that the water which falls from the clouds every year, would cover the whole earth to the depth of five feet; that is, if the earth were a level plain, it would spread over it an ocean of water five feet deep, reaching round the whole globe. The sky, therefore, has not only a river of water, but a whole ocean of it. And it has all come out of the sea. The sea, therefore, is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring up into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into it. It is this which keeps the ocean at the same level from year to year. If it were not sending off into the air precisely as much as it receives from the rivers, it would be continually rising on its shores, and would finally overflow all the lands of the earth.

And now if the sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, if out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven, then instead of being a waste and an incumbrance, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breasts come the resources that feed and support all the population of the world. All cities, nations, and continents of men, all cattle and creeping things and flying fowl, all the insect races that people the air with their million tribes innumerable, all grasses and grains that yield food for man and for beast, all flowers that brighten the earth with beauty, all trees of the field and forest that shade the plains with their lowly drooping, or that lift their banners of glory against the sky as they march over a thousand hills — all these wait upon the sea, that they may receive their meat in due season. That which it gives them, they gather. It opens its hand, and they are filled with food. If it hides its face, they are

troubled, their breath is taken away, they die and return to their dust.

Omnipresent and everywhere alike is this need and blessing of the sea. It is felt as truly in the centre of the continent, where, it may be, the rude inhabitant never heard of the ocean, as it is on the circumference of the wave-beaten shore. He is surrounded, every moment, by the presence and bounty of the sea. It is the sea that looks out upon him from every violet in his garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon his passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the rustling ranks of the growing corn; from the bending grain that fills the arms of the reaper; from the juicy globes of gold and crimson that burn amongst the green orchard foliage; from his bursting presses and his barns that are filled with plenty; from the broad forehead of his cattle, and the rosy faces of his children; from the cool-dropping well at his door; from the brook that murmurs by its side, and from the elm and spreading maple that weave their protecting branches beneath the sun, and swing their breezy shadows over his habitation. It is the sea that feeds him. It is the sea that clothes him. It is the sea that cools him with the summer cloud, and that warms him with the blazing fires of winter. He eats the sea, he drinks the sea, he wears the sea, he ploughs and sows and reaps the sea, he buys and sells the sea, and makes wealth for himself and his children out of its rolling waters, though he lives a thousand leagues away from the shore, and has never looked on its crested beauty or listened to its eternal anthem.

Thus the sea is not a waste and an incumbrance. Though it bears no harvests on its bosom, it yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are salt and wormwood, so that it cannot be tasted, it makes all the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys and rivers among the hills, and fountains in all dry places, and gives drink to all the inhabitants of the earth.

2. A second use of the sea is to moderate the temperature

of the world. A common method of warming houses in the winter is by the use of hot water. The water, being heated in the basement, is carried by iron pipes to the remotest parts of the building, where, parting with its warmth and becoming cooler and heavier, it flows back again to the boiler, to be heated anew, and so to pass round in the same circuit continuously. The advantage of this method is, that the heat can be carried to great distances, and in any direction, either laterally or vertically, so that apartments many hundred feet removed from the furnace can be warmed as well as if they were close at hand.

Precisely such an office is performed by the sea in warming the distant regions of the earth. The furnace is in the tropics. The ocean is the boiler. The vertical rays of the sun pour into it a heat that is almost like fire itself. The temperature of the sea is raised to eighty-six degrees, and the water, swelling and rising in the same proportion, is compelled to seek its level by flowing off to the right and left of the equator. Flowing to the north, these waters are gathered into the Gulf Stream, which acts as a conducting pipe three thousand miles in length, and sends them, with a velocity swifter than that of the Mississippi river, and with a volume that is greater by a thousand fold, to spread out their treasured heat over the North Atlantic, where the winds take it up into their breath, and blow it in gales of continual summer across the lands that border on the ocean. A similar current passes down the opposite side of the equator, and conveys towards the polar regions of the south a stream of heated water, which is sometimes known to be sixteen hundred miles in breadth. The effect of these currents in raising the temperature of the cold climates is almost incredible. They make Great Britain and France as warm as they would otherwise be if they were fifteen or twenty degrees nearer the equator. It is computed that if the amount of heat thus spread out over the Atlantic by the single influence of the Gulf Stream in one winter's day, were concentrated upon the atmosphere of France and Great Britain, it would be sufficient to raise the temperature of

