ESSAYS and SKETCHES

By

CHARLES W. SMITH

PUBLISHED IN HIS MEMORY
FOR HIS FRIENDS BY HIS CHILDREN

Charles W Smith

It is a kind dispensation of Providence toward men that, as the years go by, the greatest griefs, the keenest sufferings, mentally and physically, gradually lose their bitterness and sorrow, and after a long period of time men may look back upon them with complacency and with precious and hallowed memories.

—Charles W. Smith.

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A Sketch of Five Sundays.

A DAY OF PARADE.

Sunday, March 26, 1865, found the Second Division of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps in a state of bustle and excitement. Through the long winter months it had occupied the very advance line of fortifications in the Army of the James, the nearest point of approach to Richmond that had ever been permanently occupied by Federal troops.

Our regiment occupied the identical ground where the gallant Burnham fell in the desperate charge on Battery Harrison, which, upon its capture and becoming a part of our line of works, was named in honor of the fallen brigadier, "Fort Burnham."

Here, in our little log huts with canvas roofs, we had spent our winter right cheerily. Their walls bedecked with masterpieces of art cut from *Harper's Weekly,* and hung with mementoes from home, had become dear to us. We felt at home and were really loth to leave them.

It is in truth quite wonderful how comfortably two men can live in a log hut eight by ten; how neat and

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* Read before the Indiana Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States in 1892.

attractive masculine hands can make even the rudest abode (when softer hands cannot be had); and as one's mind goes back to such pictures, how many pleasant memories do we find mingling with those severe and sorrowful, and how all are hallowed by the flight of time.

Here for months we had lived almost quiet lives, with only now and then a burst of artillery, or the rattling of musketry on the picket line, as feints to draw attention from more serious attacks, to vary the routine and monotony of camp life. Reveille and roll call and the day was begun; drill, writing and receiving letters, tattoo, roll call again, and the day was done. And so the days had come and gone, and the winter is over.

But this day everything is changed. All surplus clothing and baggage are securely labelled and packed in boxes and shipped to the rear, to be called for by the owners, after the campaign, if by happy chance they shall survive the fortunes of battle; a hasty letter is written to wife or sweetheart, to let her know we are going, we know not where, to meet we know not what; a careful and compact packing of knapsacks, reducing size and weight to the very least possible degree; those knapsacks ordered to contain a full supply of one article, the greasy woolen socks furnished by the government in anticipation of marches, that at best would make their wearers footsore and heartsick. Some tuck away well-worn Bibles, but if the truth must be told, more find place for a well-thumbed deck of cards.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Second Division, leaving their tents standing complete, so as not to reveal their absence, form three sides of a hollow square for review. After long and wearisome standing in one position, more painful and exhausting that the hardest marching, President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, General Grant, and a host of other less important figures ride briskly along in front of the inner lines of these three sides of the square, receiving the roll of drums and the dropping of flags appropriate to their rank, and then ride off to the vacant space opposite where the fourth side of the square, if complete, would have rested. Then in a moment the absolute and rigid quietness and immovability of the troops is changed into prompt and exact action. The order comes: "Pass in review, by companies right wheel, march," and ten thousand men are in motion. The bands play "Hail to the Chief," and these ten thousand men in column by company march without waver or trembling, every eye square to the front, elbow to elbow and every foot together, past these great men.

The review over, we return, not to our camp, but move upon a slightly elevated piece of ground, where the enemy could plainly see us, over both their own earthworks and ours, thus doubly deceiving them, for while we in point of fact were lessening the Army of the James by about 23,000 men, not only was this fact concealed, but the appearances indicated that new troops were arriving.

Here we halted until after the sun was down and darkness had settled over the earth. Camp fires were

built everywhere, betokening new encampments. All the bands and drum corps were brought out and made the night resonant with their lively airs. Amid such scenes and cheered by the strains of this deceiving music, silently and rapidly the Second Division fell into line and marched away in the darkness and in the night. "Who can tell where any road leads to?"

Sunday, April 2, a Day of Battle.

A week later and the Saturday night following, the ten thousand men we left marching into night and darkness are found lying to the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac, occupying a light line of works built by them on ground they have wrested from the enemy. All the afternoon, far off and to their left, they heard the heavy musketry telling that the indomitable Sheridan has struck and is striking the enemy. The energy of the fight is clearly perceptible. All day a rattling musketry has been kept up on the picket line in their front. Just at night regimental commanders are directed under cover of twilight to make the closest possible approach and inspection of the enemy's lines, for the purpose of assaulting them, and are directed to have their men in readiness for the assault at three o'clock the next morning. Then follows a night which language cannot describe. It was said to be a favorite policy with General Grant to conceal his real point of attack by a furious cannonading along his whole line; and to-night for miles and miles every piece of artillery and every fort is thundering upon the enemy and calling back a recip-

rocal thunder. More than four hundred pieces of artillery of all sizes and character unite in the awful storm. Language is halt and lame and cannot give the faintest picture of the truth. The earth trembles and shudders like a frightened brute in the fury of the shock. And yet the men lie down and betake themselves to sleep and to dreams of home.

At one o'clock the cooks are aroused and directed to prepare a plentiful supply of hot coffee, that the men may be refreshed and the canteens filled for the day. At two o'clock company commanders and the other commissioned officers are called together and advised what the orders are and what is expected of them. And then they disperse to their companies. Now with regiments in column by divisions doubled on the center ready to move at a moment's warning, we await the approach of three o'clock. One would scarcely think that under such circumstances men would want to hasten the flight of time. But the agony of suspense is more difficult to bear than the excitement of action. As the momentous hour draws near the cannonading which was so furious dies away. The silence, recognized as but the interlude between the thunder of artillery, which though terrific to the ear, is not so fatal as the rattle and the crash of the musketry, the hiss and the fatal thud of the minnie ball, becomes even more oppressive than the thunder roar had been.

But the most lagging hour comes to an end. Suddenly the ominous silence is broken by a terrific musketry far away to the right; and through the night

we hear the shouts and cheers of men; then comes the quick and rapid firing of a battery in action; the storm seems to lull from time to time, and again and again to break out with a new fury. Whether this is in point of fact true, or only so appears by reason of the falling and rising of the wind, we cannot tell. We suffer no harm at all. The fighting is clear away to our right. Sometimes the firing runs rapidly toward us, and it seems that in a moment we shall be engaged; then recedes, so that we lie in almost a complete silence listening to the battle below us. As we hear the rise and lull of the storm, and the varying position of the sound, we imagine that our attack has been repulsed. It afterward proved that they were but successive attacks at various points by our line, all of which were successful, or attacks by the enemy, which were repulsed; for on this day it seemed all the gods were fighting for us.

So the night wears away into the gray dawn. The light reveals the fact that by a mistake in the darkness of the night before, the troops which ought to connect with our regiment have moved too far to the left, and we are ordered to move by the left flank to make connection with them. Just as our regiment has reduced to column of fours and starts to move by the flank to the left, General Grant with staff goes dashing by, a quarter of a mile or so to our rear, and a staff officer riding a black horse all spattered with mud and flecked with foam, comes under full speed, and saluting promptly says: "General Grant directs the whole line to advance at once."

"By the right flank, double quick, march!" comes the command from the Colonel, and without a halt we are off at a double-quick step toward the enemy's works. A rattle of musketry from the skirmishers in the rifle pits and a round of grape and canister from a bastion immediately in our front fired high over our heads, and all is quiet. Thinking that they are but reserving their fire until our close approach, onward we go, thankful for the present moment of safety, with a prayer in our hearts for preservation in the shock which we every moment expect.

We reach the abattis and the silence still being unbroken, the fact that the enemy is gone is apparent to all. The Sixth Corps on our right had broken their lines and those in our front escaped capture only by a precipitous retreat. Without a moment's delay the troops form line at right angles with the works just carried and go sweeping down behind this main line to assault the interior works, constructed in anticipation of such a misfortune as now had come.

I shall never forget my feelings at this moment. It was a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, and notwithstanding I knew that this outer line of works, which for so long a time had proved impregnable, was carried by storm and the enemy broken and in retreat, still I could not divest myself of most serious apprehensions because the fight was begun on Sunday. I could not rid myself of the thought that ere the day was done God would prove the avenger of the Sabbath.

But there was little time for meditation. We were pressing down upon a broken but determined and valiant foe, who were contesting every inch of ground. The skill and the ability of the generals commanding our troops to one knowing but little of war was marvellous. The interior lines consisted of many forts and heavy earthworks, more or less connected, extending and covering the space between the main line and the river in its rear, each one of these cross works intended as a place of retreat as the one before it should be abandoned. To march directly upon them was almost as fatal as against the original line of defense. To the untutored eye the ground in advance seemed almost an unbroken level, cut and gored by these earthworks. But the skilled military officers in charge at a glance detected shallow ravines extending out from the river at various angles in front of them, and with wonderful skill and ability did those in command work great bodies of troops down the valley of the river and then out in these ravines, and then they seemed to spring from the very ground itself as they would rise out of these depressions and dash down upon the works in front.

Assault followed assault, and one by one they were carried, and nearer and nearer were we approaching to the fated city.

There was a complete inner line of works immediately surrounding the city of Petersburgh. Just without this line of works were two formidable earthworks, built in support of each other and to sweep the fronts of the main inner line. One of these forts was

Fort Gregg; the other is known by the name of Fort Whitworth, and also Fort Baldwin. About one o'clock our division found itself immediately in front of these works, our brigade in front of Fort Gregg. We at once prepared for the assault. Our division commander was a brigadier, and exceedingly anxious to win a second star. Our brigade was ordered to attack at once. The order was, however, countermanded. A moment later and we saw the attack made from the south front. A long line of blue came steadily forward, quickening into double time, and then into a run. A brigade dashed up the slope into the ditch and over the parapet; we thought the fort was won. But a moment later the blue coats came back over the works even more rapidly than they had gone in, and sought safety in the ditch. Another brigade follows with the same result. Again a third brigade sweeps up that front. The fire from the fort is destructive. One of the assaulting regiments has just received a new flag, and its bright and beautiful colors seem to draw the very venom of the withering fire; again and again they go down, only to be quickly raised again, and again to go forward. Finally they reach the parapet and there remain. The last brigade, reinforced by their comrades, finally succeeds in holding the fort.

The desperate resistance was made under the direct orders of General Lee, in order that he might have time to dispose of his shattered and broken troops in the inner line of works. It had taken us an hour to reduce and hold the fort.

This assault being, as it were, but an incident in a day of great doings, is hardly known or spoken of, and yet it was a great battle of itself. General Gibbon says of this assault: "It was one of the most desperate of the war." Fifty-seven of the enemy were found killed within the works; while we had ten officers and one hundred and twelve enlisted men killed, and twenty-seven officers and five hundred and sixty-five enlisted men wounded, making a total loss of seven hundred and fourteen. We captured the remainder of the garrison, about three hundred men.

Badeau says of the fight: "It was the last fight made by the rebel soldiers for their capital, and worthy of the old renown of the Army of Northern Virginia." The Confederate authorities point to it as one of the marvellous instances of the bravery and heroism of the Southern soldiery.

Within the strong earthwork there was a regular stockade, more familiar to the Western than the Eastern army, loop-holed for the use of the infantry; so that when the enemy were driven from the breastwork they retreated into the stockades, and as our men came over the parapet they were met with musketry fire that could not be withstood.

I have made particular mention of this assault for the reason that the commander of the division making it is a member of this commandery, as modest and retiring a gentleman as he was a gallant and meritorious officer—General Robert S. Foster.

Fort Gregg having fallen, its twin sister was at once abandoned. And so the day wore away, amid assault

and carnage and death. Night found us immediately up to and against the inner line of works. About sunset our division commander, yet zealous to secure his second star, ordered an assault upon the main line, which, however, was countermanded by General Ord, with the rather abrupt remark to the General "that he was a damned fool; did he want to have five hundred men killed, when he would have the works in the morning without the loss of a man?" And so the day closed upon the army weary of the battle, yet excited and anxious to renew it with the morning light.

It was on this day that President Jefferson Davis was surprised at church in the city of Richmond by the ominous dispatch from General Lee, and at once withdrew and ordered the abandonment of Richmond.

April 9th, a Day of Victory.

A week of constant and arduous marching and of running fight between the retreating Confederates and the advancing Federal armies has elapsed since we left our division on the front of Petersburgh, waiting for the return of day to renew the assault. That assault was never made. When the light of the new day came over the earth, Petersburgh was evacuated. Under the cover of the night Lee had quietly and securely withdrawn his army from our front, and through a week of toil, anxiety, suffering, and successive losses, had worked his way to the vicinity of Appomattox Court House. Just in the dusk of the evening of Saturday, the eighth of April, as our weary column was pressing forward, General Grant and staff

rode hurriedly by to the front. Our regiment possessed one of the finest bands in the army. As the General rode up and passed us we gave him right heartily, "Hail to the Chief." The General seemed to appreciate the compliment, for after the cavalcade was several hundred yards beyond us, a solitary staff officer wheeling from the escort, came riding hurriedly back, and bringing his hand to his cap, said: "General Grant sends his compliments to the Colonel commanding, with the information that he has received overtures looking to the surrender of Lee's army." The news was electric and flew like the wind. What those overtures were we knew not, but that was a matter which might well be entrusted to the hero and victor of so many surrenders.

The march was no longer heavy and monotonous. A new life came into our weary frames, and with alacrity the men pushed forward, hoping for everything. After a march of a few miles we halted for the night as usual, taking all the customary precautions against attack and surprise. The wildest rumors were afloat, but nothing definite could be known. With light hearts we rolled ourselves in our blankets to sleep as only tired soldiers can, and to dreams of peace. But long before daylight those dreams were dispelled and we found ourselves amid the actual realities of war. After a hasty cup of coffee, again we were on the move. Everything, however, betokened a crisis. We were in the immediate presence of the enemy. An enemy which, however decimated by the fortunes of war and however wearied by the march, had proved

its courage and skill on too many fields to be held in contempt.

Sheridan with his cavalry was in our front. At daylight everything was in activity. Our skirmish line everywhere betokened the presence of the enemy, and that he was in a fighting mood. Sheridan's skill and successes were so well recognized that with him in our front we feared no disaster, although we might well anticipate some fighting. The rattling of the carbines settled down to a steady fire, and we knew that General Lee had determined upon one more stand.

Suddenly and quickly Sheridan's troopers mount and ride away to our right, leaving the infantry of the two armies face to face. But alas for Lee and his army of Northern Virginia! It was not the army of other days. Now reduced to but a handful in comparison with the force opposed to it, it was utter folly to precipitate its brave men against the overwhelming odds of our victorious and exultant army. No one recognized this more quickly than their brave and skillful commander. Supposing that our infantry was not in supporting reach of our cavalry, he had determined upon charging the line of cavalry and breaking through. But when Sheridan, after detaining them until our infantry lines had time to form, hastily withdrew, as above stated, leaving the heavy lines of gray and blue facing each other, that brave man at once recognized that the end was come.

The white flag of truce was displayed. Grant and Lee, each the hero of so many battlefields, each the idol of his army, met, and in a few brief sentences

fixed the terms of the surrender, and the Confederate army of Northern Virginia existed only in history. Perhaps it was but the survival of the fittest, the remnant of that army that had so often proved its valor; the victors at Manassas; "that had driven McClellan from before Richmond, withstood his best efforts at Antietam, shattered Burnsides' hosts at Fredericksburg, worsted Hooker at Chancellorsville, fought Meade so stoutly, though unsuccessfully, at Gettysburgh, and baffled Grant with all his bounteous resources in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, on the North Anna, at Cold Harbor, and before Richmond and Petersburgh." And if it was a day of mourning, of tears, and of a sad breaking of the firmest ties that ever bound men together in one camp; and if, on the other hand, it was a day of exultation and victory in the other, that grief and sadness in the one was not maddened and embittered by the pride and arrogance of the other. There was no triumphal procession, no marching of prisoners under the yoke. In gentleness and in peace those brave men were permitted to disband, and we may well believe, as written by the historian, that hearts were wrung and eyes filled with tears by that simple soldierly farewell of General Lee: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you." And this was the end.

In our army, officers and men walked about in a dazed, uncertain kind of a way, half doubting that they were awake, wholly unable to convince themselves that they were in their right minds. Can it be so? Is it true that never again shall this wily foe

startle us—shall he never again by dint of watchfulness and care take us unawares? Can it be that never more our weary feet shall tread in the march, either in retreat, pursuit or to outflank? Shall we never again meet him in the shock of arms? Are peace and home in truth so near at hand? We made our camps, and that without fear of surprise or need of picket. For weeks, scarcely for a moment had the sound of musketry or cannonading been out of our ears; for weeks, our every waking hour was full of exposure to danger and arduous marching; and now, on this Sunday afternoon, here we are lying lazily in camp, in quietness and without the least anticipation of danger. After nightfall, when the stars were gazing down upon the two armies, now for the first time set down in the presence of each other without watchfulness, men accustomed to stand the picket or watch on the skirmish line, sought a place of solitude to gaze back up to the same stars and to think of the eyes far away to the North looking up at them, and to hope soon to be with them. We half feared to go to sleep lest we should awaken to find that we had been but dreaming. But when the morning came, despite the disagreeable rain in our faces, which awoke us from our slumber, we began more fully to realize the truth that the war was over and our avocation done.

A Day of Misfortune and Grief.

Sunday, April 16, 1865. A week later. The army is returning by easy marches from Appomattox Court House to Petersburgh. It is a bright and sunny morning and we are marching through a broken and hilly

country, talking over again for the hundredth time the events of the week, and wondering how the friends at home had received the news. If we are in the valley, looking ahead, we see those in advance climbing the hills; looking back we see the thread of men descending the hills in our rear; or if on the hill ourselves we see the lines of blue coats in the valleys below, before and behind us. But the march is very different now from the advance; then all was in order and in care; now it is almost like children in holiday procession,—the ranks are broken, arms are at will, men are straggling by the roadside, or even out of the road. Men are singing, cheering, telling yarns and playing pranks; everything betokens the absence of apprehension of danger, the presence of satisfaction and joy.

While we are in the valley we see the troops on the hill in our advance suddenly become quiet and assume order. Men suddenly fall into ranks, arms come to right shoulder shift, and the army assumes its old-time look. There could be no mistake; something of importance had happened. The Colonel of our regiment noticing it, said: "If we were not certain that there could be no enemy left, I should say that we were getting into the presence of the enemy with the prospect of a fight."

Looking ahead we see a mounted officer by the roadside, and just as fast as the column reaches him this change comes over the men and the ominous silence settles upon them. Finally the head of our own regiment reaches the officer, and now the message that is borne to us is the explanation of it all: "President

Lincoln and Secretary Seward were assassinated Friday night."

The holiday march of an hour ago is transformed into a funeral procession; the miles lengthen out and the hours hang wearily. At noon we halt for dinner, but no one cares even to boil the unvarying cup of coffee; the men gather about in groups cursing and crying. None think it unmanly to give expression to their grief in tears; and especially among the colored troops, who had come in a great measure to look upon Abraham Lincoln as being the one man to whom they owed their deliverance from bondage, the grief was outspoken and unconcealed. From the elation of victory, in a moment we are plunged into the most profound melancholy and despondency. To add to the occasion, the day, as if seeking to be in accord with our feelings, changes from the bright and beautiful morning in which it dawned to a heavy and overcast noon, and finally sinks into a dreary rainy night, and the victorious army, crushed and stunned by the unexpected stroke, lays itself to rest.

A Day of Reflection.

Sunday, April 23, 1865. Two weeks of easy marching were required to return us over the road from Petersburgh to Appomattox Court House, traversed in half that time in the hurried pursuit of Lee. Friday evening, April 21, about sunset, our regiment went into camp a short distance west of Petersburgh, north of the Boydtown plankroad, amid the earthworks formerly occupied by the Confederate forces, and in close

proximity to Fort Gregg, of which I spoke a few moments since. Here we understood we were to make our permanent encampment. Sabbath morning opened bright and beautiful upon a thankful army. Right heartily did we appreciate the fact that there was no marching for to-day. The troops are disposed of in required order, company streets laid out according to army regulations,—tents once more are stretched and camp resumes somewhat of its wonted appearance. Camp life begins to come back; pipes and tobacco are in requisition. Men settle themselves down to make an inventory of stock on hand. An overhauling of knapsacks reveals a very scanty wardrobe, and that sadly in want of cleansing and repair,—and this need awakens new longings for home, where the other sex is accustomed to attend to this branch of duty.

But in the midst of this there comes an order from brigade headquarters for a detail of sixty men. Wondering what such an order can mean, our detail, with others of like nature, gather at headquarters, when we are advised of the services required of us. It had been found that here and there a wounded man had dragged himself into one of the winter quarter huts, or in some other out of the way place to die; or some one had fallen in a ravine or amid the slashing, and in either case the body had not been discovered until the odors arising from decomposition gave notice of its presence. And now a systematic search was ordered to find and bury all such overlooked bodies. It fell

to the lot of your essayist to have charge of one of the squads engaged in this work.

And so this April Sabbath morning we go over the same ground, where the fighting had been so desperate three weeks before. The task was quite as difficult a one as the assault itself, and as long to be remembered. For then, in the excitement of action, in the elation of victory, cheered on by comrades, moved by impulses and sentiments which may be felt but can never be described, one might almost defy death, aye, one could prefer it to defeat. But to-day, so quiet, so peaceful, death was a thing most loathsome and ghastly. A body come to its death by violence and in blood is always a revolting spectacle; but to come on a corpse, three weeks dead, with all the work of decomposition going on—it makes me sick to think of it after a lapse of twenty-seven years. But such was our task; the work must be done thoroughly, for our own safety and that of the country depended upon it. Now and then in our search we came across one in blue. If possible we are to discover any means of identification. In most instances, however, no clue could be discovered. Most of them were doubtless included in that saddest of all lists, "The missing." Doubtless there was a watching and waiting in homes on the far Mississippi for some whom we that day put to rest in the bosom of their mother earth.

Their names had not appeared among the killed or wounded, and now that the war was over and the troops disbanded, mothers daily wondering whether

they should be able to recognize their bronzed, long-absent soldier boy, making thousands of plans for the future, looked for the return of their sons who came not. Each new day brought with it the new hope that to-day he will come, and each new night the disappointment sank deeper into their hearts.

Anxious inquiry only brings the sad news that he is counted among the missing. His comrades can only say: "The last I saw of him was that Sunday before Petersburgh. I don't know just where I saw him last. He was with the company that morning—he was missing at night." And so through the months of hoping against her fears, she startles at every step, hoping it may be he; peering into every stranger's face, if perchance she may find him; but finally hope ceases to spring in her breast, and despair fills her heart. Alas, such experiences were too common! Men and women grew gray before their time, and finally died of broken hearts.

With these and kindred thoughts we dug the graves and as best we could lowered the bodies, covered them with pine boughs for a winding sheet and piled the clay above them.

And so we left them. The pomp of war was done. They have received from their fathers as a patrimony their lives for the cause for which they fought; whether that cause was good or bad they had loved it, and they had died for it.

So let them sleep.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

Whitelaw Reid, at Dartmouth College commencement in the year 1873, delivered an address before the Society of Alumni of that institution, taking as his subject "The Scholar in Politics." Upon that occasion and before that audience, the very distinguished editor felt called upon to render an apology for selecting that subject rather than some literary theme.

But so long as the citizens of this Republic esteem the heritage of constitutional free government, which they have received from their fathers as a patrimony worthy of the blood shed a century ago in its winning, and in our own generation in its defending, so long, is any apology necessary for the presentation of such a theme?

And the more especially is this true when, as in this day, the cry of "Corruption in Politics" is constantly sounded in our ears. While I have but little patience with the man who yields to his political party a devotion which he owes to the nation alone, still less have I for the man who would abandon the field of political labor because of this cry of corruption. And this whether he believes the cry true or false. If he believes the cry false, he is a coward to suffer himself to be frightened from the performance of a duty and the enjoyment of a privilege by an empty taunt. If,

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Commencement address given at Asbury—now DePauw—University, June, 1876.

on the other hand, he believes the cry to be true, then so much the more is it his duty to earnestly, persistently, and fearlessly engage in political labor and discussion until fraud and corruption are at an end. For of very necessity, the highest interests we have are wrapped and bound up in the doings of political parties. As citizens of the Republic, public concerns ought to have our most careful consideration; as individuals and taxpayers, in defense of our property, we are compelled to see to it that there is an honest and an economical administration of the government.

Let me be not misunderstood: for the mere political trickster, the charlatan, the demagogue, the time-server and place seeker, I can not find words to express my loathing and contempt: and yet to how great an extent has the domain of politics been given over to just such despicable characters! When men of culture and integrity do their full duty as citizens in political labor, such men will serve their country in a manner, if not more congenial to their tastes, at least more in accordance with their deserts and more to the profit of the state.

So that my apology tonight is not for my theme, but for my presumption; presumption in undertaking to discuss the same subject as that distinguished gentleman, and yet greater that I should dispute his conclusions—and yet such shall be the truth for this hour.

The first duty which Mr. Reid prescribes to the scholar is "to oppose the established." To state it in his own words, "We may set it down as within certain needful and obvious limitations, the very fore-

most function of the scholar in politics is to oppose the established."

If you allow the suggestion, it strikes me that this is an editor's rather than a statesman's idea. Moved by the same restless spirit as his readers, he seeks after excitement and sensation to gratify their demands who sigh for a fresh murder, or a new coroner's inquest, times are so dull.

The following forcible sentence extracted from that address shows the foundation on which he bases his whole argument. "Of all things for a nation to dread, is that passionless, unchanging calm, which for cycles has brooded over and stifled the East."

The second duty of the scholar is like unto the first, "An intellectual leadership of the radicals." By this second function he intends to place a limitation upon the first. For he candidly confesses that the opposition to the established results is the party of revolt from the philosophers of yesterday—the party that disputes the established, that demands change, that insists upon new measures for new emergencies, that refuses to recognize the rule of the past as the necessary rule for them. "It is the party," says he, "that gathers to itself all the restless, all the extravagant, all the crack-brained, all the men with hobbies and missions and spheres." Such a party certainly needs an intellectual leadership, and since he must needs assign the scholar to such a company it is certainly well that he charges him with its guardianship.

The two remaining duties which he prescribes to the American scholar in politics will be conceded by

all: one is "to resist the tyranny of party and the intolerance of political opinion, and to maintain actual freedom as well as theoretical liberty of thought." The other, the duty "of candid consideration of every question on its individual merits; fairness to antagonists, and a willingness always to hear the other side."

Conceding, as we do, these last two duties, and recognizing that their performance is to be most devoutly wished, we beg in passing simply to say that we know of no party more likely to ignore them or what is even worse, to deny them, than this party of "crack-brains and extravagants, with their hobbies and missions and spheres." Men with such ideas are always intolerant, and the last to give the question a candid consideration, or to deal fairly with an antagonist.

Who does not know that the spirit which gives rise to the cry of "down with the established," "anything to defeat the administration" is the parent of more unfairness and intolerance than any other single doctrine in the history of this government? Who does not know that the party out of power, in their opposition to the established, has always held the party in power responsible for results which they have not produced, nor their acts or policies tended to produce?

The party in power at all times and under all circumstances has been held responsible for the financial crises which at intervals have overtaken the country, which have been the direct results of the failures of crops, overstocking and overtrading, for which

no one but the Almighty Father on the one hand, and individual folly on the other, has been responsible.

But I must pass from these criticisms of the doctrines of the distinguished gentleman, with whose address I have taken such liberties, announce my own, and grant to others the right of criticism, which I have so freely asserted myself.

The term "Scholar" is a comparative one; but the duty of the scholar to the public is comparative also. As his studies have been more laboriously followed, his researches more profound and his erudition more extensive, by just so much the more is his duty and his obligation to his fellowmen increased. It is not given to every man, either in health, opportunity or temperament, to acquire the knowledge which has been attained by the scholar; and the more scholarly he be, the fewer are his compeers.

And what is the result of these years of toil and research of the scholar, considering him simply as such? It is that he is the interpreter of the hieroglyphic and black letter of the past; that he holds the key to the dark and silent chambers of history through which, if the great masses of mankind would wander, they must submit to his guidance and control. It is the peculiar advantage of the scholar that through his familiarity with letters, he comes to know the remote both in time and place. To most men the world past or present is in great part a sealed book. This is true not only of the unlettered hind, the rustic day-laborer, or the village clerk. If success and rep-

utation at all attend them, soon the driving, anxious thought of the present both of time and space precludes all thought of aught beside.

But the scholar lives largely in the past. The heroes and sages of antiquity become his familiar acquaintances. If he himself be not an actor in the scenes of a thousand years ago, he at least lives with those who were and is moved in all his nature by the magnitude of their endeavors.

So familiar with the past is he, that even as you at once recognize the voice of your friend, though he be out of sight, so he can detect from the style of thought and diction, the voice of a speaker, who has not spoken through these centuries. By means of his patient study he has come to know the men and the nations that are dead. It may be that there is but little to be learned of them, and that that little is to be gathered only by fragment and piecemeal, as we gather the epitaph of the departed from a broken tablet or a crumbling urn. But whatever can be deciphered he has read, and of whatever unwilling secret the past can be despoiled, of it he is in possession.

Not only with the remote in point of time but also in space does his scholarship bring him in contact. His learning makes him a cosmopolitan. Though it is quite possible that his feet have never strayed beyond his native shores, yet he can direct you in all the ways of the world. Not only is he familiar with the actual physical ways of the world and can direct you to its railroad routes, its steamship lines, its boulevards, its parks, its lakes, its libraries, its studios,

its galleries, its abbeys and its tombs; but also with its peoples—their modes of thinking, their habits of life, their situation and surroundings socially, mentally and morally.

Not only is he familiar with the naked facts of history, the rise and decline of nations, and of the existence of the contemporary nations of the world, but he is also acquainted with what others, learned like himself, have written as to the cause of their varied fortunes.

Now occupying as he does this vantage ground, I would say that the first duty of the American Scholar in Politics is the like earnest and patient study of the present that he has bestowed upon the past. Let him read men as he has read books. Let him have a "knowledge of things equal to his knowledge of words." Let him remember that a "man may be learned and yet not wise," that erudition is not wisdom. Let him not make the sad mistake of supposing that his erudition, his knowledge of books, his culture, have necessarily elevated him above his fellow citizen even though that fellow citizen be but a hod carrier or a roustabout. Let him not think that because he is a scholar, there is a chasm between him and the lowliest of men. Rather let him by a generous and cordial intercourse with his fellowmen in all conditions of life come to know their wants, their sentiments, their wrongs and their virtues; let him study well their habits of thought and life, their interests and controlling motives, knowing that when he has done this, he holds the key to their lives and conduct,

and like a master he can call forth from them any note which he may desire; and, what is of greater moment, he has gathered within himself the power to speak for them. It has been well said that "A contempt for humanity punishes itself"; a man possessed of it is "destitute of that healthy judgment which comes from sympathy with his fellowmen." It is only when a man "has a sense of all conditions," that he "can speak for all conditions."

It is only when one's nerves vibrate in sympathy with those of his fellowmen that he is entitled to stand as their representative. The man who would wrap the cloak of his scholarship about him and flatter himself that in aught pertaining to real manhood he is of nobler clay than the common herd, is not only losing his power over his fellowmen, but is sinking his manhood in bigotry. We sometimes hear of an intellectual aristocracy; an aristocrat is always a snob, and the intellectual aristocrat is no exception to the rule. By just so much as God has given to any man superiority in intellectual powers, and the opportunity to cultivate them, by just the same measure does He call upon him to use those powers for the welfare of his fellow citizens. And the scholar who wishes to be a benefit to his fellows and a stay to his government must remember that this is a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and he himself must become one of the people.

I prescribe this duty of knowledge of and sympathy with the people, as the first, not because it is a duty peculiar to the scholar, but for two reasons. First,

it is the foundation upon which all successful action must be based, the preparatory step that must precede efficient labor; and, second, because of the natural inclination of the scholar to become a recluse, and shut himself away from the daily contact and intercourse of men. This first duty requires no peculiar scholarship and is named first simply because it is fundamental.

The second duty I would prescribe to the scholar in politics, is that he should from the fact itself deduce the reason of its existence; the very fact itself should prove a spur to goad him on in the inquiry, "Why does this thing thus exist?"

If the fact be one concerning which there is no dispute, let him set that down as an eternal landmark, let him make it a corner stone to which he may even return to prove his labors, and detect his errors. But in all matters of opinion concerning that fact, as to the causes from whence it sprang, and as to its influence as a producing or modifying cause, let him think for himself. Let him take counsel of the opinions of others, but let him deal with them simply as opinions; they may be opinions of men of great research, the result of whose profound meditations and reflections are entitled to great weight in enabling him to arrive at his own conclusions, but opinions still and opinions to be rejected if when tested they are found to be false. Returning to the figure used a moment ago, these opinions are but the lines of a surveyor who has traced this course in advance. The scholar has the same eternal landmark and corner stone of fact

beneath his feet, as a starting point as did his predecessor: he has the same instruments only, perchance, nearer perfection as did his predecessor. Now let him for himself run his own line, keep his own reckonings, make his own calculations, and if when he has finished his work he shall strike the witness stone planted by his predecessor, let him accept that line as the true line, not because his predecessor ran it, but because his own feet have traversed it and his own calculations have proved it.

But if on the contrary, when he has finished his own line he finds not the witness stone of his predecessor; if he find himself where no foot has pressed before him, where no hand has blazed the path, let him not be in haste either to commend himself or condemn his predecessor. Let him revise every calculation to detect any possible error, and if no error be found, let him prove the correctness of his line by running it backward to its starting point. In short, let no labor, pains or care, prevent his searching the matter to the end. But when at last he finds his line is right, let him place his own witness stone to announce the result of his labors, and with that as the true line, proceed with life's work. Or, to drop the figure. From conceded facts let the scholar draw his own conclusions, think for himself, accept no man's opinion simply because he has given or maintains it. From the same premises let him reason for himself through to the end, and if at the end the opinions coincide, let him accept the opinion of his predecessor, not because it is his predecessor's but because it is his own.

Whatever excuse there may be for the unlettered multitude, without question, to receive and adopt the opinions of those who have superior knowledge upon any given subject, the scholar has absolutely no right to allow another to think for him. He may not abdicate the throne of reason which God has conferred upon him in favor of another. Yet let not the scholar in his desire to shun servile homage to the opinions of others, tend to the other extreme, to that pride in one's own opinion, which leads him to reject the truth simply because another has discovered it before him. It is quite possible that some one has preceded him, and ranged over the same field of thought and arrived at correct conclusions, and when this is so the scholar should most heartily attest the truth and give due honor to his predecessor.

This pride in one's own opinion, which leads one to treat with contempt the opinions of others, is well illustrated by the story, whether true or false, related to Mr. Grant, who when told that Mr. Sumner did not believe the Bible, replied, "That is because Mr. Sumner did not write the Bible."

Applying these suggestions which are pertinent alike to politics, religion, and all the affairs of men, to the theme of the hour, and we say the next great duty of the scholar in politics, and one peculiarly within his province, is to make diligent search for these questions of fact in history, to study these facts in their connections and with their surroundings. The mere fact in and of itself is nothing but a landmark. But from that landmark as a starting point let him study it for

himself in connection with the habits, customs and purposes of the nation in whose history it occurs. Let him consider for himself what were the influences which culminated in that fact; and in turn what influences radiated from that fact on the surrounding world and the succeeding ages. Of what cause was it the effect, and of what was it the producing cause in the ages following? In this research let him take all the aids he can find—much has been written, much that is conflicting, much that will mislead; and it is only after years of toil, and thought doubling and redoubling, that he can discover where the truth actually lies. Let him be not misled by the past. Let him study well the character of his own country, its forms of government, the habits of its people, their modes of thinking, and see wherein they differ from their forefathers and their contemporaries; and thus discern wherein the policies which have proved beneficial to other nations might prove beneficial here, and the reverse. Let him see what in his own country is good and ought to be perfected, and what is evil and ought to be eradicated. I am but speaking in platitudes and their repetition adds no strength to the thought which I have endeavored to convey.

Now in logical sequence comes the third and by far more difficult task of the scholar in politics.

Knowing the success and failures of the past, and the needs of the present, now if he may be able, let him devise a remedy *adapted* to the present evils. The point of emphasis in this duty is the adaption of the means used to the accomplishment of the end sought.

It is but the lesser part of the statesman to know what the people ought to do; the severer test of his ability is to persuade the people to do the thing they ought. On the one hand it will not do for him to retire to his library and from its dusty tomes seek out the forms of government of the ages that are gone, and simply because in other times this or that form of government met the needs of other peoples differently situated, attempt to impose it upon this generation. In such an endeavor the more scholarly he becomes, the more ignominious will be his failure and the more disastrous the results to the people. For by just so much as he comes nearer and nearer discovering and attempting to apply the old forms of government and old laws, by just so much the more is he showing his unfitness for the present hour. The man who would undertake such a process as this is set aside as a book-worm, fitted only to be buried with his books, and not to take part in the activities of the day in which he lives, with the generation in which he was born. This is the one extreme—the conservative who would never break the mould of the past, but forever in it recast the living present after the pattern of a former generation.

Nor is the other extreme any more available for the needs of the present hour. No more will it do for the scholar to give himself over to dreams of perfection, to reveries of ideal government. For certain it is that the mere book-worm by a literal transcript from the nations that have existed, could find a form of government much better fitted to the needs of men and much

more likely to endure, than those of perfection,—Plato's Ideal Commonwealth, Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia, or Locke's pompous and ponderous scheme for the government of South Carolina. Such visionaries, idealists, fanatics, levellers, are but dreamers, dreaming out theories of government, and their dreams are filled with all the vagaries, inconsistencies and extravagant impossibilities constant in the visions of the night. Let such men build castles of air, people them with fairies, or other such ethereal beings, but let them not undertake thus to deal with mortals of flesh and blood.

