

# PERSONALITY,

## A SUNDAY COLLEGE CHAPEL ADDRESS

BY

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"God before whom lieth bare  
The abysmal depths of personality"  
—Tennyson.

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## PERSONALITY.

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There is a wide difference between our faculties and our qualities. The former belong to the intellectual, the latter to the moral and spiritual departments of our nature, or to use more popular language the one is the product of the Head the other of the Heart. The school the text book and the teacher educate our faculties. To that end curricula are framed and institutions of learning are maintained. On the other hand our qualities are developed and trained by the parlour, the fireside, society, events, men and women.

Success in life depends far more upon our qualities than our faculties. The social man, the man of good fellowship, the magnetic man, the influential man is usually the man of big heart altho by no means of deficient brain. The ideal man is he whose head is just as big as his heart and his heart as big as his head and both of the biggest size possible. Such men are only to be found only in novels. Among our local public men of present date in Colfax the qualities predominated. He possessed the power of moving great bodies of men as well as individuals by a direct appeal to their emotions. On the other hand in Morton the faculties controlled. Gov. Morton's public speeches were almost wholly intellectual. In Mr. Hendricks the balance between the head and the heart was more perfect than of any other of our eminent men that I now recall. In President Harrison the Head predominates, while in the greatly beloved Gresham the big Heart gives him a world of devoted followers.

A philosophic inquiry into "the abysmal depths of Personalities" is one of absorbing interest. Why am I I and you you? (Why is the pronoun I always written, printed or spoken in capitals, and the smaller the man the bigger the capital?) Why does every thing that I do so profoundly interests me while it is of such indifference or of such small

interest to you? Why is every thing that *you* do of such absorbing interest to you while I take no interest in it? Personality. Personality lies back of Head Hand and Heart. The great German philosophers hint at this deepest of all facts when they use the technical word "apperception" which is wittily defined as the "think that we are thinking" of Victor Hugo who is the real author of this bon mot. Personality is that which sees with our eyes, hears with our ears, thinks with our thoughts and excutes with our wills. Personality lies at the base of civilization and is something more than the executive powers of the soul, It is, in fact, the very soul itself.

Personality is the key of our existence. Personality is the final, and perhaps the only, indivisible unit in the whole universe. The worthiest argument outside of Revelation for immortality lies in the indivisibility, the indestructability and insatiability of our personality. I cannot bear your pain or shame; I cannot suffer your punishment any more than you can perform and relieve me of my Duty. Alone we came into this earth and alone we must leave it. Birth is the organization of all that we know of our earthly personality and Death is its disorganization. In both as well as in all the other of the profound moments of life we are profoundly alone. The great Tennson (and I look upon him as in many respects the greatest of living Christian philosophers) thus speaks of the origin and possible purpose of personality:

The baby, new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is pressed  
Against the circle of the breast,  
Has never thought: "This is I."

But as he grows he gathers much,  
And learns the use of "I" and "me,"  
And finds I am not what I see  
And other than the thing I touch.

So rounds he to a separate mind  
From which clear Memory may begin,  
And through the frame that binds him in  
His isolation grows defined;

This use may lie in blood and breath,  
Which else were fruitless of their due  
Had man to learn himself anew  
Beyond the second Birth of Death.



Now this essay is not designed as an argument upon a philosophic subject; but rather an application of that subject to practical life and usefulness. Otherwise I should be glad to pursue this line of thought further. Personality is the underlying and open secret of personal influence. "As a man thinketh, so he is," says Holy Writ. Those of our associates that have the greatest influence upon us are those of the most marked personality. That truth that is personalized is invariably the effective truth. Personalized truth is truth set in position. This is the open reason why our Savior was made flesh and dwelt among us. It was to embody in a life the Gospel long before known as an abstraction that "Wisdom dwelt with mortal powers where Words in closest truth had failed, when Words embodied in a tale would enter in at lowly doors." We are so built that we will follow truth as taught by a beloved leader to the death while we leave that same truth to the moles and the bats when taught to us by book or maxims. Personality is the soul of manners. It is either real or assumed when it manifests itself in manners. Assumed personality often gives us very charming ladies or gentlemen, so charming that it is often very difficult to detect the real from the counterfeit. Counterfeit personality, however, like veneering or varnish, is dangerously liable to crack. Here, as everywhere else, sincerity is the charm and soul of personal influence. Personality is one of the open secrets of popular oratory. Those public speakers that are constantly studying the proprieties; that are constantly on the ragged edge lest they should say or do something not in the rhetoric books, seldom accomplish great successes. Abandon is only another name for an overflowing personality. The public speaker who has not acquired the art of forgetting himself in the occasion, and who has not lost the sense of time and person in his theme, has not reached the threshold of public speaking. In oratory the world over it takes like to reach like—a common medium must first be established between the speaker and audience before any effective work can be accomplished, and this is done by the speaker's personality.

Personality is the soul of leadership. It is the thermometer by which we unerringly gauge an organizer.

Julius Cæsar, so says tradition, was as marvelous in his personal power as he was in his intellectual equipment. It is said, by those who seventy-five years ago were eye witnesses, that Napoleon in battle was equal to ten thousand soldiers. When the little Corporal rode down the decimated ranks and victory hung doubtful in the scales, at the sight of him the wounded forgot death, and Agony stood aghast until one more final charge was made that invariably brought defeat to the enemy. It was the last charge of the old guard with the Emperor at the head that settled the battle. What is it that has given its marvelous vitality to the Church and the Christian religion so that after 2000 years; after persecution and criticism have done their worst, and notwithstanding its innumerable errors and mistakes such as are inseparable from its humanity, it is to-day as fresh and undaunted as it was at its beginning? The answer is not far or difficult to seek. It is the divine and ever present personality of its incomparable leader. I often wonder whether the Holy Ghost is any other, or different, than the personality of the divine Galilean.