these two countries from the freezing-point to the full heat of summer. It is also computed that the heat carried off every day from the Gulf of Mexico alone, by this agency, is "sufficient to raise mountains of iron from zero to the melting-point, and to keep in flow from thence a molten stream of metal greater in volume than the waters daily discharged by the Mississippi river." Thus a double purpose is served by these currents; for while they convey the needed warmth to the colder regions, they bear away from the tropics that superfluous heat which, if it were allowed to remain, would render the whole line of the equator intolerable and uninhabitable. And this is not the whole of the process of mitigation. For while the warm currents of the tropics are flowing towards the poles, the cold currents of the icy latitudes are moving towards the equator. Immense trains of icebergs are borne down by these streams towards the flaming furnaces of the line, and so the fervors of the torrid zone are cooled and comforted by the frosty breath of the arctic and antarctic waters. Thus each region gives to the other what it has in excess, and receives from the other what it has in deficiency. The poles are warmed by the sun which does not reach the poles, and the tropics are cooled by the ice which cannot be formed within the tropics. If it were not for the sea, the entire belt of the tropics would be a desert of perpetual fire, and the entire polar regions would be a desert of perpetual frost. One third of the whole earth's surface would be unendurable with heat, another with cold, and only the remaining third would be fit for human habitation; whereas now, under these tempering influences of the ocean, the whole width of the world, with few exceptions, is given to man for his dwelling; and wherever he goes he finds a thousand forms of vegetable and animal life, which the same genial influence has made to wait upon him and be subservient to him. If we praise the ingenuity of man, who breaks the cold of winter by artificial heat, and that too by inventions which are themselves but a feeble and distant copy of what Nature has done before him on an infinitely grander scale, how should we

admire the wisdom and goodness of him who first *set* the great copy for man, and who makes the ocean itself an apparatus for storing up the heat of the vast tropical furnace, and sending thus all the softness and wealth of the garnered summer to the most distant quarters of the globe!

3. A third important use of the sea is to be a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it, there could be no drainage for the lands. The process of death and decay, which is continually going on in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, would soon make the whole surface of the earth one vast receptacle of corruption, whose stagnant mass would breed a pestilence, sweeping away all the life of a continent. The winds would not purify it; for, having no place to deposit the burden, it would only accumulate in their hands, and filling their breath with its poisonous effluvia, it would make them swift ministers of death, carrying the sword of destruction into every part of the world at once. The only possible drainage of the world is by water. It is as necessary for the purpose of carrying away the feculence of decay and death, as it is for the purpose of bringing in and distributing to their place the positive materials of life. It is in this respect precisely what the blood is to the body. It not only brings what is necessary for growth and sustenance, but it takes away and discharges from the system everything which has accomplished its office, and which, by remaining longer in its place, would be a source of disease and death.

Its first office is simply mechanical. The rains of heaven come fresh from the sea. Evaporation has emptied their hands of all previous burdens, so that their utmost powers of absorption may be ready for the new toil. Falling upon all the surface of the world, and penetrating beneath as far as the process of putrefaction can reach, they dissolve all substances which decay has touched; and while a portion of it is carried down to the roots of the trees, the grasses and the grains, there to be taken up and moulded into new forms of life, the remainder is washed into the brooks, by

them carried to the rivers, and by these conveyed to the sea, whose caverns are vast enough to contain all the dregs of the continents, and whose various salts and chemical reagents are abundantly sufficient to correct all their destructive powers, and prevent them from breathing up out of that watery sepulchre an atmosphere of poison and of plague.

Thus the sea is the scavenger of the world. Its agency is omnipresent. Its vigilance is omniscient. Where no sanitary committee could ever come, where no police could ever penetrate, its myriad eyes are searching, and its million hands are busy exploring all the lurking-places of decay, bearing swiftly off the dangerous sediments of life, and laying them a thousand miles away in the slimy bottom of the deep. And while all this is done with such silence and secrecy that it attracts no notice, yet the results in the aggregate are immense beyond conception. More than a thousand million tons of the sediment of the lands, mixed with this material of disease and death, is borne from either continent to the sea by the river-flow of a single summer. All the ships and railroads of the world, and all the men and animals of the world, working together upon this great sanitary toil, could not accomplish what is thus silently and easily accomplished by the sea.

And besides this mechanical process of drainage, by which the decay of the continents is continually washed from the lands and swept into the caverns of the deep, there is another important process by which the sea itself, in its own domain, is perpetually working for the health of the world. It is set to purify the atmosphere; and so the winds, whose wings are heavy and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest when they are weary, cradled into sleep on that vast swinging couch of the ocean. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed, and, lifting its waves upon their shoulders, they dash it into spray with their hands,

and hurl it backwards and forwards through a thousand leagues of sky, until their whole substance being drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through by this glorious baptism, they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and striking their wings for the shore, go breathing health and vigor along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in mountain and forest and valley and plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face and mingles its laughter with the sea that has waked it from its fevered sleep and poured such tides of returning life through all its shrivelled arteries.