The great and trying duty of the American Scholar in Politics is to devise laws, and plans and schemes of government fitted to the present state of the people for whom he is called to exercise his gifts. The government of a people cannot by any possibility be above or beyond the people themselves. As Bancroft in a different connection, has so well said it—"Government will always be as the people are, and a people imbued with the love of freedom create the irresistible necessity of a free government." No law can be made efficacious which is in advance of the people whose conduct it is intended to control. The politician who for the present hour attempts a scheme of government or the enactment of a law in advance of the capabilities and moral character of his people makes quite as sad a mistake as he who fetters them by attempting to impose upon them a system which they have outgrown.

I do not wish to be misunderstood upon this point, and therefore I shall be explicit and positive. I am

discussing the duty of the scholar in politics—not in morals. In the domain of morals each individual in the community acts upon every other individual in their individual relations, each recognizing the other as his equal, and the only authority allowed is the authority of reason. The government in adapting a policy does not deal with a citizen as an equal; the communication between them is not a discussion, but a command.

In morals the duty of the scholar, by reason of his scholarship, is to be above and in advance of the people, and by all his powers of argument and persuasion ever be lifting them higher and nearer his own plane. But such can not be the conduct in the domain of politics, for "opinion which ever yields to a clearer conviction laughs violence to scorn." And while the public conscience may be elevated and quickened, it can not be commanded or coerced, and every attempt so to do, but brings all authority into contempt, and wrongs the object against which it was directed.

Let men as individuals quicken the conscience of their fellowmen, and elevate their moral characters as much as they may be able, but as legislators and as having authority, the utmost they should do, and what it is their duty to do, is to legislate just so far in the the direction of the perfect law, and the perfect system, as the present imperfect condition of their people will admit, and not one step further.

In the first place, to do more is to assume to one's self a quicker conscience, a more perfect understanding and a more accurate judgment than others; these

I believe it is the duty of the scholar at least in a degree to possess. When he finds himself in opposition to the great mass of his fellow citizens, he may well employ his every gift to persuade them to adopt his views—yet failing in this he may well hesitate, whether or not, in some sense, to some extent, he himself is not mistaken, his understanding led astray and his judgment warped.

But laying aside this first objection, could he be assured of perfect infallibility in himself, could he know to a certainty that he had devised a perfect scheme fitted for perfect men, he must know that such a scheme would be wholly inapplicable to men as they actually exist.

As well might the tailor expect the coat cut and designed for a form perfect in all its proportions to fit comely and well upon the misshapen hunchback. As well might the shoemaker insist that the patient suffering with all the throbbing, shooting pains of the gout should thrust his swollen, aching foot into a boot artistically made and designed for a well proportioned and perfect foot. No sooner would that indignant and suffering member protest against such treatment, than would any considerable portion of the body politic rise in arms against a law unsuited to their conditions, and oppressive in actual fact however perfect in theory. It is utterly idle to say to the patient with the gouty foot, "This is a perfect boot and you ought to wear it," or to the hunchback, "This is a perfect coat and it ought to fit you." Were men

perfect there were no need of law. It is simply because they are imperfect and given to passion and prejudice that legislation is necessary.

I am well aware that this view of the duty of the American Scholar in Politics will by many theorists and impracticables who seek to go riding tilts against the objects of their special aversion, be indignantly rejected as mere temporizing and time serving. But certainly it is true that he serves future generations best, who best serves his own.

And here I cannot hesitate to quote from another, who, in a different connection, has so well spoken my thoughts and convictions: "There is nothing," says he, "more natural to the human mind than to accept abstract propositions ond follow them to their logical sequence, without regard to the existing conditions to which they are applied. This process of thought is at once natural and unphilosophical. The shallow thinker imagines that he sees in this logical process profound philosophy. The lazy investigator finds in it a ready solution of all difficult problems without the painstaking labor required by the process of induction from innumerable facts. To say that certain things are true and right, and that they shall therefore be done, whatever may be the existing conditions of society and government, to which they are to be applied, is the simple deduction of lazy and shallow thinkers. But to determine truly and with what modification they are to be applied to existing conditions so as to avert possible evils and promote the well being of society,

demands the profoundest insight into men and things, as well as careful investigation and thorough knowledge."

There are two reasons why to pursue any other course than the one I have indicated is fraught with peril and can only result in defeat. The one is purely and intensely practical. The other is theoretical and philosophical.

The first and practical objection to legislation in advance of what the general public sentiment will sustain, is that by such a course of conduct a man not only places himself where he can do nothing to further it, but his very attempt surely retards the cause which he has sought to advance by the untimely legislation.

These are times and this is a country of majorities. So far as the majority will sustain us, we can make laws and enforce them. The moment we pass the point where the sentiment of the community sustains us, not only can we not enforce the law we have made, but we absolutely and certainly secure its repeal.

That action and reaction are equal, is as true in the domain of politics as it is in physics. And just so certainly as one legislature has gone beyond the point where it has the approval of the electors choosing it, just so surely will there come a reaction and some succeeding legislature will not only undo the work of its predecessor, but with the impetus gained in going thus far, go yet farther and establish positive legislation in the opposite direction. So that if one has at heart the permanent establishment of some great principle as a part of the law of the country and to see it immutably

fixed therein, he must be contented to approach it by leading public sentiment to the point where it will support such legislation and not by outrunning it.

The other and what I have termed the theoretical, or philosophical objection to legislation in advance of the point where public sentiment will sustain us, is that by such a course, we not only render the specific law nugatory, because as above shown you cannot enforce it, but what is of greater importance, you bring all authority into contempt. It is far better that there should be no law upon any subject, than that there should be a law, however wise, which can not be enforced; for the disregarding of this law, which is justified by the sentiments of the great mass of the community, tends to a disregarding of all law, and is thus the first step toward the disorganizing of society and practical anarchy. To enforce any law, however wise inherently it may be, against those who are honestly and conscientiously opposed to it, is doing them a great wrong; they feel that their rights have been trampled upon by men as fallible as themselves, whose rights are no more sacred than their own, and whose consciences, if more enlightened, are not more in earnest. And when you give occasion to such a sentiment in the hearts of any considerable portion of the community, you cause them to feel that they are suffering martyrdom at the hands of this law, and honestly and bitterly to cry out against it, and against all law. Certainly nothing would more portend danger to a state than that such a sentiment should prevail.

This subject has a good illustration in the course of the legislation of the several states within the past few years upon the subject of intemperance. I suppose that there has never been a time in the history of the government, when almost the entire community would not earnestly and zealously have supported certain legislation intended to regulate and restrict the sale of intoxicating drinks, and yet a very large portion of the community have not entertained exalted or advanced ideas upon this subject.

Now two courses present themselves to every one entrusted with any share in the legislative function—first, granting that it is possible, shall the legislature at once without regard to the sentiments or temper of the people, enact a law as near the ideal right as possible—or, second, shall it after a careful study of the temper and sentiments of the people, enact a law correcting present evils so far as they will admit, and then work again to advance the sentiments of the people, and then again advance legislation?

I doubt not but there are some present who are impatient at the doctrine which I urge; who say, "And shall we in any form temporize with this great sin, which is stalking through our country, this crying evil which is working such devastation; this gaunt dragon which is ever devouring so many of the best of our sons and is yet ever greedy for more?"

Horrified by the contemplation of this great evil, and terribly in earnest to correct it, they cry out: "Deal the death blow at once; throttle it now; pass one law blotting it out forever."

The terrors of intemperance can not be overdrawn. All must concede the necessity of alleviating them as far as possible. But what would be the result of passing one law blotting it out forever? In the first place, it would not take from the hundreds and thousands of diseased and feverish stomachs their crying and insatiable longing for drink. In the next place, such a step would be so far in advance of the sentiments of the community that the law would not be enforced. If the penalties for its violation were light, the profits from surreptitious sales would lead to its utter disregard. Were they severe, their very severity would prevent their imposition. And yet again such a law would border so close upon the line which has been uniformly laid down as the limits of the power of the legislature (whether rightfully or wrongfully we can not now discuss) that courts would of necessity give it a strict construction.

And thus such a law—as we certainly do know from a past experience—really accomplishes but little while in operation, arouses a bitter hostility to all legislation favorable to temperance, and thus secures its own repeal. Is it not wiser and better that we bestir ourselves to discover just what kind of a law we can enforce, and by its enforcement secure some step in advance, and from this new standpoint, when public sentiment has well approved it, again essay another advance, and thus proceed until our work is accomplished?

Again I hear these same earnest ones burst forth in their impatience: "We purpose to do the absolute

right and cast the responsibility upon God." To which I respond, "Right and Wrong are at best but comparative terms." That which under some circumstances is right, under others is wrong, and so the reverse. God has given us reason to enable us to discover the true relation of things, and requires us to make a right use of it. Even God Himself when He ordained laws for His own peculiar people, did not adopt the rule of absolute right, but had regard to the conditions and circumstances of the people, and for the hardness of their hearts, allowed them the law of divorce. And Christ Himself said to His disciples, "Cast not your pearls before swine lest they trample them under foot and turn again and rend you."

One other duty of the Scholar in Politics I must mention and be done, and that is that in politics he recognize there is such a thing as duty—that there is an *ought* and an *ought not* in politics. He may not be able to lead the masses to see the right exactly or as fully as he sees it, yet it must ever be his endeavor to lead them to occupy as near his own standpoint as possible. He may not be able to legislate up to his own ideal of the right, yet he must be sure that the legislation proposed by him is just as near that ideal as it safely can be. Under no circumstances may he allow any other thought than the welfare of his country to occupy his mind for a single moment. He must ever remember that he owes a duty to his country. And while he may not in proposing for his country's good always be able to adopt and put into operation the ideal and absolute right, in his own individual conduct

he may have no other standard. In his own individual conduct he can not temporize; he must never for a single moment weigh any personal gain against the trust which has been imposed in him. The applause or the threatenings of the populace must alike fall dead on his ear; the aspiration for place must die in his heart, and the only and sole motive of his life must be to seek the right and lead his countrymen to it. He must accept no other guide for his life than the rule of right. He must recognize that God is The God of Nations as well as of men, and in truth and in reality King of Kings.

Building on this basis, humble men, and unlearned, have established governments and founded empires that have endured, while theorotical schemes, planned by men of vast learning and experience, founded simply upon axioms and maxims of government, have perished and are only known to the antiquarian. Many such forms of government have been planned and to sit down and study them *a priori* we would think they must needs prove a success; but being simply the results of man's calculations as to the possibilities or probabilities in government, and not grown out of some great principle, or of the necessity of the hour, they have but proven the fallibility of man's judgment.

Grant it that the scholar is brilliant, is wise and far-seeing, as many such have been, yet if he build simply on such foundation, *his* work like *all* the works of men will perish. But if he allow the Divine Monitor planted within him to enter into his building, and make the principle of duty the corner stone of his

structure, he no longer is working alone, but is a co-worker with God, and the result of his labors, however humble, will be as enduring as the ages.

You know the mariner's compass is one of the greatest inventions of man, enabling him to leave land-locked havens and bay-indented shores, and under the guidance of its finger to launch boldly forth upon unknown seas. All through the day the pilot with his hand on the wheel, and his eye on its finger, guides his ship as it may direct. And yet you know every compass is liable to a derangement known as the deflection of the needle; by this is meant that from some reason the subtle influence which leads the trembling blade ever to settle directly to the north, is disturbed, and the needle is deflected somewhat, and varies a few seconds or minutes more or less to the one side or the other. Now you see if there was no way of detecting this loss of its cunning, the mariner's compass would prove a guide not to the desired haven but to certain death, for the more closely the pilot follows the pointings of its treacherous finger, the more certainly he is going farther and farther from the haven which he seeks.

But the experienced navigator knows how to detect this deflection. He can by the skilful use of his nautical instruments upon any fair day discover whether the needle is true to its pole, and if he find any deflection to the right or left, he can allow for it in his reckonings. So that while the pilot must needs be guided by it in the darkness of the night, as he stands in solitude gazing down upon its trembling blade, as

shown by his flickering lamp, or when in the thunder of the storm the black driving clouds shut out the sun day after day, and he may thus be temporarily misled, yet after a time the sun appears, and the master makes haste by the proper observation to discover whether the needle is true to the pole or not.

The man who relies simply upon his own wisdom and prescience, however vast these be, is like the mariner sailing upon an unknown sea, with the needle of his compass deflected, however slightly it may be, from the true pole. The more carefully he casts his reckonings and makes his calculations, and the more closely he follows the path which they indicate, the more certain it is, that he will miss the haven for which he is seeking, and in the end either be betrayed upon some unexpected reef or worn and tossed, be sunk in mid-ocean. But if day by day he tests all his schemes and plans and purposes by laying to them the line of duty, he will sooner or later have the felicity of seeing the bark which he is sailing cast anchor at the close of a successful voyage, in the port toward which he has ever been tending.

A result of his scholarship, rather than a duty imposed by it, is that the scholar will be free from the petty and sectional jealousies which are natural and constant to the mind of one who knows only of his immediate surroundings. I take it that he who is familiar with the early history of our government can find no place in his heart for sectional pride. If he look to Plymouth Rock and the company of the Mayflower as an exhibition of stern virtue braving the

perils of ocean, and seeking the privations and hardships of a new country for religious freedom, do we not find the like illustrous and elevating example in the Huguenot of South Carolina? Does not the liberality and charity of thought and administration of the Catholic Lord Baltimore in Maryland demand our applause as well as the wise and benign influence of Oglethorpe in Georgia? The Virginians' hospitality, the North Carolinians' uncontrollable love of freedom, the Dutch Founders of New York, and Penn in his woods, are all objects of our pride. Without stopping to enumerate them, the history of every colony in its beginning is laden with memories which comfort our pride, kindle our admiration, and bind our affections. Their conduct in the period of their common danger preceding and during the war of the Revolution was such as but to add to all these emotions, as we behold our common country.

The scholar above all other men, because more than all others he can rise above such sectional and petty jealousies, should be able to discern the future and enhance the prosperity of the whole country.

Nor let us be idle—the day of labor and of duty is before us; we must be up and doing or our opportunity will be passed without our embracing it, our country will have called us and we failed to answer.

As off Trafalgar in foreign seas before the allied fleets of France and Spain, when the day before him was forever to settle the question of the mastery of the seas, Nelson called the minds of his men to the green fields and quiet homes in merry but far away

England, by signalling from his battleship to his own fleet, "Today England expects every man to do his duty," so may we this day summon every scholar who loves his country to his country's aid.

As was well said by Whitelaw Reid in the address mentioned in the opening, there are times in the history of nations when they cannot go astray, when their hearts and impulses are all in the right direction; when there is no room to go wrong. Such was the period of the war. But the day of sentimental politics at least for the present has passed. A peril not less real, not less actual, though perhaps not so plainly discerned, or so readily averted, is before us. England had no more serious need of her son's services when Nelson commanded to duty, than America has of hers today.

The crisis just passed in the question of the election and installation of the present Chief Executive of the nation was of such gravity as calls every town of his country, and especially every scholar, to a more careful and patient study of her constitution and laws; to a greater devotion to her interests; to a sinking of all party and partisanship ends in a purer and loftier patriotism; to a forgetfulness of self; to a casting aside of prejudice, and a willingness to devote time and toil and brain to her service.

My Brethren—already many from the Old Asbury are in the field of political labor. Many from their experience while in attendance at these venerated halls and these academic groves are qualified to speak for all conditions of men. Their poverty and their

strivings in those years give them a sympathy with poverty and earnest labor everywhere today. Their subsequent successes as the years have gone by have made them the peers of the proudest. We may well hope that these new halls may but outdo their worthy predecessor, and that from them shall issue many who may be called to take part in the affairs of state. And if it shall so be, my Brethren, that they shall in the hour of their country's need, respond as faithfully in the arduous and courage-requiring duties of peace, even to the death, as so many of them did in the thunder and shock of arms, happy will it be for this University, and happy for our country. May God in His infinite wisdom so bring it to pass!

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, ESSAYIST.

An Attempted Appreciation.

For several years, I have been reading the published essays of Arthur Christopher Benson. I have read most of them, and several of them more than once; always with increasing interest, and at times with profound emotion. Since my last paper before the Club, I had purposed when again it became my duty to appear before you, to write some expression of my appreciation of these essays. When the secretary advised me that my time had come again and asked for my subject, I blithely enough responded with the theme set down in the program. But when I came to the performance of my promise, thus lightly given, and for which I thought I was fairly well prepared, I found that the task was much greater than I had supposed.

In the first place, to one whose life has been engaged in a profession whose principal duty, at least in his writings, is combative in its nature, either to assert or defend the given proposition, where force and virility of statement to meet the exigency of the particular case are required,—such an one has sought, and, within the limits of his capacity, has acquired a method of thought and habit of expression, which are quite out of keeping with a true literary spirit and style.

In such performances there is little chance for the play of fancy or imgination or the use of those graceful and delicate expressions of statement, which must be dear to the author of a purely literary production, and which are so delightfully precious to the appreciative reader.

In the next place, the publications of Mr. Benson have been so many and of such varied and different subjects and character that to give a fair representation of the scope of his writings and expressions requires time for analysis and selection, to keep the paper devoted to the subject within reasonable limits.

While I am a great admirer of Mr. Benson's habit of thought, and his style of expression, I at once concede that he is not one of the great masters; that there are no divine flights; that he is a modest and reflective thinker, never, to use his own words, "Seeking to coerce, but to persuade"; in all things injecting his own personality, but never in an offensive way, upon the particular theme which he has in hand.

To me he seems the best English essayist in the present generation; he has not the Addisonian style, but to me a style much more delightful. The reason of my pleasure may be that it is suited to my capacity and to my liking.

By way of preface, something of his person and individuality may be helpful. He is the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury; his father was appointed to that position in the latter end of Arthur's boyhood, and thenceforward, through his adolescence and young manhood, he lived in the archbishopical resi-

dence, and came in contact with many persons prominent in political and public life. In after years of his own right, he came into quite familiar if not intimate relations with many of these same persons, as guests in their own homes, and was in pleasant touch with many of the best of Englishmen, in all the life of England, political, professional and literary.

His brother, Robert Hugh Benson, became and is a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, and has a well-established reputation as an author of genuine literary merit. Of the father and these two sons, a professional literary critic has said—"These two younger sons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the charmed stillness of whose priestly and academic lives is reflected in their art, belong by birth and by every impulse of nature and training to the gentle society of philosophers."

In his boyhood he was a student at Eton, and after the completion of his academic studies, for twenty years he was a schoolmaster at Eton.

Of those and subsequent positions in life, in his early work, "From a College Window," he says:

"I was at a big public school, and gained a scholarship at the University. I was a moderate scholar and a competent athlete; but I will add that I had always a strong literary bent. I took, in younger days, little interest in history or politics, and tended rather to live an inner life in the region of friendships and the artistic emotions. If I had been possessed of private means, I should, no doubt, have become a full fledged dilettante. But that doubtful privilege was

denied me and for a good many years I lived a busy and fairly successful life as a master at a big public school. I will not dwell at length upon this, but I will say, that I gained a great interest in the science of education, and acquired profound misgivings as to the nature of the intellectual process known by the name of secondary education—more and more I began to perceive that it is conducted on diffuse, detailed, unbusinesslike lines; I tried my best, as far as it was consistent with loyalty to an established system, to correct the faulty bias. But it was with a profound relief that I found myself suddenly provided with a literary task of deep interest, which enabled me to quit my scholastic labors. At the same time, I am deeply grateful for the practical experience I was enabled to gain, and even more for the many true and pleasant friendships with colleagues, parents and boys that I was allowed to form."

In some of his later works he makes reference to this change of his financial condition—but I am not able to gather from them the precise character of such advancement, further than to know that it placed him in a position where he had no further cause for worry on that account, and that it gave him some administrative duties, and perhaps some work of instruction in Magdalen College, Cambridge, and his publications from that date bear the imprint "By Arthur Christopher Benson, Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge."

He has never married, and I think most of his life he has lived in chambers. This is the more remark-

able from the fact that many times in his books he has said that it seemed to him that the affection of wife and children was the highest boon that could be given to a man.

He has traveled much in England, Scotland and upon the continent of Europe. But his travels have been without rush or haste, there has been nothing of going around the world or making passage in any limited number of days. It has been leisurely and quietly taken, much of it alone, at other times with a few or a single congenial companion. Much of it has been by walking or bicycling. He has turned into quiet villages, gone through dales and glens along the margin of streams, the gentle woodlands, upon the shores of larger waters, as well as rough mountain ranges. He has been something of a mountain-climber, and on one such adventure in Switzerland he had a close face to death. But his goings were not wanderings, his eyes were always open, and his mind alert.

He says: "The only books of travel worth reading are those where a person has settled deliberately in an unknown place, really lived the life of the people and penetrated the secret of the landscape and the buildings."

He is strongly susceptible to the influence of the beautiful, whether in the person of man or woman, or a gentle landscape, or in the forms and proportions of architecture, and in the latter he is quick to detect anachronisms and the bizarre. While his nature is gentle, and responds to the gently beautiful, it also

rises to an appreciation of the grand and stupendous, both in nature and architecture, and his spirit matches with the spirit of nature in its most violent moods, as in a storm upon land or sea.

He is a man of moods and of quickly changing moods. He is much affected by them, they come and go, and he is wholly unable to account for them. He makes many references to this fact in his various essays. We quote at random from his essay on Beauty, published in the volume entitled "From a College Window":

"There are times in our lives when we seem to go singing on our way, and when the beauty of the world sets itself like a quiet harmony to the song we uplift. Then again come seasons when all is well with us, when we are prosperous and contented, interested in life and all its concerns, when no perceptions of beauty come near us; when we are tranquil and content, and take no heed of the delicate visions of the day; when music has no inner voice, and poetry seems a mere cheerful jingling of ordered phrases. Then again, we have a time of gloom and dreariness; work has no briskness, pleasure no savour, we go about our business and our delight alike in a leaden mood of dullness; and yet again, when we are surrounded with care and trouble, perhaps in pain or weakness of body, there flashes into the darkened life, an exquisite perception of things beautiful and rare; the vision of a spring copse with all its tapestry of flowers, bright points of radiant color fills us with a strange yearning, a delightful pain; in such a mood

a few chords of music, the haunting melody of some familiar line of verse, the song of a bird at dawn, the light of sunset on lonely fields, thrill us with an inexpressible rapture. Perhaps some of those who read these words will say that it is all an unreal, a fantastic experience of which I speak. Of course, there are many tranquil, wholesome, equable natures to whom such an experience is unknown; but it is to me one of the truest and commonest things of my life to be visited by this strange perception and appreciation of beauty, which gives the days in which I am conscious of it a memorable quality, that seems to make them the momentous days of one's life; and yet again the mood is so utterly withdrawn at intervals, that the despondent spirit feels that it can never return; and then a new day dawns, and the sense comes back again to bless me."

Speaking further of the mood, he says:

"But it contradicts all material laws, and seems to come and go with a whimsical determination of its own. When it is with me, nothing can banish it; it pulls insistently at my elbow; it diverts my attention in the midst of the gravest business; and, on the other hand, no extremity of sorrow or gloom can suspend it."

Mr. Benson began publication of books in the year 1886, in which year one volume appeared, one in 1887, another in 1890; in 1893 one volume of poems; in 1895 one volume of lyrics; in 1896 one volume of essays and another volume of poems; in 1899, the life of his father, Archbishop Benson and *Faste Eto-*

rienses, a biographical history of Eton College. In 1900 another volume of poems. In 1902, "The Schoolmaster;" in 1903 selections from Whittier, "The House of Quiet" and the "Hall of Trouble"; in 1904 "The Life of Rosetti" and "The Isles of Sunset"; in 1905 "Life of Edward Fitzgerald," a volume of poems and the now famous "The Upton Letters." In 1906, five volumes "Alfred Tennyson," "From a College Window," "The Gate of Death," "Walter Pater," and "The Thread of Gold"; in 1907, two volumes, "Beside Still Waters" and "The Altar Fires." In 1908 two volumes "At Large" and "Until the Evening." In 1909 a volume of collected poems. In 1910 one volume, "The Silent Isle"; in 1911 one volume, "The Leaves of the Trees," being a volume of personal reminiscence, which by appointment was restricted by the condition "that they should be portraits of men whom I had known well enough to describe with some degree of personal vivacity, and that they should also be people, the effect of whose influence and character I had to some extent experienced; not mere remote persons whom I had seen like statues at the end of vistas with everlasting gestures of frozen emotion, or whose voices I had publicly heard conversing or expostulating, persuading or explaining; but actual persons whose remarks had been addressed sincerely or intimately to myself and with whom I had been in some sort of direct relation."

In 1911 also appeared another volume, "A study in the Personality of Ruskin." 1912 four volumes, "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," "The Child of the Dawn, "Paul,

the Minstrel and Other Stories," and "Along the Road."

A number of these volumes consisted of essays that had been originally published in family papers and English magazines.

In 1907, from the abundance of his labors, his health broke down, with an ensuing illness which continued until the winter of 1909:

"Neurasthenia, hypochondria, melancholia—hideous names for hideous things—it was those, or one of those. The symptoms, a persistent sleeplessness, a perpetual dejection, amounting at times to an intolerable mental anguish. The mind perfectly unclouded and absolutely hopeless. I tried rest cures, medicines, treatments of all kinds, waters, hypnotism."

"Thy Rod and Thy Staff" was written as an attempt to show how out of those years of terrible depression, he emerged again to a good physical condition, a wiser, better, stronger and more sympathetic man, with a broader view of life and a broader touch with men. He there attempts to explain what he declares to be the inexplicable; his utter dejection at the thought that his mental faculties were failing, his longing that death might intervene before that awful calamity should ensue; and the gradual emergence step by step to his normal condition; and how all these things ultimately proved to be blessings to him.

His reputation will stand on his essays. One of his reviewers has declared:

"Familiar essays are rare, and far rarer than more formal critical writings of like quality. It is with

this literary kind that Mr. Benson's work, the best of it at least, is to be classed. His books are frank outpourings of the author's innermost thoughts, and treat, in an easy, confidential manner that presupposes a single friendly listener, matters that 'go home to men's business and bosoms.'

When the reader puts down these delightful volumes by Mr. Benson, he may rest assured that he will do so with the feeling that he has been in good company and has passed his time with pleasure and profit. And finally he will perhaps be puzzled to determine whether he has been better pleased with the substantial thought of the book or with the urbanity and gentlemanly like ease, the freshness and distinction of the diction, and the varied cadences that combine to make this new essayist's style so charming, and charge it with the magnetism of a singularly interesting and attractive personality."

It seems to me that the pre-eminent quality of Mr. Benson's writing, at least the first to attract attention, is his power of expression, I came near to saying his facility for expression: but I think it should be rather the faculty of expression, and that perhaps an acquired or at least a cultivated faculty. He takes a most commonplace matter, a common or ordinary occurrence or scene, and deals with it in such ordinary and common everyday words suited to the subject matter that the reader follows so naturally and so easily, without any effort on his part, that all of a sudden he is led to some great thought, and sees something that he has never seen before, and wakens

in astonishment. He has found something to which he never supposed the path would lead. He will return and read again; the language is so simple and plain, so lucid, and so apparently natural, that it seems that the author has made no effort in the writing. But such art comes not altogether from a happy aptitude. Mr. Benson freely states more than once, that his attempt in a large part of his work is to take up some such common place theme, and to satisfy his own mind, to look behind the appearance and to see the why and the wherefore of it, and then sincerely and candidly, in language carefully selected for the purpose, to set forth the result, to give a true expression of the result produced on his own mind. In a paragraph in his essay on authorship, he says:

"I would begin by making a personal confession. My own occupations are mainly literary, and I would say frankly that there seems to me to be no pleasure comparable to the pleasure of writing. To find a congenial subject, and to express that subject as lucidly, as sincerely, as frankly as possible, appears to me to be the most delightful occupation in the world. Nature is full of exquisite sights and sounds, day by day; the stage of the world is crowded with interesting and fascinating personalities, rich in contrasts, in characteristics, in humor, in pathos. * * * The wonderful thing to me, is, not that there is so much desire in the world to express our little portion of the joy, the grief, the mystery of it all, but that there is so little. I wish with all my heart that there was more instinct for personal expression; Edward

Fitzgerald said that he wished we had more lives of obscure persons; one wants to know what other people are thinking about it all; what joys they anticipate, what fears they sustain, how they regard the end and cessation of life and perception, which waits for us all. The worst of it is that people are often so modest; they think that their own experience is so dull, so unromantic, so uninteresting. It is an entire mistake. If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a fascinating document. * * * Of course, this can not be done all at once; when we first begin to write, we find how difficult it is to keep the thread of our thoughts; we keep turning out of the main road to explore attractive by-paths; we can not arrange our ideas. * * * A writer has to pass through a certain apprenticeship; and the cure for this natural vagueness is to choose small, precise subjects, to say all we have in our minds about them, and to stop when we have finished; not to aim at fine writing, but at definiteness and clearness."

Mr. Benson must have had a certain aptitude, and whether the faculty was largely cultivated or not, his power and method of expression were most remarkable. There is no turgid rhetoric, no high-sounding resonant polysyllables, producing an echo of reverberations. His prose essays are so smooth and flowing, and the cadences so pleasant that many times the reading of them almost scans.

He had a proper admiration for form and style so long as they were natural and simple, adapted to the theme and the occasion; but he rightly set down bombast and mere inventions for stage effect at their true value.

In the same essay he says, "The perfection of lucid writing, which one sees in books such as Newman's 'Apologia' or Ruskin's 'Praeterita,' seems to resemble a crystal stream, which flows limpidly and deliciously over its pebbly bed; the very shape of the channel is revealed; there are transparent glassy waterbreaks over the pale gravel; but though the very stream has a beauty of its own, a beauty of liquid curve and delicate murmur, its chief beauty is in the exquisite transfiguring effect which it has over the shingle, the vegetation that glimmers and sways beneath the surface. How dry, how commonplace the pebbles on the edge look! How stiff and ruinous the plants from which the water has receded! But seen through the hyaline medium, what coolness, what romance, what secret and remote mystery, lingers over the tiny pebbles, the little reefs of rock, the ribbons of weed, that poise so delicately in the gliding stream! What a vision of unimagined peace, of cool refreshment, of gentle tranquility it all gives!"

"Thus it is with the transfiguring power of Art and Style."

Mr. Benson has a wide vocabulary, and selects the right word to give expression to the thought; and though a fluent master of Greek and Latin, and the French and German languages, and well acquainted

with their literature, as is shown by many happy allusions, he rarely uses other than the most simple and modest English words.

By the very ease of the reading one may fail to get the full idea; he has not been compelled to stop by any complexity of thought or of the sentence; his progress has been so easy, as to be almost unconscious; it is like floating down the stream in a small boat without the use of oars or other effort; the banks seem to leisurely glide by and nothing in particular attracts one's attention. Had he been pulling up the stream, meeting the opposition of the current, twisting this way and then that, by his efforts his attention would have been more drawn to the points of his passage. Of course it goes quite without the saying that the reader never gets the full or precise idea the author desires to convey; one ought not to expect this, unless or until, he has spent as many hours in considering the result, as the author did in producing it. Yet a clear, good style greatly aids the reader in his attempt to come into familiar relation with the author.

But the power of expression and a good style would be of little avail, without there be lying behind it a clearness of thought to be given expression. This clearness of thought depends upon two other faculties, the power of perception, which includes the power of analysis, and a sympathetic and receptive mind; both of these our author had in a high degree. He was a loving worshipper of nature, ever seeking to come upon her secrets. He was always a lover of men, or

at least of many men, and after his experiences during the illness mentioned, he became a lover of humanity. His powers of expression found their best play in describing nature and men in all their moods. In this field it seems to me he has been rarely approached and never surpassed.

A quotation or two for illustration, which might be multiplied an hundred times.

From "Old England":

"Here is a little picture of what I saw one day not long ago, as I traced the green valley of the Windrush through the bare Cotswold hills. The Windrush is as sweet a stream as its airy, ruffled name suggests, full of clear pools and swift windings, with its long, swaying weeds, and babbling weirs, as it runs among level meadows, between bare hillsides.

"Over the fields we saw a tiny belfried church, in a wide meadow; a little path led to it; and when we were close at hand we could see that it had a minute ancient chancel, of singularly rude masonry, and a small Tudor nave tacked on at a curious angle. Inside it was one of the homeliest of sanctuaries, with its irregular Georgian pews, faint traces of rusty frescoes, a pretty Jacobean pulpit, and a poppy head or two of gnarled oak. But what a vista of age was opened out, when one found the chancel to be paved in places with a Roman mosaic, the bounding lines of which ran close to the walls, and left no sort of doubt that the chancel, even in its very walls, were the remnants of the hall of some Roman manor-house, converted, when derelict, into the simplest of Norman

chapels. It was no doubt the home of some Roman settlers, and clearly inhabited for several generations; probably not even fortified, so full are these valleys of great wealthy Roman Houses, with cloister, and colonnade and bath and hall, all testifying to a quiet colonial life in a peaceful land. What a mystery hangs over it all! These great country houses, no doubt, were one by one evacuated, as the Roman legions were withdrawn, to crumble down into decay among brushwood and gorse. And then came the slow growth of kingdoms, and the spread of the faith, till the old ruin among the thickets was repaired into a tiny Christian church, who knows by what hands, or how many dim years ago!

"Then we sauntered on, and presently came to broad turfed terraced surfaces, in a pasture, with some odd square pools below them, and so to a small hamlet with a little church and a gabled manor-house. The church was full of great monuments, cavaliers, and knights, with kirtled spouses, lying stiffly, their hands beneath their heads, their ruddy painted faces, and their eyes looking tranquilly out into the church. There were brasses, too, on the pavement, and later, more pompous monuments, with weeping cherubs, and inscriptions in flowing polysyllables, telling one of nothing that one cared to know, except of the eminent virtues which grief always seems to take for granted."

From the same essay—"I saw a day or two later, hardly a mile from the former scene, a solitary oak, standing far away from the coverts, with a rough

old path leading to it across the fields. On the trunk, beneath a great horizontal outthrusting bough, were some initials scarred deep into the wood, with a date more than a century old. The gibbet tree? The initials are those of two unhappy men, highway robbers, I think, whose mouldering bodies must have dangled there, knocking in an ugly fashion against the tree, as the wind blew over the wood, with what horrors of scent and corruption! One thinks of the dreadful group gathered there; the desperate man, with the rope around his neck thrown over the bough; the officers, the sheriff, the magistrates on horseback, the staring crowd; and then the struggling breath, the inflated eyes, the convulsed limbs. One must not put all that out of sight, as one dreams over the honest, quiet, simple days of old."

Again, from "An Autumn Landscape,"—for convenience of expression, and in order to present in a lively way the varied expressions which came to his mood, he has put the essay into the form of conversation between himself and a real or supposed congenial companion in the morning walk:

"It is a good deal of it colour," I said. "First of all, there is the sky—we have not apportioned *that* out, at all events, to landlords and syndicates! There is something free and essentially liberal about the sky; and that sapphire blue, with a hint of golden haze about it, is not wholly utilitarian. Those big, packed clouds down there, like snow-clad bluffs,—I have no particular use for them, nor do I expect any benefits from them; but they are vaguely exciting and

delightful; and then the delicate curves and converging lines of the fields are beautiful in their way, neither disorderly nor too geometrical; and there is a sense, too, that the whole thing is not hopelessly deliberate. If this were a treeless expanse, geometrically squared, it would not be so attractive. The whole thing has a history. The hamlets signify wells and springs, the by-ways meandering about stand for old forest tracks; that lane down there which gives a sudden wriggle, quite unintelligible now, probably means a gigantic fallen tree, which it was too much trouble to remove. And then the straight lines of the Roman roads—there is something invigorating about them."

This in answer to the suggestion from his imaginary or possibly actual companion that "half of the beauty of it is memory and old delights; but there *must be something more than that.* It is perhaps not a sense of beauty at all, but an ancient, instinctive sense of prosperity and husbandry—the well-reaped field, the plentiful pasture, some of which may come our way in the shape of loaves and sirloins."

Thus, throughout we have ever his personality as if he were seeking to create a kind of sympathetic camaraderie between himself and his readers, which indeed he declares is his greatest desire.

His writings touching his contact with men and impressions made upon him by men, are equally clear and very interesting.

Mr. Gladstone was a visitor at his father's house when Mr. Benson was a lad, and later in his life he

was on several occasions an invited and welcome guest at Mr. Gladstone's residence, for longer or shorter stays. He was in many ways a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and gives him due praise. His account of his last visit to Hawarden is peculiarly fine.

"And, last of all, I remember how I came one evening at a later date to dine at Hawarden, and was shown into a little half-lit ante-room next the dining room. It was just at the beginning of his last illness, and he was suffering from discomfort and weakness. There on a sofa he sat, side by side with Mrs. Gladstone; they were sitting in silence, hand in hand, like two children, the old warrior and his devoted wife. It seemed almost too sacred a thing to have seen; but it is not too sacred to record, for it seemed the one last perfect transfiguring touch of love and home."

But notwithstanding his admiration and affection for the great man, he felt that with his wonderful power to touch the heart and sway the minds of a great audience and for the moment to carry them with him, there yet was something lacking to leave a lasting impression.

He says as to this:

"The most memorable instance of the same quality was afforded by a lecture I once heard him give at Eton on "Artemis". The lecture was kept private and reporters were excluded. I was asked to furnish a summary for *"The Standard"* and sat close to the lecturer. He spoke for over an hour, with flashing eyes and magnificent gestures, and splendid emphasis.