A charming personality is the instinct and inheritance of womanhood. For this reason, and because they cannot help it, the Sex universally decorate their beautiful persons. For this reason, and to increase the charms of their beautiful personalities, our women eliminate from their conversation and surroundings all that is coarse and unbeautiful. It is as natural for a woman to dress in gay colors and graceful forms as for a bird to sing, or a rose to blossom. Women know by instinct that their personality is their wealth, and hence their never ending study of the arts of the toilette and of graceful speech and manners. Personality is the open secret of presence. One of the most delightful things of life in either man or woman is Presence. Dr. Johnson once said of Burke: "Meet him under a bridge in a rainstorm and you could not help admiring him." Burke's portraits show him to have been the ugliest of mortals—in fact the traditional wild Irishman. A man of noble presence is a man of noble personality either acquired or inherited. A large bribe was once offered to some official connected with his household to call the father of his country "George" and

slap him on the back. The unfortunate contractor never got any farther than to call Washington "George."

Personality is made up of divers elements, some of which I will briefly allude to. To make a great personality we must have:

- 1 A great enthusiasm.
- 2 A great optimism.
- 3 A great unselfishness.
- 4 A great purity.
- 5 A great will.
- 6 A great faith.

Enthusiasm is emotionalized earnestness. Enthusiasm in this world is what Faith is in the next—"the wings of the soul". Shut off a man or woman from enthusiasm and they become more or less plodding pedants or drudges. No half hearted person ever accomplished any great deed. Our Savior once said: "No man that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is worthy of the kingdom of God." No man has the power to greatly influence others whose own soul is not at white heat with the idea that he wishes accomplished. If you want to kill a church, an individual or an enterprise, write upon it, or him, or her: "No enthusiasm wanted here." It is worth considering whether the cause of the much lamented empty benches in our churches is not owing to the fact that they are all of them so securely locked from Sunday night until Saturday evening, except, perhaps, for a brief hour of prayer mid week. One reason of the prosperity of the great Catholic Church may be found in the fact that the mother church always keeps her doors open and her religion, papistical as we protestants call it, is always at white heat. While the protestant pastor is absorbed in his home and the joys and distracting cares of wife and children his Catholic brother has no bride except the Church and no family other than the "my mother and my brethern" of the Master.

The world is saved by its cranks. Enthusiasm gives its charm to youth and its absence the chill to old age. Occasionally we find white hairs and enthusiasm going hand in hand; but it is the misfortune of experience to part company with his beautiful neighbor. It has so often been

pointed out that Success is inseparable from enthusiasm that I am quite ashamed to speak of so hackneyed a fact. The winning lawyer, doctor, teacher, preacher, editor, artist, artisan or bread winner is the man whose soul is on fire with his work and who believes with all his heart, mind, soul and strength that his particular work is of all the manifold works in this working world the only true work, and the whole world will perish unless and until that work is accomplished. Show me the young lawyer that has always in hand a page of Webster or Burke, that he may acquire the great art of powerful expression, and I will show you a Matt Carpenter or a Choate. Show me the young doctor that is always pouring over the last treatise on Chemistry or Biology and I will show you a future Hammond or Agnew. Show me the young merchant that is always studying both markets and maxims and I will show you the future Claflin or Field. The man who, after a few years of effort, lays down his arms with the reflection: Well, perhaps I have made a mistake; I am, after all, the square peg in the round hole! had better have never been born, for Nature and Mankind are brutal in their remorseless treatment of the weak. One reason why the State encourages early marriages is that her bread winners may before they are aware of it find themselves burdened with a dependent family and thereby compelled to toil. A hen without chickens will do no scratching. "There is," says snarling Thomas Carlyle, "but one happiness in the whole world and that is the happiness of intense activity in some congenial pursuit." The enthusiastic man is invariably the happy man. What is the secret of happiness? It is self forgetfulness. As no orator ever accomplishes his best until he has lost himself and all conscious embarrassment in his subject, so the antidote to fully one-half the ills that flesh is heir to is work—cheerful and congenial work, if you can accomplish it; if not, then work regardless of surroundings. "To do the work you have, and to be well paid for it," said President Jordan once to me, "is the ideal of this life."

As I have forgotten to speak of it at its proper place I now mention the fact that this terrific surfeit of I and me that ruins so many promising men and women comes from this same personality of which we are talking. When



Nature has an end to accomplish she always proceeds in sublime disregard of numbers, or what we call proprieties. When she wants a big crop of apples she loads down a tree capable of maturing a thousand buds with a million or more of blossoms, so that in case of frost or blight, or other accident, there will be ample buds left for the capacity of the tree to mature. As wealth is indispensable to human progress, she in the same way overcharges all her children with acquisitiveness utterly regardless of the disagreeable incidents of misers and pecuniary dishonesty and meanness. And so with Personality. This is the open secret of self-respect, and also of the half dozen other of the cardinal virtues. Hence we find that Nature has after her wont overcharged her children with the precious fluid utterly disregards of the proprieties or to use scientific language "She has overcrowded the tendency." But considering that personality is of so great benefit to humanity we cheerfully bear the inexpressible nuisance of the personal pronouns when uttered by third persons but which are as sweet as trickling honey when poured by our lips into the ears of our neighbors. But I linger too long upon this subject.

42 Pessimism is an unfortunate moral disease with which every mortal is at some time more or less afflicted and which while it lasts not only darkens our own happiness but also that of our friends. The confirmed pessimist is "of all men the most miserable." The origin of this most unhappy disease is easy to be traced. Primarily it begins in introspection, disappointment and lack of society. I have had for a long time been of the opinion that all insanity is a result of too much self, or to state it otherwise that insanity is self out of order and the delicate sovereign of the soul—Personality "harsh jangled and out of tune." Another cause of this disorder is owing to the fact that every thing or person of which we have any knowledge is constitutionally a mixture of good and evil. Every person as well as every thing has its shadow and imperfection. Every person no matter how noble and beautiful has its harsh and cruel side. Even Revelation which we are taught is the only perfect thing in this world has its shadow and imperfection. Some very savage things are to be found in the Bible and for the open reason that it was written, if not



of men at least, "by men and for men" and therefore contains the human element. This same human element exists in all religions and constitutes the perpetual drawback to all our churches. But the presence of this baleful human element in both the Bible and the church by no means prove that both are not of divine origin and purpose any more than the presence of evil in humanity proves that God is not our creator, and life is not divine.