Thus, both by its mechanical and its chemical powers, is the sea set for the healing of the nations. It veins the earth with healthful blood and feeds its nostrils with the breath of life. It cleanses it from the corruption of its own decay, repairs the waste and weakness of its growing age, keeps its brow pure and sparkling as the sapphire sky, thrills its form with the pulse of eternal youth, and fires it with the flush of eternal beauty.

4. It may be mentioned, as a fourth office of the sea, that it is set to furnish the great natural pathways of the world. Perhaps one of the first impressions in looking upon the sea is, that it is a great barrier between the nations; that it puts the continents much further asunder than they would otherwise be; and that thus it acts as an unsocializing force, hindering the intercourse of the world. The truth lies in just the opposite direction. Instead of a barrier, the sea is a road across the barrier; instead of putting the ends of the earth further apart, it brings them nearer together; instead of being an unsocializing and an alienating force between them, it is the surest means of their acquaintance, and the most effectual bond of their fellowship.

Water is indeed a treacherous element, and will not, like the solid land, bear the foot of man or the hoof of beast; and so, when they come to its borders in river, lake, or sea, both man and beast instinctively turn back as they would from a wall of rock or a circle of fire. The sea, therefore, is

to that extent a barrier, that it lays instant restraint upon human travel in its primitive method and its freest detail. It does draw a decisive boundary around a nation, and keep its main population in on every side. But this is, in itself, a blessing. For boundaries are necessary to give individuality to nations, as they are to give individuality to men. There must be an outline to their personality; and the firmer that outline is drawn, the greater vigor of character, and the deeper intensity of life they are likely to possess. The sea, therefore, first defines a nation to itself, fills it up with the refluence and reaction of its own proper life; and then, when it has reached a certain height and fulness, opens the door and lets it forth to find the life of other nations, and feel the brotherhood of the world. Hence, other things being equal, the strongest nations in civilized history have always been the insular or peninsular ones, like England, Italy, and Greece, which, using the sea in the beginning as a separation from other lands, and making it a boundary, a barrier, and a defence, have by it been able so to compress and compact their own energies that they have, at last, become strong enough to burst the ocean barrier that surrounded them, and then to employ the sea itself as an arm of power to reach and subsidize the ends of the earth. For while man cannot tread the sea with his foot, he can travel it by his hand; and when his hand becomes strong enough to lay the keel and spread the sail, and his art is cunning enough to poise the needle and map the stars of the sky, then the sea lays all its breadth beneath him, brings all the winds of heaven to his help, unlocks the gates of distant continents to his approach, and pours the riches of the globe at his feet.

Thus, as in so many other instances, that which was at first a hinderance, becomes at last a help and a blessing; for the very presence of the barrier suggests, provokes, and compels that development of skill and power by which the barrier may be overcome; and when it is overcome, then that which was at first a wall to bar all further progress, becomes a path of such breadth, and permanence, and ease of tread, as could not have been constructed by all the art and all the

strength of man. Hence the ocean has been the great educator of the world. It has furnished the prime stimulus of national energy, and has determined, in the beginning and for all time, the paths in which all great history must run. The course of empire began on its shores, and has always kept within sight of its waters. No great nation has ever sprung up except on the sea-side, or by the banks of those great navigable rivers which are themselves but an extension of the sea. Had it not been for the Mediterranean, the history of Egypt, of Phenicia, of Greece and Rome and Carthage, would have been impossible. Had it not been for the ocean itself, had the surface of the globe been one vast unbroken continent of land, the inhabitants on its opposite sides would have been practically as far apart as though they lived on different planets. All effective communication between remote parts of the world would have been impossible, for there would have been no highway between the nations. Only a system of railways, netting the world like the lines of latitude and longitude, could have made up for the want of the sea; and these could be furnished only as the latest and most wonderful result of that national development in wealth, power, and mechanical skill which is the fruit of a civilization that has already spanned the globe, and laid the resources of the world under contribution. Even with all the wealth, genius, and civilization which the world now contains, there is not a single railroad across either of the continents; but the broad path of the sea, that requires no building or repairing, has stretched between and around them ever since the creation of man. The railway is one of the last products of civilization and human skill, but a ship is one of the first; and so through all these thousands of years commerce has been moving on its way, first guiding its timid prow along the shores of the nations, then pushing its keel athwart the inland seas, and finally nailing its flag to the mast and laying its adventurous course right across the main ocean. Hence the sea has divided the lands only at last to bring them more closely together. It has made the nations strangers for a time, only to bring them at length

into a more intimate and helpful fellowship. The world has become acquainted with itself much more speedily and thoroughly than it could have done had it been all dry land; and so the wide channels of the deep have been but the needful spaces on which the vital forces of all the lands might meet and mix in one, and from which, as from a central heart, they might send the pulse of their mingled life beating steadily around the globe.