At the time it seemed to me to be one of the most absorbing and enrapturing discourses I ever heard. He described in the course of it the Homeric adventure of a woman—I forget the reference—who, Mr. Gladstone said, 'had grossly misconducted herself in more than one particular.' We sat thrilled with horror at the thought of her depravity,—and when he proceeded to state that the irate goddess 'beat and belaboured her,' we drew a breath of satisfaction, and felt that the crime and the punishment were duly proportioned. Again, when he told us that Artemis had special privileges in regard to cheese and butter, we were profoundly affected. At the end of the lecture, in reply to a vote of thanks, Mr. Gladstone made a moving speech, comparing himself, as a visitor to his old school,—with Antaeus drawing vigour from contact with his native soil; and thus ended one of the most remarkable displays of fascination exerted over a spell-bound audience I have ever heard. But when I came to draw up my report, I could not think where the whole thing had vanished to. The force and fragrance of the discourse had evaporated. The conclusions seemed unbalanced, the illustrations almost trivial. Not only could I not make my account impressive, I could not even make it interesting."

He further proceeds in the same connection:

"And this, I think, holds good of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual force; it was immensely strong, lucid, and copious; but it lacked charm and humanity. His prose writings are uninteresting; his Homeric studies are unreliable, and give one a sense of logical convic-

tion rather than of imaginative perception. * * * I even respectfully doubt whether his speeches will continue to be read for their literary qualities. They were astonishing manifestations of logical lucidity and verbal copiousness. He never hesitated for a word, and he wound up the most intricate sentences, containing parenthesis within parenthesis, with unfailing certainty. But they are rhetorical displays of mental force rather than oratorical expressions of ideas and emotions; and they depended for their cogency upon the personal background, the energy and grandeur of the man."

Of Browning, after having referred to his enjoyment of life in general and in large ways, he says:

"Of course, one is thankful in a way for this simplicity, in contrast to the self-conscious vanity from which even great poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson were not exempt. But if one compares Tennyson as a figure with Browning, there is no doubt that Tennyson had a splendour and a solemnity of mien and utterance which produced upon his friends and contemporaries a sense of awful reverence and deference, which made him one of the stateliest and most impressive figures of his time. And yet the wonder is that when Browning took pen in hand to write poetry, the whole situation was utterly transfigured. In spite of certain whimsical tricks and bewildering mannerisms, there came from that amazing brain and heart, not only a torrent of subtle and suggestive thought, but an acute and delicate delineation of the innermost mind of man, in words so beautiful, so

concentrated, so masterly, that one can hardly conceive the process by which the thing was perceived, felt, arranged, selected and finally presented. The amazing richness of sympathy, the marvelous intuition, the matchless range of it all, is a thing which is stupendous to contemplate. For not only could he touch the stops of the sweetest, most personal, most delicate emotions, not only could he interpret Nature —a flower, a sunset, a star—with the most caressing fineness, but he could raise to his lips a great trumpet of noble emotion, and blow huge, melodious blasts upon it which made glad the heart of man. One can be not only enraptured by the sweetness of his touch, but carried off one's feet in a sort of intoxication of hope and joy."

But my paper is already due to close. I must forbear further quotations. One word further and I am done. It is with reference to the great change which came to him as the result of his protracted illness and prostration. He in terms frankly states the change, but if he had not done so, one would realize it by his subsequent writings. His restoration is complete, and he feels the new life coursing full through his veins. There is no tone of invalidism in it, but a joy in his new strength; nor is there any note of sickly religious sentimentality. It is a clear voice of a man who has found his true place in life and in the world having to do with God and men. From the incidents of his birth, and ancestry, and family tradition, in a sense he had always been religious. Now he is sincerely and truly religious; but his religion would shock most

religious people, and many of the clergy. He has his conception of God, whom he adores and reveres; it is not only intellectual but a truly spiritual conception; a conception of an intellectual and spiritual man, which can be attained only by one, who has candidly searched to the bottom of his own soul—a conception which would be rejected by many because they have not searched to the bottom of their own souls, even though such souls may be shallow, and by others because their own souls are so narrow, so mean, so pharisaical. He has his own conception of immortality, something beyond the conception set forth in the "Choir Invisible;" to—

> "be to other souls
> The cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused
> And in diffusion ever more intense."

Something beyond this, and yet somewhat akin to it; a continued conscious identity of the spirit, to survive and to join in the work of the uplift of man. This to him appears a reasonable hope and expectation to every man, although one may not be able to anticipate or tell it in terms,—for eye hath not seen nor the ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God has prepared for them that love him.

But the greatest of all of the changes that came to him, was with regard to life here, and to men. He says:

"*Above all* I must welcome every hint and offer of friendship and affection, that I may thus grow into a wider love; and the more souls that I can find to love, the more do I know, that there are to love. I will worship humanity, not in its weakness, but in its hope of strength."

THE MAN AND THE HOUR.

The army of Brutus and Cassius lay among the hills of Sardis. That of Octavius and Marc Antony was on the march to Phillipi. En route these commanders discussed the question upon which field the impending battle would be fought. Antony insisted that Sardis would be the field, that

> "The enemy would not come down
> But keep the hills and upper regions."

This army having reached its destination, the generals of the other came to the discussion of the same question. Cassius, the older soldier in practice, if not the abler,—and judged by his advice, the abler, as well as the older,—advised standing their ground where they were and drawing the other army on to the attack; but Brutus urged

> "Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe;
> The enemy increaseth every day;
> We at the height are ready to decline.
> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune:
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

From then until now, and full ofttimes before, men have ever sought to read the signs of the times to discover the portent of the hour, to take advantage of the occasion for the consummation of their purpose.

Doubtless Brutus was well convinced that the opportune moment had come, and his course of action was suited to the occasion. And yet his advice being followed, he did but lead the combined armies of himself and Cassius to disaster, and his companion and himself to death. And many another hath done the like.

Yet the truth remains, that every hour and every occasion, whether great or small, does call for fitting and appropriate action; and the successes and failures of life, in things both great and small, follow after the action; and it is the one or the other as determined by the consonance of conduct with the occasion. At this point is the rub. In large part, especially in the humbler spheres of conduct and in the ordinary routine of our lives, we are engrossed by our own cares, or our own plans and purposes, so that we have but little thought of other things, and are quite inattentive to and insensible of the spirit of the hour, as well as to its duties and possibilities. And even on great occasions, veritable crises, which command our attention, it is not always an easy task to satisfy ourselves as to the line of action required.

Inasmuch as most of us in the little ways in which we have to walk do not come upon great deeds, and yet are ever pressed about by the humble duties of our station, we are the more interested in the lesser things with which we have to do, for in our success or failure in these, comes our success or failure in our lives as a whole.

It is because we do not see or feel the gentle influences in operation about us in our simple everyday walks,—which if recognized would call for sympathy, self denial, and often steadfast courage,—that our lives seem to us commonplace and monotonous; surely there is in the life about us, enough of pain crying for relief, of wrong crying for redress, to stir our emotions to their profoundest depths if we were but attentive to their cries.

As a result of our inattention, or indifference or our inability to discover the spirit of the hour, we blunder much. How often have we heard our ministers preach able, and what under other circumstances would have been admirable sermons, yet because of the occasion gave offense, or wholly failed of results. One of the readiest and most fluent and forceful speakers that ever adorned the bar of Marion County or of the State of Indiana, was quite as much dreaded by his associates as by his opponents, lest his argument did not fit his case. If the actor does not catch the spirit of the character, his delineation is a failure, and his attempts at tragedy become a burlesque, and at comedy become almost tragedy. And so with all the rest, if the actor has not a sense of the eternal fitness of things.

The failure to respond often arises from the attitude of the man toward the occasion; and quite as often from his mental condition and inability to discover what is suited to the hour.

One man comes to the occasion with this question uppermost in his mind, "What can I get out of this

situation for myself"? The self-centered man whose first thought and whose last thought is of himself and of his own ends, is not the best kind of citizen—and is no Christian. He is not apt to take the right attitude toward men and things. He may undertake to force the occasion to serve him, but just by so far as he is less than humanity, will he fall below the mark.

Another will meet the occasion with a kind of unselfishness that is after all quite selfish. He desires not to disturb any one, rather to please all, and thereby save himself from all unpleasantness. He will seek to say and do the things that will not disturb the harmony or the placidity of the moment. He desires to be amiable and agreeable. But in so doing he may miss meeting the occasion by the space that pleasure is separated from duty. There are times which call not for the amenities, but for the asperities of life. The surgeon full often has to refuse the soothing poultice and take the knife. There are times and occasions that demand of the man who reads aright, to make himself quite the most disagreeable, if not the best hated, man in the community.

Again, there is often much danger to a man of lively emotions and quick sympathies for those in distress; he is apt to be swept off his feet and to offer a remedy which for the moment alleviates, but in the end only makes matters worse.

But even with men with quite well balanced mental constitutions and without selfish purposes, and quite ready to stand for duty, regardless of labor and vexation and other unpleasant consequences, it is not al-

ways easy to discover the signs of the times or read the occasion aright. To fully accomplish this end requires something more than patience, labor, learning and logic, and more than all, these backed by a sincere devotion to duty; over and above these, one must in the highest degree be susceptible to the influences playing about him, alike receptive and responsive to the highest and the deepest emotion, to the nearest and farthest away cause, that is producing the vibration in the atmosphere about him. Some men have these qualities, but they are rare and noble souls. "They have a strong brain, and a stronger will, with a capacity for great feeling which give them an imagination and a temperament", which but for these being restrained by a sane mind would lead to Utopian dreams to be followed by a hideous despair, to endeavor without results, and hopefulness without fruition.

Captain Mahan in the opening of one of his books says in substance, that it is one of the paradoxes of life that the near and far away views of any proposition are apt to be in direct opposition the one to the other. The great trouble with the average man is that he is either near or far sighted. One reformer sees the immediate present, and he is for the things which will at once alleviate the immediate conditions, not seeing the ultimate and logical consequences of his conduct. Another has the ideal scheme for an ideal humanity, and forgets that the present humanity is not ideal. He is like a shoemaker who would form his conception of the ideal foot, and make his boot

that will fit it, and then declaim against the man with corns or bunions or the gout, because he will not, and can not endure the ideal boot made for the ideal foot. And so we go blundering along. Such are but half men with half views of things.

But now and then we have the sane man, receptive and responsive, who both sees the near and the far; who rightly hears, and rightly interprets every chord in what seems at first impression the medley of life; who can hear concord and harmony, where most of us hear confusion, jangling and discord. Such men are seers with the prophetic instinct. They read the riddles of life aright. They see the unity and harmony of the operation of the entire creation.

Perhaps Mr. Lincoln was the most noble and most complete representative of such a character that ever has lived among the American people. He saw things with an open vision that other men saw only in part, or through a glass darkly. He not only knew the hearts of men, but the minds of men as no man of his times knew them. The abolitionists hated slavery, but they saw only one side of the slave question. He hated slavery, but he saw every side of the question. He early saw that this government could not long survive half slave and half free; but he also saw that a premature attempt at the destruction of slavery might not only destroy the Union, but might perpetuate slavery in all the states where it was then established. Those of us who are old enough to remember, and in a greater or less degree to be affected by the incidents and circumstances, and all the stress and turmoil of

the country in his administration, have a livelier and keener sense of them than can be gained from the books. Since the days of David and the cave of Adullam, never was there a more heterogeneous set of men gathered under one leadership, or into one organization, than comprised the Republican party at its birth. Every hobby-rider, the holder of every "ism" and every 'ite'—but one—were gathered under that name. They had but one thing in common, and that was a revolt against the party then long in the control of the government. One joined the new party because of one thing which he hated in the old, another because of another thing, and so through the list. The first, and one of the most difficult tasks the head of the first administration of this new party had at hand, was to hold in check, if not in harmony, the discordant elements of his political family. And these men were no idlers or time servers; they were not weaklings; each was dominated by the peculiar or particular notion which had led him into the company. Each rode his hobby furiously, each preached his "ism" with vehemence. It required a rare man indeed to hold the pack in leash. There were many men in the company who had much wider reading, much more experience in public affairs, and who were deemed as being more accomplished in the science of state craft. Many looked to Mr. Seward for guidance, others to Mr. Greeley; some to one man, some to another. Mr. Lincoln surprised the country, and even yet more surprised at least certain members of his cabinet, and certain other persons who felt that their opinions ought to be asked,

if not deferred to, when he took matters very largely in his own hands and announced his own policy, and assumed the leadership.

On one occasion, at least so it is told, he stood alone in one matter of his proposed policy. He presented it at a cabinet meeting; he stated his views, and then called upon each member of the cabinet to express his opinion upon the subject; each gave his individual opinion, differing among themselves, but all disagreeing with Mr. Lincoln. He then in order, took up each reason of objection assigned, and having so done, proposed that a vote be taken. He voted aye, every other voted nay, and he closed the incident by saying —"Gentlemen, the ayes have it". His policy was adopted by this vote, and was carried out.

There were constant bickerings in his own cabinet; many men of his party, themselves party leaders, and the representatives of the popular mind, criticized him, and that often in unmeasured and unbecoming language. Mr. Greeley often turned upon him like a raging lion, and smaller editors like snarling wolves, or snapping curs. Naturally the rank and file of the old party were against him and his measures; many of them, led by old affiliations and personal friendships, came dangerously near to adopting unpatriotic, if not treasonable, lines of conduct; but to their credit be it said, some among these put aside lower considerations, and stood by the country rather than by party.

Such trials might naturally have been expected in any change of political administration, and in the organization of and getting a new party into a working

condition. But added to these things, he at once had on his hands a tremendous civil war, with the country wholly unprepared for it, so far as material army and navy equipment were concerned. An army was to be raised, a navy constructed.

In the beginning he largely had local politicians for company and regimental commanders, and politicians of wider reputation in command of brigades and divisions and sometimes of corps.

The sentiment of the governing powers of Europe seemed indifferent, if not hostile to his efforts.

Here was a most desperate situation indeed. But slowly it developed to the people that Mr. Lincoln was adequate to the occasion. The man for the hour. His nerves were tried by the jangling of the discordant elements about him; he was by no means insensible to the attacks made upon him by men inside and outside of his party; had he been less a man than he was, he must have become soured, discouraged and despondent. But with almost infinite patience and kindliness of spirit and courage, he went forward, undaunted and undismayed, and full of hope.

By a rare instinct, by intuition rather than other discernment, he knew that under and beneath these surface cross currents, making nasty and choppy seas which rocked the ship, there was the steady current of the tides that would reach the shore. He had an abiding faith in the loyalty and patriotism of the people, which could be trusted and relied upon to wait and to endure, to do and to suffer, when they once came to see duty. And he had an abiding faith that they could

be brought to see the duty which required them to patiently wait, endure, do and suffer.

No man ever knew the temper and the sentiments of a people as Mr. Lincoln did. He knew that it would be as great a blunder and sin to act hastily and before the time when the common sentiments of the people approved action, as it would be to fail to act when the time truly came for action. Hence, while his own heart and intellect were ready and prepared, he could yet lay his restraining hand on those who were ready and eager for ill timed action, and bid them bide their time and wait.

It is very true that Mr. Lincoln kept his ear to the ground listening to what men were saying; but it was not to guide his conduct by what they were saying. He was listening to know what they were saying, to know back of that, what they were thinking, to the end that he might quicken their thoughts and lead them on until they were ready to say and do the right things. And never was there a man in the world who could more sympathize with men in such struggles, or render them more efficient succor than could he. With what skill did he, from time to time during those troublous days, write letters to friends and counsellors intended for publication; in which without any attempt at those flights which are quite natural and proper in spoken speeches, by homely phrase and apt illustration, which touched the very hearts of the masses of men, he so set forth the crisis of the country, that men took a step forward now and then, until at length they came to take possession of the "vantage ground" from

which necessary and decisive action could be taken. This was because he knew what was in the hearts of men.

It was altogether consonant with his character that he was never in any body or gathering of men in which he was not receptive and could not and did not respond to their thoughts and feelings. Whether it was around the chimney fire of the old fashioned tavern; or upon the circuit of the county courts with his fellow lawyers, arguing a question of law to the court or of fact to the jury; on the hustings; in congress, or in the cabinet, or on the field of Gettysburg, hallowed and made sacred by the blood of patriots which had flowed so freely there; everywhere he was adequate and responded to the occasion by fitting words and conduct. No man was so humble that he could not feel his need —none so high that he could not stand his peer. And over and above all these things, he instinctively and inherently had an infinite faith in God and His righteousness.

But this paper is not intended to be about Mr. Lincoln or his work. He is simply given as an illustration, —and a very illustrious one,—of the theme of the evening—"The Man and the Hour".

Time does not afford to discuss how this instinct of receptiveness and capacity for responsiveness is the measure of a man's success in life, be he minister, physician, surgeon, lawyer, educator or business man, in greater or less degree. Upon these depend the power of any and every man to get the most, whether

for himself or for humanity, out of the varied occasions which make our lives.

* * * * *

But there are two men who stand in a sense separate, distinct and apart from all their fellows by the very fact of their possessing and being moved and controlled by this spirit,—the Poet and the Prophet. That they are prophet and poet is because they are thus possessed and moved. Without this power they are but common clay, and belong to the common herd. Great poets are rare, and perhaps prophets are rarer still,—unless we can declare, as I verily believe we truthfully may, that the terms are the same, and that the man that is the one is also the other,—because of the fact that so few men have this spirit and this power.

* * * * *

Our most gifted prose-poet a few years since read before us upon the theme "Is Poetry Worth While". If before that time any of us were in doubt upon that question, none have been since.

Poeta nascitur, non fit. This is true inasmuch as he is born with his instinct and capacity; but let him not be set on too high a pedestal, lest the world sit cold and lonely below.

It is said that the poet gives inspiration to the race, primarily, no,—secondarily, yes. The truth is, that in all matters of human action and conduct, the poet primarily gets the inspiration from the great figures of the race. His soul, keen and hungry in its receptiveness, and expansive in its responsiveness, never comes

in contact with worth and nobility, whether in contemporary life or in the long procession of the departed, but its own chords vibrate with the inspiration which it thus receives, and its vibrations give the music to the world. He sings the deeds of men and the world hears his song.

In all matters of human conduct and experience, the imagination of the individual, poet though he be, never rises above the conduct of the race. That is to say, the imagination of the one individual in the race, never rises above the act of some other individual. The man born blind, never in the wildest fancy of his dreams gets out of the darkness, never sees the sun or any of the many colors; and the man born deaf never in his imagination hears the gentle harmonies of music or the crashing thunder.

The man and his steed came from Winchester town before Buchanan Reed wrote Sheridan's Ride. Lord Cardigan led his six hundred at Balaklava before Tennyson wrote the Charge of the Light Brigade. The two lanterns had been hung in "The belfry tower of the old North Church," and the "hurry of hoofs in the village streets" had been heard from Boston to Concord long ere Longfellow wrote of the ride of Paul Revere.

No one doubts whence came the inspiration out of which those lines which through the ages shall thrill the souls of men, were born.

But say you, these are but humble verse well suited to catch the ear of the rabble throng content with sound of words and the motion of action. What say

you then of the Commemoration Ode of Lowell—reckoned by many the greatest poem yet written by an American?

It was the year 1865, the first commencement of Harvard University after the close of the Great War of the Rebellion. To himself he set the primary task of commemorating Harvard's sons, who had dared and done in that awful struggle; after that to speak as he was able of the fallen President, and as well also of the

"Highest, humblest, weakest, all".

Not only does he acknowledge whence comes his inspiration; but he tugs and strains and spurs himself not merely to find his words, but to bring his poet's soul to that state of exaltation which will make his imagination equal to the deeds that were wrought, and having done all, he feels and confesses how far he has fallen short of accomplishment.

"Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave *deed* climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,

Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire."

It is true that he makes our souls vibrate with his, which is made to vibrate by his theme —

"Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless; but the soul resents
Such short lived service, as if blind events
Ruled without her, or earth could so endure;
She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents:
What'er she touches doth her nature share;
Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
And her clear trump sings succor everywhere
By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;
For soul inherits all that soul could dare."

* * * * *

With one accord we assign to Shakespeare the highest place among all poets who have written in the English language. Yet he is the humanest of men. He is the greatest of the poets because he responds to the touch of any and every character of folk with whom he comes in contact. Others have their particular field which fills their capacity, but every field is his. Taine says,—"In this is all his genius; his was one of those delicate souls which, like a perfect instrument of music, vibrate of themselves at the slightest touch. This fine sensibility was the first thing observed in him". * * * "All these characteristics are combined into a single one; he had a sympathetic genius."

In speaking of the poets—"By an extraordinary instinct, they put themselves at once in a position of existences; men, animals, flowers, plants, landscapes, whatever the objects are, living or not, they feel by intuition the forces and tendencies which produce the visible external; and their soul, infinitely complex, becomes by its ceaseless metamorphoses a sort of abstract of the Universe. This is why they seem to live

more than other men; they have no need to be taught, they devine."

The same author in his introduction to his History of English Literature, speaking more broadly, says: "The more visible a book renders sentiments, the more it is a work of literature, for the special office of literature is to take note of sentiments."

* * * * *

Mr. Emerson in his Representative Men, rightly takes Shakespeare for his Poet. He declares of the poets generally, "Great men are more distinguished by range and extent, than by originality. If we require the originality which consists in weaving, like a spider, their web from their own bowels; in finding clay, and making bricks, and building the house, no great men are original. Nor does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The hero is in the press of knights, and thick of events; and, seeing what men want, and sharing their desire, he adds the needful length of sight and of arm, to come at the desired point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man."

"A poet is no rattle brain, saying what comes uppermost, and, because he says everything, saying, at last, something good, but a heart in unison with his time and country". * * * "Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind". * * * "The poet needs a ground in popular tradition, on which he may work, and which again may restrain his art, within the due

temperance." And once again. "The finest poetry was first experience; but the thought has suffered a transformation since it was an experience."

You see here I am using many quotation marks, and could use many more. But I do not profess originality. I should be frightened indeed; I could not be sure of myself if I thought that many others had not seen these things before I see them, and said them before I say them. Were it otherwise I myself should feel twin brother to the bright young clerk in the State Department at Washington, who imagined that he had discovered the fact, that by reason of a misplaced comma in the Federal Constitution, no candidate who was eligible to the Presidency had been elected to that office since the days of Andrew Jackson; and that without an amendment to that august document, all future eligible candidates must be taken from the slim list of men who are now at least one hundred and thirteen years old.

I know that Algernon Charles Swinburne closes his very recent critical comment on King Lear with the sentence—"And this most putid and contemptible tradition (referring to that on which the play is founded) suggested to Shakespeare the most dramatic and most poetic of all scenes and all events that ever bade all men not devoid of understanding, understand how much higher is the genius of man than the action of chance; how far the truth of imagination exceeds and transcends at all points the accident of fact. That an event may have happened means nothing and matters nothing; that such a man as Aeschylus or Shakes-

peare imagined it, means this; that it endures and bears witness what man may be at the highest and best of his powers and noblest of his nature forever!"

These are sonorous and grandiloquent sentences, and ought perhaps to silence one who admits that he is no adept in literary criticism. And I must confess that after many readings, I do not at all understand what he means by the "action of chance," "the accident of fact" or that an 'event may have happened."

If these expressions mean that there is no God controlling things; that there is no motive or character behind the act, and that it comes by chance, by accident,—just happened, without any precedent cause,—and was not followed by a legitimate result; that it stands unrelated alike to all the past, and all the future; if this is what he means, I will reconsider his statement when I can get a conception of such an occurrence.

If it means anything else, I can not bring my mind to believe that the statement is true. Men are moved by the fact that they believe that in other days, other men in leathern boots, with their feet upon the rugged earth, with red blood flowing in or from their veins, with fibres in their muscles, dared, struck, died,—and not because some man,—poet or otherwise,—dreamed or imagined that they did.

But it is a fair question, whether the poet with his capacity for receptiveness, his instinct for responsiveness, and with his wealth of imagination laying hold of the act may not make something more of it, than it actually is, and thus rise in imagination above the ac-

tor. Doubtless there is much of conduct which is far from ignoble which could be dealt with thus, whether the writer be poet or not. But I submit the true poet never honestly could, and therefore never would, thus deal with it. By his very instinct he would see and discern the truth of the matter, and he would not be true to himself or to his art, if he dealt with it otherwise than truthfully.

But as to the great actions of men, and by this word great I do not mean of necessity that they are enacted before great concourses of men, or in the eye of the world, but really the great and worthy actions of men, which furnish the poet with a worthy theme, the real poet will always feel in his soul that the deed is more than his record of it. There is a reason why it must be so. The doer must have had a soul for his deed. If the deed was truly worthy, the occasion was worthy.

The deed overpast, the poet catches the spirit of it, his imagination kindles, his soul is aflame, and he sings a deathless song, which in turn shall fire the souls of men. The song is deathless, because the deed was immortal. But given an actor, with all the qualities of the poet, and see what advantage the actor has. He has everything which the poet has to inspire him, and over and beyond these influences, which come from meditation and contemplation, he has all the vehement instinct of the occasion, the call to act for humanity, country, home or God, to lift him above and out of himself to do that which, upon the mere call of his own powers, he would never be able to reach. And if it

so be that the actor has not the inspiration of the poet's imagination, and yet out of the sense of duty, or set purpose, or the sudden impulse of the hour, does the great and worthy thing, the act is still the greater and the more worthy of the poet's song.

* * * * *

There are heroes whose deeds are yet unsung. One such I speak for my closing, not only as suited to my theme, but calling any one who feels himself equal to the task, to set his name among those who have given their lives for men.

Peter Keenan is a homely name, few gentlemen of the club have ever heard it before, or if they have, they have now no memory of it and yet—and yet—

On that morning of May, 1863, at and around Chancellorsville, the two great armies were girding themselves for the battle; Howard with his corps was on the Union left—Stonewall Jackson was hastening to the support of his chief and was passing Howard's front to reach his right. The picket officers on Howard's lines reported that fact, but he seemed to be asleep; the hours went by; the pickets repeated their warning, Howard slept on to a rude awakening.

Jackson got his position, and thence hurled his command upon the Union lines all unprepared for the shock. It is useless to attempt to describe what followed. One who has never seen a battle can not understand it; to one who has, no description is needed. Howard's line was rolled back upon itself, as you would roll up a blanket. A great gap was made in the Federal lines, and through that gap came on ten

thousand of Jackson's veterans, seasoned in many a hard fought campaign. Howard's corps could not be rallied and was out of the fight. Hooker, suffering from the concussion of a shell, was not in a condition to further direct the battle, and no corps commander would under the circumstances assume the responsibility of the command of the army, each doing his utmost to take care of his own line.

General Pleasanton hearing the terrific firing on the line, seeing the demoralized and fleeing men in the rear, rode hastily to the point of calamity. He knew what it meant. If something could not be done and that instantly to stay the advance, the Union army was in danger of the very greatest disaster, if not destruction. With a quick eye he observed a little knoll, from which artillery might be effectively used. Assuming the responsibility, he sent right and left for guns. They came by batteries or in sections, with all possible haste. They took position as rapidly as human energy could bring them in place. Thirty guns he had thus secured upon the knoll. But Jackson's ten thousand veterans came furiously charging upon them, and must reach them before they could be shotted and deliver their first fire. Major Keenan was there with four troops of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Pleasanton ordered him to charge Jackson's advance. Four hundred cavalry against ten thousand infantry. Keenan knew what the order meant. He knew that it was no blunder or mistake. He knew that the salvation of the Union army required a sacrifice. That his four hundred men must be given to gain three

minutes time in which the guns could be manned, and loaded and open fire.

Young, gallant, quick of perception, he saw the end to which duty led, and it seemed sweet to him—with a smile he saluted General Pleasanton, raised his sabre to his troopers, and smiling rode to his death.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY—THE WITNESS—A LAWYER'S PAPER.

After the manner of some recent writers of fiction, I shall write this paper in the first person. Such a course saves words by permitting directness of speech, without that circumlocution often necessary to cast the discourse in the third person.

So far as the paper shall be personal, or talk shop, I owe the club an apology. My title, however, is but a means to an end.

Anecdote and reminiscence to be fully appreciated must often be written with the personages truly stated. I take it that this will be the more acceptable in this instance, as most of the illustrations have a local coloring, and several of the personages are or have been members of this club, and nothing bordering on the unkind is to be said of any of them, and all the illustrations are true.

In the case of Vawter v. Fletcher, Mr. John T. Dye, of this club appeared for the plaintiff and General Harrison for the defendant. Both gentlemen were in their early prime, acute and courageous, and his adversary made each the more active and the more upon his mettle. The case was to be tried to a jury. According to the practice in our courts, before any evidence was introduced, Mr. Dye opened the case for the plaintiff; that is, he stated the theory of fact and law

upon which the plaintiff claimed a right to succeed in the action, and then carefully stated the evidence by which he expected to maintain his side of the controversy. General Harrison then did the like for the defendant. It is quite needless to say that both openings were made in the best style of the lawyer's art, adroit persuasive, and forcible. General Harrison's statement was last, and was yet sounding in the jurors' ears. Mr. Dye was anxious to remove as soon as possible its effect upon the jury, and he very promptly put his client upon the stand to tell his story, and thus obtain a reaction against General Harrison's address. Hurrying to this end, after asking Mr. Vawter to state his name and that he was the plaintiff in the case, and a few other preliminary questions, he said: "Now, Mr. Vawter, proceed in your own way to state to the jury the facts involved in this case". Mr. Vawter faced the jury and made answer: "Well, gentlemen, it was just about as General Harrison said". Mr. Dye at once saw his case vanishing in thin air.

The Indianapolis Starch Company stood indicted by the grand jury of Marion County for maintaining a nuisance in the matter of operating its plant, by giving off offensive odors to the injury and discomfort of divers good citizens of the state and county. Mr. John M. Butler defended. He depended very largely in his defense upon the evidence of Mr. Zeno Coffin, who told him that for many years he had been at the Starch Works almost every day and that he had never detected any offensive odors. Mr. Zeno Coffin was a

Quaker of excellent reputation, and Mr. Butler was resting comfortably upon his expected testimony. The case came on for trial. Mr. Coffin was present from the beginning of the trial; whatever other infirmities he suffered, his hearing was good. He heard one after another of the witnesses for the state describe to the jury, smells, odors and stenches, vile, penetrating and persistent, such only as a starch factory can generate, which rendered life in that vicinity quite intolerable.

But Mr. Butler, with the knowledge of the presence of Mr. Coffin as a witness, whose reputation and character for truthfulness could not be questioned, was quite serene, and ready to go to the jury upon the proposition that the witnesses for the state were prejudiced and that they greatly exaggerated the true condition of affairs, for various sinister motives. The state after producing a score or more of witnesses, whose testimony agreed as above, rested its cause.

Mr. Butler at once called Mr. Zeno Coffin. The witness remembered the story he had told to Mr. Butler, and thus far did not disappoint him. In answer to appropriate questions he told how he had been at the works almost every day for years, and that during all that period he had never at any time smelled one unpleasant odor. Mr. Butler then said to the counsel for the state that he might cross-examine Mr. Coffin. But the witness said, before cross-examination began, he thought it was only just to himself that he make one statement to the jury, and that was that for twenty years he had suffered much from chronic catarrh, and perhaps his sense of smell was gone.

In the case of the heirs of William against James, their father's brother, General Harrison and Mr. Dye were again pitted against each other. The suit was to recover certain lands of which the heirs complained that their uncle had robbed them. The evidence for the plaintiff tended to establish that the uncle had purchased the lands in his own name, but upon an agreement that when William had paid him the purchase price, James should convey the same to William's wife; that almost the entire purchase money had been paid to James when William died of an illness of less than twenty-four hours, affording no opportunity for settlement between the brothers; that shortly after the death of William, James had turned his widow with her brood of small children out of the house, keeping the money which had been paid to him. The evidence was such as to cause great sympathy for the widow and her children.

Mr. Dye placed his client upon the stand, and in due course of his examination came to the point of William's death, and to the removal of the widow and children from the land. Mr. Dye then, without any particular purpose save to keep a connected story, asked him where his brother's widow and children went after they removed from the land,—carefully phrasing the question "after they removed", rather than the more offensive expression used by plaintiff's witnesses,—"after they had been turned out".

It was a question which need not have been asked, but Mr. Dye could see no danger in the asking of it. But when he heard the answer, he was sorry for its

asking. The answer was: "I don't know where they went, it was no business of mine". It is only fair to Mr. Dye to say that he won his case, despite the heartless reply of his client.

Several years ago I was assisting in the defense of the case of the State of Indiana v. Maggie Kuhn. The defendant had been indicted for the murder of her husband by strychnine poisoning. I was in charge of the medical or toxicological part of the defense. The death had occurred in Shelby County, but the case had gone to Decatur County on a change of venue, and was there tried. The coroner of Shelby County upon the occurrence of the death, had employed Dr. Kennedy of Shelbyville to make the post mortem examination, and to analyze the contents of the stomach, and other viscera, suspicion having already been aroused that the death was the result of strychnine poisoning. Dr. Kennedy was then a young physician just beginning his practice, and had never before conducted a post mortem examination or tested for strychnine poisoning. But he was a very bright, intelligent and conscientious young man, and has since fulfilled the promise then made of becoming the leading physician of his community.

He fully appreciated the responsibility devolving upon him and intended to omit no care to arrive at an honest and accurate result. The prosecuting attorney loaned to him "Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence", a standard medico-legal text book. He carefully studied the text and followed its instructions to the letter in preserving the contents of the stomach, and after

having so done, the manner there set forth of testing the same for strychnia. One of the tests was what was known as the color test. That author laid down the rule that if to sulphuric acid, there be added a small portion of bichromate of potash, or other like oxidizing substance, and a glass tube or rod be dipped into this solution and then gently drawn through any substance containing strychnia, the result would be a display of colors, in order, a "beautiful blue, purple, violet, quickly passing to a light flesh-red tint". But the author was very careful to state that a mere play of colors in and of itself was of no significance as disclosing strychnia; the decisive matter was that the play of colors should be in the precise order above named, and if the order was other than stated the play of color signified not strychnia but some other substance.

From his testimony in chief I was led to suspect that he had followed Taylor's text book throughout. He testified how he had secured and preserved the contents of the stomach,—how he had applied the color test, and that the result was the play of colors named in the order above stated, using the exact language of the author, beginning with a "beautiful blue," etc.

On cross-examination I asked him if he had not studied "Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence" as to his methods, and if he had not carefully followed his directions, to which he answered in the affirmative. I brought out very clearly the fact, that a simple play of colors was of no significance, but that the order of the play was the all important thing. I then had him

state again the order of the play, and to repeat it a number of times until it was fully established in the mind of the jury.

Having done this I asked him if he was acquainted with a certain work on toxicology; he answered that he knew that there was such a work, but had not had an opportunity to examine it; in answer to proper questions, he stated that the author was an eminent toxicologist, that his work was an unquestioned authority in the medical profession, and was of a later date than Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence. I handed him the work and asked him first to read for himself, and not aloud, that author's direction as to making the color test and the result. As he read he turned white and fairly gasped. I asked him to read aloud to the jury, which he did. This author proceeded, as did Mr. Taylor, as to the preparation of the testing material, as to the method of the application; he made the like statement that the mere play of colors did not signify the presence of strychnia, that the important thing was the order of the play, and then proceeded *to give a different order for the play.*

I then asked him if the order given by the authority last quoted was the true and correct order declaring the presence of strychnia, whether he had found strychnia, and he admitted he had not. I then presented to him in order five other medical text books dealing with the question of strychnia poisoning and the color test, all agreeing with each of the others in the preparation of the testing substance, the manner of its application, that the mere play of colors did not

establish the presence of strychnia, that the crucial test was the order of the play, and each giving a different order, some introducing new colors and omitting others.

The witness was an honest witness, went on the stand with only an honest purpose, but left in confusion and evident distress of mind. Counsel for the state was in great perplexity, and at once subpoenaed Dr. Hurty, a member of this club.

I was very anxious to have a conference with Dr. Hurty before he went upon the stand. I was as badly perplexed as to the explanation of the situation as counsel for the state, or Dr. Kennedy. I had always understood that chemistry was the most exact of all the sciences save mathematics, and equal to that in exactness. Yet here was the greatest confusion.

I secured my audience with Dr. Hurty before he was put upon the stand by the state. I stated my difficulty to him, and he at once gave me the explanation, which was a very simple one, viz., that scarcely any two men's eyes distinguished colors alike, and particularly was this true of colors closely approximating each other as purple and violet, and not only this, but the same man's eyes at different times distinguished colors differently. I then asked him how any man could ever be sure of his analysis. He answered me thus: That there was only one safe way, and he illustrated it by his own method of making the test.

Before making any attempt with the matter under investigation, he would take a substance which he knew was pure strychnia, and taking the testing sub-

stance upon the glass rod, draw it through the strychnia, not once or twice, nor even twenty times, but a hundred times or more, until for that time he had fixed in his eye the play of color which accompanied the application of the testing material to strychnia, entirely throwing out of his mind the play of color which others stated, or which in previous tests he had found for himself. And having thus fixed for the time being the play of colors established by the application of the testing substance to what he knew was strychnia, he would apply the test to the matter under investigation, to see whether the play of color was the same. And he declared that nothing short of such a test was sufficient to form the basis for an opinion.

The state put Dr. Hurty upon the stand and he gave the explanation as to the cause of the discrepancy of statement in the various text-books. But this opened the door to me to ask the Doctor a hypothetical question, setting forth precisely what Dr. Kennedy had testified as to his manner of making the test, and eliciting the answer that in his opinion the test made by Dr. Kennedy did not establish the presence of strychnia.

