

with the One he loved, failed too, and not once but three times, in his duty to his Master. Yet in after years, notwithstanding this wavering, he unflinchingly suffered death for the Great Ideal that he worshipped.

Let me quote a few lines I read in one of Ruskin's books lately:—"This is a thing I know—and which if you labour faithfully you shall know—that in *Reverence* is the chief joy and power of life. Reverence for what is pure and bright in your youth—what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot die."

Think of the great and good men who have influenced the world of Christ, of Buddha, of Mahomet; think of the millions who worship these ideals, and are nobler and better men and women for that worship! What would we Christians be if we had no ideal instead of the noblest and most perfect this world has ever seen or ever will see? It is the glory of the Christian religion that it ever holds up this Ideal before the eyes of all. Take it away from our gaze, let it be forgotten, and will the world be better or worse do you think? Could a man ever become a better man by ceasing to worship the most perfect Ideal the world has ever seen? (for that our Ideal is a perfect one is acknowledged by everyone, be his belief what it may)—to worship God—that is *good*.

This is the ideal which King Arthur gives to his knights:—

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence their king as if he were their
conscience,
And their conscience as their king.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity.
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her. For indeed I knew of no
more subtle master

Under Heaven than is the maiden passion for a
maid,

Both to keep down the base in man,
And teach high thought and honourable deed,
And court iness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

TENNYSON.

I cannot conclude this short paper better than by quoting a few lines of prose by Coulson Kernahan, the author of the *Dead Man's Diary*. They are supposed to refer to the woman the writer loves, and I consider them very beautiful:—

"Yes, I love her truly, and she, too, loves me or will. It is not blind love or foolish idolatry. She knows all my faults, the pitiful paltriness of my life—the selfish acts and foolish words, the vanity and the vice—she knows them all, and yet she loves me, *me*, not them, but the true me, which these faults cannot altogether conceal from her, for she knows they are not my life, but the trouble of it. So also is my love for her. I love her not only for her present self, but for the sake of the self she is seeking to be—the self which in some measure indeed she now is; for that which in our truer moments we have striven to be, the ideal upon which our eyes are ever fixed, to which (no matter how sorely we have sinned against it in the struggle of the day) our thoughts return at night with but no more unutterable, if despairing, longing and love—that in some measure we are and shall be, notwithstanding our ever recurrent failure and sin. I do not ask nor expect that she shall be always true to her ideal, for I know that to none of us is it given to walk with unflinching feet. I remember too that she is no angel, but a woman with womanly weakness and human faults, for all of which I am touched with true and tender sympathy, to love her not the less but the more. But that she should have such an ideal and be capable of such an aim—for that reason, if for no other—I must love and honour her with the deepest love and honour of my soul."