And what is true of the whole world in this respect, is equally true of each separate division of the earth. How much more rapidly was our own land explored and settled; how much more easily is it held and wielded by the civilized life that now occupies it, than would have been possible without the ocean border which girds it and the gulfs and bays and lakes and mighty streams, which are themselves the children of the sea, and which carry the ocean-paths for thousands of miles inland, even to the very base of the central mountains! How long would it have taken for all the civilization of the world combined to open such roads of entrance into the depths of this continent, as are furnished by the great chain of lakes which the sea has thrown, like a necklace, around our northern border, and by that equally stupendous river which it has sent up to meet them from the Gulf of Mexico on the south? By means of these great natural pathways, which God's hand had opened, the most interior recesses of the country could be penetrated at once; so that while the land was yet an unbroken wilderness, hundreds of years before plank roads and railways could have pushed the westward wave of civilization over the Alleghany hills, these great liquid roads which the sea had builded, were stretching their silver pavements for a thousand miles on every side, ready to convey the explorer or the emigrant from the ocean to the mountains, and from the mountains to the ocean, and to pour into the inmost heart of the continent the floating commerce of the world.

5. A fifth office of the sea is to furnish an inexhaustible storehouse of *power* for the world. The two greatest available powers known to man, are those of running water and

steam; and both these come out of the sea; the former being the mere mechanical weight of the rivers falling from the uplands to the ocean, and returning to it the treasures which they have received from it through the sky, and the latter being the expansive force of water under the application of heat. And as these two are the greatest, so they are the most enduring, powers; they will last until the rains cease to fall from the clouds, until the forests are hewn from the mountains, and the treasures of coal are all dug from the depths of the earth.

Of the three great departments of labor which occupy the material industry of the race — agriculture, commerce, and manufactures — we have seen how the first two depend on the ocean, the one for the rains which support all vegetable life, the other for the thousand paths on which its fleets are travelling. We now find that the third one also, though at first appearing to have no very intimate connection with the ocean, does in fact owe to it almost the whole of its efficiency. Ninety-nine hundredths of all the mechanical power now at work in the world, is furnished by the water-wheel and the steam-engine. Ninety-nine hundredths, therefore, of all the manufacture of the world is wrought by the sea. The ocean is not that idle creature which it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a giant, who leaves his oozy bed and comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. With power enough to carry off the gates of the continents, and to dash the pillars of the globe in pieces, he allows his captors to chain him in prisons of stone and iron, to bind his shoulders to the wheel, and set him to grind the food of the nations and weave the garments of the world. The mighty shaft which that wheel turns, runs out into all the lands; and geared and belted to that centre of power, ten thousand times ten thousand clanking engines roll their cylinders, and ply their hammers, and drive their million shuttles, till the solid planet shakes with the concussion, and the sky itself is

deafened with the roar. It is the sea that keeps all your mills and factories in motion. It is the sea that spins your thread and weaves your cloth. It is the sea that cuts your iron bars like wax, rolls them out into paper-thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountain and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the sea that fashions the leviathan ship, forges its thousand plates, drives its million bolts, pushes its reluctant bulk from the stocks, like a floating island broken from the mainland, and sends it from shore to shore, a nation on its decks, a continent in its sides, and the arms of ten thousand Titans heaving the vast machinery in its bosom. In short, it is the power of the sea which is doing for man all those mightiest works that would be else impossible. It is by this that he is to level the mountains, to tame the wilderness, to subdue the continents, to throw his pathways around the globe, and make his nearest approaches to omnipresence and omnipotence. If the ocean were to be dried up, the right arm of his power would be withered; the wheels of all progress would stop, and the wave of civilization would instantly roll back a whole century. No earthly force or combination of forces now known could supply a ten-thousandth part of the deficiency. Man's greatest strength lies in that weakest of all known substances — water. The sinews of the world are laid in the sea, and the tides and billows of its ever restless surface are but the swell and play of those mighty muscles that could tear the continents from their roots and hurl the mountains from one pole to the other.