I again beg the pardon of the club for having introduced so much of my own personality into this paper; my excuse is that this incident so well illustrated the purpose for which this paper was written, that I could not forbear.

This is the end of my shop anecdotes. Any other lawyer of somewhat extended practice could give as many or more, and perhaps more entertaining ones.

They are given, as already stated, merely as means to an end. The lawyer after a few surprises of this kind, is ever apprehensive as to the testimony of the witnesses; full often he is quite as afraid of his own as those called upon the other side; he never knows quite what to expect from his own witnesses even in examination in chief, and much less on cross-examination. It matters not how often he has gone over his story with the witness before putting him upon the stand, it rarely happens that he gets through the examination in chief without the witness stating some fact or circumstance of which he has never heard before, and it may be very significant; and he is always in suspense during the cross-examination. And the wise and sagacious lawyer will ordinarily be very careful not to allow the adversary's witness to have opportunity to strengthen his original testimony on cross-examination.

There is very rarely indeed a trial of *fact* of any consequence at all in which the witnesses do not state as facts, things which are not facts at all, and yet I believe that there is comparatively but little willful and deliberate perjury. There are so many elements entering into human testimony, that in a very large majority of cases falsity of statement in point of fact may be reconciled with the actuality of the fact, without imputing any false or wicked motive to the witness. First of all, the lack of accuracy of observation is perhaps the most important factor. This lack of accuracy may, and perhaps in most instances does, arise from haste, or inattention, or other carelessness.

But in other cases it arises from actual lack of capacity to make the observation, as in the case of Mr. Zeno Coffin at the starch works; or the inability of the color-blind man to distinguish colors; the untaught ear, or the ear incapable of learning to distinguish harmony; the inability of the short sighted man to see that which is apparent to a man of greater strength or reach of vision. The witness may be absolutely ignorant of his infirmity. Indeed the fact of color-blindness is of but recent discovery. Many a person has been wholly blind in one eye or short in his range of vision for years, and wholly unconscious of the fact until he discovered his infirmity by pure accident.

Another thing to be taken into account is the point of view of the witness, and this is to be taken both literally and figuratively. In a fisti-cuff, or a dog fight, two witnesses a few feet apart, attentive and observant of what is going on, see different things; and if each tells precisely and truly what he sees, there is an apparent contradiction. But the figurative meaning of the viewpoint is of even more importance than the literal. A man, be he a theorist or no,— and if a theorist all the more is it true,—sees what he looks to see. This may be true as to a mere naked matter of fact. One witness, from some previous information, may be looking, watching to see whether the observed will do a certain thing; he is expecting it to be done and he is observant and attentive to see whether that particular thing is done, and will see it if done; when another who is not attentive to the particular matter will not observe it at all. So if the witness is listening

to hear whether a particular remark or declaration is made, he will hear that declaration if made, although other language heard by another altogether escapes his observation, and that other will not note the particular language for which the first is listening.

But there is yet another and larger sense in which the point of view affects the testimony of the witness. His interests, bias, or prejudice may at the moment lead him to put a certain construction or meaning upon what he sees or hears, and thus he gets a certain impression of the act, and with some men it is utterly impossible for them to distinguish between the impression of the fact formed by them, and the very fact of the act. There is a physical color-blindness which prevents the individual from distinguishing colors; this we have come to recognize and understand. It is equally true that there is in many men, and perhaps more than we think or would be willing to confess, a mental or moral color-blindness, that prevents their distinguishing between the fact and their impression of the fact, between the truth and what they wish or desire or think to be the truth.

In addition to the lack of accuracy of original observation, there are two other factors to be considered in weighing testimony; first, the fallibility of the human memory; this infirmity only needs to be mentioned to be recognized, and yet I think is frequently not given sufficient weight. Very often the witness is not conscious of his weakness, and the hearer is too prone to attribute the fact to lack of veracity rather than the true cause.

The other factor is the inaccuracy of expression in the attempt to communicate the fact. Awkwardness of expression is generally apparent and shows on its face that the whole truth has not been told, and saves the witness's reputation for veracity, but leaves the truth in part uncommunicated. A worse fault is an incompleteness of statement which does not apprise the hearer that the speaker has not said all he meant, and leaves ground for the impression that the concealment is intentional. There are few men who are not conscious of the lack of power of full and accurate expression to the full extent of their purpose and intention. Then there is the other side of this infirmity, a lack of power of apprehension on the part of the hearer to enable him to lay hold of the entire fact intended to be communicated. Judges and juries are often dull to stupidity, and other people as well.

It has been through a long and weary way of anecdote, reminiscence and disquisition, that I have come to my theme. But at length I have done with my title, and with the talk of the shop.

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players."

And everywhere the play is the same; men and women by force of the situation, everywhere are ordering their lives and conduct, in matters great and small, upon information as to facts furnished by other men and women. No one man knows all of life, nor all that moves upon that small part of the stage whereon he plays his little part. The witnesses come from all classes and conditions of men. They are the neigh-

bor in casual conversation, the friend in confidence, the gossip in his chattering, the penny-a-liner in the press, the banker, the physician, the lawyer, the minister, the grave editor, the theologian, and the scientist. Each in his province, states his facts to those who are more or less to be influenced by them. And so men and women, relying upon such information and *mis*information, upon their own understanding and *mis*understanding, go their way. As a result, there is much of falling into traps and snares, into pits and quagmires, and often to death and destruction. Altogether between the inaccuracies of the witnesses, and the lack of wit and comprehension of the hearers, the wonder is not that the blunders and wrecks are so many, but that they are not more. One thing I wish to particularly emphasize is, that the responsibility is about equally divided. The witness on the one hand, speaks without consideration or precision; on the other hand the hearer listens without attention. So the world goes stumbling on. It must be remembered, too, that much of the time the necessity of accuracy of statement and heed in hearing is not apparent. Life would be a burden intolerable, if its portent were constantly so grave that speaker and hearer alike must strain his faculties for absolute accuracy and precision. True, the Puritan held to such a view. But a life thus strenuous would lose much of its light and joy. For instance, there would be no room for the existence of this club, which certainly has its uses, and many of its delightful papers would be under ban. So we let the gossip have his chatter,

although his petty untruths and veiled slanders do occasionally produce such catastrophies as a broken heart or a wrecked life.

A man of the world is quite excusable if he pays but little attention to what the penny-a-liner may say in the evening paper, and is no longer a man of the world, but quite the simpleton, if he thinks there is much truth in what he says. The daily press is the great purveyor of facts, and distributor of misinformation; but the very nature of its publication requires hasty action, without adequate opportunity for verification of first reports of matters which are of interest to the reading world. So if men read intelligently, they at once realize that there is no great presumption that the facts stated are facts at all. With the yellow newspaper it is well understood that the presumption is to the contrary, that what is said is but a lie.

In reading a political newspaper or a church denominational organ when discussing a political or denominational question, the reader, whether he be of the particular party or church, is quite unsophisticated if he does not take what he reads *cum grano salis*. The political orator, and the lawyer in arguing his side of the case, are expected to be close to the line which separates the true from the false. The old soldier at reunions, or when otherwise telling of his fortunes by flood or field, is charitably given the poets' widest license. The fisherman in telling the number and the weight of his catch is always expected to do outright lying.

So that in all these cases, if the work is only artistically done, barring the case of the yellow newspaper, we quite enjoy the performance and forgive the witness, albeit we do not place any reliance in his story.

But unfortunately we find the same troubles in matters of greater moment and even in matters of scientific investigation. No one except within very narrow limits can be an original investigator to find his own facts. Outside of that narrow compass which he has fixed for his own investigation, he must take his facts and data at second hand, and build with them as best he may. In so doing he may always fall into trouble. How can he be sure of his facts, which another has reported for him? What does he know of the accuracy of his original observation, or of the reporting? How can he be sure that he has perfectly comprehended the communication made to him? Here the story of Dr. Kennedy and his search for strychnine poisoning is apposite. Dr. Taylor had said to him, "If you apply your sulphuric acid with its slight addition of oxidizing substance to your suspected matter, and have a play of colors, first a beautiful blue, then purple, then violet, and then a light flesh red tint, you may rest assured that strychnia is present." Dr. Kennedy took this as the statement of an absolute fact, and building upon that fact, he was ready to give evidence which might send a woman to the gallows. Had he said, "Upon such application you will have a play of colors which to my eye appear as blue, purple, violet and light flesh pink tint," Dr. Kennedy would

have been more cautious. It seems to me very remarkable that no one of the authors referred to, each giving the play of colors as it appears to his eye, and each differing from the others, should have given the warning of the personal element in the equation, which must always be taken into account. It may be, that the first author in giving his rule, was wholly ignorant of his lack of power of distinguishing color, and so was quite excusable for not sounding a note of warning, but as each successive writer laid down his own law for the play of colors,—unless he was grossly negligent in his study of so delicate and important a matter,—he knew that he was laying down a different order from each of his predecessors, and that unless there was some explanation of the variances, he was simply demonstrating that there was no such thing as accuracy in the test, and that it was wholly worthless. It is greatly to the credit of the scientific character of Dr. Hurty's mind, that he was not contented to rest until he found the true solution of the difficulty, and the method of procedure which did result in absolute accuracy. Indeed I do not know that it was original with Dr. Hurty, but I do know that it was not hinted at or suggested in any text book then extant upon the subject, on which I could then lay hands, or in any subsequent edition or new text books on the subject which I have been able to this date to examine.

Some twenty-five or more years ago three roguish students of Wabash College, with the aid of a prankish newspaper reporter, concocted a hoax upon the In-

dianapolis Journal, and through the Journal upon its readers. It was in the form of an account of the fall of an aerolite a few miles out of the little city of Attica in Fountain County; in its descent it passed through the roof of the dwelling of a bachelor, Leonidas Glover by name, and through the bed of that worthy gentleman, who unfortunately was sleeping therein, resulting in his death, and thence through the floor and imbedding itself in the earth beneath. The story was told with circumstance and in detail, having a very similitude of truth. It at once attracted attention. Dr. Cox, then State Geologist, promptly became interested in the matter, and sent Major J. J. Palmer, then living at the corner of Pennsylvania and St. Clair streets, but now of blessed memory, to excavate and secure the meteoric stone. This added only an additional chapter. The quartette at the Athens of Indiana at once captured Major Palmer, confided in him, and he entered into the spirit of the enterprise. He brought back with him a "nigger head" taken from the bed of Sugar Creek, which he scarified with a stone mason's hammer. Taking it to that practical joker Joseph Perry,—now also of blessed memory,—then conducting a drug store on Washington street, Mr. Perry was kind enough to render assistance, and by proper use of red ink or paint, he showed the blood of the unfortunate Mr. Glover upon it, and by proper coloring matter, showed dark blue and blackish veins, irregular in their disposition over the face of the stone, and then placed it on exhibition in his window.

Very promptly all these things appeared at length in a subsequent edition of the innocent and unsuspecting Journal, together with a description of the chemical and mineral components of the wonderful stone. In the succeeding edition of the Saturday Herald, the lamented George Harding, not so innocently however, gave a sketch of the deceased bachelor.

The thing was too good to keep. But in the mean time, the students and their co-adjutors had their fun. Mr. Perry for a few days had a throng of visitors, with a swell in the cash at the soda fountain and cigar case, and for a long time thereafter Dr. Cox was receiving letters of inquiry from scientific gentlemen interested in the study of meteorology. No one could quite begrudge the tricksters their fun, or seriously blame the Journal for being deceived and taking its innocent part in the deception.

Some months thereafter, Mr. Cleland of this club, then of the firm of Cathcart & Cleland, booksellers, called me into the back of the store, and showed me a new edition of Winchell's High School Geology, and turning to the chapter on meteorology, showed me a footnote, wherein it was stated that a very remarkable meteor had recently fallen in Fountain County in the State of Indiana, which from its chemical and mineral components would compel a different conclusion as to the origin of meteors from that theretofore entertained, and referred the student of Geology to the Indianapolis Journal of a given date for a full account of the remarkable phenomena. Comment upon

such gross negligence in a work professing to be scientific is unnecessary.

There is another source of danger to the workman who has to take his facts second hand, close akin, if it is not merely a different manifestation of the same fault. The observer in this outerfield, which is his own, and to whom the other turns for information may have accepted or adopted some theory as a basis for his particular branch or department of sciences, and observing a fact which, as he takes it, is of no significance in his particular work, he takes no note and makes no report of it, simply ignoring it. This not only misleads his collaborator in another department of work, but very often delays the development of science in his own field.

No theory is good anywhere, that does not account for every fact. Lawyers are quite prone when they find a stubborn fact in their way, which is irreconcilable with their theory of the case, to blink at it, and go on. And even judges in written opinions, deciding causes, have done the like, and hence we have much of what has been expressively, though inaccurately, called "bad law." But in science there can be no such thing as bad law. The law is ever true. We have wrong theories; theories that do not include and accommodate all the facts; science has grown and developed by the discovery that accepted theories have been erroneous, and finding new theories which will include all the known facts.

Real facts are stubborn things, and must be reckoned with; things accepted as facts, but really not

such, must be eliminated and thrown out of the account. Thus is the growth and development of science. Of course we use the word in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, including all sciences. Such growth and development can come only by the most patient investigation, and the most fearless and incorruptible honesty, which hesitates not to declare the facts and all the facts, which may follow.

The scholar in any particular line is the scholar only as he knows what is not known to the man who has not had the opportunity of original investigation in that field. And the scholar who makes a false report, or who fails to make a true report to his less fortunate brother, is guilty of a moral crime.

A less serious obstacle, and yet an important factor and to be reckoned with, is the lack of power of adequate expression. Of course in the exact sciences, where there is a technical form of expression to express an exact truth, this difficulty disappears, when both speaker and hearer are experts in the science. Thus in mathematics, in any statement of a proposition that the product of the means is equal to the product of the extremes, or the square inscribed on the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle is always equal to the sum of the squares described on the other two sides, or the binomial formula, exactly expresses the truth; in chemistry H_2O always means water. And so of the rest. And the correct use of technical language always tends to precision.

But such method of communication presupposes knowledge on the part of the speaker and hearer alike,

and is used to declare a principle or law, rather than a fact. But beyond this, such discourse can never be used to promulgate truths to the popular mind. Outside of such technical expressions, I have often wondered whether any speaker ever communicated his exact thought to his audience, or any one of them, however familiar or simple that thought was. For a long time it has been a diversion of mine to ask a number of persons, who have heard a discourse, a sermon, or lecture, or the like, popular in character, what they understood the speaker to mean by a certain sentence, and it is quite astonishing to discover how different impressions have been conveyed to intelligent and attentive listeners.

I suppose that there are but few persons accustomed to speaking who when desiring to be wholly understood, do not find great difficulty in selecting language adequate to an exact expression of the thought which they wish to convey. Out of this difficulty of accurate expression comes all commentaries on the writings of others, commentaries arriving at such contradictory conclusions, not only in fields of controversial doctrine, as in the comments upon the Bible, and in certain disputed matters of law, but in the works of Shakespeare, Browning and others.

And here again I can not forbear harking back again to the proposition that the fault is not alone with the speaker. He is not required to furnish quickness of wit and comprehension to his audience. He is not to blame, that a happy allusion to his favorite author, exquisitely adapted to pointing and clarifying his mean-

ing, falls flat because his auditor has been short in his reading and knows nothing of his author. There are two personal equations always to be considered, that of the speaker and the hearer, and if these equations are not equal, the resulting equation will not be equal.

Thus you see I have come properly to my conclusion, which I thus state, that if this paper seems somewhat "stale, flat and unprofitable" I shall claim the right to console myself, that it may not altogether be the fault of the writer.

THE JEW BY A CHRISTIAN.

In the early dawn of history, and while the fringes of the pre-historic night yet tremble upon the Eastern rim of the horizon, there is a period in which we can not clearly discern the real from the phantasmagorical. In the mists and fogs of the coming morning, everything is dim and confused. We can not quite be certain of anything. We are not sure whether we see a fantastic cloud in the lower margin of the sky, or the home of the Gods upon a mountain peak. We seem to see colossal figures, stalking with gigantic steps from mountain top to mountain top. We can not tell whether we are beholding monster men or the lower Gods. There were giants upon the earth in those days; and the sons of Gods made love to the daughters of men.

In this morning time of history, while we can not yet be certain as to how much is myth or fable, or how much reality, we have the beautiful story of Abram of Ur, in the land of the Chaldees.

God calls to him: " 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing; and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth

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Written by request of the Montefiore Society, and read in the Market Street Temple in 1896 or 1897, and published in the Ameri-Israelite in Cincinnati.

thee; and in thee shall all 'the families of the earth be blessed.' So Abram departed as the Lord had spoken to him."

And then there develops a character so wholly beautiful, so unselfish, so generous, so patient, so gentle and yet so strong, so brave, so altogether lovely and noble, that through the generations and the centuries, it has stood as a model and incentive to manly men for manly action.

So perfect, indeed, is this character, that it has long been a debatable question, whether Abram, afterward Abraham, the father of nations, was a veritable character; whether the name is not itself a mere eponym, standing for a race, a clan or an idea. And such a character reported as of such an age, and in such a setting, may well lead us to stop and consider, whether the picture we have was not the work of an artist of a much later period.

Nor does it matter. Consider his life a poem, if you choose, and what is the result? The mere fact of the poem suggests the life and the character, or the conception of such a life and character, behind the poem.

And what the difference, whether it be an actual, veritable life, or only the conception of such a life and character? Be it the one or the other, the result is the same—a great idea has come into the world, has come to stay, and to bless men as long as time shall endure.

Consider it as you may, whether there was truly a man Abram and God really by spoken word called him from a land of idolatry, from his surroundings, to go into a land of strangers, and there set up the worship

of an almighty, all wise, all seeing God; or whether we see a man of such a true and pure nature, that the life about him was an offense, and he, gathering a little band about him, left home and kindred and went into the wilderness, for the very sake of its solitude and separation, his heart responding to those high and ennobling impulses which come from nature to the soul that can put itself into communion with nature. Or consider yet again, that in Abraham we see not a single man, but a clan or race of men, not all of them of such lofty character but dominated and controlled by such men and such thoughts. In whatever way you consider the name of Abraham, it means that to some man or to some set of men, in some way, by direct communication, if you choose, by meditation, by enlarged comprehension, there has come the conception that there is a God over the earth and over men; a God to whom the good man may come without fear, and with whom he may commune as with a friend; but a God, who will send fire and destruction upon the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah; a God whose promise can be trusted, though its fulfillment may seem impossible; and whose command must be obeyed, although it seems to lead to the sacrifice of the only son of the old age—one Supreme God whose Law is over all, and compels all.

Abraham, be he myth, be he man or be he nation—it is all the same—means that through him the Jehovah idea has come into the world. And with this idea the Jew was born. Through the centuries the Jew stood for this idea, was its incarnation; for it he suffered,

endured and died. When any man can measure and tell of what value the Jehovah conception has been to the world, then we may tell the debt we owe to the Jew. So most truly and most reverently, should we turn to the Jew and say: "In thee have all the nations of the earth been blessed."

Of course, I do not mean by this, that every Jew has been worthy of his ancestry; that would be quite too much of an apotheosis; far from it; the Jew has always, like other men, been of the earth, earthy. Abraham's promised son, of his household, was a weakling compared with his father; and his grandson, Jacob, showed none of the generous unselfishness of Abraham in giving to Lot "all the plain of Jordan well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord," when he robbed his famishing brother of his birthright, and despoiled his father-in-law of his cattle by subtle tricks at the watering troughs.

Nor did the nation, any more than the individual, always honor their ancestry or their God. But the Jehovah idea remained with them. Abraham in his uprightness would have faced God as a man to man and talked to him without trepidation. Jacob in his wrong doing, conscious of his deserts, fled from his wrath. Nor do I mean to say that his conception of Jehovah was not crude, and undeveloped; on the contrary I think it was; just as I think today our conception of the Infinite One is so.

After a lapse of four centuries, we come upon a character which we may feel assured is historic; that

Moses was a veritable man upon the earth. But when we come to read the record we have of him, there is much to lead us to stop and ponder. Critics are much divided on this subject. On the one hand there are those that believe the whole of the Pentateuch was practically his work, and that the entire Mosaic and Levitical law was cast in form by him, and that all these writings were the subject of Moses' command: "Take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, that it may be there for a witness against thee; for I know thy rebellion and stiff neck." Upon the other hand, there are those who believe that the record we have of these matters is the work of a much later day, written long after these laws had been applied and the system perfected. These profess to see in the Book of Deuteronomy a spiritual conception of Jehovah that did not come to the nation until many generations after the death of Moses; indeed until their original ideas and hopes of the connection between Jehovah and the nation as his peculiar people were dashed and destroyed in the captivities.

And here again for the purpose of this paper, we say it makes no difference which view prevails. Of course, if we are to take the view that Moses did develop these great systems of law as the result of his education at Pharaoh's court and his forty years of solitude and meditation in the wilderness, which were brought to their final delivery amid the awful manifestations of Mount Sinai, then we have here a char-

acter, the like of which has never appeared among men.

In the Mosaic law—by this I mean for the moment, the code of laws which he framed for the government of the people in their relation as citizens—we have the germ of almost, if not quite, the entire body of the law as it exists today outside of the admiralty jurisdiction, and its absence is fully accounted for by the fact that the Jews were not a maritime people. And if we are further to understand that he framed the Levitical law prescribing rules of conduct in matters religious; the approach of man to God, with offering and sacrifice and petition; and we look into them long enough to see through the form and the ceremony to the matters that lie beneath them, yet more are we astonished.

Or if we shall take another view, and one perhaps clearly indicated by the text, that these things were not the work of Moses himself, but of Jehovah, through him communicating His commands to men, while we make less of the man Moses, the gift which he brings to man is none the less of incalculable value. Or if we are to accept still another view, that these matters were not left thus complete by Moses at his death; but, upon the other hand, that the beginning only was made by him; that he, inspired or uninspired, or Jehovah communicating through him, gave but the germs, the embryonic principles, which grew and were developed in the succeeding generations; then, by the hoypothesis, we have a nation in which such system of law could be evolved and developed. By

whatever course we have come, at the end we reach the same result. A civil law for the guidance of men in their relations with each other, which though developed in a crude and almost barbaric age, contains within it those great fundamental principles which underlie and control the jurisprudence of the civilized world.

Truly, "in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

The call came to Abram as an individual and his relations to Jehovah were almost personal. But the very first words of the promise were, "I will make of thee a great nation"; it was said to him "if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed be numbered"; and if he walked in the night, the promise was that his posterity should be in number as the stars in the sky above.

And so it was that the Jews speedily came to look upon the promises as to the nation. They deemed themselves called to be his particular people, to keep themselves separate and apart from the nations. They held Jehovah's word pledged to them as a dominant and ruling people, to whom the other nations must bow. Jehovah was their God, they were his people. Through good or ill, He was their defender, their protector, their upholder.

With such a call to separation, with such a conception of Jehovah's attitude toward them, it could not be otherwise than that they should become a proud and haughty race.

They were a virile people; of the earth, earthy, yet

like Anteus, their very touch upon the earth increased their strength. In the kingdom under David and Solomon, they felt their dreams realized, and that they had entered upon their heritage. But, alas! in the day of their exaltation, in their pride and haughtiness, they forgot their fealty, and the conditions upon which Jehovah stood as their champion—yea, the conditions upon which God stands as champion for any people in all the ages of the world. They forgot that "the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Then there arose among them men whom we call prophets or seers. Strange, weird characters as they loom up before us. They come to rebuke kings and queens, and to disturb and trouble the people. Some are almost churls, and some deliver their message in the most lofty and dignified language. In all there is a certain impassioned vehemence, which betokens the intense earnestness of these spirits, wrapped up in their mission. To us of the West with less lively imaginations, and less accustomed to the use of allegory, parable and metaphor, much of their messages seems dark, confused and uncertain. To so great an extent is this true, that many commentators say of these men, that while under the influence of the prophetic spirit, they were not themselves conscious of the import of their own language, but simply spoke as they were moved to speak by the influence for the time dominating them. If this be so, their language was quite as much a jargon to themselves as to others.

Quite certain it is, that there is a vagueness, a largeness, and uncertainty in their prophecies, that render them quite equivalent to the oracles of the other nations; quite as much filled with a double meaning or no meaning at all, so that however divergent the denouement may be, it may be claimed that the prophecy has been fulfilled.

It seems to me that quite other than this conception or description, is the truth. I think they were truly seers. But what did they see? They saw the truth. They looked beneath the mere surface of things. They were men who were not cowards, or the slaves of the conventionalities and proprieties of time or place. Particularly they saw two things. One was wickedness and violation of duty and disregard of law about them. It might be in a king's palace when a king has set a true and loyal servant in the forefront of the battle and ordered those on either hand to retire, to ensure his death, that he may take his widow to wife; or they have seen that "her priests have violated mine holy things; they have put no difference between the holy and profane"; that "her priests" are like wolves ravening, they prey to shed blood, to destroy souls, to get dishonest gain". Or it might be among the people: "The people of the land have used oppression and exercised robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully." "That they coveted fields and took them by violence; and houses and take them away; that they oppressed a man and his house even a man and his heritage". That the rich and powerful stand

ready "to swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying 'when will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn? And the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat making the ephah small, and the shekal great, and falsifying the balances by deceit? That we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes'."

This was one thing that they saw. And the other thing that they saw, with equal clearness of vision, stood over against this with an awful significance. Jehovah was righteous. That the righteous Lord loveth righteousness. And having infinite faith in the eternal justice of God; and that such course of conduct irresistibly and inevitably must end in destruction, ruin and desolation, they raised their cry. They saw what the end would be, aye what the end must be if God were holy and just. They clearly enough discerned these things meant fierceness, strife, convulsion, horror piled upon horror; but precisely the details of all the hideous picture they could not see, needed not to see to give the warning cry which was their mission.

And so their wild and weird imprecations and threatenings produce upon our minds the effect of some great panoramic picture, in which through rifts in low hanging clouds of heavy smoke we here and there see the lapping tongue of lurid flame, by which we certainly know of conflagration, catastrophe and death, without being able clearly to discern the victims, leaving the imagination to furnish the details of horror.

Such I conceive to be the prophet. He sees, he foretells what the end of these things shall be, and must be, not because he sees the fact itself, but because he sees that cause will produce its effect. Because he believed, supremely believed in the righteousness of Jehovah, he could foretell the end of the unrighteousness of the nation.

And truly we have prophets today. When any great soul arises above conventionalities, above makeshifts, above policies, above compromises and expedients, and becomes possessed with some great truth, and so possessed with it that he will not let it go, that he will not be turned aside in his devotion to it; when he sees its sweep and its force, when he sees that it is eternal, and that let come what will, it will hold its course eternally—he is a prophet. Abraham Lincoln was thus a prophet, when he said this nation can not exist half slave and half free. He saw the eternal forces at work; he could not tell by what process in detail, that great truth should work its evolution. Only of this was he sure, that in the eternal nature of things, this broad country of ours was not wide enough to permit the spirit of liberty to dwell in the presence of human bondage.

And no prophet of any age has more divinely risen to a clear and penetrating gaze of his beatific vision, or more divinely communicated that vision to men, than does our own Whittier, as the prophet of immortality. There is no argument that leads to immortality that does not at some point break down; no analogy that does not fail. But the prophet is one that sees,—

that sees things as they are,—and so our Quaker poet when he had laid the loved sister of his childhood to rest in "that low green tent whose curtain never outward swings," when the sense of separation and desolation and loneliness was upon him, and all the fond memories of the years agone surged upon his soul, saw the great truth. Hear his cry—

> "Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
> Since He who knows our needs is just,
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

If here we find not our hope for immortality, then there is none for man.

And so the old prophets came to the Jews with their cry—"I will overturn, overturn, overturn;" with their imprecation, with their appeal to them to return—"Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live; and so the Lord, the God of Hosts shall be with you. * * * Hate the evil and love the good and establish judgment in the gate; it may be that the Lord God of Hosts will be gracious unto the remnant of Joseph."

The call of the prophet was ever to righteousness, that righteousness might produce its own just and natural result and restore to the people the favor of Jehovah. And in all the prophecies there was the refrain that there should be always a remnant of the people who after sin would return to righteousness and to the favor of God.

The kingdom has been divided, and despite the warnings, and the calls to righteousness, Israel and Judah in succession go into captivity, and the glory and power of the Jews as a nation are forever gone.

It is true that through the succeeding generations and especially under the illustrious Maccabees, we see great and worthy deeds; exhibitions of magnificent courage; great military skill in the leaders, and a spirit of endurance and readiness to die for love of country. But these were the fitful springing up of the flames in an expiring conflagration.

Indeed, the wiser of the nation saw that their temporal power was gone, and that the glory of the people, and their hope of salvation lay not in prince or potentate, that the people were to be redeemed and strengthened and yet fulfill their great destiny by righteous life and conduct which must endear them to the Righteous Lord that loveth righteousness. Thus arose the two great divisions of the people, political parties, rather than religious sects.

The one party turning almost if not altogether aside from attempts to gain ascendency by the control of temporal power, through the rulers, and constantly preaching righteousness in the individual lives of men; always trusting that there was a remnant in Israel, who by such integrity of life and conduct, should save the nation. They had not lost their faith in God, not in the least, but had come to have different thought and conception of His relation to His people. If the people were righteous, God would be with them and bless them, and in His own way bring to them salvation. This was the spiritual class—I purposely use the word spiritual—I think it is the right word. No one can read many of the Psalms, and much of the other Hebrew Bible, without feeling their great

spirituality. I believe, however, it is true, that the thought of immortality, and the hope of a happy hereafter, a future world of bliss, played and for that matter today plays a much less important part with the Jew, than it does with most Christians. And for myself, I am not at all certain, that the Jew is any the worse for it.

I confess for myself, that the conception of a religion that operates somewhat upon the principle of insurance against fire, is not the most pleasing or exalted. To my mind, the man who does right for righteousness' sake;—who, although he may not be so positive and certain, and clear in his apprehension of the future, yet sees that in the present life there are burdens to be borne, wrongs to be redressed, pitiful conditions to be relieved, sorrows to be softened, and with sympathy in his heart goes to such work because of the service he can render;—to my mind such a man is much nobler, and much more worthy of the love of God and of men, than the man who does the same things because thereby he hopes to secure a reward in the great hereafter. To be sure, a belief in immortality gives us a hope and a courage, and life a fullness and sweetness, that without it we could not have. Such in large part is my conception of the spiritual Jew, believing in righteousness for its own sake, and because it was commanded by his God, and leaving to God the consummation of His own plans.

The other party were more like the politicians of our own day, sincerely desirous of having a hand in the matter themselves; who clung to the idea that the

glory of the Jew was to be in his temporal power. They ever stood ready to use their utmost exertions and to do and to dare, to suffer and to die to accomplish this end. They were behind and gave force and power to the great Hasmonean family, who wrote many pages of Jewish history of which their nation may well be proud, and some which they might wish were unwritten.

To these two great parties, the Messianic prophecies had a very different hope and promise. To both the Messiah was to be a salvation for their nation. To the one, a salvation through the glory of the righteousness of the people. To the other, a salvation of glory through princely power, and national triumph.

And now we have come to the period from which springs the influences which after a time separated the Jew from the Christian. Here I almost feel that I have made a mistake in choosing my subject for this paper, notwithstanding it is one upon which I have long thought, and which is very dear to me; I am quite sure, however, that those of you who are my friends, and who know that I am your friend, will understand that I have not chosen such a subject for the purpose of giving offense. I beg your indulgence and patience for a little while, and through my first few sentences, until you get the fullness of the meaning of my proposition.

It seems to me, that we have come to the time when the Jew just missed the supreme opportunity of his national existence; just came short of fulfilling the high destiny to which his God had called him; passed

by doing the thing, which more than all else would have been the consummate flower of his blessing to all the nations. His God had called him to be a peculiar people; He had revealed Himself to the Jew as He had not to the other nations. In thinking of these things, our Paul and your Paul asked the question: "What advantage then hath the Jew?" "Or what profit is there of circumcision?" And he quickly answers: "Much every way; chiefly because unto them were committed the oracles of God."

In His first revelation of His character He had called His people to separate themselves from all the nations of the earth; to come out from their idolatry and uncleanliness; through the centuries, He had held them thus apart and separate, until there had grown up and matured this conception of God, as the Lord of Righteousness. And now God proposed a new and further revelation of Himself. And now the old order of things is to be reversed; the revelation of himself is not to be to one people, but to the whole earth. He has prepared His people to make this revelation to man. His former revelation was as the Lord of Righteousness. The revelation now to be made, the light that was to shine in the world, was the great truth, that God eternally stands in loving attitude to man, that God is their Father, men are His children. It seems to me that this was the great message of God to men, through Christ, "that God loves men." All else is but accident or incident. If we can but once get this great truth firmly fixed in our mind, in its

fullness and completeness, we can let go all of dogma or creed, and be none the worse off.

And it was through the Jew and by the Jew that this revelation was to be made. No other could make it; by all the traditions of their nation, by all their oracles, by all their Scriptures and hymns and psalms, they were called to this great work, and here I think they failed. Not, however, altogether, for through their Bible, their prophets, their traditions, their oracles, their hymns and psalms, they have contributed to this revelation.

But they fell short in realizing the full value of their own treasures and in offering them to the world; in realizing that their crown of glory was to present to the world the Jew who was to proclaim "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"; who was to preach to the world the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men, as they had never been preached before; who should manifest the love of the Father to His children as it had never been manifested before.

I do not mean to say that the Jew had not measurably laid hold of and developed these ideas; that the Jew had not been tenderly considerate of his brother before the coming of Christ; that Christ's sermon on the mount, or the Lord's Prayer, cannot largely be produced from the writings of your masters and holy men. But what I do mean, is that the Jew did not give and was not giving these great truths to the world for its own. So far as they had these truths, and they had them largely, they held them as in a chosen vessel, for themselves. I think this mani-

fest by the fact that these great truths got to men, not from their masters, nor from their literature, but from the teachings of Christ. You rejoice in those teachings today, quite as much as we, but in the beginning you held them for yourselves, instead of giving them as a boon to men.

No message could have come to men that would have been received with so much joy. The heart of man craves nothing so much as love, and the world hails with joy the idea of God as a lover of men. Could the Jew but have realized how this great truth would gladden the hearts of men and win their allegiance, and proclaimed this great Teacher, he would have established a kingdom upon the earth, fulfilling all the prophecies of his sacred writings. This is what I mean by the Jew having lost his supreme opportunity. That many, very many, Jews have laid hold upon these great truths, and have ruled their lives by them, have been blessings while they lived, and dying left fragrant memories, I do not deny; on the contrary, I affirm that it is true, and greatly rejoice in the affirmation. That many bearing the name of Christian have fallen far short of so doing, I admit; and what is worse, that by creed and by dogma attempts have been made to engraft upon Christianity matters not only not essential but absolutely in hostility to the teachings and spirit of Christ, with sorrow I confess. The hope of the world is that there may be more such Jews and fewer such Christians.

And now, leaping over nineteen centuries at a single vault, we have the Jew with us today. And to the

casual observer this is the strangest thing of all. More than twenty-five centuries ago, this nation was rent and divided by internal discord and faction. Each of the kingdoms into which the nation was thus divided in turn was carried into captivity, and their lands desolated. For a time a remnant of the people were restored to their country, only to be governed by foreign nations. Vigorous attempts to regain their independence, carried forward with courage, bloodshed, suffering and death, failed. Finally their beloved City of Zion was razed and destroyed, amid scenes of the most horrible cruelty, and the people were made outcasts upon the face of the earth. For centuries they have been oppressed, persecuted and pillaged. They have had no country that they could call their fatherland; no city of refuge to which they could flee; and to all outward appearance, no hope for which they might live.

Hated and execrated by every people among whom they have existed rather than lived; despised alike by Christian, Mahometan and Barbarian; forbidden all honorable and decent means of livelihood, and when despite their untoward surroundings, they have accumulated wealth, they have been robbed and despoiled. Scattered over the face of the earth, among peoples who have thus held them in derision, and under governments which have tolerated them only to plunder them, the Jew is yet everywhere found. He still carries with him the facial type, and the characteristics of his ancestry. Nations have been born, raised to the zenith of their power, and have grown

old and died. Dynasty has succeeded to dynasty. Revolutions have turned and overturned. The whole face of the earth has changed. And yet the Jew is with us.

They have been a patient and suffering people, but such experiences have left their mark and scar upon them. It is impossible that it should have been otherwise. They have felt their humiliation and shame and have gone with their faces to the earth and have grovelled in the dust. But wherever and whenever, through the generations, for the time being, any nation has shown them tolerance, and given them the rights of men, they have quickly raised their heads again, and well repaid those who have been thus kind to them.

So it is that there is scarce a season in all these centuries in which we do not find some Jew standing high among his fellow men with a name to be reverenced as a benefactor to the human race. And, notwithstanding all the obloquy which has been heaped upon them, in their racial (we scarce can say national) life, in very many regards they have preserved and presented to the world the very best models of life which it has.

The Jewish matron in her loyalty to her husband, her glory in maternity, and devotion to her family, is certainly the ideal wife and mother. The nurture and careful education of the children, according to their opportunities, in my judgment is not equalled by any other people, and is the reasonable basis for the acuteness of mind and intelligence which comes in

after years. Their patient and cheerful submission to practices of economy is the sure foundation for the accumulations which become a support in declining years. The reverence for parent and the filial affection of the children well respond to the parental care and attention.

How are we to account for this anomaly, this strange phenomenon of the Jew being with us today, unamalgamated, with the face, the faith, and the character of his fathers of so many generations agone?