By a mysterious law of the Most High life is thrust upon us. We are not consulted about our arrival into any more than our departure from this world. And what is perhaps stranger still we cannot choose our surroundings in this life only to a limited degree nor have we much if any say so in our mental or moral environment or equipments. We are the creatures of inexorable limitations forced upon us by a higher power in whose hands we are almost as puppets. As a rule we must stay where we are put. We must make the best of hereditary defects, biasas and limitations. This great mystery never has been, nor, so far as we can see, never will be satisfactorily solved.

' Believe me,  
Who have chewed the bitter cud from year to year,  
No mortal from the cradle to the bier  
Dissolves that ancient leaven,—

Therefore it is the most natural thing in the world that pessimism should grow up in the soul. It is like the rank weeds that spring up spontaneously in the best ordered garden. Pessimism is a confirmed habit of looking on the dark side of things and of living in that atmosphere of imperfection and evil that is a part of the constitution of things. Pessimism is simply the dampness that perhaps unavoidably gathers upon the wall of the house of Life especially when that house is kept shut, as it must be, more or less, and which can only be expelled by a persistent habit of constantly opening the doors and windows of the soul and letting in the light and warmth of Nature and Humanity. This process of opening the doors and windows may be called, and perhaps not unfitly, optimism. Optimism is the beautiful privilege of Youth. When all the chords of life swell with sweet music, when expectation sits at the helm as it does in youth, it is easy and natural to see and live in

the bright, the beautiful and the good, and so living we become optimists. But by and by when youth fades and its promises, based almost exclusively on hope and inexperience, fail and are reduced to the littleness of performance; when gradually we find out all the pettinesses and malices and jealousies of humanity; when disappointment works its work and drudgery makes us slaves of unrequited and unappreciated toil, our sweet insensibly changes to bitter, and unless we are incessantly upon our guard, our optimism becomes pessimism. Worse! Not being able to reconcile the evil that overcomes us with the perfect goodness of God, we lose faith in the idea of God's goodness--and discard it as a dream of the theologians, and, alas! finally doubt whether there is any God. This struggle between the good and ill in the heart often lasts a lifetime, with the final victory in favor of pessimism even with the most gifted of the human race. One of the saddest facts in literature is that the same great singer that in his glorious youth wrote "Lockley's Hall" and in his manhood penned "The In Memoriam," perhaps the greatest Christian argument since the days of St. Paul, should when crowned with the pomp and glory of four score years, have written with the same pen the bitter lines of "Lockley's Hall Sixty Years After" and the blasting skepticism of "Despair." Better, a thousand times better, that the great poet had died at three score and ten. In the terrific words of the New Testament: "If the light that is in thee become darkness, how great is that darkness." One of the potent and open causes of pessimism is our failure to see that all nature is arranged upon a system of checks and balances, and that everything in this world has its price and that price must be paid in full if we would possess the coveted sweet. Pardon an illustration. A beautiful house requires an army of servants and perpetual care and toil to keep it in order. Then the inevitable headache and bills that follow every feast, and which some one must pay, and which multiply by delay and grows by what they feed upon, are the price that must be paid for refined food and conversation. On the other hand the pains and snubs of poverty, and its brutalizing associations, are the price that we must pay for the joys of idleness. In the arrangement of the affairs of this world

God has decreed that upon no plea whatever can something be had for nothing. Pay or hands off is the inexorable law. To expect nothing without paying the price is the golden rule of a happy life.

Perhaps the best disproof of pessimism is found in the universality and cheapness of the means of happiness, and of happiness itself in a normal and healthy state of humanity. While the world now witnesses, and for thousands of years has witnessed, frightful wrongs, yet no thoughtful person can deny that the oppressed are often, and perhaps habitually, happy in spite of their wrongs. The slave sings even under the master's lash. The substantially equal distribution of happiness throughout the human race is a fact that can have escaped no one. My Lord in his coach is no happier than Jeems on the box. My lady in her parlour often justly envies Biddy in the kitchen. All the great essentials of life are cheap, almost inexpressably cheap. Sleep the sweetest thing in nature visits the poor and rich impartially. Sleep like sunshine treats the just and the unjust alike. The necessary food, shelter and clothing to comfortably sustain life are so cheap and plentiful that for any one willing to work to be denied either is almost universally the exception. It is our vices and frivolities and the imaginary wants that cost and keep us poor. All that there is in a roof is shelter; all that there is in clothing is warmth; all that there is in food is nourishment; and shelter, warmth and nourishment can all be had under humble as well as princely roofs, and from plain clothes and food as well as from costly raiment and fashionable hotels. We groan and grey toiling for that which when we possess we find to be wholly unnecessary. Fashion makes life that otherwise were a pleasure a burden heavy to be born. And so with the literary necessities of life. They are so easily gratified that no one need hunger nor thirst. For ten cents you can buy a copy of the New Testament and for five more the Gospel Hymns. A very good copy of Shakespeare can be bought for fifty cents. Here then is a library for a lifetime at a cost of sixty-five cents. From my personal knowledge thousands of farmers and mechanics live happy and useful lives, and bring up large and splendid families beside firesides that are a perpetual joy,

and never accumulate sufficient property to fill the exemption laws that all civilized countries provide for the protection of their poor children.