6. A sixth office of the sea is to be a vast storehouse of life. We have considered the ocean, hitherto, as ministering to the life that exists on the land, giving sustenance and strength to plants, animals, and men. But it does something more. The objects of its ministry do not thus lie, all

of them, out of its own boundaries. The sea has a whole world of life in itself. It spreads its table, first of all, for its own children, and these other gifts which it makes to the lands, royal and munificent as they are, are but the superfluities and remainders that are left from its table and wardrobe, after all its own inhabitants are housed and nourished, and clothed, and fed. It is said that the life in the sea far exceeds all that exists out of it. There are more than twenty-five thousand distinct species of living beings that inhabit its waters. There are more than eight thousand species of fish, and some of these swarm in such innumerable millions, that often they "move in columns that are several leagues in width and many fathoms thick; and this vast stream of life continues to move past the same given point for whole months together. Incredible numbers of them are taken from the sea: in Norway four hundred millions of a single species in a single season; in Sweden, seven hundred millions; and by other nations, numbers without number." But those that are taken bear only a small proportion to those that remain of the very same species, while the whole of these species themselves are but a fraction of the entire population of the larger marine life; and this entire population of larger life, again, is but a drop of the bucket compared to the various forms of microscopic and animalcular life with which immense tracts of the ocean are filled. These animalcules are some of them so small that it would take forty thousand of them to measure an inch in length, and so closely crowded together that a large drop of water contains five hundred millions; *i. e.*, half as many as there are human inhabitants on the whole globe.

It is not necessary to ask whether all this infinitude of life is meant for the use of man, or whether it has anything whatever to do in promoting his comfort or providing his food. It is certain that many of the larger forms of marine life are intended for his benefit, and are fitted for his use. Whole tribes of men derive almost their entire sustenance from the sea. The inhabitants of the polar regions draw

their support more from this source than from all others combined. The same is true of the savage tribes on many of the islands of the Pacific, and along some of the shores of the continents. Even civilized lands levy immense contributions on the life of the sea. Many thousands of vessels are employed in taking fish of various kinds from its waters, and uncounted millions of them are sent into every part of the world; so that the sea is full of God's riches, if we consider it only as a vast storehouse of food for man.

But all the life of the sea does not need to be designed for man in order to explain its use. Life is its own use; and wherever it exists, and in proportion as it exists, it is, in itself considered, the proof and illustration of the goodness of God. It is one of the noble uses of the sea, therefore, that it furnishes the dwelling-place for such an inconceivable immensity of life. It is even more full of God's goodness than it is of his power; for while the latter requires larger masses for its exhibition, the former is best seen by examining the minutest portion. Nothing is more powerless than a single drop of water; and yet, by placing this single drop under the microscope, we discover the character of vast masses of the ocean, and learn that in every one of these little globes of inhabited sea-water there is literally a whole continent of happy beings that draw their existence from God, wait upon him for food, and receive their daily sustenance at his hand.

7. The last use of the sea which I shall mention, is what may be called the geological one. I mention it last, and as the culminating view, because it brings into sight the impressive element of time, and sends us back to that gigantic history of the past when the forces of the sea, which are now in comparatively feeble play, were set to their Titanic task, and wrought out those stupendous results which belong to the very framework of Nature itself, and which will endure till the very substance of the globe is dissolved. God has appointed the sea to be the architect of the world. It has quarried the materials

and brought them to their place, and then with its building tool and dressing hammer it has given them shape, and piled them, layer above layer, for the walls of the great house of life.

There is the clearest evidence that every part of the known earth has been, successively and for unnumbered ages, under the dominion of the sea. When the cooling crust of the globe had become one unbroken sphere of granite rock, then the waters were let in upon it by Jehovah's hand, to join, with fire and frost and moving ice, and all the forces of the volcano and the earthquake, in tearing asunder this quarry of the continents — disintegrating, grinding, pulverizing and sifting, till the sands and limes and clays and various earths were separated from their rocky prison, assorted each after its kind, carried a thousand miles by mighty currents, spread out over the bottom of the deep, cemented firmly in their place by pressure, heat, and inward chemistry, piled story above story, till they were many thousands and many ten-thousands of feet in thickness; and so the great house of the world being built and finished and furnished beneath the sea, with endless stores of all things needful, — coal, and iron, and marble, and copper, and gold, — it felt the uplifting hand of God, and rose into the sky, parting the ocean from pole to pole, a mighty continent, with mountain, and valley, and river, and plain, soon green and golden, from side to side, with grass and grain, and forest and flower; a house not made with hands, high as the heavens, deep as the centre, wide as the firmament, bright as the light; a glorious habitation, waiting for the footstep, the eye, and the voice of its great coming master — man.