Many things have contributed. First, they separated themselves from others, and afterwards others in turn insisted upon the separation, and thus the line of demarcation became the more pronounced. In the beginning the Jew was an unpleasant neighbor, and I am not sure but he would be again if the old conditions were restored, and I am much inclined to think he would like to restore them.

In those days the Jews were an aggressive and virile race, and those qualities are not altogether wanting in the Jew of today. Give him a full chance at the play, and I think it would delight him to match himself against any man in any game. But aggressiveness provokes aggressiveness, and in these last two thousand years as things have gone, the aggressiveness of the world combined against him has made the Jew seem to fare badly. Yet in a large measure it has been the salvation of the Jew. Pressed upon all sides from without, it has given the Jew a greater solidarity and solidity than he otherwise would have had. Knowing that he and his could expect nothing from others,

he has been compelled to exercise himself and his wits to take care of himself and his own. This has made him acute, ingenious, patiently self-reliant. If he has taken on something of Ishmael rather than Isaac, we must not be surprised. But in and of himself, Ishmael was rather more of a man than his more fortunately born brother. Thus we can see how in large part the Jew has been preserved; he has not amalgamated because he could not. Holding to that which made him a Jew, others would have none of him. And whenever and wherever he has yielded this he has speedily disappeared. He has remained separate and apart because he has chosen to remain a Jew. He has chosen and adhered to his choice to be the very thing which has been the cause of the hatred exhibited toward him.

And when we ask why he has thus chosen to make himself a mark for persecution, it seems to me, we have come to the very kernel of the whole matter. And to me the answer is apparent. It is because he yet puts himself in the place of his fathers; yet believes that God is his God; that his God is the Righteous Lord that loveth righteousness, and that in His own time and in His own way will reward the righteousness of His people.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that every Jew has a clear and intelligent comprehension of the great truth, any more than that every man who calls himself Christian has a clear and adequate conception of what Christianity truly means. But that this is the spirit of Judaism today, as it was in the day of

Isaiah, I have not the least doubt. Doubtless many a Jew is but little conscious of the great spiritual power that lies within his faith; is unconscious and unresponsive to the deep influences of a religion which yet, although quite unknown or unthought of, controls and dominates his life.

Of course, to every pious, earnest Jew this thought, this conception, is the very life of his soul. And this is what the Jew means to me.

And so long as any people are controlled and dominated by such a faith, they can not die.

The point of danger which I see to the Jew is that with the future liberality of the nations to his people, which I think is surely coming; when he is no longer forced by pressure from without to that solidarity and solidity of which I have just spoken, he will become careless and forgetful of what Judaism means; when all the avenues of advancement and preferment are open to him on equal terms with others, he will become engrossed with his new found liberty of action, and so exhilarated in his race, that he will forget the glory of his fathers was that the Righteous Lord that loveth Righteousness was their God, and forget to do Him reverence. I fear that the rebound from that oppression which forced him into close relations with the brotherhood, who believed such things and lived accordingly, will lead him into indifference and irreverence as to all such thoughts, and lead him to give his whole energies to pursuits of wealth, of science, of philosophy, and of power as ends, rather than as means, of the best life for man.

Alas for the Jew if such a day shall come!

A closing word. What of the Jew,—what of the Christian in the years to come? Let the Jew still continue to believe in the Righteous Lord that loveth righteousness; let him still continue to believe that He is his God, but let him further believe that the Christian also turns to this same Righteous Lord that loveth righteousness as his God, with equal loyalty and reverence. And let each be content that they have thus much in common. Let the Jew more and more come to see the beauties of the life and teachings of Jesus, as it has been my happiness to hear some of your wise Rabbis expound them, going so far as they conscientiously may, and we will find a yet wider common ground on which we may stand. Let the Christian forego much of creed and much of dogma that forms no essential part of Christianity; let him learn from Him whom he calls Master to be tolerant in judgment, gentle in spirit and loving in service to his fellow men. When this is done both Jew and Christian will find enough of common ground with no dividing line between to bar the joining of hands in loving service to men, which is the very essence of our Christianity. My happy vision is of the day when Jew loves not his brother Jew, or Christian his brother Christian, but Jew loves Christian and Christian loves Jew because they are brother men, and the Righteous Lord that loveth Righteousness is God over all.

VISIONS AND VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Out of the necessities of the case, this paper must be written in the first person and singular number, as it is intended to speak the experiences of the writer.

I have never had any sense of fear of the dark; and at times I have been surprised to find such fear in the minds of men of mature years, who are possessed of a high degree of moral and physical courage as to all other matters. In particular one of my friends, who as a soldier during the Civil War earned and maintained a reputation for bravery in action, once declared to me, that he always had a fear of darkness in and of itself. And referring to the charge of the 6th Army Corps at four o'clock in the morning of the 2nd of April, 1865, he said that the courage of four o'clock in the morning was the highest degree of courage of which he had any conception. Of course, of necessity, I have always experienced the inconvenience of darkness, in not being able to see my surroundings, requiring care and caution in my own movements and activities, but have never had any fear or concern of the darkness itself. Quite the contrary, the night, with its attendant darkness, has always had a peculiar attraction for me, both as to sight and sound.

My childhood home was upon a farm, at a time in the history of the country when a very large portion of the land immediately surrounding the farm house

was yet covered with the primeval forest, where the darkness was intense.

I remember as one of the most familiar incidents of my childhood, the voice of our faithful watchdog coming out of the surrounding darkness. The homes were built at quite a distance from one another, and a good watch dog was considered as quite a necessity. He was alert, and upon the slightest sound out of the ordinary, he would give voice to the interruption and give warning to the household. And it was quite certain that in a moment, the neighbors' dog gave a responsive voice. And soon there came a widening circle of such calls constituting a chorus of such voices, varying from the open and honest call, to low surly, guttural snarls, or growls, while the dogs would slowly pace about the house. On moonlight nights they bayed at the moon, and the chorus was then of a different character, with more of an apparent attempt at a symphony, notwithstanding the discord.

The larger and more ferocious of the wild beasts had been exterminated before the time to which my memory reaches. But constantly through the nights, we would hear the barking of the foxes and the snarling of the raccoons.

In the twilight we would hear the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will; and later the weird, anomalous, uncanny cry of the screech owl, and the sonorous hooting of the big horned owl, coming from the adjoining woodlands, or from his perch on the comb of the roof of the big farm barn.

There was a marsh nearby the house, and in the spring time, when the froglings were joining the colony, for an hour or two in the early night, we always had a concert, in which were joined the piping tenors of the baby frogs, and thence through the whole diapason, to the deepest bass of the oldest and biggest bull frogs.

Long before I had read the verses of "The Patter of the Rain Upon the Roof," or knew of their existence, I had enjoyed the delicious experience of lying in my bed, close beneath the shingles, and hearing the gentle fall of the rain drops until I was lost in the sweet oblivion of the gentle sleep of childhood.

As opposed to such gentle experience, came at intervals the fearful and awful thunder storms, in which through the heavy impenetrable darkness came the sparkling, cracking and spitting flash of lightning, instantaneously with the tremendous crash of the thunder, shaking the whole house.

Through the silent watches of the night, there would come to us from the nearby barn, where the horses and cattle were stabled, an occasional soft sigh of the cattle changing their positions for one of greater comfort, and sometimes a call of distress, if one of the number was overtaken with some sudden attack of colic or other like disease.

The domestic fowls had their roosting places in the trees in the orchard in closest proximity to the house, for they had out of their experience come to know that this was for their safety.

And it was no unusual experience, that the hours of darkness would be abruptly broken in upon by the squalling of the chickens, when some raccoon or opossum, or some big owl was trying to seize them. On such occasions the household, including the watch dog, went to their rescue.

The passing of the air through the foliage and branches of the trees, in the comparative silence of the night had its various voices; if it was by a gentle breeze, the voice was low and soothing, letting one down by its cadences into pleasant sleep; if it was by a storm, the voice was like the roaring of many waters.

I remember one experience, or a series of experiences, which for a time was quite inexplicable. From time to time, there came to us from the deep woods in the night, a sad piercing wailing sound, almost as a spirit in distress. Some thought it was the cry of some wild animal, though none of the oldest inhabitants could recognize it. It came and went through the nights for a number of months, and it came to be a question of interest to all, and something of fright to women and children.

Once in the day time on a windy day it was heard, and some of the men bent on discovery, sought its lair, taking with them their guns. The voice came at intervals, and could be heard only for a few consecutive moments, and then after an irregular interval it would come again. The searchers spread themselves in something like a circle surrounding the point from which the voice seemed to come, and at each repetition

they sought to close in upon it. After a time they met with success.

Two trees, in close proximity in their growth, seeking the upper air and light, had thrown out branches in their endeavor; the limbs of each of the trees reached out through the limbs of the other and in course of time they had come into actual contact with each other. At first they were lithe and limber, and would yield on pressure. But in course of time, the friction had worn off the bark of the trees and the wood of the branches came in contact, and in such contact with one another gave out the sound which had disquieted the neighborhood.

Aside from these voices that came to me in my childhood, there were visions that appeared to me.

A star-light night, a gibbous moon, or the moon at the full, always and in turn appealed to my imagination. An occasional appearance of the northern lights, with the fluctuating and changing of colors reaching up toward the zenith, was a source of awe and wonder. A great comet, at first scarcely visible, but from night to night increasing in magnitude and splendor, until it filled all the space from a point in the northwestern horizon, widening into a broad stream extending across the median line of the arching canopy, then in the course of a few weeks waning until its final disappearance, was one of the experiences of my childhood, never to be forgotten.

Passing from these earlier days to later years, I come upon the period of my life when for some eighteen months I was in the volunteer service of the United

States during the Civil War. I yet found the same satisfaction in the sounds and visions of the night. But here the dangers arising from the inability to discover what the darkness might conceal at times lessened my pleasure in the surrounding darkness. I shall never forget my sensation in my first experience as a vidette on out post of the picket guard at night, in the presence of the enemy; it was harrowing, yet there was no sense of the fear of the darkness itself, but a large measure of anxiety as to the dangers which the darkness might conceal. Yet it came about that during my whole term of service, I enjoyed picket duty more than any other duty which fell to my lot.

I well remember the nights of such duty. A few moments before nine o'clock we would hear the faint bugle notes sounding tattoo from corps headquarters; and shortly after the last note of such call, the same bugle call was repeated from the headquarters of each division, and then before the last notes were out of our ears, each brigade headquarters took up and repeated the same call, then the drum corps at the headquarters of each regiment again took it up and repeated it. Then night roll call of the companies was held, and men accounted for, and fifteen minutes later, at each regimental headquarters came in quick succession three booming strokes upon the big bass drum, and lights were put out and the whole army became quiet.

At five o'clock in the morning the same process was repeated, save the call was "Reveille," and the morning roll call in every company was held, and this was

the regime of the army. "Reveille",—roll call,—and the day's work is begun. "Tattoo,"—roll call,—and the day's work is done.

All this heard from the picket line stirred my imagination beyond expression. After Tattoo, I realized that the picket line stood sentry for the whole army, and particularly after I became a commissioned officer, having command of one section of the line, I realized the sense of responsibility through the hours of the night; and it was a great relief, when Reveille came, and we realized that the army was awake and alert.

One other experience out of my army life: After the close of the Civil War, our division was sent to the Mexican border as part of the expeditionary force commanded by General Sheridan for the observation of the conduct of Maximillian in Mexico.

The transit from Chesapeake Bay was by transport. The Division Headquarters to which I was then attached sailed on the steamship Illinois. Every fourth night I was on duty the entire night; that duty being to report to the general commanding the division, who was also on board, any occurrence which might threaten the safety of the troops.

I spent most of the night on the upper deck. It was my first experience at sea, and the opportunity for observation of the stars throughout the entire canopy of the sky without obstruction to the surrounding horizon, was a delight.

After we passed the point of Florida and were sailing West, it was my turn on duty on a pleasant June

night. The moon at its full, had just risen. The vessel was running on low steam to save consumption of coal, with the result that we felt the swell of the gulf more than we would if we were going at full speed cutting through the waves. The white mist arose from the surface of the gulf to the extent that from the deck we could not see the face of the water below; the effulgence, the light from the moon over the mist, gave the mist the appearance of clouds below. The stars were brilliant throughout the entire skies; above and all about us, we felt the gentle motion of the ship and the slight swell of the sea. It was a strange phantasm and one could scarcely rid himself of the feeling that we were actually and in fact sailing through the clouds and amid the stars; and this continued for many hours. The memory of this experience has recurred to me many, many times.

Long years afterward, I had an experience approaching, but not equalling it. I was spending a few weeks at Lawrence, Kansas, the seat of the State University of that state. The town itself is situated in the valley of the Kaw River. The university is situated on the highlands adjoining, but some hundreds of feet above the town. The original building of the university was a small brick building, erected on a high point of land overlooking the valley and the town below. I was visiting a member of the faculty of the university, whose residence was on the run of the highlands and in close proximity to the old building. One night about nine o'clock I took a stroll out to the old building

on the edge of the run, and here again I was in the white clouds of what appeared to be nothing but impenetrable foam, separated from the stable, old earth.

Large cities have their own peculiar, nocturnal voices and visions. I have spent many nights in the hotels in such cities and heard the roar of the traffic in the streets below until the wee small hours of the morning, like unto the breaking of waves on the shores of a turbulent sea. And in my time, I have spent many sleepless hours in a smaller city, giving heed to the voices of the night, and there is scarcely a moment of silence. Through the air there come almost without intermission, the resounding blasts of the locomotive engine, the ringing of the bell, the escape of steam, the hoarse breathing of the engine, the clashing of the cars in their impact with one another in the train when slowing down, or the rattling of the connecting links when the train is increasing its speed and taking up the slack; the rumble of the street cars, the buzzing of the automobile, the occasional strokes of horses' feet on the street and the footsteps of the belated pedestrian.

On such occasions one's imagination writes into these hours all the fancies that go to interpret the life and the occasion for such activities. One thinks of the engineer in the cab and all the perils incident to his employment, and from him to his sleeping wife and children, for whom he keeps the vigil. In the merriment in the voices coming from the passing vehicles, the mind calls up the party returning from the theater, or from some wedding or other festal occasion.

In the rapid passage of a quiet vehicle, he thinks of the physician hastening to the relief of his patient,—and so on until the restless occupant of the couch seems quite alive to all the activities, emotions, of the life of the city, through the surrounding darkness of the night, until by such thoughts and meditations, he passes through the hours of pain or grief, or foreboding anxiety, until slumber numbs his consciousness, and he falls into a sleep more or less fitful, and possibly to dreams.

"ALL THAT A MAN HATH WILL HE GIVE FOR HIS LIFE."

In the first scene of the great Hebrew drama, we have the picture of the first of all the men of the East, in wealth and flocks and herds and family, profoundly pious and reverent toward God, and watchful with burnt offerings and sacrifices against the possible sins of his sons unknown to him. On a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil"? And Satan answered, "Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face". Then God delivered Job into the hands of Satan to do his will upon him.

In the rapidly shifting scenes of the play, we see him bereft of flocks and herds and family, and yet he maintains his integrity. Again upon another day the sons of God came and Satan came also, and when God again commended his servant, Satan responded, "All that a man hath will he give for his life". And this is the devil's view of it.

The dog has his maxim: A live dog is better than a dead lion. And this is the dog's view of it, although the lion might perchance think it altogether a better thing in his day to have been the king of beasts, and then to die and rot, than only to have been a dog, and to have lived a dog's life.

And we have the doggerel:

> He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day—

And this is the coward's view of it.

But the superb Hancock at Reams Station, on the day of his only disaster, when his troops failed to respond to his call, said, "I do not care to die, but I pray to God I may never leave this field." And at Five Forks in response to the appeal of his staff that he should not so recklessly expose himself, Sheridan responded, "I have never gone into a battle, when I would not have preferred to die rather than suffer defeat." It was better to have been Hancock and died at Reams Station, or Sheridan and died at Five Forks, than to be one of those who fight and run away and thereby save their lives.

And thus the devil, the dog and the coward in us all, unite in the sentiment that life is the supreme thing for which all else is to be given up and sacrificed.

And indeed from the practical side there is much of reason to support the view. What good can there be in lands or cattle or money or what beside, if I am to die, and rot in my grave and can not use them? Is it not wisdom that I shall give them, if by so doing I

can preserve my life and hold onto the view of the beautiful world, and the song of birds, and the falling of waters, the association of men, the love of friends? And certainly thus far the reasoning is good.

And so it is that in our system of jurisprudence, and civilization, life is held sacred and supreme. Every safeguard is thrown about it. Protection is afforded to property, to character, but over and above everything else to life itself. The life of the individual is in the law held to be so high and sacred, that a man is held fully justified in taking the life of another to save his own. And the higher civilization and the system of jurisprudence, the greater is the value set upon life. The law, however, can only deal with the grosser things, and yet even the law sets some things higher than life. The law says there do come times when the state by its strong arm has the right to compel men to take their places in the line of battle, be shot to their death, and come to be food for worms and all other detestable things.

But may we not, in point of fact, do we not practically and in every day life carry this thought of the value and sanctity of life altogether too far? Are there not very many things worse than death? Are there not things worth the dying for? Would it not be better for us all, if we came to have and to hold as a very part of our nature, and of our habitual thought, so that we should never for a moment forget it, that life can be held at too dear a price? Until it should so become a part of us that we would remember it

more quickly than our fear of pain, or dread of extinction?

We often hear it used as a term of reproach to certain sections of the country that life is held cheap. And certain it is that life may be held too cheaply. And yet I think it is no sign of barbarism, that a man should not rest quietly under a charge of dishonor, but rather feel that life was cheap as compared with a tarnished name. Would not a race of men possessed of such an idea be a valuable acquisition to the earth, even if a touch of ferocity was a natural concomitant to such a character?

We say the code duello is a relic of barbarism, and yet to my mind it was not wholly an evil. And I think in this year of Grace, and in this city of Indianapolis, it might improve public morals and the tone of social life, if a man should be occasionally called to answer over the hair trigger for lightly speaking a woman's name, or carelessly impugning another man's integrity. And I freely confess that there are things for the doing of which I could with a clear conscience kill a man, with a sense of duty well done.

We can breed in animals a strain of courage until they will fight to the death. Yet one would not care to meet a strange bull dog in an alley; and the game chicken is not good for the pot, or for the laying of eggs. But might we not in man, with his moral nature to which we can appeal, breed a strain of courage not arising out of ferocity, but a high sense of integrity and duty, until the only thing which he fears is dishonor?

We have in this country an institution, which while it is not, and does not profess to be an academy for the promotion of morals, in the usual sense of that word, has yet developed in a certain line and within a certain range a standard of honor and of duty extremely high, and which to the great credit of its students, is well maintained. The graduate of West Point may drink too much bad whiskey, when he can not get better, but he will not lie. He may be more proficient with profanity than with the prayer book, but he will not steal. He may play poker, rather than read the Bible, but he will not cheat in the game, or if he does, his life in the army is short. Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman has a meaning to him that is quite unknown to others. He may be, and generally is, something of a martinet, requiring the strictest and most punctilious obedience in little things, but he is willing to render the like obedience to those having authority to require it. When he comes to the point of duty to the United States, he never fails, or at least so rarely, that the very exception but illuminates the rule.

The commander of a company of infantry or a troop of cavalry on the frontier receives his order in an Indian campaign, to perform a particular service. He may be morally certain that there has been a blunder somewhere. He may know that the probabilities of the undertaking are death to himself and to his command, and what is yet a much more serious consideration to him, that in his failure, a blunder will be laid at his door rather than where it belongs. His task is full of perils not only of battle, but of the desert, the

climate and swollen streams. Yet with all these staring him in the face, it never occurs to him to question what he shall do; the only thing he knows to do is to obey orders, though at the end he reaps only his death.

It is only when a man has a "fine contempt for death" that he is able to do the really splendid things in life. A man can have a great life only when he has in view a great end, for which he holds his life only as a means of accomplishment.

On that fateful 3rd of May, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Howard had been asleep while Jackson with more than twenty thousand Confederate veterans had passed his front, and then bursting like an avalanche had rolled up the Federal right like a blanket. On came ten thousand men with their impetuous advance unchecked, and disaster filled the air. General Pleasanton, coming upon the field, found a gentle eminence, upon which in hot haste he was gathering his artillery, and had assembled some twenty pieces. But it was evident that before he could get his guns in position and loaded, the enemy would be upon him. Something had to be done. Somebody had to be sacrificed. Major Peter Keenan of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry was there with four hundred of his troopers. Pleasanton ordered him with the four hundred cavalry to charge the ten thousand infantry advancing in column. Keenan well knew that obedience to the order meant his own death and the end of his four hundred men. He was young and gallant, and with all a soldier's ambition; but without bravado, with a gentle smile saluting his senior, he

answered, "I will do it, General"; and smiling, rode to his death.

This was a great occasion, where the circumstances and surroundings were such as to lift a man out of his ordinary self. Death, destruction, disaster were everywhere about him. Thousands must inevitably perish, the army may be destroyed, the flag dishonored, the country imperilled. On such a field and in such a presence, the devil, the dog, and the coward must be the whole of a man, if he hold not life cheap in such a balance.

But war is a small part of life, and few of us have ever been or ever will be permitted to feel that strange elation of spirit when in the moment of wild excitement and enthusiasm born only of the battle, a man looks death full in the eye and defies him.

And it is not for such an hour, or the spirit that will bear a man through such an hour, that I plead. But for the breathing into man of such a sense of integrity of soul in the every day walks of life, such a sensitiveness to the taint of dishonor, that everywhere, upon all occasions, in all relations of men, in all resultant duties, men shall be capable of doing the right, the honest thing.

A conscience is no doubt a very useful possession in early years. But when a man has kept one till middle life, he ought to have established a *modus vivendi* with it; it should be absorbed and become a part of himself, not a separate faculty delivering oracular utterances. I desire to have in mind a broader meaning for the word life than simply physical life as contradistin-

guished from bodily dissolution. I desire to include within it life's hopes, life's plans, life's ambtions, life's successes. Many a man will hold his physical ease cheap to reach the goal of success which he has set for himself, and yet the devil be the master of him in all. One may pay too dear a price for his success.

One whose first thought and whose last thought is always of himself is not the best character of man. There are not a few men in all the vocations of life, who count their individual success as of more consequence than all considerations of fair dealing, honorable relations or integrity of character. The gentlemen of this club look with scorn upon the tradesman, who chaffers for his profits and sets his soul upon his gain. The vast operations of some of the masters of the street redeem them from the charge of littleness and petty sordidness, and even excite admiration for the breadth of view, the courage and audacity exhibited, yet the gentlemen of this club would perhaps call the proceeds of such work "dirty money."

And they cry out in disgust against the devious and dishonest ways by which the ward politician seeks to accomplish his petty purposes. Of course all these things are disgusting to the refined and cultured gentlemen of the professions. But unfortunately for our pride and for our sense of decency, the petty tradesmen, the masters of the street, and the ward politician are not the only ones who are acting upon these principles.

We have all known the minister, who by cunning expedients and indirect artifices has endeavored to keep

himself constantly in the public eye, and his name upon men's tongues, and to have himself accounted as some great one, rather than devoting himself to the earnest, pure and noble duties of his sacred calling.

And there are many lawyers, ministers at the altars of justice, who do not for a moment hesitate, or if for a moment hesitating, go on to debauch the very temple of justice, by trick, by artifice, by chicanery, by sophistry, by false and specious arguments to juries and to courts to gain the reputation of winners of cases. They little consider, and little care for the means they use, if they can but succeed in accomplishing their purpose, their own self aggrandizement.

And so of all the rest; we might go through the whole category of the callings of men with the same result. Everywhere we find ambitious men, and full often with great ability, if but rightly used, whose every thought centers in themselves, and the accomplishment of their own selfish purposes. Their only thought is how they may produce situations from which they may secure personal gain or advantage to themselves in the particular matter to which they have pointed their ambition. They are persistent and fertile in their schemes to this end; with infinite audacity they thrust themselves forward on all occasions and insist upon recognition; they care not for the good of men, for integrity of soul; there is nothing that they would hesitate to plan or perform, could they be assured that their dishonesty and baseness would not be discovered. They throw honor, integrity and righteousness to the winds. Such men deserve and ought to

receive the contempt and scorn of all honorable men. But by a just law of compensation such men usually fall short of attaining the selfish success which they seek. By their very selfishness and insistent egotism they come to wrong conclusions. They do not see things in their right relation. They come to think that they themselves, their plans, their purposes, their success are the greatest things in the world; that they are the center of gravitation, and that all things revolve about them. And hence they fail. And we are glad that they fail—pitilessly glad.

But there is another class of characters, the contemplation of which makes us sad, pitifully sad. And alas that there are so many examples in history! A man of splendid powers and generous emotions enters upon the public service. He thinks not of himself, but of the public weal. He espouses some great cause and becomes its champion. As the years go by, his influence expands; he becomes not only the object of reverence but even of the affections of his countrymen; men love to do him homage. All this he has fully and fairly earned. And then he makes the mistake of concluding that this reverence and homage and affection is a tribute, not to honesty of purpose, not to duty well done, but to his individual greatness; or, the other not less fatal mistake of concluding that for such services he is justly entitled to claim from his country some high political place upon which he has set his eyes. The lust of power and of place takes possession of him, and he loses the sterling manhood which he has possessed or seemed to possess. He falters in his devo-

tion to duty. He no longer with a single eye looks to the public good. Personal ambition and self seeking become the controlling power in his life. If he in his first endeavors fails in securing the recognition which he demands, he becomes jealous and sour toward his fellows with whom he has stood shoulder to shoulder in many a noble strife. He abandons the lines upon which he has acted and the principles which he has professed. He forms combinations and cabals of men who are willing to serve him in his endeavors, with whom in former years he would have been ashamed to consort. And soon he loses the proud place which he once held in the respect and affections of his countrymen. How sad a spectacle! We all recall the sorrowful words of Whittier in the contemplation of such a character once the idol of his heart, now fallen so low.

"So fallen! So lost! the light withdrawn
    Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
    Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath
    A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath
    Befit his fall.

* * *

Of all we loved and honored naught
    Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought
    Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
    The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies
    The man is dead.

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze
And hide his shame."

We make much of honor. And indeed honor is a fine word, but there is a better—duty. It is true that it may be quite as difficult to set a standard of duty as of honor: it is also true that the highest sense of honor is but the set purpose to do duty. So that honor in the best and truest sense of the word is close akin to duty; also, it is but too true that both words are often dishonored by the use to which they are put. But I insist that duty is the better word—this, in part, that it is a homely word, and ever in use even in humble lives; in part, that a corresponding duty grows out of every relation of life. We cannot escape from the sense of duty, which the circumstances surrounding us forever impose. It is present with us, imperatively calling us to action in situations in which we seldom think of honor, as this higher sounding and more aristocratic word is ordinarily used. Duty stands close beside conscience, and many an humble man knows he has a conscience, who would not claim to a high sense of honor; albeit his sense of duty is honor itself. And for yet this further reason is duty the better word, at least with the common people, in that it imports a more constant and imperative obligation.

When duty is in the balance with hopes and plans and purposes and even with life itself, there ought to be no hesitation as to which scale ought to fall. And sometimes there are even yet more serious crises, than

when life and duty are weighing the one against the other. To every right minded man, his reputation among men is and ought to be of more concern than is his life. And yet it has come to the lot of men to have to face the problem of duty, as against their reputation. This indeed is the sorest temptation that can come to men. They see the path of duty plainly enough, but to walk in that path may lead to suspicion, to misconstruction, to misrepresentation and to the loss of influence and reputation fairly earned. Captain Mahan in his recent sketch of John Paul Jones writes of the time when the great sea captain abandoned his own sense of duty, and excused himself by saying, "Nothing prevented me from pursuing my design but the reproach that would have been cast upon my character * * * had the enterprise miscarried." Captain Mahan well says that this excuse was Jones' condemnation of himself, and then adds: "The subordination of public enterprise to considerations of personal consequences, even to reputation, is a declension from the noblest standard in a public man. Not life only, but personal credit, is to be freely risked for the attainment of public ends." And all duty lays the same imperative command upon men.

Duty grows out of relations: sin is a violation of duty. Ian McLaren says, and I think truly, that back of every sin and the fountain from which it springs is selfishness—that selfish love of one's own ease, which leads him to be inattentive and forgetful of relations and duties; or that baser selfishness which is utterly regardless of the rights of others, and seeks to compel the relation to serve his ends.

From my soul I loathe the man who whether from riches, from birth, from culture, from natural force or power, or from attainment or from piety, finds contentment in the thought, or the imagination, that he is somewhat apart from and somewhat above the mass of humanity, who delights in the thought that he can look down upon common men, and that they must look up to him. Not that I would not have every man aspire to and strive for the very best things; for development, for culture, for piety; not that such things do not raise those who have them above those who have them not; not that their possessor shall not be conscious of his advantage in his possession, for that would be impossible; for culture must distinguish itself from ignorance, refinement from coarseness, piety from wickedness, purity from licentiousness. All that is inevitable, and I do not cry out against it. What I bemoan is that spirit in any man that can be contented or rejoice, not in that he has these things, but in that others have them not, so that he can stand above them and compel the others to look up, rather than lead him to be sorrowful that every creature in all the brotherhood of man is not upon the level with himself. I pity the man who can not without malice and bitterness look to men who stand above him; to whom an upward look brings any feeling of discontent except with himself. I abhor the man who rejoices in the sense of superiority. I do not object to a man in that he rejoices that he is just as good, wise, and strong as he actually may be, even if he be better, wiser and stronger than I am; but I do

object that he is glad that I am not as good and wise and strong as he is.

The ideal man is he who possesses the very best things in life, both in faculty and attainment, and rejoices in that he possesses them, and yet longs that every other man should possess them in full measure with himself, and would strive and deny himself, and yield somewhat of his own to bring his brother upon his level.

All that a man hath will he give for his life. So says Satan, and so says the mean and despicable in our nature. Yet the truth remains, that the man who seeks to save his life shall lose it, and he who would yield his life shall save it. And I quote this not, or at least not exclusively because it has the sanctity and the authority of the Book behind it, but primarily because it is a great truth forever attested in the lives of men.

They who seek their own ends, their own pre-eminence, their own glorification, rarely, if ever, and never by reason of their self-seeking, gain an immortality for themselves. It is true that some selfishly ambitious men, by reason of splendid capacity and great achievement, have left a durable impress in the history of the world; but this is in spite of their selfishness. In so far as the selfishness is apparent, it is a blot and a stain upon their character.

But they who love humanity rather than themselves; who seek the good of men; who suffer in a great cause and die for their fellows, come to a new life in the hearts of men; and when the fact of such suffering and such sacrifice becomes apparent, their lives peren-

nially renew themselves in the affections of men throughout the succeeding generations. Such men have indeed saved their lives.

And the Christ appeals to men, not because of his immaculate conception, not because of his miracles, not chiefly because of his teachings, or of his virtuous life, but because he loved men, suffered and died for them.

WHERE THERE IS NO VISION, THE PEOPLE PERISH; BUT HE THAT KEEPETH THE LAW, HAPPY IS HE.

Proverbs 29:18.

The word revelation, which means vision, is a word very often used in our times. It has a two-fold significance. It may stand for an act, or process, or it may stand for a fact, a truth, a thing. It is a word that may be used to denote the act or process by which a truth is unveiled, or it may be used to denote the truth itself that has been unveiled. It may be used to denote the unveiling of truths, or it may be used to denote the books in which is recorded the truths that have been already unveiled. When we call the Bible "a revelation," it is partly because it brings truths home to our minds, enabling us to say with the Psalmist, "The entrance of thy words giveth light"; and it is partly because the Bible contains a record of truths that have been unveiled to living men. And so it is, that the word "revelation" is used, either to express the act of unveiling, or the thing that has been unveiled. As the truths unveiled are always truths of God, the revelation is called divine. We may ourselves arrange the truths thus unveiled to us into different classes. We may call them truths of science, or of art, or of man, or of history, or of religion. But whatever the classification, the department of knowledge to which we relegate

them, in their last analysis they are all truths of God; truths of His nature and thought, of His attitude and will and way and character. All unveiled truths are from God.

These truths of God are revealed to us in three ways.

Nature in its splendor and magnificence is nothing less than a perennial revelation of truths of God. Many people, poets, philosophers, even preachers, tell us that Nature is the garment of Deity, the drapery of His presence; that it is a thick, impenetrable veil, behind which He is perpetually and inscrutably concealed. But really it is nothing of the kind. It is rather a constant revelation of her living author. The fact about it is, as the Hebrew Psalmist tells us, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. Their sound is gone out through all the earth."

Such too was Christ's teaching: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

And such too has been the feeling in regard to Nature of great and good men in all ages, and among every race; like Wordsworth, they have learned

> "To look on Nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes,
> The still, sad music of humanity."

And like him, also, they have had, "A sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused."

To the same truth about Nature bear witness even modern science and philosophy, though they often seem so hard and dry and unbelieving. Though often they tell us that God is quite unknown and inscrutable, yet they also often tell us, that He is by all things revealed, and that in all that exists and happens, He, the great universal cause, is continually unveiled. I believe that in fact He is thus unveiled; that nature is the translucent medium through which, as in a mirror, He is revealed. In the laws of Nature we see the laws of His mind. The forces with which Nature is filled are the energies of His thought. The movements of Nature betray the volitions of His will; while in the universal beauty, in the invisible light in which all things are perpetually bathed, and in their obedience and their devout uplifted look, we see the effusions of His personal spirit. In studying these things of Nature, we are studying Him. They are the unveiling of His mind; they are the means whereby the secret of what He is, is declared and made known.

He is made known also through the thoughts and feelings of the human mind. The spiritual, primary mind, the one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all, makes Himself known in the minds of his offspring. It would be most strange if He did not: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" "The spirit of a man is the lamp of the Lord searching his inmost parts." "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." "The knowledge of God is within you." Throughout the Hebrew psalter it is plainly assumed,

or clearly taught, that God reveals himself directly to the minds of men. "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God. How great is the sum of them. They are more in number than the sand." The prophets say: "The word of the Lord came unto me." Job says: "God speaketh; He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." And in all this speaking thus of themselves, these great writers of the Bible say nothing peculiar, nothing special to themselves; they are simply putting into plain and intelligible language the common experience of the human race.

Men have always and everywhere felt and acknowledged that they are the objects of a divine revelation; that thoughts and words of God are communicated directly to their minds. The proof that God thus communicates himself to men is in their literatures, their philosophies, their religions; is in the utterance of their wise men and of their oracles and prophets. Everywhere and always, wheresoever they moved, they acknowledged

> "A spiritual presence, often misconceived,
> But still a high dependence, a divine
> Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
> With joy and gratitude, and fear and love;
> And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
> With which the deserts rang."

and which they could regard as inspirations from above.

And I think that all this is so, even with ourselves. That God reveals himself and communicates his thoughts and will directly to our own minds is, I think, a matter of our own personal and common experience.

Often, in solitary meditation, in the hush of the evening, when looking up to the great starry dome, or out upon the mighty, peaceful pastures, or upon the waters of the sea, we feel that we are admitted into God's immediate presence, and that His thoughts are directly touching upon our own thoughts. How they flash and burn, and write themselves on our minds, so that no years and waters of oblivion can ever wash them away! And how can you explain the times when conscience makes cowards of us all, except on the principle that God communicates His thoughts to us and makes known His condemnation of our evil ways?

I believe it is a fact, that stealing in through every known and unknown avenue of the soul, the divine spiritual One shines in our own inward world as a light, unveils His will, and there offers us Himself as our Teacher and Guide.

He reveals Himself also through the history of our human race, and by its history. This was the firm belief of all the great ancient prophets, and it commends itself to our own faith. In the fortunes of good and ill which happened to their own nation, and to the nations adjacent to them, they saw, not merely the acts of men, but the judgments of God. In the rise, decay and fall of kingdoms, in the movement of conquering armies, and in the ravages of plague, pestilence and famine, as in the goodness that crowned each revolving year, they saw the unveiling of God's mind and the action of His will. It was God who set up and cast down kings, and carried forward the movements of history.

It was thus Christ taught—"Beginning at Moses and the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning himself."

To the same effect is the great teaching of modern thought. The invisible Being, who began all things, and holds all together, and carries all forward, whom science often finds so inscrutable, so mysterious, is manifested through the movements of the material world and in the revolutions of human society. I believe this teaching is according to the fact, that what God is and does, is seen as clearly in the rise of nations, in the fall of dynasties and in the developments of society, as in the formation of a world. The events of history are the unfolding of His plans concerning men, and reveal to the discerning, the thoughts and intentions of His mind.

In this threefold way—in nature, in the human mind, in history—God reveals hmself. The characteristics of this revelation are that it is universal, indispensable, immediate and living.

There is no nation, or race of men, to whom this revelation is not made. The idea that a revelation was made to the Jews alone, no one who has studied the question with an open mind, can for a moment maintain. The Bible itself tells us that Melchisedec, King of Salem, a heathen man, was a priest of the most high God. And Balaam, a Midianite, son of Beor, it tells was a prophet; he was not a good man; he fell fighting against God; yet the revelations he received and proclaimed, are among the most beautiful and most frequently mentioned in the Scripture. Rahab, who con-

cealed the spies, and the Syro-Phonecian woman whose faith was greater than any Christ had found in Israel, were both heathen women. And Cornelius, whose prayers and alms had come up before Heaven, had visions which Peter confessed were from God. Cornelius was a pagan soldier, captain of a Roman cohort.

Job is not Jew, but rather an Arabian Emir, who, beneath the tents of Uz, contrived to solve the question to his own heart, which still perplexes us through life—the co-existence of evil with divine Benevolence; Job wrestled with God, as did Jacob, and was inspired to believe His name was love. Naaman and Nebuchadnezzar are under the providence of God. Nineveh is watched over and cared for by God, and to her he sends His messages of good will by the weak and changeful Jonah.