The cure for pessimism is society, work and activity. The reason why activity is so medicating to a diseased mind is that when we are at work we forget ourselves. Happiness and self-forgetfulness are equivalent terms. Accordingly, with consummate wisdom, Nature has enacted the great health-giving law of the universe: "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread." The man that is without the necessity of daily labor is indeed miserable. The salvation of a million dollars is the necessity of working to take care of it. Invest your million so that it takes care of itself and the owner, to save himself from death from ennui goes to work to make another million. Society we must and will have, or we die. A pure, cheerful, social atmosphere is as healthful to a pessimist as oxygen is to one afflicted with pulmonary diseases. (An obstinate habit of thinking and speaking well of humanity is another indispensable prescription against pessimism.) There is a vast deal of bad in the world; but a great deal more of good than bad. Unfortunately, the bad makes the most noise and has the right of way in the newspapers. One disreputable woman will make more talk than ten thousand ladies but this by no means proves that the ladies are not in majority—overwhelmingly so. Besides in balancing the world's good and ill we must take into account the satanic press that was comparatively unknown half a century ago but which now has agencies of un'old efficiency for publishing crimes and whatever administers to a depraved appetite. Notwithstanding the publicity of vice, notwithstanding the mournful fact that after all our boasting man is only a savage with a clean shirt on, and civilization is external rather than internal, still I repeat the proposition that the good of the world vastly exceeds its bad. There could be no civilization if it were not so. Take one of the simplest illustrations. Leave your satchel in the crowded railroad car, see how perfectly it takes care of itself in a throng of strangers and takes care of your seat at the same time. See again how thoroughly the shallow maxim "Honesty is the best policy" has permeated society. If we will once honestly



try the simple experiment of noting the bright sunshiny days and the dark, dismal days in a year we shall be amazed at the vast preponderance of sun over clouds and brightness over gloom. So with men and women. Humanity has its cruel side, but its barbarous maxim: "Every man for himself," is mostly confined to business and promotion. Some day this savage industrial principal of universal competition will give way to combination and mutual help. Even now men and women are better than their social and business maxims, and a thorough going optimism like honesty is invariably the best policy.

I know of no remedy for cynicism like deep drafts of humanity. I have never found the truth about men better expressed than in these lines of Robert Burns:

I'll no say men are villains a',  
The real and hardened wicked,  
Wha' ha' na check but human law,  
Are to a few restricted;  
But ach! mankind are unco weak,  
An' little to be trusted;  
If self the wavering balance shake  
Its rarely right adjusted.

These last two lines tell the whole story. The two great sources of all our troubles are self and lack of courage. Nine-tenths of the lies told by Humanity are so many fences thrown up to cover timidity. And so with these social lies, called for euphony—conventionalities. They are coverts and thickets for weak-minded men and women.

With all your getting get optimism. And to that end be obstinate and persistent in taking men by the hand and never allowing the kindly human palm, that can send thrills of warmth and kindness through the soul, to become doubled up by rage and prejudice into a fist to smite and destroy. Next to work, frequent "people's baths" are a sure cure for pessimism. No matter how poor or humble, you will always find noble and generous traits in all sorts and conditions of humanity. The kindly human eye, the cheerful music of the human voice and the warm human hands are unfailing medicaments for "a mind diseased," the great Shakespeare's interrogatory to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. When I speak of the selfishness as a powerful element



of personality, I speak advisedly. Self is one of the great executive powers of the human soul. A noticeable personality is strongly marked with either self or unself. Men of the world understand this principal perfectly and utilize it almost universally. The practical politician knows that by far the most effectual way to get office is to help others and to keep so doing until pay-day comes round. "Put others in your debt" is the A B C of the science of advancement. One of the most potent methods to business and wealth is good fellowship and geniality. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." All this, however, is the counterfeit of real genuine Unselfishness. Be it so. Still the fact remains that God has so made this world that selfishness is always destructive and in spite of itself is in the long run overruled and utilized by unselfishness. The water that does not run and thus fertilize the earth stagnates. The air that does not circulate becomes miasmatic. The wealth that is not used begins to dwindle. That is the growing fortune that is the busiest engaged in supplying some human want. The man that does not wear out, rusts out. Service is the law of the Universe. Any selfishness long persisted in ruins the possessor. This is the open reason of the innumerable wrecks of humanity and of the worthless men and women that are everywhere to be found. With infinite earnestness and toil we accomplish the selfish dream of our youth—wealth or business or reputation—only to find that the thing toiled for has made us its slave. The beautiful house owns the owner and instead of being the master he is only the servant who pays the taxes and keeps it in order for others to admire and enjoy. How many people are the bond slaves to their reputation! And this is quite as true of nations as individuals. The American people have now for a quarter of a century taxed themselves to death and cut themselves off from the great trade currents of the world by excessive Protection that they might become the richest nation on earth. Well, riches undreamed of have come to us and we are now just waking up to the fact that we are drifting in consequence of our enormous wealth into a plutocracy that is a thousand times worse than Free Trade. It is not desirable for a republic to have great wealth for it invariably breeds corruption and

substitutes money for merit in the conduct of public affairs.

Some people are sponges. They absorb and absorb and never give off or out until bye and bye, like sponges, they mould and rot with that upon which they feed and grow. All fruitful work the world over is unselfish work. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the woman's reforms proceeds so slowly. Unlike men, women are gifted with the terribly exacting gift of Beauty. The requirements and the accompaniments of Beauty; the toilette and the distractions of personal adornment are so great as to smother the woman and to substitute in her place the elegant parlour ornament. The woman that dresses seven times a day has as hard a time to get to heaven as the rich man to get through the needle's eye.