Having thus considered some of the material uses by which the sea proclaims the wisdom and goodness of its Maker, let us notice one or two of those qualities by which it more directly suggests his being, and brings near to us the sense of his presence and power.

"The sea is *his*," says the Psalmist; and we may take the emphasis of that assertion as if it meant that in some sense

he claimed exclusive possession of the sea; that he gave the land to man, but in a manner reserved the ocean as his own domain. And it is so. Man's dominion is the solid land. There he rears his habitation, hews down the forests, upturns the hills, fills the valleys, spreads his waving harvests, lays his roads of stone and iron like net-work across a whole continent, plants cities that last for thousands of years, changes the face of Nature herself so that she can never regain the lost expression, and when he dies builds monuments over his dust of such magnitude that they might be seen from another planet, and of such endurance that they defy all the ravages of time, and live till the globe itself is consumed.

And this is the impression which is made upon the traveller, whether in the Old World or in the New: that the land is given to man; that it is possessed by man; and that wherever he goes, there is something which speaks to him *of* man. In the older continent, the vast cities, the unnumbered populations, the immeasurable culture, the mighty ruins, everything testifies of man; almost everything which the eye can see has felt his power, and shows upon itself the mark of his hand. Almost every particle of that ancient dust has been trodden by his foot, and been tributary to his life. And as the Old World speaks of man, and tells where he *has been*, so the New World speaks of him, and tells where he *shall be*. In the forests of the Mississippi, a thousand miles beyond the outmost cities, the sound of the axe and the gun declare that the all-conquering wave of civilization is coming; and a thousand miles further on, where even these prophetic sounds have not been heard, there is that which speaks of human approach. The stillness which is there is the stillness of fear, and not of security. It tells that man is coming. The very silence is full of his name. The trees whisper it to one another. The fox and the panther utter it in their cry. The winds take up the secret, and give it to the hills, and these to the echoing vales. The fountains publish it to the brooks, and the brooks to the rivers, and the rivers spread it a thousand miles along

their banks, and proclaim it at last to the northern seas — that man, the conqueror and king, is coming; that his footstep has been heard on the Atlantic shore; that the hills await him; that the vales expect him; that the forests bend their tremulous tops to listen for him; that the fear of him is upon the beasts of the wood, the fowl of the mountain, the cattle of a thousand hills; upon all rivers and plains, upon all quarries of rock and mines of precious ore; for all that is within the compass of the land is given to his dominion, and he shall subdue its strength and appropriate its treasure, and scatter the refuse of it as the dust beneath his feet.

But there man's empire stops. God has given the land to man, but the sea he has reserved to himself: "the sea is *his*, and he made it." He has given man "no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. If he has done any brilliant exploit upon its surface, he cannot perpetuate the memory of it by erecting so much as an arch or a pillar. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. It is not afraid of him, as is the land. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. When it hears of him, then it laughs him to scorn. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind, and all the noise of his commerce and all the thunder of his navies it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses. Whole armies have gone down into that unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths, the smooth surface of its oblivion would close over them in an hour; and if all the cities of the earth and all the structures and monuments that were ever reared by man, were heaped together over that grave for a tomb-

stone, it could not break the surface of the deep, and lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air; the sea would still clap his hands in triumph over them, and roll the billows of his derision a thousand fathoms above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre. The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power and the blast of his terrible enginery. But the sea cares not for him; not so much as a single hair's breadth can its level be lowered or lifted by all the art, and all the effort, and all the enginery of all the generations of time. The land tells of man because his footprints are there, and his marks and monuments are on every side. But the sea does not tell of him, for he can build no monuments upon its domain. Though he travel a thousand years upon the same path, he leaves upon it no footprint to tell where he has been. Nor can he, with all his skill, fix upon it any mark of ownership. It steadfastly refuses to receive any impression or keep any memorial of him. He comes and goes upon it, and a moment after, it is as if he had never been there. He may engrave his titles upon the mountain-top, and quarry his signature into the foundations of the globe; but he cannot write his name on the sea.

