

**THE CHANGED
LIFE: AN ADDRESS**

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The Changed Life: An Address by Henry Drummond

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HENRY DRUMMOND

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LIFE: AN ADDRESS**

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AN ADDRESS

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SECOND EDITION
COMPLETING EIGHTY THOUSAND

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PREFACE.

LAST autumn in a book-shop in California the author found a little book with his name upon the title page—a book which he did not know existed ; which he never wrote ; nor adorned with the title which it bore. This stray publication—taken from shorthand notes of a spoken Address—he does not grudge. Already, it seems, it has done its small measure of good. But owing to the imperfections which it contains it has been thought right to issue a more complete edition.

The theme, like its predecessors in this series, represents but a single aspect of its

great subject—the man-ward side. The light and shade is apportioned with this in view. And the reader's kind attention is asked to this limitation, lest he wonder at points being left in shadow, which theology has always, and rightly, taught us to emphasize.

It was the hearing of a simple talk by a friend to some plain people in a Highland deer-forest which first called the author's attention to the practicalness of this solution of the cardinal problem of Christian experience. What follows owes a large debt to that Sunday morning.

THE CHANGED LIFE.

"I PROTEST that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer."

THESE are the words of Mr. Huxley. The infinite desirability, the infinite difficulty of being good—the theme is as old as humanity. The man does not live from whose deeper being the same confession has not risen, or who would not give his all to-morrow, if he could "close with the offer" of becoming a better man.

I propose to make that offer now. In all seriousness, without being "turned into a sort

of clock," the end can be attained. Under the right conditions it is as natural for character to become beautiful as for a flower; and if on God's earth, there is not some machinery for effecting it, the supreme gift to the world has been forgotten. This is simply what man was made for. With Browning: "I say that Man was made to grow, not stop." Or in the deeper words of an older Book: "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate . . . to be conformed to the Image of His Son."

Let me begin by naming, and in part discarding, some processes in vogue already, for producing better lives. These processes are far from wrong; in their place they may even be essential. One ventures to disparage them only because they do not turn out the most perfect possible work.

The first imperfect method is to rely on Resolution. In will-power, in mere spasms of earnestness there is no salvation. Struggle, effort, even agony, have their place in Christianity as we shall see; but this is not where they come in. In mid-Atlantic the other day, the *Etruria* in which I was sailing, suddenly stopped. Something had gone wrong with the engines. There were five hundred able-bodied men on board the ship. Do you think if we had gathered together and pushed against the mast we could have pushed it on? When one attempts to sanctify himself by effort, he is trying to make his boat go by pushing against the mast. He is like a drowning man trying to lift himself out of the water by pulling at the hair of his own head. Christ held up this method almost to ridicule when He said, "Which of you by