6 4 If you should ask me what is the greatest blessing in life, what investment will yield the largest returns in happiness, I should unhesitatingly reply—Purity. Of course there is such a thing as wearing your heart upon your sleeve for daws to peck at, of which the great and good Mr. Pickwick was a bright and shining example. There is such a thing as casting your pearls before swine. There are emergencies where the highest wisdom is a severe silence. No reference is made to these cases when I say that one of the elements of a high personality is as the great poet puts it: "Keen knowledges shot through and through with purity." There is no greater scripture than that phase of charity expressed in the words "Thinketh no ill." (Purity is the soul and ineffable charm of girlhood and womanhood.) Why should it not be of manhood and boyhood as well? Parton, in his charming life of Ben Franklin, made some admirable remarks upon sexual purity in young men that I wish that I had the courage to copy. A pure-minded youth or man will go through life a hundred times easier and happier than a knowing, "up to snuff" one. There are some things that it is an unspeakable advantage not to know, "for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Happy the man to whom all women are so pure that he cannot tell a wanton. Innocence, temptation, guilt and sin: what after all is the story of Adam's fall than an allegory telling of these great facts and their unvarying results that some day become experience to us

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all? All this is no doubt common place enough. If you want to verify it, make a study of faces. What is it that gives their charm to the faces of horses and dogs? In dogs it is their faithfulness and courage. In horses it is their honesty, intelligence and spirit. Why is it that we have such an aversion to and yet such a universal attachment for cats? The answer is easy and correct. A cat is dishonesty and elegance combined. When the French want to speak strongly of a certain phase of a dishonest female character they say "The old cat." But a dog is never thus villified. There is no study so altogether delightful as that of human countenances. See what an ineffable charm "To think no evil" lends to a man or boys face. There is no artist that can beautify a plain face like a pure soul. In my profession as a lawyer it has been a lifelong business to study witnesses' faces. An honest face is unmistakable. Often gloomy courtroom: are illuminated by countenances of men that don't know how to tell an untruth. They are like stars in a black night. It is wonderful how respectful badgering and bulldozing lawyers immediately become to such unconscious sovereigns. Let a man think no evil and eschew impurity and invisible chisels will carve this fact in every coign of vantage upon his countenance. Old George Herbert never uttered so splendid a truth as when he said: "For soul is form, and doth the body make." The world has two great sayings; one of revealed and the other of unrevealed wisdom: "The pure in heart shall see God," and "Evil to him who evil thinks."

5 It is hardly necessary to remark that a weak will and a strong personality are incompatible terms. 8

Oh! well for him whose will is strong;  
 He suffers but he cannot suffer long;  
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong  
 For him, nor moves the loud world's random shock,  
 Nor all Calamity's highest waves confound;  
 He seems a promontory of rock  
 That, compassed 'round with turbulent sounds  
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock—  
 Tempest buff'ed, citadel crowned.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,  
 Corrupts the strength of Heaven descended will;  
 He seems as one whose footsteps halts,  
 Toiling in immeasurable sand

And o'er a weary sultry land  
Far beneath a blazing vault,  
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,  
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

**Ideality.** Blessed be the man that is never without his Ideal that he is always striving after and never attaining and whose attainment or nonattainment is always full of delicious ambition or sorrow. Unhappy he or she who is content to feed and sleep and who lets preacher or teacher do their thinking. It is the thoughtful, dreamy, unworldly boy that does the world's thinking and work when he reaches manhood's estate. Blessed be the youth to whom early in life a great book or person comes along to open up the mighty problems of Humanity. George Elliott, with the intuition of genius, has given us portraits of such youths. The charm of "The Mill on the Floss" is the contrast between the keen, sharp, worldly, successful, yet for all that the essentially superficial brother Tom and the deep spiritual, all questioning unworldly sister Maggie, who is ever thirsting for the draft divine, and who only finds peace in the pages of a Kempis' Imitatione Christi. In the same way one of the delights of Romola is this same contrast between the profound idealism of the daughter of di Bardi and her all accomplished and subtle Greek husband. The man that is without ideals is worse than the man without music that Shakespeare has held up for the pity of the world. One of the reasons for the world's deification of Our Savior is the fact that he was the loftiest idealist that humanity has ever had in its midst. Herbert Spencer, in his "Data of Ethics," speaks of Christ's teachings concerning property, enemies and the conduct of life as "Transcendental altruistic nonsense." Renan, in his beautiful and very profitable "Life of Christ," reiterates this same view, only in a different way and from a different standpoint. Now there is no doubt but that in one sense this arraignment of our Savior's teachings by Spencer is true. Who can possibly love his or her enemies? What Christian even practices or believes in that community of property, or rather in that contempt of property, that the Master taught? He was himself an early victim of his own code of practical conduct. Mr. Spencer calls attention to the immense benefits that, had He



come to three score years and ten, the world might have received, all of which were lost by His neglect and contempt for those maxims of worldly prudence, the neglect and contempt of which brought upon Him the hostility of those in power and which cost him his life while He was yet in the flush of his young manhood. How is it possible human nature being as it is, to love our neighbors as our selves? Or to leave father, son or wife for gospel's sake? The practice of His church is the best commentary upon the attempt to follow his teachings in practical life even by the regenerate and baptized. And yet our Saviour was right. Do these objections to his precepts as transcendental and beyond the capacity of the average mortal prove them untrue? What does the word visionary really imply? At no time or place does he or his apostles profess conformity with this world or its methods. The very fact that He was a transcendent idealist and that his church are as yet in the A B C stage of his teachings is only another proof of his greatness. The argument that Christianity does so little for men; that the world's unbaptized honesty is as current at our banks and in the trades as that of the elect and fore-ordained; that the church seldom, or never, leads in great reforms, but almost always follows, and that, after all, the average church is only a religious club house, only proves how deep-seated is the disease of sin and how crude and unworthy is the human material out of which the kingdom of God on earth is to be built. It does not prove that humanity will not one day rise to that industrial level that Edward Bellamy describes in his "Looking Backwards," much less that a regenerated personality may not attain these lofty heights that the New Testament sets before us or that these heights are the dreams of a self-deluded dreamer. Idealism is the salt and waves that keep life's ocean sweet. The unrest of the soul; the ever present and ever torturing doubt; the unsettled questions that give the nations no peace; are the salvation of humanity.