The pagan Cyrus is called the servant of Jehovah and Israel's prophets rejoice in him as one whom the Lord teaches and leads.

Besides the literature contained in the Bible, there are some four or five others which all claim, like it, to have been divinely revealed. The truths these literatures contain are, in many, and in several essential respects, similar to those contained in the Bible. If we say that those contained in the Bible are divine, must we not also say that these are divine as well? And besides, search where we will, we shall always find among men the knowledge of right and wrong, the sense of sin, a belief in the divine government of the world, and in a life after death. If, among the Jews, these beliefs were due to divine revelation, to what were they due

among the Gentiles? To say, as some do, that they were borrowed from the Jews, is simply to exhibit our ignorance. The Vedas, the sacred writings of the Hindoos, are older than Moses. So also is the Egyptian belief in the oneness of God and in the immortality of the soul. St. Paul's complaint against the heathen is, not that they had no revelation, but that having a revelation and knowing God, they did not glorify him as God, but held the truth in unrighteousness. The fact is, God unveiled himself to all men and gave them a measure of His spirit, and though they did not follow Him continually, yet He offered them Himself as their guide and friend.

And such revelation of God is indispensable. The world existed without the Bible during countless generations, and many men who neither heard nor read that wonderful book, nor even knew of its existence, attained to purity and goodness, and to some measure of greatness and nobility. Enoch, who walked with God, had no Bible. Abraham had no Bible. And a great number of people, in Israel and in heathendom, who, through God's grace, did His will and received power to become the sons of God, did so without having any Bible.

So greatly true, so palpably true is all this, that St. Peter said, addressing himself to a heathen audience, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons", and St. Paul also addressing himself to a heathen audience could say, "Ye worship the true God, though you do so in much ignorance."

All this shows us not what many persons would have us believe, that the Bible is useless, but that a measure of virtue, righteousness and goodness, and of acceptability with God, is possible without the Bible, though of course, is not possible except there be a direct revelation to the minds and hearts of all men. Were God to cease to illumine our minds with the eternal Logos, the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world, were He to seal up forever this living, unwritten and universal revelation, were He to break off all living connection of Himself with us and cease to reveal Himself in our inner world of mind and heart, all goodness, and I believe all knowledge, would entirely cease.

All this seems to be entirely forgotten by those who say that all revelation is confined to the Bible, and has now ceased among men. They who say this seem to imagine that man has some fund of virtue and power stored up of his own, and is capable of attaining to knowledge and wisdom and science and a measure of faith, by his own efforts alone, independently of God. But exactly the reverse is the truth. I believe that divine revelation, God acting directly on our minds, is a requisite for our spiritual, and even for our intellectual life, as food is for our bodies. Take away from us the divine spirit, in which we live and move and have our manly being; take away the divine spirit by which we are impelled to search for truth, and we cease to search for it. If God cease to reveal, we cease to see. We can not do without His revealing activity upon us. It is in His light we see light. He is the source of our seeing, and the brightness of our vision. He is the

source of our rational, moral and spiritual knowledge and power. He is the vine; we are the branches. His holy spirit is the spirit of truth and of a sound mind. If ever we should drop out of the living action of that spirit, we would at once be rendered incapable of all high discernments and virtues. Where there is no living revelation, the people perish; but he who keepeth the law, happy is he.

But there is always this living, universal revelation, and it is always growing in light and in power. At its best the revelation contained in the Bible is a partial revelation. There are many important, necessary subjects on which it is silent. It says nothing on art, nothing on science, little on agriculture, little on the science of government, little on political economy. On many questions that are now painfully agitating the best minds and troubling the best thought in cities and nations, the Bible has not a single word to offer. The revelation contained in the Bible is a fixed revelation and incapable of growth. No one can add anything to it, and it can never grow of itself. This other, direct and general revelation, is a wider revelation, and it is a living one. It is the source of all knowledge and all discovery. To all that we know through the Bible, it adds all that we know of art, of science, of history, of invention, of trade, of life, and its own is every discovery and revelation in literature, in religion, in philosophy, in science that has been made without the Bible's help. And the growth of this general revelation is increasing. Of its increase there shall be no end. Growing with the expansion of our intellectual and spiritual vision,

its wealth increases with our increasing years, and every increase hastens on the time when we shall know even as we are known, and when the phrase, "the unknown and unknowable God," will be proved to be the most misleading phrase of all our many misleading phrases.

This universal and living revelation is the test and interpreter of that which is special. Coleridge said, "There is more in the Bible that finds me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being, and whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of having proceeded from the Holy Spirit." With this statement we will all agree. Other literatures have great truths and great beauty; but over each and all of them the Bible stands pre-eminent. It is in the Bible only that we find a clear and unmistakable guide to the eternal life. More than of all other books, the words of the Bible are quick and powerful. And yet we must admit that without this immediate revelation to each man's soul, this living action of God on our own minds and hearts, the words of the Bible, rich and mighty as they are, would never find us at all. "We see their beauty and acknowledge their truth, because He, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ."

Mistaken religionists, if they will, may speak slightingly of this common universal relation; may tell us that it is merely the light of nature, and is not to be compared with the revelation in the Bible; but the truth

is, that without it, the Bible itself would cease to be to us an intelligible book. Except there be in our hearts the same spirit that was in their hearts who wrote the Bible, we shalll miss of their meaning. Unless the great eternal Illuminator of souls shines in our hearts, and as we read the pages of the Bible, takes of the things of God and shows them unto us, we can know nothing of their true meaning and force. It is to the spirit in man that the inspiration of the Almighty cometh and giveth him understanding.

The end towards which this immediate and universal revelation aims, is right conduct and character. To our minds and hearts God reveals his truths, not merely that we may be great thinkers, great philosophers, great theologians, but that we may live manly, devout, loving, Christlike lives. The clearness and increase of our vision depends upon the way in which we use the knowledge we have. More is given to him only who uses well what he has. Listening earnestly to the whispers of God, and obedient in action to their counsels, we shall grow in the knowledge and wisdom of God. And so it is written, "To the upright there ariseth light in darkness"; "the pure in heart shall see God."

All this, amid the darkness, the doubt, the confusion and the skepticisms of our time, is one of the highest and most valuable lessons we can learn. Divine revelation has not ceased. The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, still shines in every mind. Following His guidance, acting according to our clearest and purest light, the darkness lifts, and the truth of life shines forth with the light of day. He that will do

God's will, made known to him in such revelation as comes to him, shall know the doctrine that is of God. For the solution of our doubts and perplexities, let us turn, not to books, not to study, so much as to the doing of the plain and simple duties of daily life. Doing these, in the best and noblest spirit we can, the atmosphere of our minds will be cleansed, our faculties shall increase in health and vigor, and we shall be lifted up, day by day, into a clearer vision. He that would know more of God and God's ways, must do more of His will. With them alone who do this, is His secret; to them alone will be made known His covenant.

It is all a most serious and practical truth. The greatest things are at the command of our faith and obedience. To each one of us the holy spirit of God comes, as the manifestation of God and the energy of God. Every human soul may have God's inspirations, God's revelations. We can do nothing so wasteful, so utterly bad, as to be false to this, our privilege and dignity. To the sinner David, the holy, revealing, inspiring spirit came, and made of him a mighty saint and singer. To the wicked, persecuting Saul of Tarsus the revelations of God came, and with him the spirit of God strove, and made him the noble Paul, the mighty apostle to the Gentiles, the reformer and benefactor of the world. The day of God's revelations and inspirations will never cease. Over each one of your souls the divine spirit of all truth and all goodness broods as the light. Come out of your alpine grottoes of ice and look up receptively to the Source of all light, and there shall come to your heart, new light, new warmth, new hope

and a new sense of moral and spiritual energy and of summer life and wealth. God calls you to life. He waits to inspire you. As the mother bends over her infant child broodingly, that she may waken its deepest faculties and fill its mind and heart with the energy of love, so the good God broods over each one of our souls, that we may know our spiritual capabilities, and Him also whom to know is, here and now, the eternal life. God made your heart to be a temple. Throw open the temple doors and windows and let the sunshine, the spirit of universal truth and beauty, of virtue, hope and love, come into you and abide with you, and keep you alive, and perfect you unto eternal redemption and enfranchisement.

"THERE IS A SPIRIT IN MAN, AND THE INSPIRATION OF THE ALMIGHTY GIVETH THEM UNDERSTANDING."

(Job 32-8.)

It was Elihu who spoke these words unto Job. Elihu was a young man. He was a modest man. He was a thoughtful and considerate man. He paid to those older than he, the deference due to their age. He had considered many and important matters. He had thought long and deeply on great questions. He had opinions of his own. He had definite ideas, and the resultant courage of them. He held that God is spirit, and that man is a spiritual being, whose nature admits him into fellowship with God and enables him to receive the inspiration of God.

To this high claim of spiritual prerogative for man, whatever our views of it may be, it will not do to oppose the argument of the common experience, as is often done; to say that "this high claim is only a fine dream, which the common human experience has falsified a thousand times." And yet thus it is, that experience has often been pleaded against every man who has fallen back upon his own heart, upon first principles, who has broken through custom, and boldly trusted the eternal truth which he has simply seen was reality. The history of the common human experience is the history of many surprises and of shamed human con-

clusions. Every widening of human thought and every new discovery in the world have been made in the very face of this kind of experience. Experience gravely shook its head at Columbus, at Galileo, and at Cyrus Field in midocean uncoiling his Atlantic cable; shook its head at Moses and Jesus, at Paul and Luther and Wesley. Thus common human experience was sure that a steamship could never cross the Atlantic ocean, just as it had been sure of the folly of the mariner who ventured out of sight of land, only trusting to a tiny needle and to a minute star shining far in the Northern sky. The common experience has thus only too often thrust itself between the individual soul and truth, and sought to dilute and degrade the genuine convictions of the individual mind. It is often made a substitute for courage, and venture, and intellectual and moral earnestness, and has often confirmed men in their weakness, in their indolences and in their errors. Many men would see much farther and be far greater and better, if they would hearken less to the world's common experience, and listen more intently to the voice of their own reason, to the voice of their own conscience, the voice speaking deep in their own hearts.

Against the dictates of this unbelieving, prudent, prosy and unspiritual human experience, Elihu urges the lessons of divine inspiration.

But how may we know that there is a spirit in man? We may know it by man's ability to trace in nature and life the working of the Infinite Spirit. It is only spirit recognizes spirit, and can recognize spirit. Man can apprehend, and in some measure understand the prin-

ciples and laws that underlie the divine working. He sees that things are not what they appear, but that they have a nature and method of their own, and that there are laws governing and uniting objects the most distant and seemingly the most diverse. He sees that God has made things every where by weight and measure, that the pebble on the shore, and the wave that beats upon it, and the farthest star in the milky way, are pervaded by the same principle, governed by the same law, held together and carried forward by the same force, and are all determined by the same intelligence; and so it becomes plain to him that his own mind is of the same nature as the mind that constructed all things and sustains all things. He sees mind at work everywhere, and such mind as his own is. The arithmetic and the geometry, which his own mind has worked out, are the same that he finds everywhere in the universe. If he found in nature a mathematics that contradicted the mathematics of his own mind, he might conclude that the mind in nature and his own mind were of a different kind. But the mind in nature and his own mind never contradicted each other. He can always be sure that the laws of his own mind are the laws in nature. He can calculate the action of light and of gravitation to the farthest verge of creation, and not by the most infinitesimal fraction will his calculation disagree with the natural fact. There is nothing in nature whose idea, whose meaning he may not discover. Thus the sameness of mind in himself and in Him who made things to be, is established.

Man's spirituality is established by the fact that he can make himself and his own thoughts the subjects of his study. It is unthinkable that matter should think upon itself and be conscious of its thoughts. Man can think upon matter, upon himself and upon his own thoughts, and thus separate himself from nature, escape from physical fatality and rise into a free world of the ideal, and prove himself to be supernatural. Man can make physical nature do his will, and so in thought and action is in some sense free from nature. Man can resist his appetites and passions, turn back his environment and heredity, and make his whole nature obey the laws of his mind, of his spirit and of his will; he can feel moral obligation and be loyal to it, and thus know and prove himself to be, not a part of and one with the merely material world, but of a higher order, a member of the moral and spiritual realm. The speakers and writers who in our time deny this of man, contradict themselves whenever they blame his character and life for its badness, or praise him for his goodness; whenever they express their indignation at the injustice and wrong man does, and whenever they admire and reward his virtue. Thus Prof. Huxley contradicts himself when he proclaims that man is only a machine which moves as it is moved, and denies him any freedom—and then admits that "though man is a machine, he is capable, within certain limits, of self-adjustment," and says, "our human volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events." It is difficult to see how a being who is only a machine, can be capable of "self-adjustment," for self-adjustment is only an-

other name for freedom; the capability of self-adjustment is all that we are claiming for man. To say that "within certain limits," he is capable of self-adjustment, in no way invalidates our claim, for we are not claiming any unlimited power or freedom for man, but only that he can "adjust himself." No other creature, known to us on the earth, can do that. Every other creature is fixed within laws of necessity which it can not infringe. No animal can reverse its habit, or reverse its record. No animal can reform, or shape itself to new ideals. Man is a self-adjusting being. He is a moral being. He is a citizen in the government where right is law, and is free to do what he "ought." He is not an automaton, but a child of the Almighty, and so has capacity to deliver himself from physical tyranny and fate. He can deliver himself from the "must" of the physical, and place himself under the "ought" of the spiritual, and can do this because he has spiritual nature and capacities.

Man is spirit, therefore he is capable of thinking on spirit, on the infinite spirit, of conceiving of the Perfect, and of seeking intercourse with the eternal, infinite, unseen Source of all being. This capability is a universal characteristic of man, and however degraded his state, marks him off from all other creatures. No animal exhibits any trace of religious ideas. It is inconceivable that any animal has religious capacities. But the lowest man has his idea of God, is capable of thinking upon and delighting in the infinite, the perfect, the eternal, the absolute. To man the thought of the infinite Creator of all is the supreme thought, the

most uplifting and gladdening thought. Man has always found his highest joy in God, his highest joy in tracing out the laws of God, in knowing His will and in having His favor. A creature who does this, a being who can rise to the heights of self-forgetting goodness, who can find his chief joy in truth and righteousness, and the fellowship of the unseen and perfect God; who can deplore his own sin, cast it off and rise to the practice of the purest virtue, is surely not a being merely physical and animal, but is spiritual.

Because man is all this, because he is spiritual, he is capable of the inspirations of the spiritual God. Elihu says, "Man has the inspiration of the Almighty," and that it is this inspiration "giveth man understanding." Has Elhu said rightly? We do know that man is subject to sudden thoughts and elevations that stand out above the levels of his ordinary life. All men, in all lands and ages, have felt, occasionally, a movement, a rush, a deep awe in their spirits, a surprising insight, a sense of superiority to all earthly things, and have had perceptions of ideas dawning upon them, which their experience hitherto had not suggested, and which they had never sought out; a wider horizon has opened and lifted around and above them, and they have had impressions of grandeur, of truth and right and beauty, which they could not at the moment account for, and could never account for by any reasoning upon merely sensuous things. In the whirl and rush of business life a deep melancholy has seized them, as they have thought of the life they were living below their nature, below their capacities; a deep hush has fallen upon

them in the roaring tumult of life, a sense of shame for indulging sensual tastes and habits, and a deep earnest longing for nobler and worthier things. These experiences men have always ascribed to God, as the only rational adequate source of them. Besides, men have everywhere been in the habit of praying to the unseen God for light and guidance, and in the faith that such helps as they craved were given to them. They have felt that it was perfectly natural to apply to the infinite Source of wisdom, and to receive from Him. What the nature of a creature really is, is to be judged by its activities; man has always acted as a creature who is spiritual, and as a creature who receives inspiration from the Almighty, and not as a special privilege but as a natural thing, a thing of course. In prophets and apostles such inspiration may rise to a peculiar degree, but all men have gone forward in the faith that there were moments in their lives when they were visited with divine illuminations. All thoughtful, sober-minded and wise men, have always been careful not to live, or do, or speak in any way contrary to these illuminations that have come to them.

The more attentive a man is to these inspirations and the more loyal, the oftener he may expect them to come to him, and with larger measure. But when a man is all centered and absorbed in himself, and takes all his law and way from himself; when his mind is the arena of noisy appetites, of worldly ambitions and contending passions, he can not expect new visions of truth, or duty, nor any new incoming of divine illuminations. That is spirit which is spirit, and to live in falsity to

spiritual faculties and conditions, is to live without any increasing revelations or certitudes. Of course we can not be always on transfiguration heights, nor always standing on the Patmos-isles of transcendent vision. But if at any time we permit the fogs of the earth to gather thick around our minds and to settle down upon our hearts, there is no telescope will show us the stars and no inspirations will make themselves known to us. But we may believe that if we consent to will and to do God's good pleasure concerning us, He never wholly ceases to work within us. We may believe that all that is most deep and noble and manliest within us, is the fruit of His inworking; that all our better love and higher aspirations are the answering movements of our nature to the touch of His spirit, and whatever dawn of sanctity and wakening of purer perceptions open on our consciousness, we may believe these are the sweet dawning of His morning light within us. We may believe that He befriends all our moral efforts; encourages us to maintain resolute fidelity, to maintain truth and to maintain right; accepts all our efforts against the designs of evil; but that He is expelled from our consciousness and our spirits by our least unfaithfulness, by our sensuality and by our falsity to reason, to conscience, to truth and to duty.

As there is a "spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding," we may believe that it is by the spirit that the Scriptures, given by inspiration, have their truest and completest interpretation. Of course many things aid us in the interpretation, and are necessary to our understanding of

the Scriptures—a knowledge of languages, of religions, of ancient and modern history, of foreign literatures and the principles of literary interpretation. All learning is a help and is not to be considered unimportant. Research and sagacity are necessary. But however endowed and equipped we may be, we shall fall short if there be not in us something of the same spirit by whose impulse the Scriptures were written. We must not only know the spirit of the nation and time in which the Scriptures were written, but possess something of the same spirit which they had, which the individual men had, who wrote the Scriptures.

Again, as the heart of man may be under the inspiration of the Almighty, there may be convictions in a man's heart which are based upon grounds that the reason of men can only partly discover and account for. A man may have convictions of a truth which he can only partly justify to his own mind, and less to the minds of others. The grounds and reasons of his convictions may be to him certain, but deep and mystical, so that when he tries to shape them to the apprehension and approval of the mere intellect, he can only in part succeed. The reasons presented to the understanding seem to himself not half so strong and influential as those of which he is conscious in his heart. He knows that God is, but the intellectual arguments that prove his existence seem poor and thin, compared with the sureness that is in his own heart. He knows the Bible contains the word of God, but he knows it not so much from the arguments addressed to his intellect, as because the voice in the Book and the voice in his own

heart seem to him to be the same voice; and so the arguments of skeptics against the divine element in the Book make but little disturbance in the certainty of his faith. It is the inspiration of the Almighty which has given him understanding. The real danger to such a man is not unfaith, but that he will underestimate ordinary evidence and forget the uses of reason—will forget that reason too is God's gift, and only in a lower degree, is God's inspiration; perhaps no man can actually draw the line between the two. Many a man has come by the way of reason to belief in God and in God's word. Learning, research, investigation, history, theology, and even science have helped many men to faith; all these are God's lesser lights, and we must not ignore, nor undervalue them as lesser lights, as moon and stars. The man who rests all his faith on his inner light alone ought not to feel disappointment if other men are not always convinced by his own convictions. His convictions may be sure and deep and unassailable for himself, but when he brings them to bear on other men, let him seek to present and urge them in the forms of the understanding. So it was that the apostles of our Lord, even after the day of Pentecost, when they sought to convince men, reasoned with them, pleaded and contended with them in strong appeals to their understanding, and to their conscience, proving by testimony and argument that Christ was the Messiah and had risen from the dead.

Since there is an inspiration of the Almighty, we may look for evidences in our own hearts that shall make us measurably independent in the ground and strength of

our faith in spiritual things, in the ground and strength of the reasonings, and the testimonies and authorities of other people. We may know for ourselves, and by direct knowledge of our own. Of course the elements of knowledge must always at first be taken on trust. Always our first steps to knowledge are steps in faith. We must believe, or we shall not know. This is true of progress in all knowledge, but not more true in religion than in other things. But by and by, we come to know for ourselves. The spirit of truth bears witness in our hearts. We believe, not because others have told us, but because of what is itself manifested in our own consciousness. Thus the spiritual soul, living spiritually, is not wholly dependent on the church and creed, and the testimony of other people, but possesses in itself an inspiration from God; his faith does not rest all in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God; he lives by the communications of God to his own devout and obedient heart. He lives, not all by the inspirations and revelations that in other times have come to other people, but by such as come freshly to his own soul; he believes in the inspirations and revelations that have come to other people, because he believes in such as have come to himself. There is a witness of God's spirit with our spirits, and this becomes to us, at last, the supreme witness. Much depends on the condition of our hearts and the mode of our lives. We see what we have the eyes to see, and hear what we have the ears to hear. The artist sees in the summer landscape what the dull animal and the cold wintry heart never saw. When the mind is inert and gross, the opaqueness in the

soul's vision can not be mended by any optician. With our ears accustomed only to the sounds of the market, and the exchange and the caucus, we might stand where Paul did on the hill above Damascus, or go with him into the tent-maker's shop where he worked, or into the lane in Rome where he lived, or stand beside him on Mar's Hill, and we would hear only the noisy babble of disputing neighbors and not any voice divine. When Jesus prayed, after his triumphal entry into the city, "the people who stood by said, 'it thundered,' but others said that an angel spoke." Not everybody recognizes the voices of the angels even when they speak. Saul of Tarsus heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me"; but those who stood by did not hear any voice at all. Good old Simeon the Jew, and a few devout Zoroastrians from Persia, saw in the infant Jesus the Messiah who was to come; but to most men in Palestine that infant was only a common baby. For the most part men see outwardly only what is already within them. We see not with our eyes, but with our minds. I have a friend who thinks that Mary Wilkins has written only one little story, and that her other stories are a repetition of that; that she plays only one tune, with variations. I have other friends who think Miss Wilkins is the finest author in our language who writes short stories.

You go and sit down in the telegraph office with the operator, and you say of the little instrument beside him, "it ticks," and to your ear it only ticks, but the operator says "it talks," and he will interpret to you what it says. For duller people the interpreter has his

function, and we should not ignore it, nor deny, but only test his utterance and virtues. Our danger in these times is not in believing too much, but too little. Of course, if there were no God, no spirit, no soul; if the great physical universe were only a self-constituted organization of atoms; if the multitudinous planets in their mighty movements were but dancing the meaningless minuet of fate; if the winds had no meaning whatever in their moan, nor the waters in their song; if truth were only a guess and duty, hope and sorrow only a thrill of the nerves; then of course there would be nothing to believe, nothing beyond what the bodily eye perceives, and the senses witness.

But if God is the eternal, infinite, all vitalizing spirit, dwellng within the veil of things; if seas and stars but trace His thoughts; if the scenery before us and the experience within us are the symbols of His speaking mind; if conscience is His voice, and aspiration the kindling of His touch—then our danger is not that our faith will be too great and strong, but too little and weak. Skepticism is, ordinarily, the sign of a narrow mind and of a defective wisdom. The great souls of history have been trustful and hopeful, their only fear lest they did not enough confide in God, and in their own inspirations. Who of us ever found that the mood in which we could believe nothing, admire nothing, be stirred by nothing, and could find nothing sacred, proved itself the true mood? The hour of the soul's eclipse is not its normal hour, nor the hour from which we should take our reckoning. It is by our best faculties and brightest hours we are to estimate ourselves

and the world, and guide our way. We should depend on our faculties, not in proportion as they are animal, but in proportion as they are divine and are inspired. It is not fitting in us, as rational men, to confide in our bodily eyesight and give the lie to our consciences and affections.

The things the poet sees in the summer field are as real as those the animal sees, as those the botanist sees, and are more important. And what the poet tells us he sees in the hieroglyphics of nature and life, we must not deny until we can look at them with his kindled heart, and with his awakened faculties.

God speaks to us in the eternal poem of the universe, which He is forever breathing; speaks to us in the hymn the morning stars are forever singing; speaks to us in the utterances of great souls by Him inspired, and attunes our minds to apprehend and understand the message; but we must attend to our minds and be loyal to them in their best faculties and moments. If we let the light that is within us become darkness, we shall discern no light at all, and if we let the harmony within us become discord, we shall hear no music, though the choiring angels of peace and good will are chanting all around us. God is love, and we were made in His image and likeness. We may be sure that every message that comes to us from God is a message of love. If it be not a message of love it is not a true message, it is not a divine message. All God's inspirations move us to rely on ourselves and to render service to our fellow men. But a man who would hear God and be sure of the message, and true to it, must withdraw his thoughts from

the noisy tongues of men, from reliance upon conventions, edicts, customs, fashions and majorities, and from the pushing and clamoring ambitions of the caucus and greeds of the market, and go into the closet of his own heart and commune alone and intently with his own mind. He must have the courage greatly to listen to himself and to be true to himself. God will not make himself manifest to cowards. The soul must believe in itself and in the sacredness and supremacy of its own voices and edicts. It must not rely on outward inventions. It will be hindered and hurt even by reliance on other's prayers, until it has learned to pray its own prayers. And creeds may be only crutches that perpetuate our lameness; that say, "Let not God speak to us; let only men speak; we will obey them."

I believe there is a divine inspiration and guidance for each one of us, and that if we will only humbly and intently listen, we shall hear the right word, and that if we will bravely obey, we shall be carried forward to completest self-realization, and to largest usefulness and destiny.

Blessed is the man, who all his life has been true to those luminous morning hours, those impelling inspirations that lighted and thrilled him in his youth, and discovered to him his divine nature and vocation. In their youth men heard the call of God, and their littleness and destruction has been in their falseness to that call. All great men began their career of greatness in their youth; they early heard the voice of their destiny and saw the way to it open before them, and in their ardent loyalty to the same, has been all their achieving

and all their high becoming. I believe with Schopenhauer, that nothing is to be expected or had for gold but mediocrity. Always men who are motived by wages and wealth will rise only to mediocrity. Greatness, largest-becoming and usefulness are the fruit of loyalty to one's highest faculties and to early inspirations. So little do riches enter into manly greatness of mind and life, that we never stop to ask of one of the great men of history, whether he was rich or poor. The real poverty and weakness of our nation today is in the fewness of the men who are willing to live by their mind and heart, and are bravely true to their hours of highest inspiration. Our unions and trusts and syndicates, in commerce and politics and religion, shave down the individual to conformity to the common type, and turn the hearts of men from themselves and God, into obedience to the convention and its authority, and into reliance upon the prudential, the popular and the remunerative. In the labor unions the individual is not free to heed his own inspirations, but is the slave of the union. In politics, promotions lie, not in obedience to one's own inspirations, but in being the echo of the bosses, the caucuses and the majorities. In the church all individual power and religious genius must work within the mediocrity of majorities, and of creeds and catechisms often outgrown, and repealed and antiquated by the providence of progress and history.

There is little room for the prophet whose own inspirations are his truth and law. The prophet was the last free man. No place is permitted the prophet. The sects and the churches can not permit any utterance

disturbing to the conventional quiet and to the conclusions of mediocrity by majorities. Thus the prophets are muzzled so completely that they become dumb dogs that can not bark, and genius, originality and greatness in the pulpit, in statesmanship, in literature, in art, are in danger of being only a remembrance of things that have been. The fields of largest freedom still left to us, are the fields of science, of monetary speculation and of mechanical invention.

To work within the limits of the convention and according to the rules prescribed by the majority in state and church, no inspiration is needed for that, and men working so, come at length not to know that any inspiration is to be had at all, or that man has capacity for any, and then they soon come to deny that there is and that there ever was any such thing.

For three Sundays I have been pleading for the freedom of the spirit, for the recognition and sanctity of the individual mind and heart, for the rights of private reason and interpretation, for the liberty of him who sees the gates of Eden gleam, and does not dream it is a dream; and now I plead for individual and earnest loyalty to those inspirations of the Almighty which I believe do at sometime touch every human heart. I plead that we encourage the freedom and regard as sacred the thoughts and inspirations of our own hearts; that we nourish the faculties that are highest in us, and heed the moments that are brightest. I plead that we shall encourage the freedom of others and pay reverent attention to the men who speak to us out of the originality and inspiration of their own hearts. The kingdom

of God when it is anywhere, is in the hearts and utterances of free, unrestrained living men. God's inspirations are confined to living men; let us give opportunity and attentive reverence to such men, and not by inattention bring ruin upon ourselves, and render all progress impossible. Let us have fellowship with the men and books of high thoughts and generous aspirations. We are known by the company we keep, and we become like it. Our English fathers were great men in mind and phrase; it is said of them, they lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato. Let us be open to the inspirations of humanity, and have living fountains within us bubbling freshly up in everlasting love.

THE BLESSING OF SIN.

After the fashion of some of the old essays, this paper is prefaced by some quotations, all of which will be recognized by the Club as of ecclesiastical or Biblical authority.

> "For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
> But to the earth some *special good* doth give:
> Nor ought *so good* but *strained from* that *fair use*
> *Revolts to vice* and *stumbles on abuse.*"

The good priest in the garden scene in Romeo and Juliet.

> "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."—Gen. I-31.

> "I am the Lord and there is none else; there is no God beside me. * * * I am the Lord and there is none else. I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things."—Isaiah XLV. 5-7.

> "The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field, but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, 'Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in the field? From whence then hath it tares? He said unto him, 'An enemy hath done this.' The servants said unto him, 'Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up'? But he said 'Nay! lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together to the harvest' "—Matthew XIII, 24-30.

This is familiarly known as the "Parable of the Tares," but should always be remembered as "Christ's Word of Warning to Rash Reformers."

This paper affirms that evil is in the world for the good of the race. And if it so be that the conception is true, that the world was created and is sustained by an intelligent person, of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, whom men call God, then the affirmation is, that "evil is in the world of God's purpose for the good of man."

It is somewhat aside from the purpose of the paper, whether the Theistic or the Atheistic view of the Universe is accepted, in the one event as much as in the other, the affirmation remains true. But if the Theistic conception is maintained, then the affirmation is an absolute necessity to preserve the integrity of God.

There are some persons to whom from their mental constitution perhaps, and perhaps from their habits of thought, the conception of the eternal existence of a personality that others with seeming ease call God, is an impossibility. There are others, who from mental constitution, habits of thought and early education, find it is easier to accept the eternal existence of such a person, whom they call God, than the conception of the eternal existence of matter and the immutable order of the universe, without the conception of an intelligent creator and upholder behind it. The truth is, that upon final analysis neither of these conceptions is within the intellectual comprehension of man. At the second step, both the religionist and the materialist come upon the incomprehensible.

The materialistic philosophers and scientists have in later years come quite freely to the assertion, that back of all this phenomenon of the presence of matter, and the existence of sustained law and order, there is something beyond the ken of knowledge, therefore beyond science; and as it is unknowable and incomprehensible, we shall not puzzle or exercise ourselves with this precedent mystery, but shall concern ourselves alone with the study of the qualities of the tangible matter upon which we can lay our hands, and with discovering and setting forth the laws which, operating upon and controlling matter, produce the phenomena which we do certainly observe.

The religionist on the other hand says, "It is easier and more rational to believe, that back of this universe is an intelligent creator and upholder of all things. But we concede that the eternal pre-existence, and the eternal after existence of such a creator and upholder is beyond all human conception or measurement, and must be accepted upon faith." And among religionists, the character and qualities of this infinite being, the existence of which they have assumed as the explanation of the phenomena which they observe, are ever unsteady and changing, and always responding to the mental and moral status of the particular time, people or individual. So that when you have the conception of God held at a particular time by a particular people or by a particular individual, you can be quite sure of the intellectual and moral status of the time or the people or the individual. In order for a heartfelt worship and adoration of any God by any people or any individual at any

time, the God must in the conception of the people or the individual of that period be worthy of such worship and adoration. But it is not the purpose of this paper to develop this thought or to illustrate it, and its further pursuit would be collateral to its purpose.

Let us assume the attitude of the religionist, and whether we proceed upon the conception that there is a Creator, and that there is an upholder of the universe, present and imminent in the on-going of affairs; or whether we adopt the conception of a Creator who, having created the cosmos and the laws which are to govern and control its operations, then bowled it out of his hand, to be controlled by the operation of these laws; in either case, to believe there is aught in the world which is not for the good of the world and all that therein dwells, is to impugn the wisdom, the power, or the beneficence of the Creator. If He were wise enough to see the outcome, and had the power to control it, and the outcome is not beneficent to the race, then the inevitable conclusion follows, that He is not loving or merciful. Assuming that He is loving and merciful, and yet there is in the order of things something which in the long run is harmful to the race, then there is an imputation as to His power and wisdom.

This has ever been apparent to the thoughtful of the religionists, and therefore there has ever been the wailing cry as to why a loving father, infinite in power and wisdom, permitted evil to be present in the world.

To hold God *guiltless* in this matter, there have ever been a few who have insisted that there is no such thing as evil in the world. We have such today, insisting

there is no evil,—not that there is an evil in the world to work righteousness,—but no evil thing is in the world.

Another and a very much larger class have always sought to preserve the integrity of God by admitting that there is evil in the world, that it is not of God's will or purpose, but simply by his permission—thus saving an imputation against a limitation upon his power or wisdom. But if it so be that there is evil in the world, harmful to the human race in its totality, and He has the power to avoid it, and yet permits it to remain, this play with words does not relieve God of His responsibility.

There is another larger, and a growing class, who see that there is evil in the world, who still abide by their faith in the infinite wisdom, power and love of God, and who are contented to say,—"This is an inscrutable mystery and beyond all comprehension," and by an act of supreme faith say,—" Such is God's will, and it must be for the good of the race, though it can not be seen how or why it is so." As a mere religious exercise, manifesting an abiding faith in God, and a very proper humility becoming the limitations set upon human knowledge, this is an admirable attitude, and one which might properly be accepted and acted upon if there were no better foundation on which to stand, and at the last it may prove to be the surest foundation.

Epicurus got away from this difficulty after this fashion: He "does not deny that there are gods; on the contrary he reveres them as ideals of celestial life. But we are not to suppose that the Gods trouble them-

selves about us and our world. They could neither dwell in perfect bliss, were they constantly occupied with human affairs; nor if they really exercised such providences, would the evil that prevades the world be explicable".

There are those, however, to whom it seems that God ought not to leave his worshippers standing on a mere blind and passive belief as a solution of an otherwise inscrutable mystery, threatening alike God's integrity and man's faith. And these others also think that it is a part of man's duty to find if he can some solid foundation upon which he may plant his feet.

Some such one says—"Assuming that there is an intelligent creator, who for want of a better term we will call a person, and whom we will name God, who is infinite in wisdom, and power and love, and that such an One deliberately set himself to the creation of a race with the greatest possibilities, that might come to the greatest possible attainments, produce the greatest possible individuals, do the greatest possible things:—On this assumption, what would He do?"

Laying aside all others which might be mentioned, there are at least two qualities or characteristics that must be possible to such a race,—one virtue, and the other strength.

Now this seeker after a better foundation for his faith in God's wisdom, power, love and justice, conceives the fact to be that without evil ever present in the world to tempt men and women, and to be overcome by men and women, there could be no such thing as virtue or strength in the race.

Is it conceivable that there can be any virtue in the world without the possibility of sin? Can there be any possibility of sin unless there is evil present to tempt to the sinful doing? Can there be any virtue in the world except by the voluntary refusing the invitation of sin, and choosing the right? Temptations arise not merely from lust and licentiousness, but from indolence and love of ease, and from the desire to take short roads to success, thereby seeking to avoid patient and unwelcome labor and delay.

And here this seeker uses the word sin in its very broadest sense, as the equivalent of the violation of any law set in operation for man's good in any possible direction.

Nor can this seeker conceive it to be possible that the race or any individual of the race can come to the possession of strength without the constant and purposeful overcoming of obstacles with which he comes in contact, and which seemingly bar his passage. A man never makes muscle by floating down stream; nor does the university crew gain power of endurance by spasmodic sprinting in training. Strength is gained only by overcoming resistance.

Any scheme lookng to the existence of worthy life that has no place for temptation to be resisted and obstacles to be overcome, would not indicate wise prevision and would have no promise of a happy fruition. Temptation to be resisted and obstacles to be overcome, necessarily imply evil in the world.

Of course the suggestion at once arises, that while some individuals of the race will resist temptation, and

overcome obstacles, and become virtuous and strong, others will be unable to do so, and the dignity of the race will be obtained at the sacrifice of the individual. Suppose this were not to be denied—yet is it not worth the while, to create a race of great possibilities, though many or even a majority should prove unable to obtain the greatest possibilities?

This suggestion will bear a closer inquiry. In the first place, while many and perhaps a great majority of the individuals may not measure up to the full stature of a man as he should be, yet the failure is but comparative. And upon a careful inquiry it may well be found to be the truth, that but very few of the majority would have been willing to have lost the opportunity of the effort. In other words, very few will be found who do not rejoice in the life they have had, and the measure of success which they have attained. Rare indeed is the individual who will not exclaim,—"The life I have had is far better than to have had no life at all". After all, success is but a comparative term, and one may have found happiness where another would have been most unhappy. So that these injustices will be found more imaginary than real.

In the next place, it is very certain that in every form of life, animate or inanimate, God or nature, as the particular person may choose to express it, has been most prodigal of life for the sake of the possible fruitage. An hundred blossoms are given that there may be one perfect peach, and the perfect peach justifies the waste. In the meantime, the blossom has given to the world its beauty and its fragrance, notwith-

standing the fruit has not come to perfection. There is no reason why the same rule and the same result should not obtain in the race of men.