And with this is connected that other feature of the sea which marks its reservation to God: I mean its *loneliness.* One who has never travelled upon it expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast traffic and travel that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with this hurrying to and fro of the nations. He reads of the lands "whose commerce whitens every sea," and he is ready to think that the ocean itself is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land the ships begin to disappear. As he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the round sea and the bended sky. Sometimes he may meet or overtake a solitary ship during the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will cross the

horizon. The captain of the Adriatic told us that he had repeatedly made voyages across the Atlantic and not seen a single ship between soundings. We asked him if it was on the ordinary line of travel. He replied that it was on the great highway of commerce between the two hemispheres. When we reflect that all the travelling that is done upon the seas is confined to a very few paths, and that those paths cover but an infinitesimal part of the whole surface of the ocean, this loneliness of the sea becomes astonishing and overwhelming. There are spaces measured by thousands and thousands of miles, over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's commerce whitening every sea is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that have ever been built were brought together into a single fleet, they would fill but a handbreadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea, is as small in extent as the hold he has on it by his power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. Both together must always be as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe, and by far the greatest part of this vast expanse is and ever has been entirely free from his presence and visitation.

And it is this vastness, this loneliness, and this impossibility of subjugation by man, that set it apart from the secular aspect that belongs to the rest of the world, and consecrate it as the peculiar possession and dwelling-place of the Most High. Like some vast builded temple, it perpetually speaks of him and for him. It bodies forth his immensity. It represents eternity. Girded round all the lands, as death is girded around all life, it seems to bring the unseen world to our vision, and to sound and shine with the glory and the awfulness of that state which is beyond the grave. Travelling out into its vastness, we seem to be moving beyond the boundaries of space and time. Sailing on, day after day, without any apparent progress, never reaching the horizon that is before, never leaving the horizon that is behind, it is as if we had lost all connection with the earth which we inhabit, and were voyaging upon the infinite expanse of the

skies, travelling to some world that lies beyond the stars of heaven. The strangeness of this sensation becomes perplexing and oppressive. It is almost as if we had quitted life itself, and the winds of eternity had taken our sails and were blowing us over the sea of death towards the throne of God and the bar of the judgment. A feeling of the supernatural begins to steal upon us. Familiar sights and sounds take on a weird and mystical significance. We look at one another, and in our reverie wonder if we are not already disembodied spirits. We look at the ship, and wonder if some unseen hands are not grasping its keel, holding it to its course, and lifting it from billow to billow. We look at the engines, and wonder if they are not a kind of archangels of the deep, prisoned to their task, and bowing to one another with some secret intelligence as they lay their mighty shoulders to the wheels and push the trembling vessel along its path. We look at the sun, and it seems to shake its beams upon us with a new and strange significance. We look at the stars by night, and they seem to be nearer to us, and to be gazing upon us as with longing eyes, and with a more fixed and solemn earnestness. We look at the track of the ship, and it is a wake of sparkling fires, as if our bark had left at length the seas of earth behind it, and were sailing over the ocean of the firmament. We have forgotten time; we are thinking of eternity. We have forgotten man; we are thinking of God. The bondage of the senses is dissolved, and the things that are beyond them come breaking into our being. The earth which we have left behind us seems as far away as if it were another planet, and the themes that used to lie beyond the planets find easy entrance to our thoughts, and rule us with a strange and sudden dominion. The petty interests that engrossed us a while ago are shrunk to nothingness. The eagerness of anticipation, the excitement of departure are all forgotten, as the departed soul forgets the pain, the restlessness, and the fear of the dying-bed, when the shores of a receding world fade out of its sight, and the strange calm of that vast new ocean of life over which it is sailing, takes possession of its con-

sciousness. We are alone with God. We are walking in his temple, and it would scarcely surprise us if we should see him riding upon the clouds, or descending upon the deep, and moving towards us in his chariot of the waters.

In speaking thus of God's presence on the sea, I do not mean to imply that he is not also on the land, or that the earth does not contain abundant indications of his presence. I only speak of those things which mark the ocean as in some respects the place of his peculiar dwelling and the sphere of his special manifestation. We know that the earth is full of his works; that his footprints are upon every plain and mountain, the mark of his fingers on all its fields and forests and streams. Yet we cannot help saying and feeling that his dwelling-place is in the heavens, because of its vastness, its omnipresence, and its separation from man. We involuntarily look up to the sky when we refer to him. We point thither when we would indicate his residence; as if, though the earth is his footstool, and the place where his works are wrought, still the heavens were his habitation, and there he had his throne and peculiar dwelling. So, in lesser measure, is it with the sea. Its vastness, its omnipresence, and its separation from the presence and power of man, set it apart as the symbol of God, the temple of his abode, and the place of his special manifestation. It is to the land which it embosoms what the sky is to the whole globe which it encircles: it is a sky beneath the sky, touching the earth with a more solid grasp than that, and surrounding it with a more palpable firmament. And as the sky would have a vaster mystery if we could sail over it as we sail upon the sea, so the sea *has* a vaster mystery because we can sail over it and find it a more palpable sky, only with its arch inverted and its firmament under our feet. The sky is distant, but the sea is near. We can walk down to the shore and lay our hand upon its waters; and when we do so, we feel as if we touched the feet of Jehovah; as if we saw the very fields of immensity and eternity, and held within our