Pardon me an experience. When I was a boy of thirteen an old volume of Emerson's Essays fell into my hands. I conned its pages over and over until their subtle teachings entered like the atoms of medicine into my mental



and moral blood. Emerson easily lead to Wordsworth and Tennyson and the three combined made me a small idealist and a dreamer of dreams. This youthful habit has always interfeared with my practical life and success and yet for forty years it has proven to me a saviour of life unto life. These great authors have been to me interpreters of Nature in her thousand manifestations and forms as well as a constant source of refreshment and joy. When courts have cut to pieces my carefully prepared briefs and lawsuits; when painfully prepared plans have "gang aft aglay" and instead of ducats left me debts; when malice has put up her putrid lips to scandal's ear and whispered lies about me and mine; when disapointements have pessimized; Thank Heaven! owing to this early idelizing habit that come to me through Emerson's Essays I can always set down and in a moment forget all these disturbing influences and regain my strength and sanity in the sweet fields of innocent fiction and the drama, in the charms of poetry and in the inspirations and intoxications of recorded eloquence. Thanks to Emerson and Wordsworth vice has never had any attractions for me. Let me advise you to go and do likewise. One of the open secrets of the value and power of Education lies in its preoccupation of the mind with useful knowledge and refined and saving tastes, thus planting early in life the seeds that afterwards yield valuable fruits and crowd out those destructive tares that idleness, false taste and temptation invariably sow in the best and richest natures. Possessing such tastes and thus early schooling yourselves you will acquire a treasure that will never wax old but which will prove a constant joy all through your life's journey.

9  
Personality is the secret and soul of religion. Therlogy is an effort to express in measured and philosophic language our conceptions of the divine personality. The origin groath and development of the idea of God in the world is an exceedingly attractive study. From its earliest dawn every nation and every philosophic system of thought has had its great first cause. No sound system of thinking starts with any other premise. But the great first cause of philosophy, unpersonalized and the great first cause of religion personalized are two entirely different matters. Philosophy unable to explain the ever present evil of the

world doubts the infinite goodness or the omnipotence of its concept. It reasons thus "If God were perfectly good He would not have created the whirlwind or miasma; therefore there must have been a limitation to his power." On the other hand the religious sentiment clothing this same concept with all that experience has found best in this world and multiplying the product by infinity gives us as the result a perfect father and discipline as a solution of the problem of evil with eternity as an answer for all its unanswered difficulties. An unpersonalized God—a great first cause is a barren abstraction and dangerously liable to run into all sorts of scientific speculation and skepticism. When the great essayist Matthew Arnold defined religion as emotionalized conduct he evidently referred to religion on its human side. On its divine side religion is God personalized. Of course there is a wide and deep difference which we do not forget between God as a fact and our human conceptions of that fact. All the great religions go almost infinitely farther in personalizing the Deity. They all have their incarnation—that is, "God-made flesh." The underlying idea of this incarnation is the Deity expressing Himself in terms of human speech, thought and conduct. When the sage of three score and ten talks with the child of ten he drops sixty of his years and speaks in child language. In the same way Christ is God expressed in terms of human speech and conduct. All religions exhibit the same phenomena. For example, the Hindoos have the incarnate Buddha. The Free Thinkers claim that the world has had over twenty martyred saviors, all of whom claimed to be divine. This is the very open secret of the deification of the Virgin Mary by the Catholic church. Our catholic brethren have the advantage over us protestants in the possession of a mother as well as a father God. The Virgin represents to them the deification of the feminine affections while God the Father represents the deification of the more masculine ideas of law and justice. The personality of our Saviour, and its preservation and transmission to the world and humanity through the agency of an organized church, is another most attractive study. What in the last analysis on its human side is redemption, except the salvation and cure of our lower nature through contact with and absorp-

tion of and from a higher personality—God made flesh? The New Testament has given us a marvelous historical record of this Divine person in printed words. But side-by-side with this testimony of apostles and evangelists, “eye witnesses of His Majesty,” the church has found a dozen other almost equally effective agencies for handing down from generation to generation other unwritten and unspoken memories and phases of Christ’s personality. Often one phase is called the spirit. Shakespeare, in Julius Cæsar, speaks of “The spirit of the mightiest Julius still walks the earth.” What is the apostolic succession but a transmission of this spirit, the personality of the Master, from century to century through the human device of a laying on of hands? The Lord’s Supper, with its now worn out dogma of the real presence or transubstantiation, is in the same line—a means of commemorating and perpetuating to the world the spirit and personality of Jesus Christ through a sacrament. From the beginning the church has always had its hymn book and poetry. What is an hymn book but a supplemental Bible, expressing in the subtle language of music all that is greatest and best in the human soul? “If you want to teach a doctrine,” said the Methodist Bishop, “sing it. Moody and Sankey started the greatest of modern American revivals with giving the world a volume of Gospel Hymns, a book but little inferior in its power of spiritual exaltation to the gospel from which it takes its name. Music is an invisible bridge upon whose airy abutments and arches our spirits pass from the limitations and imperfections of this world to that world where time and space are unknown. The church has always cultivated all the arts for the perpetuation of the divine personality. Hence the truism “Art and religion are half sisters.” The cathedral is an attempt, more or less successful, to express our religious ideas, hopes and aspirations in marble. In painting we seek to do the same in color. A picture becomes invaluable as distinguished from valuable only as it has power to lead us up to the invisible and inexpressible. For one I have little sympathy with Coleridge’s definition of a picture as “something between a thought and a thing.” It is a great deal more than either. It is a great personalized hope or aspiration, clothed in color’s wondrous robe. This person-

ality of our Savior is best illustrated by the spirit's influence upon human life. The transmission of His personality through his "living epistles, known and read of all," is the most efficacious of christian agencies. "The noble army of martyrs praise thee." The world has never been without such witnesses to the christian faith. It is said that since Plato's death, now over two thousand years ago, there has never been at any one time over a dozen men that fully comprehended the ideas of the great thinker. Yet these dozen men have kept the torch lighted and have handed it down from generation to generation in unbroken succession. So with the personality of Jesus Christ. It has been passed down from the day of his death, from land to land and from century to century, so that it is literally true that

The word by seer and sibil told,  
In shrines of oak and fanes of gold,  
Still whispers on the morning wind—  
Still echoes to the willing mind.