But again, with men it is quite certain that at least most individuals of the race do receive just what they deserve, they receive precisely the pay which they have earned; they have not been willing to endure labor, or exercise prudent economy, and poverty has been the result; for present ease or pleasure they have violated the laws of their existence, physical, mental, or moral, and there is lack of development, stunted growth, and perhaps a vicious disposition, but there is no injustice in the result. As men sow they must reap. Everywhere else men recognize that cause must produce its effect, and effect must follow its cause. Elsewhere it is recognized that the certainty of law is wise and beneficial to the race; only by the certainty of its operation can men plan for the successful ordering of their lives and their affairs. The farmer sows his wheat and plants his corn, with perfect assurance that the grain will produce its kind, and that he shall reap the harvest in due season.

And shall it be held a hardship that the same rule applies in that very relation where it is most essential that it should exist? Ought there to be any uncertainty whatever, that a virtuous life should ripen into a proper fruitage? Shall a vicious man have any just cause of complaint that his sowing of vice should not reward him with virtue?

Any religious scheme, any plan of vicarious atonement, which leads the sinner to suppose that by re-

pentance alone, the effect of the violation of law is wiped out, is vicious in principle, and if really believed, leads to awful consequences.

One other suggestion. It may be true that with our narrow and incomplete vision of life, there may be in particular instances seeming injustices. But it is quite possible, and to some it seems a very rational belief, that there may be other stages of life in which all things shall be made equal.

But the paper must not forget or pass by one other phase of human life as exhibited in the race. The influence of heredity must be taken into account. The individual is born and brought into the world without any request or volition on his part. It is a great thing that a man should be born honest, and have as a natural inheritance sane and moral predispositions and tendencies. It is an awful thing that a babe shall be born from a bed of lust and drunken debauchery. Yet this very thing does occur.

And what shall be said of it, and the added influence of environment? Can not such a child curse its inheritance and its life; can it not rightfully cry out that it is the victim of injustice? Yea, truly it may, but whose injustice? God's? No! the injustice and the shame of its parents, for their violating the laws of their creation and their existence.

Go back again to our hypothesis of an all wise, all powerful and all loving person whom men call God, setting himself to the task of creating a race with the greatest possibilities, and seeking to find and to bestow upon man the highest conceivable motive for virtuous

living and propagating a worthy race: what higher motive could be found, what higher restraint could He impose upon the individual of the race, than forever to hold before men the great truth, that for lack of virtue on their part, they can not bear the whole punishment, but that these consequences must be visited upon the helpless and the innocent to the third and fourth generation?

Thus this believer in the existence of a wise, powerful and beneficient Creator, and this seeker after a foundation for his faith, which will preserve the integrity of God and yet take into account the actualities of life, has reached the conclusion that evil is in the world, of God's purpose, for the good of the race.

And here the paper has the support of the stoic as well as of the Christ:

"In the first place (to the stoic) the idea of a thorough going causal connection, of a universal conformity to law, was so energetically defended, that it forthwith became a part of the scientific consciousness. The causal order, however, appealed to the stoic as being the sane expression of a divine government; they argued that there must be a diety underlying the world, since a universe which has animate parts must itself be animate as a whole. Furthermore that the deity has adapted the world to rational beings and even included individuals in his care. Such evil as exists, is only a secondary consequence of the development of the world, and this subordinate result is turned to good by the divine reason". (Eucken, p. 88.)

Leibnitz in his Theodocy supports the proposition "that the world with all its evil was better than a world would be without any evil." Id., p. 402. "From evil a greater good may very probably emerge, if not for the individual himself, at least for others, and in this way the total good may be increased."

But if on the other hand, the theory of the materialistic evolutionist who takes no account of God in his calculations be the correct theory, the truth yet remains with as much certainty. The worth of the race depends essentially upon the virtue and strength of the individuals, and these in turn depend upon temptations resisted and obstacles overcome, and these again upon the presence of evil which presents the temptations to be resisted and the obstacles to be overcome. But here the materialistic evolutionist stands upon an easier footing than the religionist; for that so far from having to present an apology for evil in the world to hold God guiltless, he boldly proclaims that this presence of evil in the world is one of the essentials to the greatness of the race, and by its very presence is operating to elevate man by causing him to rise superior to it.

And from this point of view the sinner,—that is the violator of the law of his being, which always is sin,—if left to his self-condemnation, for he has no God upon whom to cast the responsibility.

But this paper, so far somewhat theological and also perhaps somewhat academic, would fall far short of its purpose if it ended here. It is intended to touch and

to meet certain very live and present conditions in our every day and commonplace life. It is not meant to be either theological or academic, but to touch today's life and today's activities.

Evil is in the world, and manifests itself on every hand. Everywhere it presents temptations to be resisted and obstacles to be overcome. The question of today is, how shall we deal with its presence? It is one of the paradoxes of life that the first view of any phase of social life is almost always in direct opposition to its sustained observation. This is because the first view is superficial. The first view of evil is that it is always harmful, but this is the superficial view. It is true today, as it has ever been, that virtue is an essential element of a worthy life, and that virtue consists alone in resisting temptation. There may be a period in life in which there is innocence in the absence of temptation. But there is no real virtue in such innocence. Virtue comes with temptations encountered and resisted, strength comes with obstacles met and overcome.

The first instinct is to say, "I find these tares sown in the fields of life, and I will pull them up and destroy these noxious cumberers of the ground". Christ gave answer to this suggestion in the language put into the mouth of the householder to his head farmer.

A body of good women came to Golden Rule Jones while mayor of Toledo, and prayed him to close the houses of prostitution known to exist in that city. He asked them, "Where shall I send the inmates"? They were not ready to give him an answer. He sent

them away to consider what answer they should make to the question, promising them to consider the subject when they gave him their answer. The good women departed, and never returned with the answer.

It is true that there are a large number of good, sympathetic, sentimental people, who are always ready to act on first impressions and on first impulses. But the first impression is just as likely to be wrong as it is to be right. The first impulse may be to kill, or to steal, or to lie; in which case virtue and strength comes from resisting temptation.

Mrs. Deland contributed to the Atlantic Monthly for March of the current year a paper under the title, "The Change in the Feminine Ideal", dealing with the women's "Suffragist Movement". In the paper she decries what she rightly terms the "sentimentality, the lawlessness and the emotional shallowness" upon which its advocates proceed. And its advocates are both men and women.

Two quotations are made, in which she illustrates what she means.

"The new woman whose *metier* at this moment happens to be reform says lightly: 'We'll close disreputable houses by law', and feels that all is settled. When man, sad enough, and puzzled enough, and humble enough, too, if he is the right kind of man, says tentatively—'But may we not perhaps scatter poison by that process'?—see how the new woman scorns him for his cowardice or baseness!

"In this connection I recall a grim illustration of the effect of a shallow sense of social responsibility mixed with sentimentalism. A company of good and earnest women took steps to secure the enforcement of a certain law in regard to disreputable houses; as a result a whole street full of these hideous places were closed and the inmates went flocking out upon the town like evil birds of prey. A young woman who had once lived in one of these houses was at that time in my care, and I asked her what would become of these poor creatures, whom the good women had sent out into the world—each of them a microbe of sin. I can never forget her reply: 'Oh, they do a very good business on the street'. Then she added, casually, four sinister words—'a better business, really'."

And again, another illustration upon a familiar and analogous subject.

"Women suffer from the curse of liquor as men do not. The drunkard suffers in his own person as he deserves to do; but his wife or mother suffers because he suffers. Stinging then with her personal misery the new woman says—'I will close the saloons so that *temptation* shall be removed'—with never a thought for the education it would be to some other woman's son to learn to pass that saloon without going in; still less does she reflect upon that nobler education of moderation which means the sane use of liquor. *Yet which is better, to remove temptation, or to teach people to resist temptation? To prevent badness is to prevent goodness, for an unwilled action has no*

moral significance. And certainly the highest righteousness includes the highest power of being bad if you want to be. Or as Kant concludes—'Nothing can be morally good that is not pursued for its own sake'."

This method of dealing with evil—its suppression or extermination—seems to many the readiest at hand and so easy of application, that it ought to be adopted *instanter*. There are not a few who are so sure of their own judgment, that in their prayers they beseech God to change His plans that have endured through the ages; and who appeal to legislatures of men to pass laws to put their judgments into execution.

There are yet others with supreme egotism who go up and down among the concourses of life, bawling into the ears of both God and man their invectives against God's method of doing things, and seeking to impose their wisdom upon both God and man. It matters not to such that laws, whether of God or man, stand in their way. To such, every law that hinders them in their exercise of their own will, is the cause of fretful petulance and loud-mouthed declamation. Mrs. Deland is quite right in her protest against this emotional lawlessness. We quote from a very different source, Rudolph Eucken's great book entitled "The Problem of Life". Speaking of the Greeks he says,—

"Whatever fortunes befell the Greek his attitude was active; he always sought to be at his own powers, and hence to wrest something rational from every experience, even from suffering. Whatever was hos-

tile he attacked with spirit, and if he could not completely conquer it, he at least energetically repelled it. In such a strife man unfolds his powers, indeed attains that greatness of soul which makes him superior to the world".

The question constantly recurs, what shall be done with evil? Have the state and the church no authority and no duty in the premises?

As to the state: For the protection of the public against the results of yielding to temptation, the state within limits may define what conduct of men shall be deemed to be injurious to the people, and be denominated as crimes, for which penalties may be imposed.

But the science of *criminology* is altogether a different thing from the science of morals. And certain it is, that legislative enactments can but indirectly and feebly affect the morals of the community. An act done under compulsion has no moral significance; and if the citizen in his heart feels that such compulsion is unjust even though imposed by a majority, it arouses a spirit of resentment, first against the particular law, and then against law in general. It is well understood that when any particular law in any particular community is felt to be in conflict with the general sentiment then prevailing, the law can not be enforced, and not only that law, but all law falls into disrepute. When the race has become perfected, the millennium will have come, and there will be no need of legislative or man-made law. Until that time shall come it would be well for men to

realize that any legislation fitted for a perfect race would be a misfit in this present world of ours.

A boot maker may be an artist, and have a very correct idea of what would be a perfect foot for a man five feet ten inches high and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. A man of those proportions applies for shoes, and the cordwainer makes the ideal shoe to fit the ideal foot. But unfortunately his patron has corns or bunions or the gout. It is useless for the shoemaker to urge upon him that the boot is a perfect boot for the ideal foot. The patron well knows he has bunions or corns, and he can not be induced to attempt to wear it.

As to the church. The church has to do with morals. But the church can not speak by authority or compulsion; it can reach men only by persuasion. There can be no such thing as a compulsory morality or righteousness.

All these attempts at being wiser than God or superior to nature result in a paternalism or socialism that is inimical to a sturdy manhood, destroys all vigorous individualism, all initiative, and weakens the race. In a recent illustrious manifesto, there was much of execration of the privileged classes, and a loud-mouthed demand for equal opportunity. Are there such things as privileged classes, and the denial of equal opportunity in this country? Let the facts of life, as they are everywhere known, if attention only be given to the matter, make answer to this question. Take our Washington Street merchants from one end of the street to the other, and it

will be found that a large majority of them have started with no capital or advantage other than their own capacities and qualities, and have been the architects and builders of their own fortunes. How constant is the repetition of the story of railroad presidents and superintendents, who have risen from the lowest positions in railroad employment. The brigadier-general of the United States Army, in command at Fort Benjamin Harrison at the late manoeuvers, rose from the ranks to that position. It is only as a result of some favoritism that a doctor in the course of a very few years, and without any military experience, can come to be at the head of the army.

The college man who works his way through college, playing the part of waiter at the clubs and dormitories, is quite as likely as otherwise in the after college life to be the successful competitor for honors in whatever field he may choose for his endeavors. In the legal profession the number of men who have come to eminence, who studied the elements of their profession while teaching school for their sustenance, is very large indeed. The latest illustration of this is the governor of the foremost state of the Union, nominated to a judgeship upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the olden time in the country schools, before the day of lithographed writing books, a favorite copy set down for the imitation of the tyro was, "There is no royal road to learning." And it is altogether certain today that in this country there is no royal road to opportunity or preferment in any of the pursuits

of life. There is no class or place which is not open to the earnest and capable seeker; and the discipline and virtue and strength which come from the combat with obstacles encountered and overcome are helps rather than hindrances in the seeking.

There is a well-founded reason for holding that during the infancy and helplessness of a child, he should be under the protection and guardianship of the parent. But until very recently, it has been held to be a sound policy, alike for the individual and the community, that when the child has come to the years of maturity, he should be released from the disabilities of his non-age, and given his freedom, and that he should take up the responsibilities of his own life. It has always been thought that this tended to the development of character, to individuality, and to the creation of a good, intelligent and independent citizenship. But all this paternalism which has come so much in vogue both in church and in state within the last half score of years, extends this non-age, this protectorate, this dependent spirit, and leaves man in his swaddling bands during all his life. And the latest manifestation of this shallow conception of protection to the individual has extended to the idea that the masses have not the capacity for the control and management of public affairs, and that somehow or other the state must settle and determine all questions of administration, with as little possible interference from the individuals, until we have government by boards of all kinds, in the selection of which the people have no direct voice and but little influence,

—Boards of Public Works, of Public Safety, of Public Health and the like; all of which are good enough and useful enough within limitations. But as things have come to pass in these past few years, these boards, not selected directly by the people, and very largely removed from the influence of the people, have, much like Job's comforters, assumed that they have the wisdom of the ages, and that they in their several departments are quite free to exercise the power committed to them after the most arbitrary fashion.

Bureaucracy has developed wonderfully within a brief period, and the evils incident to such administration are already appearing. So far has this idea gone in this community, that very recently a motion has been made, and received more than one second in the press of the city, that the government of the city of Indianapolis be abolished, and the administration of its affairs be turned over to John H. Holliday, Dr. Henry Jameson and Herman Munk, or some other third contingent.

If such a scheme of relief by the extermination or suppression of evil is properly called shallow or superficial, and until its reform be accomplished the public be placed under tutelage, what shall be said of the proposition, that while we know that there is evil in the world, and that it cannot be exterminated, we will act as if no evil existed: "We will not treat with it, we will not recognize it enough to put bonds upon it, or restrict its habitation"? Such a position is very like a man who puts a cover over the top of his

chimney and cries—"Look, there is no smoke"—while the smoke which ought to escape through its appointed means, is filling the house and suffocating its occupants.

God knows there is evil in the world; that it has always been here, and will forever continue here to abide. It is here to be dealt with. And so the question comes back, what shall we do with the evil that is in the world?

The sane and sensible answer would seem to be, that its presence should be recognized and dealt with as God intended it should be, as a means of development, of giving virtue and strength to the race.

The father fails of his duty to his sons, and the mother of duty to her daughter, if as they come to the age of understanding, they do not take their children into their confidence, and inform them of the evil in the world, warn them of the temptations to be encountered; warn them of the horrible danger of yielding to temptation; teach them how to resist temptation, and to overcome obstacles; teach them how real virtue is attained, and how strength is developed. If a father's admonition and a mother's love will not save their children, rest assured that any statutory prohibition which arouses a curiosity will not stay their children's feet.

Parents holding to such remedies as are suggested by such reformers, if they consent to bring children into the world, seek to avoid personal responsibility in their preparation for life, and to relegate that preparation to the schools and to the church, and rest

their children's salvation upon the prohibition of statutes enacted by the state, or ordinances by the municipalities, and the policeman's nurturing care.

Finally it may be suggested, that the paper does not respond to the title. That it may all be true that it is a good thing for men and woman to acquire virtue and strength by the resisting of evil—but that this is a very different thing from there being any blessing in sin. It is conceded that the title was put in the form in which it stands on the programme to challenge attention, to arouse curiosity perhaps, and certainly to provoke criticism and discussion. But no plea of guilty is entered. Sin in and of itself, that is the yielding to temptation and the violation of law, may be and often in and of itself actually does prove a blessing to the transgressor.

If any man sayeth that he hath no sin, he deceiveth himself, and this every one knows right well. So that we are all under the same condemnation. Now if the yielding to temptation, not merely being touched by temptation, but tainted by sin, shall teach the transgressor the absoluteness of law, and that its violation must be followed by its natural and legitimate consequences, the lesson learned may well be worth more than the price paid in the experience. Certain it is, that the greatest of lives, and the strongest of characters, are often those that have in specific instances yielded to temptation, and having tasted of sin itself, by high resolve thenceforward renounced it. So that sin itself may and often does prove a real blessing. It always turns on the ques-

tion as to what use the sin is put, whether it proves a bane or a blessing.

One need not read the Eden story as history, or take the Genesis story of Creation literally, to accept the opinion of God himself when looking upon all that he had made, and declaring that it was very good. This paper affirms, that the common consensus of opinion among mortals is, that this is a good world, and that the individual will say, "Life has been worth living, and I would not have missed its opportunities, however much I have played havoc with its possibilities".

HELL.

Just as the races of mankind that have left any literature have held to the doctrine of immortality, so they have held to the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments after the end of the mortal life. Many tribes who have not attained to the point of acquiring a literature, have held to a future world of happiness,—such as "The Happy Hunting Grounds" of the American Indian,—but have not conceived of a future Hell. It seems that there must be some degree of mental advancement before a Hell is conceived.

When it has once been conceived, it most often develops into a place of punishment for the followers of some other religion than that held by the propagandist of the particular conception of Hell conceived of by the propagandist, rather than a place of punishment for the unrighteous; and even to the point of condemning to condign punishment of another sect of the same general system of religion, as for example of the Christian religion.

Perhaps the most vigorous example of one religion casting another religion into Hell is found in the Koran. Mahomet recognized the Divinity of Christ, his immaculate conception, and his virgin birth, and only denied that he was equal to God. Mahomet particularly consigned the Christians to Hell through an

eternity where they should at all times be tormented by fire, and as the body was consumed, new skin should constantly be given to the body, to make the suffering more intense and perpetual.

Originally one of the Christian fathers propounded a Hell from which the departed spirit might escape, after its entrance therein, by repentance and seeking after righteousness. The great Roman Catholic Church has carried out this idea in the establishment of a purgatorial period.

Other Christian churches, or Christian denominations, have held to the doctrine, that the condition of the soul at the time of death fixed its citizenship in the new world for all eternity, without possibility of escape.

Out of this situation, there has developed the preaching of a doctrine that men shall be frightened into a religious life by fear of Hell, rather than by an appeal for righteousness, for the sake of righteousness itself. And here one at once comes to the consideration, whether fear of punishment is a more potent force than is love for righteousness. It seems that one should quickly realize that fear is no motive for any vigorous, affirmative action. When actuated by fear, the prompting motive of the action is only negative,—saying, "Do not do this, that or the other thing, for if you *do*, you will be punished." It never says, "Do this thing because it is right." Fear only restrains action. On the other hand, love of righteousness is always an impelling force toward righteous conduct, for the sake of righteousness it-

self. Fear serves only as a brake; the love of righteousness is the engine driving the life forward into righteous conduct and right living.

Taking it that there is a God, and that God is good, and that God is love, or even that God is just,—one can hardly escape the conclusion that the doctrine that the state of the soul at the moment of the death of the body fixes its state throughout an endless eternity, is altogether false.

If God is the Creator and the Father of all races, classes and conditions of men, He owes some duty toward men, even as men owe duties to God.

The race and the individual man had no voice, as to whether the race or individual should come into the world. Neither had asked, or had been asked, whether they desired to become an inhabitant of the world.

If God is responsible for the race, such as He created, with all its weakness and tendencies, God,—if he is good and loving, and is just,—must take his share of responsibility for the consequences.

A child is brought into the world from a conception in a bed of lust. He is not responsible for his advent or for his surroundings, or for his inherited tastes or capacities. And if God created the race, with such passions as lead to a birth from such conception, who is to blame, God or the child, who has come into the world without having asked for his advent?

Let such a child thus born receive such an education and such a training as is most likely under such

circumstances, does not God owe to such a child pity and mercy either in this world or the world to come? A negative answer to this question would make God a monster,—an unthinkable monster,—that no good man could love or worship.

Take another picture: A child of gentle or good parentage, but not well taught as to spiritual matters; she has never been impressed with the duties of a religious life, and as a consequence has never given serious thought to her soul's salvation; there is much good in her life and nature, the good greatly predominating over the evil. She is suddenly taken out of life by some accident, such as by a stroke of lightning, without time or opportunity for repentance or seeking pardon for her sins or reconciliation with God. Will the Creator of the race, responsible for her presence in the world, let all the good and the fine in her nature be lost or destroyed, and only the evil to persist through eternity; or the good to remain only to add to her torture?

Another consideration: There are many men who have not lived religious, or perhaps wholly moral lives, but there are few such who have not much of good in their character. Will God because of the physical death, cause all the good to perish and only the evil to grow in the future life?

The Patriarch Abraham, when beseeching God for the wicked Sodom, asked—"Shall not the Lord of all the earth do right?"

This question must be answered "No" unless He will give to the soul of child, or girl, or man an op-

portunity for repentance and a return to righteousness whenever and wherever in this life or the future life the soul seeks repentance and righteousness.

From all this it is not meant that there is no distinction between a good and a sinful life; or that God does not distinguish the difference.

Far from it; but God has ordained, that each individual shall meet the just consequences of the life he leads, and if the life is sinful, the individual shall suffer the *just consequences* of his sinful conduct, not only in this mortal sphere, but through all aeons of eternity.

But one must proceed cautiously in this consideration of such consequences. One's life may, in the end, be a better, a stronger life by reason of the very fact that he has committed the sin. If having sinned, he has recognized the just consequences of the sinful act, and warned by the experience, he resolutely sets his face against its repetition, he may be the stronger and better for his experience,—but the man will never be the same after the sin, that he was before; there can be no such thing as dalliance with sin; he will be a *better* or a *worse* man as he deals with his experience.

Sin is a violation of some law of God, whether that law is spiritual or material. He may sin against his body as well as against his soul, and he will suffer the direct and logical consequences of such violation of the law.

If it is against the law of his physical being, he will suffer physical pain or weakness; if it is against his

spiritual being, he will suffer the spiritual anguish naturally consequent upon the violation of the law. Nor need there be any necessary consciousness of moral guilt in the first instance.

If he is in ignorance as to the quality of the act, and that without fault or ignorance on his part, there will be no sense of guilt for the moment. But if on consideration of his conduct he finds that he ought to have known and foreseen the consequences, he will come to a sense of guilt, in not having recognized the quality of his act. And this principle applies alike, whether the violation of a law is of the spiritual or of the physical world. In either such case the sin and the guilt are the result of his own negligence and inattention in a matter wherein he should have given heed and attention.

Thus we have a Hell; but it is not postponed to another life, although it may well extend into another life. Many a man's heart has been a hell, before he has died a physical death; and many a man's life has been a hell, while he lived upon the earth and moved among men.

The moment of physical death is but an infinitesimal point in the extended line of the life of the man in this world and in the world to come. As already suggested, there are few men in whom there is not much of good; why then should a righteous God wish to destroy all the good in the man's soul and develop all the evil? And how can one while considering this subject, fail to recognize that in and by the very article of the physical death, the voyager

in the very nature of things comes to an earnest desire for righteousness; and shall a good and just God cut off such possibility? It is quite impossible to imagine such a result. There is no rational ground for such a conclusion, on the theory that God is loving and merciful and just.

One can well insist that the life of a man is a whole, in time and in eternity, and the passage from the earth to the spiritual is but a momentary experience. The spirit passes the point in its spiritual progress, with all its capacities and possibilities. It may be that the soul has lost all its capacity for righteousness, and all the love of good; and all longings and aspirations for a worthy life of love and purity. In such event there would be little hope for the future of such soul. In the very moment and fact of passage, by the very nature of things the passing soul would be called to consider the infinite love of God and a longing to conform to the will of the Father, and to seek forgiveness and righteousness.

One might well adopt the suggestion of Bishop McConnell in another connection, "it is impossible to place bounds upon the divine grace as it deals with the soul that has passed years in rank transgression," and in so doing hold to the belief, that the soul passing through the narrow gate of death, from at best this fleeting beginning of life on the earth, as compared to the eternal life, is like unto the passage of a child from the primary class to a higher grade in school, with wider and higher opportunities for further education. If the child has not applied himself

as he ought in the primary grade the work will be the more arduous; but coming into a new room, with a more illuminating teacher, and a wider scope of vision, this very fact may arouse him to his shortcomings in the lower grade, and inspire him with the desire to learn and understand the higher things to which he had been blind and of which he had been more or less unconscious. Even in this life on the earth, by reason of his birth and surroundings, many a child who has been but a sorry pupil in the primary class, has developed into a good student, and has passed the successive grades with great credit, and has become a proficient and enthusiastic scholar. Surely God will give every soul its opportunity to develop the good that is in him—and that throughout all eternity. It is inconceivable that it should be otherwise. So long as there is a possibility of the soul to seek the better things, and so long as God is good and loving toward the weak child of his creation, that possibility will not be denied.

One may well conclude that it is not only a gross error, but a yet grosser sin, to preach the doctrine of eternal damnation for a soul unalterably fixed by the death of the individual, without chance of repentance. Of course such preaching is powerful in frightening people, who are timid and afraid, but that fact does not make such preaching true. But it does lead men to have a terror of death that ought not to exist. So many doctrines are preached as touching the steps precedent to salvation that many men become confused and in doubt as to what are the real require-

ments of salvation; and many, if not the majority of men, and perhaps the majority of thinking men, and of religious men,—have doubts as to whether they have attained to such a state, and therefore death is a horror to them. Whereas if they can come to understand that God is loving, or even just,—when they come to see Him face to face, and to understand from Him, what is this requirement, they shall have opportunity to respond to such requirement, and death will have lost most of its terrors.

Again resuming the illustration from the school,—the soul passing the doors in succession,—after the passage is the same soul that it was before, to grow and develop for the better or for the worse, according to its choice and capacity, and this through the eternal years.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

We take the statement of the Doctrine of The Vicarious Atonement from the Ritual of one of the leading religious denominations for the observance of the Sacraments of The Lord's Supper.

> "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but *also for the sins of the whole world.*"

And again:

> "Almighty God our Heavenly Father, who of thy tender mercy didst give thine only son, Jesus Christ, to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; who made there, by his *oblation of himself once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.*"

This language is clear and explicit, and one reading it, giving the words their fair and usual meaning, can not fail to get their meaning.

And Cowper's hymn, so constantly used on such occasions:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains."

And the lighter emotional hymns with rag-time music, in which the author and the singer prays that he may be plunged:

"Deeper yet—deeper yet in the crimson flood."

and other like popular hymns, show this crass conception of the doctrine announced in the ritual, without any apparent conception of a higher and spiritual meaning.

The whole thought is as to the efficacy of the blood. If there is a better statement of the dogma; if it does not mean what the language literally imports, and what such hymns import,—for the sake of religion itself, and for the sake of God's own character, why not state it in language fit to give the true thought intended to be expressed? The truth of the matter is that the whole idea expressed by the language used arises out of two facts, the first the *heathen* and *barbaric* conception of sacrifice; the other the persistent purpose of the early Christian writers to make such sacrifices types of the coming Messiah, Jesus, the Christ.

The heathen and the barbarian the world over and in all ages and today, have held and hold today, that the Great God or Great Gods can be bribed by sacrifice to be blind to, or at least to wink at sin, or can be bought to grant favors, by such offering of sacrifices. They have altogether lost the thought that the entire value of any sacrifice, is the effect which it produces on the part of the man and not on the part of God.

If the offering is made as a token of repentance for sin, or of affection or love of God, it operates on man, and not upon God; He is unchangeable, always standing in loving relation to His children, always ready to forgive sin, when man desires forgiveness and seeks reconciliation by a virtuous life and virtuous conduct toward God. Of course, a man's mere profession of repentance,—whether by word or outward appearance, or formal conduct without any sincere intent or purpose of living a virtuous life, or doing a virtuous deed, or undoing the evil which he has done in the past, so far as it is in his power,—is but a sham or pretense; is no repentence at all. And this pretension of repentance is but an aggravation of the original sin, and is as offensive to God, as it was in the day when He said by his prophets—"I hate, I despise your feast days"—"Incense is an abomination to me" —"Your appointed feasts my soul hateth," and other like expressions, when men were but making pretensions to repentance.

The making of these sacrifices as types of Christ, and Christ the fulfillment of them, but carries forward the misconception, to the infinite injury to man and the derogation of the character of God, and of Jesus, the Christ.

These phrases of the creed are in and of themselves contradictory and confusing, if not meaningless, when given the meaning which the words directly imply.

If there has been a propitiation for all our sins and the sins of the whole world, by the death of Christ, then the sins are washed away entirely and completely. If as sung in one of the familiar hymns—"He has paid all the debt I owe", showing the popular sense in which the dogma of the vicarious atonement is accepted by the common people,—then there is no debt remaining to be paid by any person.

Here for the very purpose of the shock which it may bring to many persons, who speak without apparent unction—let it be said—and bluntly said—that no soul was ever saved, *merely* because of the death of Christ. Man must do something on his part to insure his salvation.

Certainly it must be so, or it must follow that God the Father prescribed as a prerequisite to the salvation of the sinner, that the Holy, the good Christ should suffer the ignominy and the pain of death upon the cross. This would make God a hideous and unjust monster,—to require the just, and pure and holy, to suffer for the unjust, impure and unholy in order that the unjust, impure and unholy might be saved.

So far as God was concerned there was no such necessity. God was forever kind and loving in his attitude toward man and toward His children. If there was such a necessity, and one may well think there was such a necessity on the part of man, then there is some ample justification for all of the sufferings and the death of Christ, but not at all in the sense that Christ is making an atonement or a vi-

carious atonement; or that Christ's death expiated any sin, or paid any debt of the sinner.

It is well to see if we can discover how men are helped to salvation, by the death, and by the knowledge of Christ's death.

One does not have to go far to find the whole cause and the whole philosophy of the incarnation and the suffering and death of Christ.

> "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This is the true attitude of God toward sinful man—not turning his back upon men, but looking toward men in love and beseeching their love in return. And by just so far as love is a more potent factor in winning men than fear or threats, by just so far the loving God—the loving Father—by love will seek to draw men to him.

And now turning to the man side, we do see the need that man should have a token of God's love, and an infinite, constant, outstanding token of such love, ever present before him.

Not going at all into the discussion of the origin of sin, all men recognize that man, being the very being that he is,—the spiritual and carnal embodied in the same personality,—there will ever be a tendency, at least, toward strife between the spiritual and the lusts and the carnal. It will be readily conceded that at least with the great mass of the race, there is such strife. And just in proportion to the physical vigor of the individual will this strife be meas-

ured, at least with most individuals who are engaged in the combat for righteousness. With the utmost resolution, they set for themselves high resolutions day by day; and when the night comes, in the review of the day and its doings, if they are candid and honest with themselves, they find at some point they have failed of their high resolution. They truly repent, they pray God for forgiveness, and make a new resolution for the morrow. The second day and every succeeding day the like failure occurs. It is true that they may feel that to some greater or less degree they have made progress; but under some peculiar stress they again fall short.

Under such circumstances the man has a sense of his failure, and the more earnest the endeavor, the keener his disappointment. In his soul he cries out, "Is this to continue forever? Will God's patience forever hold out?"

Then he remembers that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whomsoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life, and that the Son came and died to evidence that love.

Thus one sees the necessity is all on the side of man and not of God—that God does not stand with his back to man, but facing man, ever holding out His appealing hands toward man. And man, having this assurance, and this evidence of the constant love, will never despair in his endeavor.

But in all this there is nothing of the idea of atonement or vicarious suffering to appease the wrath of

God. It is simply the eternal love of God reaching out toward man to help him in his weakness and shortcomings.

And the Christ seemed to have the same conception. In the early part of his ministry he mingled freely with men in all their social relations and festivities. He did not rail at the accusation brought against Him, but rather accepted it as the truth:

> "The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Luke 7, 34; Matt. 11, 19.

It is reported of him:

> "And Levi made him a great feast in his own house; and there was a great company of publicans and others that sat down with them. But their scribes and pharisees murmured against his disciples saying, 'Why do you eat and drink with publicans and sinners?' And Jesus, answering, said unto them, 'They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

And how to call them to repentance—by offering Himself as offering for their sins—as a vicarious atonement? Not at all, but by establishing friendly relations with them, and showing the Father's love and his own love to them.

The first months of his ministry seemed joyous to him; as if he thought that if he preached and exhibited his love and the love of the Father to them, instead of priestly services and sacrificial offerings, all men would gladly accept such a doctrine, and be drawn to him. But after his first visit to Jerusalem, when he discovered how the sacredotals received such

a message, and urged the old formulas of rituals, and expressions, he realized that mere kindly association, mere preaching in words of love would not manifest his love and the Father's love of men, and he set himself toward making such a love apparent in a manner that no words could express, and which would forever remain with men.

Thenceforward it was in his heart and thought that he must be raised up in such a manner as would draw all men unto him; and he persistently set himself toward accomplishing this great purpose; and he did accomplish it to the full. It is true that in so doing, the righteous did suffer for the unrighteous; and in a sense it was a vicarious suffering; and in a sense it was a sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty. But in no sense a propitiation for sin, nor an oblation, or a full, perfect oblation and satisfaction for sin.

It was not in any wise to affect God's attitude toward man, but to reach and affect man; to enable man ever to realize the love of God to man,—that infinite love that would forever forgive weakness and errors of men in their endeavor toward righteousness toward God and man, and would thereby encourage him in all his efforts, through weakness, blunders and backslidings, to persist in his endeavors.

It was to strengthen men in their highest endeavor, and this was highly necessary to man, but wholly unnecessary on the part of God, who always stands in loving attitude toward men,—even as an earthly parent would be eager to help an erring and wayward

child in his every endeavor to walk in the right paths;—except magnified, to the extent that God is greater than man, in love, in patience and wisdom.

Now if one shall say this is what is meant by the doctrine of the vicarious atonement; then for the sake of God, and for the sake of man, state it in such terms as fairly set forth such meaning.

For the sake of God, to preserve His character as infinite in love and mercy, as well as justice. For the sake of man, that he may be able to look to God as his Father, infinite in love and patience and mercy, to whom he may ever turn in the hour of temptation, or failure, or weakness, with an abiding faith that the Father loves and pities him in his distress.

When this shall have been done, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper may become a season of rejoicing at the remembrance of the infinite love of the Father ever manifested toward man, without any sense of His wrath and just indignation toward the child.

If God created man with all his weakness and proneness to err and placed him on the earth, He certainly owes some duty to his child, of love and pity; even as the child owes to the Father the duty and obedience, and the return of love to the Father; and these duties are reciprocal, each measured by the power of each according to the measure of power possessed by each.

CONVERSION OR THE NEW BIRTH.

"There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2. The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6. That which is born of the flesh is flesh: and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9. Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

10. Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" (St. John III, 1-10.)

From these verses, in theological phraseology, the new birth and conversion are considered as one and the same thing; each the equivalent or synonym of the other.

Inasmuch as it is expressly declared—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God," it is vitally important that man may know just what the new birth is. It must not be left in mystery.

If one business man should go to another and propose to sell to him ten shares of stock in a corporation for one thousand dollars, and would assure him that the corporation would enable it to pay enormous dividends on the investment, very naturally the person so solicited would inquire what was the business of the corporation, and how it was to be conducted that it would be able to make so large profits with which to pay such dividends. If the solicitor should make answer to such inquiry, that the whole matter was a great mystery which was incapable of explanation, no sale would result. And yet, when the immortal life is at stake, it is said that one must be contented with the answer, that it is a mystery which is inexplicable.

St. John was the great mystic of the Apostles, and he alone gives us this account.

But if one is really impressed with a desire to enter into the Kingdom of God by the gateway of this new birth or conversion, he will very wisely seek to know how he can acquire and be assured of the acquirement of this condition precedent to such entry. He has too much at stake not to be diligent in the prosecution of such inquiry.

Then let us go into a careful examination of the text already quoted. The first thing to be noted is that Nicodemus took the language of the Christ in its literal sense, as so many persons are inclined to do in

the consideration of the Bible, and he exclaims—"How can these things be? How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" And the Christ answered and said unto him, "Art thou a master of Israel and knowest not these things?"

There is here a clear implication that Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, ought to have understood what Jesus had said. And thus we come to the questions, What was it that Jesus did mean? What was it that Nicodemus ought to have understood that He meant? One thing with which he must have been familiar was "The proselyte to the Jews," and the mode of his attachment to and acceptance into the Jewish people, and how he became one of the Jews.

Perhaps in the earlier generations when the Jewish arrogance and spirit of exclusiveness were pronounced and predominant, the proselyte tarried at the gate and received no great benefit from his connection with the Jews; probably the stranger could have fared better by attaching himself to some wealthy and influential Jew and by seeking shelter under the latter's protection.

But later the proselyte stood in a very different attitude; and they were freely admitted to all the privileges of the Jews and were transformists "not merely into good Israelites, but into good Levites, the priestly class."

And Nicodemus knew what the process to accomplish this end was. It consisted of three ceremonials:

First—Circumcision—A token of his taking up all the burdens and obligations of the Jewish people. If he came over from a people who practiced circumcision (and there were other nations who practiced such rite) there was a pseudo circumcision sufficient to draw blood.

Second—He must submit to immersion, signifying that he has washed from himself all connection with and all part of uncleanness from his former allegiance.

Third—He must offer a sacrifice.

Thenceforward he was called the Son of Abraham, and was considered like "a new born child." It was indeed very much like the admission to American citizenship of a person of foreign birth and a citizen of a foreign country; the applicant forswears and renounces his allegiance to the old nationality, and takes the oath of allegiance, and thereby is born into American citizenship.