grasp the lines that bound us to another life. And it is this which gives the sea its mystery and might, that it is fraught with these divine elements; that it is charged with these spiritual suggestions; that it is the symbol of eternity and infinity, and crowds upon us, with irresistible majesty, the vision of that life unseen, and those worlds unknown, for which our souls are made, and to which the feet of every one of us are swiftly and irreversibly travelling. There is a sea within us which responds to the sea without. Deep calleth unto deep, and it is the answer and the yearning of these inward waves, in reply to that outward call, which makes our hearts to swell, our eyes to grow dim with tears, and our whole being to lift and vibrate with such strong emotion when we stand upon the shore and look out upon the deep, or sit in the stern of some noble ship and feel ourselves cradled on the pulsations of its mighty bosom. There is a life within us which calls to that sea without — a conscious destiny which only *its* magnitude and *its* motion can symbolize and utter. There is that in man which draws him to the sea by some secret spell, whose attraction he cannot resist or master. There is a deep, eternal brotherhood between him and the rolling ocean. Though it scorns his power, and will not take his chain nor bear his handwriting, nor even his very presence except as a pilgrim and stranger, it still links itself to him by ties that are stronger than steel, and that draw him towards it from cities and forests, from the tops of mountains and the depths of midland deserts. Though he have never looked upon it, and dwells thousands of miles away from it, still it is a reality, a presence, and a power unto him. He thinks of it by day; he dreams of it by night. In his imagination he fashions its shores, pours its mighty tides around the land, stretches its azure expanse like the sky, pushes his bark upon its waves, loosens the winds upon its sounding billows, and sweeps out from the fading headlands to lose himself in the dread immensity, and find himself alone with the sea and its Maker.

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

And as the sea, which thus speaks to man, repels and draws him, stirring his inmost being with the urgency of these mighty contradictions; so is it with that God whom the sea declares, whose pavilion is upon its floods, whose chariot rides upon its waves, and the beams of whose chambers are laid upon its waters. Between him and fallen man there is a repulsion and an attraction, which rests upon a far deeper basis, and stirs the soul with the sense of a far profounder contradiction. Needing him and yet fearing him, drawn by his infinite goodness and driven back again by his infinite holiness, man alternately flies toward him, and flees from him; until, these conflicting forces that play between the creature and the Creator being reconciled at the cross of Christ, they flow together, sea to sea and soul to soul, and the joy of their union is like the gladness of the waters when the ocean receives to its bosom the streams of the world, and the noise of their jubilee rolls round the globe.

And so, by its material uses and its spiritual voices, does the sea ever speak to us to tell us that its builder and maker is God. He hewed its channels in the deep, and drew its barriers upon the sand, and cast its belted waters around the world. He fitted it to the earth and the sky, and poised them skilfully the one against the other, when he "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." He gave the sea its wonderful laws, and armed it with its wonderful powers, and set it upon its wonderful work.

O'er all its breadth his wisdom walks,
On all its waves his goodness shines.

Let us give thanks, therefore, for the sea. Let us remember him that gave it such vast dominion, and made it to be not only the dwelling-place of his awful presence, but the beautiful garment of his love and the mighty instrument of his goodness. Let it speak to us of his unfathomable fulness. Let it teach us that he has made nothing in vain. Let it remind us that the powers of destruction and death are under his control, and that behind the cloud of darkness and terror that often invests them, they are working out immeasurable results of blessing and life for the future time, for distant regions, and for coming generations. Let it lead us to confide in him who "ruleth the raging of the seas, who stilleth the noise of their waves and the tumult of the people;" who has all the forces of the world at his control, and all the ages of time at his command; who knows how to build his kingdom beneath the sea of human opposition, as he built the continents beneath the ocean waters; who makes all the powers of dislocation and decay yield to that kingdom some element of strength or richness; and who, when the appointed hour shall come, will lift it irresistibly above the waves, and set its finished beauty beneath the heavens, with the spoils of all time gathered upon its walls, and the nations of the saved walking in its glory.