This same spirit is the perpetual charm and inspiration of all true christian poetry. It is probable that Robert Browning more truly than any other poet of the nineteenth century has caught and expressed the inmost secrets of christianity. Upon his shoulders has fallen the mantle of the once christian Tennyson. All through Browning's gnarled and unwedgable verse this idea predominates, viz.: the regeneration of fallen and depraved humanity through its contact with an higher and superior personality—a personality which supplies that life and quickening spirit, and which elevates and uses our intellectual faculties as its servant and mouthpiece. Browning makes the haughty intellect secondary in the regeneration of humanity. With him the religious sentiment is the supreme power in the universe, its Creator and Savior alone excepted. Browning's creed is emphatically "the new birth of the Spirit." His ablest American critic puts it thus: "The acquisition of knowledge is a good thing, the sharpening of the intellect is a good thing, the cultivation of philosophy is a good thing; but there is something of infinitely greater importance than all these, viz.: the hidden soul, which co-operates with the active powers and the conscious intellect, and as this



conscious intellect is either rectified or unrectified it determines the man as a power for either righteousness or unrighteousness."

10 6 Finally. A great faith is an indispensable of a great personality. We all know in practical life what the word "Faithless" means. It is no less significant when applied to the unseen world. Huxley, in his recent articles in the Nineteenth Century, thus defines Agnosticism, of which he is the proud and happy parent: "It consists in a suspension of judgment until the facts are verified by sufficient evidence to satisfy our critical faculties." That definition rules out of court all that splendid portion of our moral and spiritual equipment except those faculties with which we observe, classify, reason and analyze. That compels us to make a religion as we make a Botany or a Geology with hammer, knife and note book. That is a good enough rule for science or business but a most destructive rule for the conduct of life or the building of a home or even for politics. Suppose we should in the building of a state ignore patriotism or that love of country that warms every human breast, and trust the whole to statesmanship? About how long under such a system should we as a nation have survived the great storms of 1861? The agnostics insist upon bringing every thing to the test of the scientific method. The scientific method is certainly the supreme rule when applied to objective truth. But in the fenceless and shoreless kingdom of emotive truth this method has little or no application. Any one would ridicule an attempt to apply to music the rules that are supreme in biology and finance. The wisest of earth once said "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." A simple truthful application of this great maxim will soon show us how idle the attempt to usubject faith to the test of multiplication and division or to the syllogism. In the world of science unquestionably two and two always have and always will make four. But there are worlds where multiplication tables are unknown. Every man carries in his bosom a kingdom unconditioned by the laws of time and space. An emotion is one thing; a thought quite another and different thing. It is exactly this element that differentiates Science from Religion. To Science verifying

all things with little formulae and measuring all things with compass and chain miracles seem nonsense. But the higher up we get the less difficulty we have with revelation. In our deep moments we find a profound consistency between the miracle and the message of the Master so that denying the one you must deny the other. There is a necessity in the Master of life leading captivity captive and bursting the bands of death. Suppose our Lord had not been crucified dead and buried and did not rise again the third day what becomes of all our arguments for the immortality of the soul? Suppose that our Lord did not heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, what becomes of his claims to have been the great physician of the diseases of the soul? "I will be thou clean," what mockery these words and what an imposter their author if the fact recorded with them was a myth added after wards by a churchly pen for ecclesiastical purposes?

Agnosticism, Positiveism and the Scientific religion so called have certainly some splendid principals and ideas. They had done a great work of late years in pointing out the weaknesses of christianity and thereby reforming them. In this respect Col. Ingersoll has been a benefactor of those churches and dogmas that he has so mercilessly ridiculed. Agnosticism believes in one world at a time and insists that our work here is to make man's life sweeter and better. Curiously enough it can see no higher sources of happiness even in this world than better sanitation, better social science and better education. It is the parent of great reforms in all that pertains to man's temporary well being. It vigorously espouses all enterprises for the elevation of the race and finds its immortality in the type and its happiness in the improvement of that type for the benefit of coming generations. It shows its disinterestedness in its carelessness for a personal hereafter. Among its great apostles are some of the most brilliant names of the present century, names like George Elliott, Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer and an host of others all of whom have by their noble labors made humanity their debtors. Never from my lips shall go forth a word of depreciation of the lives and labors of these men and women many of them the noblest, the bravest and brightest of the human race. And yet there is a painful

emptiness about agnosticism, positiveism and the kindred philosophies especially when compared with christianity. The epitaph upon the tombstone of Professor Clifford tells the whole story and is probably the best that his creed could give. Here it is; read it:

I was not,  
I was born and did a little work,  
I am not and grieve not

Let us test Agnosticism by a few simple questions. Is there a God? Answer. I don't know. Did God create man? I don't know. Whence comes life? I don't know. Does God govern this world? I don't know. Is man divine? I don't know. Will we live hereafter? I don't know. Was Christ divine? I don't know. Is the Bible divine? No, or I don't know. Now to all these mighty questions Christianity returns a bold, unhesitating, affirmative answer. In addition it teaches the life of God in the soul—a fact incomprehensible to the agnostic or mere scientist. To the religion of science all that beautiful cluster of mighty hopes that heal our sorrows, calm our fears, cheer our darkness and inspire us with enthusiasm, and which are to the spiritual man absolute certainties, are only perhapses. The agnostic and scientist are as narrow as their methods. "Reason, Observation and Experience" are their only trinity. Their sphere is the little world of the senses and intellect and the present. They have neither hymn nor prayer. Now it is almost self evident that this present is only an half world. Christianity is immeasurably its superior, because it opens up to us not merely man in his relation to the present and each other, but man in his relation to his Maker and the hereafter. In the deserts of pessimism it causes the roses of hope and the fountains of faith to spring up. It substitutes for the painful "I don't know" the cheerful "I believe." It fills and floods the soul with useful, life-saving emotion. It teaches that the Most High dwells in the humblest heart and that all men are His children, and that He is near, inexpressably near, to all those that call upon Him. For the unsolved and the unsolvable difficulties that fill our souls with doubt and pain christianity has a cheery "I can wait." "Now we see through a glass darkly; then I shall see Him face to face." For these

reasons christianity, with all of its weaknesses and errors such as are the inseparable incidents of its connection with humanity, is one of the vital forces of the world and as much superior to agnosticism and its kindred creeds and beliefs as the all-embracing and life-giving air that sustains and nourishes all animate and inanimate Nature is superior to a painfully-prepared and circumscribed vacuum.

More than all this—Christianity has an ever present, life giving Savior; a constant source of life, inspiration and enthusiasm. "In whose service pain is pleasure, in whose freedom loss is gain!" This is the supreme weakness of the skeptical creeds, viz.: the utter absence from them of any divine person, to whom the child in his weakness and the strong man in his strength can and does go for worship and rest, let alone His help in the awful hours of dissolution and his promises of "sweet fields beyond the swelling floods." When we compare the two systems we shall find that it is not altogether cant or superstition that causes the Christian to characterise the scientific religion as "husks."

Said Thomas A. Hendricks: (Holcomb's life of Hendricks, page 541.)

"I care not which one of the highways you pursue towards knowledge, you will come to a place in the course of your travels when you will stop; when you can go no farther, as upon the road it shall be a mountain and an impassible gulf, and beyond that what is the distant land then becomes a question exclusively of faith. This side of that boundary line it is not allowed us to adopt faith; but I take it that the Providence which intended that the human intellect should always be stimulated to enquiry, intended that we should always rely upon our efforts for investigation within the realm of proper inquiry. But we reach a line beyond which inquiry cannot go sometimes very early in our progress."

"I know scarcely any question that does not have this limit and restriction. Take your own person and you know of its existence, you know of its faculties and powers, but really you know but little of yourself. Have you any idea how it is that your will governs your body? You know the fact that by the will the mind itself does work but how it is and why it is you know not. You know that some



faculty is connected with your body that conducts its action, but just what that faculty is you know as much as Adam and Eve when they stepped out of the garden. They know just as much as you do. No philosopher has gone farther. How is it that spirit dwells with matters and how it influences the action of matter no man knows or ever will know. So I might go on with illustrations, but I will not undertake it. For myself when I came to that boundary where faith begins I choose for my faith that which is the most beautiful—that which is the most cheering and that which will promote man's happiness to the greatest extent and add to the glory and honor of the Great Author of all things."

I want now and here in this chapel and in this presence to put upon record my small protest against the scientific and agnostic skepticism of the day and the hour. Our worship, that worship that is born within us and is a part of our nature, is as ultimate a fact and is no more referable to some other fact, and its deliverances are as unanalysable as are the fact and deliverances of our eyes and ears. Who ever attempted to get back of sight and refer its working to superstition or ignorance? And yet our worship stands upon as impregnable a foundation. Destroy to-day every vestige of every religion in the world and in less than ten years every temple and church would be restored. I for one protest that our religion is not what we do not know, or that because it refuses to be placed upon the same plane as our philosophy, it is to be discarded. As well discard our music, our art or our poetry. I insist that there are other and higher species of evidence than either the demonstrative or the moral. The religious instinct, the higher laws of belief, the "gnosticism" of Dr. Lyman Abbott, are all of the same class as our worship, and I believe that the proposition is sound, that upon subjects beyond the scope of evidence and beyond the scope of our reasoning powers, it is safe to believe Revelation without such evidence as we rightfully demand concerning matters which are the subjects of sight and sound, or even those higher ranges of subjects that fall within the scope and jurisdiction of our reasoning faculties. It seems to me that the weak spot in the attacks

of to-day upon the old faith and of the church's defense to those attacks is, in the language of the lawyer, in the advocates of christianity not pleading to the jurisdiction of the courts of science in trying at its bar and with its weapons the cause of christianity.

(Christianity as delivered to the world by its author was never intended as an intellectual system. It is and was, and always will be when rightly understood—a life. Hence, it came through unlearned men and a peasant teacher. So unlearned and unmodern was he that if He should come back to the world again to-day He would not be admitted to one-third of the temples that are built for His worship.) And he would fare far worse at the hands of his colleges of theology. He would no more recognize himself in the grotesque dogmas of his schools than in the scarlet robes and episcopal rings and man millinery which claims to have been manufactured “in remembrance of Him.” No wonder that the simple religion of the Master that is so travestied and handicapped by his disciples is the scoff of the scholars and critics of to-day! Fortunately these things do not represent the Master; they only represent the caricatures that sectarianism and self-interest has woven around Him in their efforts to make merchandise of Him and his words.

For one I belong to the great and increasing army of Christian Free Thinkers. I brush away from the dear Master all the subtleties of the schools, all the travesties of the sectarian and all that sullies His simple majesty and grandeur. I take for my chart and guide the simple words of the evangelists. I want no church or school to put their interpretation or constructions upon them for me any more than I want a learned Latin name for the morning star. I allow myself full liberty to reject a few of the doubtful sayings attributed to him. I have no scruple about dropping an occasional miracle which appears to me to be either ecclesiastical or traditional. Making all these subtractions after now for over forty-five years reading both sides and gathering light from all sources, I yield to Him and His Divinity the allegiance of my gathering gray hairs and most matured judgment. In the words of our greatest American poet,

and who is still with us, bearing the snows of now nearly two and eighty years beautiful years—and who has uttered nothing base—

Our friend, our brother and our Lord—

What may thy service be?

Not schoolman's form nor churchman's word;

But simply following Thee?

But it is time these words were spoken.

Oh, ye youths! for it is to you that I speak. Hear the end of the whole matter—*Life is Divine!* We came from God; to God we shall return; to God we must account for the use we have made of this trust called Life. The angel that taps at the window where the great mystery called birth is taking place, bearing a little child in his arms, came from God, and the same angel that three score and ten years afterwards bears away from the same chamber the disciplined, ripened spirit and bears it back to God. Oh, remember! and these are my final words to you.

Life are not as idle ore.

But iron dug from central gloom,

And heated hot with burning fears

And bathed in baths of hissing tears;

And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use Arise and fly—

The realing faun, the sensual feast

Move upwards, working out the beast—

And let the ape and tiger die.

“And the Lord God made man; out of the dust of the ground formed he him and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul.”