If Nicodemus had had his wits about him, he could not have failed to see what Christ meant when he said, "Except a man be born of water (i. e., except he, by his immersion in the water, symbolizes his utter cleansing from his old allegiance) and of the Spirit, (i. e., with the determination and the spirit of meeting the duties of the new allegiance) he can not see the Kingdom of God, or, in other words, this taking on of the new allegiance is not a mere matter of form or ceremony, but one involving all the power and capacities of the person putting off the old and tak-

ing on the new allegiance. And all mystery at once disappears. Christ was speaking by allegory and by an allegory which Nicodemus ought at once to have understood, and which any one now can readily understand, if he but gives attention to the very form of the allegorical statement. That Christ was speaking allegorically can not be questioned.

In all ages the priestly classes have manifested a desire to surround religion with an air of mystery of which they stand as the oracle or prophet.

St. Paul says—"without controversy great is the *mystery* of Godliness." If he means by this that the character of God is beyond the conception of the finite mind, no one will dispute that fact. It is a self evident proposition, for finite can not measure or comprehend the infinite.

If by it is meant, great is the mystery of the life of man seeking to become like God—then it is not true. One might well hold to the opinion that a man's religion, which he professes is his endeavor to become like God, is worth but little if his neighbor living on either side, his cook, or his coachman, or his horse and dog, can not see and realize it, by his kindness and love toward man and God's creatures.

(Query. The commentators quite freely give the words "of the spirit" as the words "of the Holy Ghost," making the sentence to read that one must be born of the water and of the "Holy Ghost." In the absence of a Greek Testament and Lexicon, I can not definitely determine whether this course is justifiable. But if the same Greek word was employed, as was translated "Holy Ghost" in the 1st Chapter of John, 33rd verse, "upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining upon him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost," it is strange that the same Greek word was not translated by the same English word in the 5th verse of the 3rd Chapter of St. John, above quoted and considered.)

If conversion then, as above defined, is renouncing allegiance to all that is unworthy in life, and taking on allegiance to the high and worthy with the spirit and determination to make the allegiance good, then it is true, that we have a definition free from all mystery, which one can well understand and frame his life and conduct accordingly.

If one may accept this conception of the new birth or conversion as sound, then the definition will be constant, although the experience of the individual in realizing his conversion, will be as variant as the person having this experience.

In most cases, perhaps, it will be found that something in the nature of a crisis has come into the life of the individual which leads to the experience.

If a child from the very beginning of the development of his life has been taught that he must always do that which is right, that he must always be truthful, loving, gentle and forbearing, and if he has been obedient to such teaching, he has always been upon the border of the Kingdom. In such a case, what has just been spoken of as something in the nature of a crisis, might not be very marked. It might come upon any occasion when the child from any circumstances or consideration should come to a fuller or more complete realization of such duty, when he would say for himself, and to himself, and of his own will and judgment, "I will adopt this rule for the guidance of my life." Or he might even do this without its making any profound impression upon his mind.

But in most instances the experience comes to adults or persons approaching manhood or womanhood as incident to some important factor in their lives, as for example at the time of marriage, when they have a new sense of the responsibilities of life; or at the birth of a child, or the death of a member of the family, or of some friend. Or it may be that a person who has held that his life is a matter to be determined by his own will, and to meet his own selfish purposes, without regard to duty to God or to man, hears a sermon of warning as to consequences, such as a good revivalistic Methodist preacher once declared he liked to preach, when he would take a sinner by the nape of the neck and shake him over the fires of hell until he was almost strangled by the sulphurous odors of the pit.

Under such circumstances, almost every person who is honest with himself, will find abundant ground for repentance for past sins, alike of omission or commission, to convict him before the bar of his own conscience, much less before a righteous God. And when to this is added the terror aroused by the denunciatory sermon, and particularly if one is of an emotional temperament and feels himself doomed to the eternal wrath of God, he will find himself in great distress, and scarcely capable of comprehending how a righteous God can be reconciled to him. When such an one begins to realize that God is love, and ever stands in loving attitude toward His erring child, if he shall but repent and pledge his fidelity to righteousness, he experiences a reaction of joy which is

quite inexpressible. And the hour will ever be remembered as an epoch in his life.

Another person may come to his conversion in an entirely different manner. Some occasion has come to him, which leads him of his own accord to scan his past life, the motives which control his conduct, and he finds them to be unworthy; and upon such consideration, repenting sincerely and whole heartedly, and realizing his own infirmities, he pledges himself to God,—with His assistance, to lead a new life, having due regard to duty both toward God and man; and having faith in God's love and mercy, and readiness to forgive, he resolutely sets his face in the direction of a new life.

To such an one, there may be for the moment no burst of rapturous joy, but simply an approving conscious and abiding faith that the God of all the earth will do right. He leaves all the rest with God. Thenceforward he will walk humbly before God, seeking to know His will and to do it.

Such a conversion can not be otherwise than acceptable to God, and perhaps develops the very best Christian character.

PRAYER.

"If we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theaters, but a city without a temple, or that practiceth not worship, prayers and the like, no one ever saw."—Plutarch.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

* * * * *

Be constant in prayer. * * * Command thy family to observe Prayer; and do thou persevere therein * * *. Be constant at prayer, for prayer preserveth a man from filthy crimes, and from that which is blamable, and the remembering of God is surely a most important duty." Koran.

* * * * *

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

* * * * *

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

All men everywhere, and throughout the ages, have always prayed and will continue to pray in all the serious crises of life. In a sense it may be truly said that God has placed in the hearts of men an instinct for prayer. Very clearly this impulsion to prayer arises out of the fact that all men recognize, and are forced to recognize, that there is a superior force outside of themselves which controls the destinies of their lives, to which they instinctively turn to avoid calamity and to secure happiness. So all men do pray, at least on occasion.

And when one prays to God or to this power over all, if another can but hear this prayer, the latter at once gets the conception which the pleader has of himself, and also of the God to whom he prays, and the value of the prayer itself. If the cry is only a plea to escape an impending evil, with no element of thought or consideration of the causes which have led to the crisis, or any purpose to recast the life so as to purge out such causes, the prayer in and of itself can only be baneful. It leaves the one praying to renew his old ways, to again come into the same straits, at liberty to come again with the same prayer under the same conditions.

Sometimes it is said prayer is communion with God. But at least in most cases, it is something more than communion. If not penitential, it must be supplicatory, and there is always room for petition, if not for forgiveness for wasted opportunity, at least for a truer, higher and better comprehension of duty and obligation, and the spirit of service.

The simple child's prayer, quoted above, is an admirable prayer for the child, afraid of the dark, and what the night may bring forth. It is no prayer for a man of mature years in the activities of life. He need not be afraid of the night, so much as for what he may do or omit to do in his acts, conduct and relations of life. The true man's prayer is that he may be able quickly and truly to see the relations of life, and the duties and obligations of life, and that he may stand alert to respond to every obligation, not so much beseeching God to do something for him, but that God should show him what to do for God and humanity. And the mere saying of prayers, without an earnest desire to enter into duty as it appears, is an altogether idle and vain performance. To pray that God will suspend the operation of His laws, which He has ordained for the good of the world, is not only vain but impious in seeking to set up man's own wisdom as against the wisdom of God. It is quite the equivalent of asking God to grant unto him immunity in defying His laws, which in His wisdom He has set down for the happiness and welfare of men, and such immunity would end in the unrighteous receiving absolution from neglect of duty and consequent sin against the race.

It would seem that it would be good and wise for man to have a habit and custom of prayer, and this not at all for God's sake, but altogether for his own sake.

God knows what is good for man, and stands ready ever to give that which is good without the asking.

God has staged the world for the goodness and happiness of man, and set the warnings against the violation of His laws, if man will but give heed to them. Man's constant endeavor should be to seek to discover the laws and obey them. And for the most part, these laws are written large, both in His word and in the experience of men, so that they who run may read.

But this is not always apparent to headstrong and wilful men, seeking to have their own way for their own gratification, regardless of the consequences to others. Such men are under all the greater obligations to pray for enlightenment, and for a proper understanding of their own motives, and their true relations to men, and life and duty. And even beyond this, there come rare occasions, when it is not easy for the righteous man with righteous motives to quickly and clearly discover the path of duty. In such cases the call to prayer is imperative. Nor is it any adequate solution of such a difficulty for one to declare, and that with the utmost sincerity, that he will follow the dictates of his conscience. The sole function of the conscience is to command to do the right, but it does not reveal what the right is. The sin in such a case may well be that the actor has negligently and persistently failed to make any earnest endeavor to search for or discern what righteousness demands. St. Paul is not the only man who has had sore cause for repentance for acts and conduct of a most sinful and serious consequence in the utmost good conscience.

While the assertion just made stands true, yet it may well be that a man sincerely seeking to obey his

conscience will be more apt to strike the truth, than is the less conscientious man. This for the reason, that such a man, at least seeking to discover the right, will, upon self-examination, come to the truth. Yet, upon the other hand, if a man has conceived that religious duty lies in a certain direction, he may become a bigot of the very worst description. For while it is one of the great paradoxes of life, that one can not violate his conscience by doing that which for the time being he conceives to be wrong without a sense of moral turpitude, yet it does not follow, that because he has obeyed his conscience, he is free from guilt, and perchance of very serious consequences. The case of St. Paul, just mentioned, always will stand out as a most explicit and self-confessed illustration of this fact.

Not only should one have a fixed habit of prayer, but it will aid him much if the prayer shall be formulated, and articulated into words. This will necessarily lead to a more clear and definite conception of his relation to God and to life and duty, than if the prayer is left, floating in hazy generalities of impression, in his mind. And this is particularly true in the great crises of life, when the mind is filled with a sudden overwhelming confusion where it has not time for reflection and consideration.

For illustration, the world has been filled with reported prayers uttered by soldiers on the eve or in the midst of the tumult and dangers and the impending possibilities of death and destruction.

From a limited experience, somewhat wider observation and yet wider inquiry, I am quite convinced, that in most instances, the one praying rises to the occasion. It is quite true that in some cases, the prayer rises to no more than a cry for personal protection from death or wounds. But in by far more instances, the cry is far above this, and the prayer is, that whatever may betide, the supplicant may be able to do his whole duty. As one veteran of many battles, making no pretensions to religion, once expressed it—"I do not believe any man ever went into battle without praying, to man, God or the devil, that he might be saved from playing the coward."

One might well conclude that the humanitarians of old were not much astray, when they held that God had set such instincts in the heart of men, and surrounded them by such facts and circumstances as arouse such instincts into action, that men out of their very nature had all the elements within themselves necessary for their redemption and salvation.

RELIGION.

Man finds himself on earth, with all the constellations of the skies overhead; the sun rises and sets; the moon waxes and wanes; seasons follow in their order; the tides rise and fall.

Thus as soon as he has acquired any considerable degree of intellectual power, the question has always been presented to him, "How has all this come about?"

No people that have left any literature behind them have failed to leave their story or theory of creation.

The human mind can have no adequate conception of eternity. The thought that there was no point of time in the past when matter did not exist, no point of beginning, leads to utter bewilderment. Equally so is the thought of the eternal existence of a creator, without the beginning of days. Yet it seems that most men have been ready to accept the theory that the universe, as they have seen it in existence, came into its order at the command of God. Not our God, nor the Hebrew Jehovah, but some omnipotent, self-existent personality, who spake all existing things into being and set laws for the operation and on-going of the entire created universe. Thus back of the conception of the universe, one finds everywhere the conception of this God behind the universe. The conception thus formed of this God, by whatever name called,—is a sure measure and sign of the intellectual and spiritual capacity of the men who have created or

set up their God. Hence it may be very truly said "An honest God is the noblest work of man".

And everywhere with the nations come and gone through the years behind us, who have left any literature after them, one finds that created men have been striving to find their relation to the God whom they recognize as their creator. So no nation or people now existing has been found that has not sought to establish, and has not thought they have found, such relation. And at all times and places one finds persistent the thought, that men come from God and return to God. This conception may be very gross and incomplete, or it may be most refined and subtle.

Perhaps the Hindoos have succeeded beyond all others in working out this sublimated conception. It may be truly said of them that they have a genius for religion.

The *clergy* speak of religion as a *"Divine Institution"* and church men call the churches "Divine Institutions".

In so far as the Divine Being, by whatever name He is called, has, so to speak, set the stage and placed man in an environment that leaves him to think, consider and meditate upon his relations to the Supreme Being, to his fellow creatures and to the universe, it may well be considered as a Divine Institution.

But one may well consider that religion is man's invention, or the finding of a conception or a scheme of life by which he can stand and live in the highest and truest relations toward God and man and all created things; and that there have been many such in-

ventions. One can scarcely conceive of an intelligent and benevolent man who has not a religion of his own, and a very true religion, however much it may be scorned by the Pharisee or *mere ritualist;*—and here there is no suggestion whatever that ritualism may not be and has not been of great value to religion. For religion is but a conception of duty and relation toward God and man. Even if one is uncertain about God and His character, and would reject the conventional idea of God, yet he must recognize humanity as ever present, and he can at least take his stand behind Abou Ben Adhem and that would be no mean religion. A religion that is not tolerant, save toward the Pharisee, ought not to have much place in the world. So long as a man loves righteousness towards man, and in this sense lives a righteous life, he will not go far amiss and the future beyond the grave need have no terrors for him.

Religion is an *intensely personal* matter. There is no more *sacred thing than the right of the individual soul to find its own way to duty to both man and God.* Once in a street car, an earnest Young Men's Christian Association member, addressing a stranger said, "How is your soul this morning?" Henry Ward Beecher, hearing it, declared it a great impertinence. Any man may well resent an inquiry as to his religious belief from one who knows nothing of his life and makes inquiry under the like circumstances, however free the inquirer may be from cant,—just as he would resent the inquiry as to what kind of woman is his wife. And yet there may be times and occasions

when a man out of his own experience may be glad to open his heart to a friend or associate and give expression to some conception of religion that he has found valuable or comforting to himself, although quite outside of the ordinary thought on such matters, and in so doing give aid and comfort to his friend. But one is quite shallow who thinks that his conception of religion, however seriously held, is at all times a subject of conversation, or at any time to be forced even upon a friend.

There is one particular method of religious preaching or healing, which if exercised in a proper spirit may be productive of much good, yet which is liable to great abuse. I refer to what is generally spoken of as "Evangelistic Services". It is bad enough to listen to preaching by "Billy Sunday",—a man of vigorous mentality,—which is well calculated to arouse antipathy against any one who does not agree with his ideas and thus arouse class hatred. But when such preaching is by men of little knowledge and of narrow spirit, mere mountebanks aping Billy Sunday, to a thoughtful and serious-minded man religiously inclined, it becomes unendurable and in many cases disgusting. On occasions it is vicious in thought, vile in suggestion and vulgar in expression.

Several years ago a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, after having filled his twenty years of missionary service in India, wrote a series of thoughtful articles which were published in one of our popular monthlies—as I remember, the Century Magazine,—covering the period of his service. Among other

topics he discussed his associations with Hindoo priests and teachers, with one of whom he came into friendly and affectionate relations. In the concluding portion of his final article he gave an account of his last visit and parting with the Hindoo priest, to whom he had become much attached. The priest as his last word said, "You will return to your own country to teach and preach your religion there; and I shall remain here and teach and preach our religion to my people. I believe your religion is better for your people, and that our religion is better for our people". The writer's last sentence was "and I am not sure that he was wrong."

At the time of the publication of this concluding article, Bishop Bowman of the Methodist Episcopal Church happened to be my guest for a few days. He had just returned from an Episcopal visitation extending through a year in the foreign fields of his church, including India, and after reading the article, with an audible sigh said,—"and I am not sure that he was wrong".

Speaking only personally and for myself, I have always had a serious doubt in my own mind as to the value of the Foreign Church Missionary work instituted in America and carried on in foreign fields, amid people of different surroundings and having different methods of thought; at least in so far as it undertakes to unsettle or uproot existing religious beliefs there in the endeavor to establish Christianity, as Christianity is here understood. The value of work of the medical missionary is well established. Lat-

terly I have changed my thought somewhat, and think we are having some compensation in the thought that intelligent missionary work results in our discovering how much of good there exists among those whom we have sought to convert, and how much we may receive from them.

We must at all times differentiate between religion and the church. The concept of religion is much broader than any church or all the churches, or any creed or all the creeds. There are many religions and truly religious men who could not give assent to all the doctrines of any church. And yet one may come to the conclusion that all are seeking to promote righteous living for the good of the race and this upon the ground that the churches are the one class of organizations distinctly established with a view to produce righteous living.

No one can deny that much of narrowness is to be found in all churches and creeds, and somewhat of error. This is because they are human institutions, set up by men and conducted by men. Human conceptions and human conduct necessarily are touched and affected by human fallibility and possible mistake, as are all human efforts. And yet it remains that notwithstanding all such narrowness and error, the churches are the one class of organizations which profess to make righteous living and the betterment of the race the end for which they exist. So that one might well conceive it to be his duty to align himself with these organizations, and so far as possible aid in the accomplishment of the purpose sought. But in

so doing he is under no obligation to surrender his right of judgment on particular matters. He may well co-operate with them in a large degree, and to a certain extent subordinate his own opinions in matters which he thinks are of minor importance, and in other matters hold himself free to act on his own conscience and judgment. It may well be conjectured, whether or not in all Protestant churches, a majority of the communicants are not men of this class. And very certain it is if they would withdraw the churches would be crippled in many of their efforts. The fact that churches exist show that they meet a felt need. The union of all the churches, or even of all the Protestant churches, is but an iridescent dream never to be accomplished. A unity of endeavor to induce righteous living based on broad fundamental principles may be reasonably hoped for; such a united effort would remove much of narrowness, as well as much bickering and strife.

A diversity of churches exists of necessity from the diverse characteristics of men, intellectually and spiritually. A very large proportion of men recognize that they have neither the time nor opportunity nor requisite learning to study even the fundamental propositions that lie at the basis of any religious or theological doctrine. Therefore, in the very nature of things they must depend upon the judgment and conclusions of men who have had the opportunity for the study of such questions and reaching conclusions, and they desire to take their religion on authority. This certainly ought to impose upon all ministers a

sense of duty to make earnest and diligent study upon such questions, and not to satisfy themselves with repeating mere dogmatic assertions which have been handed down from previous generations, and which are often based upon ignorance, superstition and bigotry. But the fact yet remains that this large proportion of the human race relies and must rely on the opinions, teaching and judgment of religious teachers, priests and ministers. And it is further true that taking it, all in all, it is better that men should accept some rule for moral conduct than that they should be wholly void of religious convictions.

The natural and logical church for such persons is the Roman Catholic church, whose religion is based upon the doctrine that religious authority exists in the priests, bishops and the Pope over all. No one can doubt that this church has and does actually meet an actually felt want. The very large number of its communicants and the influence for good that it exercises over them and for good demonstrates this fact.

There are other diversities of characteristics which manifest themselves in the segregation of men and women in the congregations of the various sects.

Some persons have a logical turn of mind, and desire to form their conclusions by logical processes, step by step, the conclusion legitimately following the premises from which they are drawn.

This, theoretically, is the ideal concept. But here the trouble is that very many persons, although they think otherwise, cannot follow logical processes. And in point of fact, logic and intellectuality are not the

highest faculties possessed by man. Of course, we will all assert that reason—right reason—is the crowning feature of intellectual man, but there is the rub. What one man calls reason, another calls unreason, and so the confusion goes on. And it is true that we all at times take steps and do things for which we cannot assign a reason, but with which we are perfectly contented. Our intuition rather than our reason must often determine our actions in great emergencies or crises in our lives, and in all religions emotion does play an important part. Emotion, and very deep emotion, is essential to every religion, but one cannot justly allow his emotions to dominate him exclusively in his religious life and conduct.

It is true that a man cannot wilfully violate the dictates of his conscience without sin—that is without moral turpitude, for in every such instance he consciously does that which he believes to be wrong. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, a man may sin in following the dictates of his conscience. Thus Paul declares that in all good conscience, he persecuted the early Christians to prison and to death. The truth is that it is not at all the function of conscience to determine *what* is right or *what* is wrong; its sole function is to declare to man, "Do the right and avoid the wrong".

What is right and what is wrong must be determined by the judgment, and while the actor in following the dictates of his conscience may have no sense of turpitude, but on the contrary, a sense of

moral commendation as something rightly done, yet the sin may remain, and this sin consists in the fact that he has not taken the care and the pains to train his judgment to determine what the right was.

To me it seems that the very essence of religion is that a man should recognize that there is a Power over all, call it what one may, that has established principles for right living, which if accepted and acted upon as a guide for our thoughts and conduct, would result in the efficiency and happiness of men, individually and as a race; and that he should get the further concept, that as an individual in the mass, he stands in such relation to other individuals constituting the mass, that he has to a greater or less extent and within reasonable limits come under obligations to make all lives more livable, more endurable and more worthy:— the sense of the solidarity of the race and the brotherhood of man. This would tend to the extermination of selfishness, and selfishness is the root of all evil.

If a man really and vitally accepts these two concepts of reverence for a higher power controlling our lives, and of sympathy for men, it seems to me that his beliefs as to theological dogmas are quite unessential.

Let every man fix for himself as high a standard of life as he is capable of attaining and judge his own conduct by as severe a rule as he sees fit. But as to all other men, let him be very slow in passing any judgment upon them.

This will not result in a perfect religion, because humanity is imperfect, but it will make man more loving and more lovable, and one may well hope, altogether acceptable to a loving God.

THE BIBLE.

What is the *real* character of the Book which we call the Bible? By this word "Bible," I mean the Revised Version which we read in our homes, which rests upon the pulpits, and which we read and study in this class.

It is commonly called the word of God to man. But in point of fact, only in small part does it even profess to be the word of God to man. It is true that the text does say—God said thus and so unto Moses, or some other of the prophets, but such phrases or expressions consist of only a very small portion of the text of the Bible.

By far the largest portions of the Bible are simply the words of man about God and his attributes, giving their thoughts and conception of God, and in many instances it is quite generally recognized that such conceptions are wrong.

But beyond this, even upon the hypothesis that God at times did directly communicate with men by oral speech, it is very certain, that in our revised version there *is not a single word ever spoken by God,* or by the writer of any single Book, now bound into a large volume and labelled on the back and called "The Holy Bible."

This is true beyond all controversy or question. Our Bible, the Revised Version, comes to us in the English language; and the English language came into exist-

ence many hundreds of years after the close of the Bible Canon. All of the books of the Bible were written in the olden times, and as a matter of course were written in some other language,—the older books in Hebrew, and the later books in the Greek language.

It is, therefore, perfectly certain that no single word of our Bible is contained in the earlier Bibles.

Now let us take up a little more closely how we did get our English Bible, whether we got it from the Hebrew or the Greek originals.

It is *absolutely* by and *through translations* of the original book from the language in which they were originally written.

There were many translations from the original language into other languages before the English language came into existence.

Now take the simplest possible translation, a translation directly from the old Hebrew and the old Greek, into the English language.

The translator takes the old Hebrew or Greek versions, undertakes to find the *exact English word* that will express the meaning of the old Hebrew or Greek word which is to be translated. One translator thinks a particular English word will bespeak the true meaning of the Hebrew, or the Greek word, in the English language. Another translator differs from the first in the selection of the English word to carry forward the meaning. And the other translators in their turn undertake to supply this word. So there have been many translations each differing from the other.

The difficulty is increased greatly, when the process is by a first translation,—say into the Latin language, and then from the Latin into the English. Thus there comes simply another trouble like the first, and a second danger of inaccuracy in translation.

But by this process, there came about not one translation into the English, but many translations into the English, each of which was different from each of the others.

Thus the result was that there was great controversy—and revision after revision: some of the revisions holding certain religious views made their translations to carry out their views, or to exclude certain views to which they were hostile. Much of this work was done by individuals.

Then there came a time when it was thought that there might be "wisdom in a multitude of counsel." So bodies of men, all learned linguists, were selected, and commissions were created to make revisions of the former translations. As the result of these endeavors, former translations were softened at some points and hardened at others,—yet they retained in the revision the following:

"13. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.

"14. What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid.

"15. For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion.

"16. So then *it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.*

"17. For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh, Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth.

"18. *Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy and whom He will He hardeneth.*

"19. Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth he yet find fault? For who hath resisted His will?

"20. Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?

"21. Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonor?

"22. What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction.

"23. And that He might make known the riches of His Glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory.

"24. Even us, whom He hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles?"

And in verse 33 it is well said: "Behold, I lay in Sion a stumblingstone and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed."

This is to say: however much a man may desire to be righteous, however much he may seek for the sal-

vation of his soul, if God does not elect him to eternal life, all his desire and labor goes for naught.

This is the old doctrine of Election for salvation by God of the persons who are predestined to eternal life.

Formerly this was much relied upon in the expressions of faith in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches. But of late years we hear little of such pronouncements.

Such a doctrine would make God a heinous tyrant, whom no right-minded man could love or worship.

Then we must also bear in mind the fact that the words themselves are constantly changing in their meaning; a good illustration of this fact is found in the use of the word "prevent." It comes from the compounding of two Latin words, pre, and venire, which literally means "to go before;" that is to be leaders marching in advance at the head of the column, and clearing the way for the further advances. This was the original meaning. Now it has come to mean to hinder and delay.

It is quite true that the leaders in any advance may desire to hold in check and prevent the movement from taking extreme or ultra attitudes, resulting in foolish and dangerous developments. But that is not the ordinary course. The usual attempt is to magnify the importance of the movement, and carry it forward to the fullest extent possible.

So whenever we take up for consideration any former expression, or quotation, we must first discover in what sense the words were used in the former ex-

pression quoted, and failing to do so, we will fall into error.

The world in all activities, whether material, intellectual or spiritual, never stands still. It is always moving in some direction, either in advance or retreat, to correct old errors. Stagnation always means death. The world is always in a flux. Appearances are very frequently deceptive.

It seems to us that this great globe of ours is at rest and stationary, and that the sun rises in the East in the morning, ascends to the meridian at the noon time and then descends to the western horizon, and so we speak of it in our casual conversation, while we know full well that the sun always maintains the same position with relation to the world, and the procession of day and night is caused by the rotation of the earth upon its axis.

And precisely so it is with language, it is ever in a state of flux. And as time progresses, every old statement of truth in precisely the same words may have a somewhat different meaning. And it is necessarily so, because without it there can be no advance.

You may say to me "you are iconoclastic." In a sense this is true. I but follow for behind a great predecessor,—Jesus the Christ, Himself.

The old testament had been in existence for hundreds of years. Men had put certain interpretations upon the language used; dogmas had been established, certain doctrines had been announced; the Pharisees of Christ's time had placed certain interpretations upon certain expressions, the Sadducees had given

them some other interpretations. One of the greatest works which Christ did and in which he was always active, was to take these expressions and give them their true spiritual meaning. And thus He made a new spiritual world. Of course I do not assume that I have the capacity of Christ for such a work. But I may try to be a follower of Christ in this regard as well as in others. Nor do I assume that I have equal qualifications with the men who have greater learning than I have and who have given years of labor and study to the subject. But I do claim this much, that I have the right after study and labor to form my own judgments and conclusions.

Certain it is that there are many passages in the Bible, as they stand, which need construction.

So long ago as Nehemiah the necessity for interpretation of the text of the Bible was found to be necessary. "So they," i. e., certain priests, "read in the book in the law of God distinctly and *gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.*"

Nehemiah 8th Chap., Verse 8.

Take for instance the shortest of all the Commandments—four words, containing sixteen letters,—*Thou shall not kill,*" Exodus 20th Chap. 13th verse. No language could be more direct or explicit or mandatory. And yet we must resort to interpretation to fix the meaning. What is it that we must not kill? The first step in the arriving at the meaning, it will be agreed by most persons, is that it means that we shall not kill human beings, man, woman or child; but there are some who push it forward, that we must not kill

any animal, and that the race must subsist on vegetable food. But giving it this interpretation, that the Commandment is to be interpreted, "thou shalt not kill a human being;" is this a peremptory command, to be obeyed in each and every case; so that the letter of the law stands positive and emphatic?

But suppose the case, where one comes into the situation where he sees a wicked, brutal man in the very act of attempting to kill and slay a beautiful and innocent child; the circumstances are such that instant death of the child must result, unless the assailant is killed before he is able to accomplish his purpose. Who would for a moment hesitate to kill the assailant and save the life of the child, if there were no other means to save it?

In the 22nd Chapter of Matthew, verses 34-40, inclusive, we find:

"34. But when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, they were gathered together.

"35. Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying,

"36. Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

"37. Jesus said unto him, Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and will all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"38. This is the first and great commandment.

"39. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"40. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

How wide a field do we find here for interpretation of the meaning of the Master!

By all this I simply mean that we are to take the Bible for what it really is, to study it, to find when it was written, to whom it was written, and what truth was intended to be set forth.

There is the old story of the preacher who was seeking for a text for a sermon against pride, and he found it in Matthew, Chapter 24, where Christ was portraying the abomination of desolation and the flight of the people spoken of by Daniel the prophet, and said "Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house."

The preacher announced for his text against pride "Top (k)not come down."

It is quite probable that the story is a pure invention of some wag, who had listened to some sermons where the text chosen was wholly perverted from its real meaning.

Then we must remember, that the work of compiling the Bible as we now have it, that is in determining what documents, which of the books should be bound into and made parts of the Bible, was purely the work of men having no other inspiration than an earnest purpose to arrive at a correct conclusion. The convention, as we would today call the body performing this

work, at one session would admit a book into the Canon, and at a later day would exclude it, or vice versa, first exclude it and afterward admit it.

There are some books bound within the volume, that I wish had never been admitted; there are some books of it which I never wished my children to read, and which I never read at our family prayers, the apocryphal books.

Everyone will quite agree that all of the books or chapters of the Bible are not of the same or of equal value.

By all this that I have said, I mean simply this and no more, that we should take the Bible, and each book and chapter, for precisely what they are and what they profess to be and no more.

Do not any one of you for a moment think that I hold the Bible of little value; I have read and studied it for more than sixty years; and the more I have so studied it, the more I value it; for in these years I have realized its true character,—in large part the work of earnest, sincere and good men impelled by a great purpose to set forth the truth as they have seen it.

Words, like men, are born and serve their time, and then die and go out of existence. Prior to the seventh century of the Christian era, there had been a few translations in the English tongue as it then existed. But in that era there came a period when the movement became quite active, and there came the translation of Wyckliffe Tyndale, Coverdale and others. Last Sunday I undertook to read somewhat from Wyckliffe's translation, and I could make but little

progress for the reason that many of the English words employed had long centuries ago died and become obsolete. This was explained by the fact that the English language was in the making.

But the Bible is many hundreds of years old, some parts of it thousands of years.

Have there been no new truths revealed in all these centuries? Is the Bible a closed Book? The Battle Hymn of the Republic is as truly inspired as any one of the Psalms; and Mr. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg strikes as high and holy a note as any prophet of old. God has not ceased to move men to utterances of His truth.

And truth is ever consistent, and will ever increase, as the successive generations of men wind in procession in the lapse of the ages.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE CHURCHES.

Religion, in all the ages, and in every land, in every civilization, in every attempt toward civilization, and even where that attempt can scarcely be discerned, has occupied the human mind, and in a greater or less degree has affected the race.

Men everywhere have been forced to a realization that there is a force or a power over and above themselves, which controls or affects the conduct, the condition and the welfare of the race. This has everywhere led to the thought or conception of a God over the world and over man.

This conception is always the measure of the capacity of the race or the people entertaining it. As a result, many systems of religion have been established, affecting, more or less profoundly, the people embracing such religions. The result is there have been many religions, which may well be denominated as sects.

And in the development of such sects, there has always been a priesthood more or less set apart from the people, and standing between God and the people, to whom the masses are subservient in a greater or less degree. Therefore the priesthood, from the very necessities of the case, has always had a large, and in most instances, a predominating influence over the people.

Some of these religious sects have had a short period of existence, and have had but a small and temporary

influence on the history of the race, and no account of them need be taken, but others of them have appealed to vast numbers of men, and have persisted through centuries. In all such cases, it is quite apparent that such religion has large elements appealing to men; otherwise, it would not have held and maintained its place in the world.

While the primary instinct for religion springs from the weakness of man seeking the favor and protection of God, it has always resulted in the history of the development of the sects, that the priestly class has formulated the expression of the doctrines and tenets and practices of the particular form of religion. And such expressions after a time have come to be set down in dogmatic assertions.

But from time immemorial, such dogmatic assertions have always given rise to controversy among the sects or religions: and this quite naturally from the difference in the mental constitution of men, and also in the conception of the uses and purposes and end of religion; and further, in the conception of the character of God held by different men.

If one's conception of the end and purposes of religion is simply by hook or crook to provide an escape from an endless torment in hell after this earthly life shall have ended, such an one will have a vastly different conception of the function of religion from that held by one who holds to the thought, that the primary function of religion is to produce righteous living in this world,—righteous toward God, and toward man; —loving God, so far as he is capable of reaching a

conception of God that renders Him lovable; righteous toward men, and loving them from the very recognition of the necessity of love and pity toward weak and fallible men; and trusting unhesitatingly to the righteousness and love of God to pardon and forgive any error, weakness or failure or misconception on his part.

To the one who holds to this latter view, whether the dogmas of the immaculate conception and the virgin birth of Jesus the Christ be true or not, would be wholly immaterial; such considerations would not in any wise affect his life or conduct. But upon the other hand, if it were asserted to him that it had been foreordained and predetermined that he was to be a child of Hell, whatever his life or conduct might be, he would feel that such a conclusion would make God such a monster as no right minded person could love or worship, and he would therefore without hesitancy reject such a doctrine with all of its implications.

These are but illustrations of the difficulties in which the individual will find himself involved when he comes to consider the doctrines of faith set forth by the various sects or denominations of religion.

It is quite certain that many persons who are earnestly and sincerely desirous of living righteous lives, reverencing God and loving man, and seeking to serve God and man, would have very great difficulty in subscribing to the tenets of any one of the great religious denominations. In such case, what shall the man do?

Shall he stand aloof from the churches, and as an individual prescribe for himself a conception of duty

and a line of conduct for his own activities? If he can do no better, this would be a great determination, and would result in great good to himself, and in good to the community in which he resides, measured by individual capacity and resources. And many good men have pursued this course, have done much good to many men, and have been loved by many men with whom they have come in touch.

But the question remains, is this the best thing which they could have done?

Unquestionably, all of the great religious denominations, notwithstanding certain of their dogmatic assertions which they may not be able to sustain, are great centers of influence, from and through which good can be accomplished far beyond what can be reached by the individual acting independently by himself.

And notwithstanding denominational differences, of which far too much has been made, even by the churches themselves, there is a general influence arising out of the churches which has come to be recognized throughout the communities in which all the various denominations exist. They all have some things in common, despite the matters as to which they may differ. And the things which they hold in common are the vital things for life,—life at large among men; and the things wherein they differ are quite inconsequential in comparison with the important things in which they agree.

Can any one conceive what would be the result if it were proposed that all the churches in a great city

should be demolished and their influences wiped out? Unquestionably the great mass of non-churchmen would be quick to realize that such a result would be calamitous. If it could be accomplished, it has been estimated that the value of the property of the city would be reduced by one-half. Who would desire to become an inhabitant of any city in which there were no churches, and none of the influences which the churches as such create and maintain?

Thus we come to the question, what is the right, the duty and the privilege of the individual with relation to the Church-at-large—by that term, meaning the churches of all creeds and all denominations?

If he be wise, he recognizes the fact that in co-operation with others, he can enter into many endeavors for good, hopeful of great results which he could never accomplish or expect to accomplish acting individually, and that here is an instrumentality ready made and at hand, through which some great end can be obtained.

He may well cast about to discover the tenets and teachings of the several denominations, or the several churches of a single denomination, to discover which is most congenial and makes the nearest approach to his own conception of the truth, through which he may act. And having done so, he may fairly and honestly approach such a church, and state his precise attitude, and his faith, or want of faith as the case may be, and express the desire to be admitted into the membership thereof, reserving to himself the right of

his own judgment, where it is not altogether in accord with the tenets of the church.

If admitted to the communion, it may prove a great blessing both to himself and to the church; to him, in that he may discover he has not fully understood the attitude of the church; to the church, in that it may discover that the truth was wider than it had understood.

It is beyond all question that all of the great denominational churches have greatly expanded in their actual, and active, faith within the last two generations. Matters of faith that then were considered vital are now considered negligible; and other matters then not considered of moment have now come to the front as almost the very life of the organization. If the individual is to grow in spiritual capacity, and the church is to maintain its influence, it must expand to meet the increased spiritual capacity of its membership.

If neither the spiritual capacity of the membership nor of the church has continued to grow, then the decadence of the church has already begun.

One other matter is suggested: by reason of the difference in the mental and spiritual capacities of the individuals of the race, and their inherited or otherwise preconceived opinions, it is quite inevitable that churches having variant expressions in the matter of belief are necessary to accommodate the individuals seeking the comforts and consolation of religion.

So long as the individual remains in affiliation with the church to which he has attached himself, he must

grant to its other members the same liberty of opinion that he claims for himself, and yet use whatever influence he may have in a gentle way to broaden the view of his associates; and on the other hand, his own views may be broadened by the contact.

IMMORTALITY.

*Immortality has been the eternal hope of the world. No people who have left any literature have failed to voice that hope. And no race has yet been discovered that did not hold to that hope. The conception of immortality has always been measured by the capacity of the race. It varies from the happy hunting ground of the American Indian; "through the Gardens of De-

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* At the last meeting of the Club, *before* the paper for the evening had been read, the Secretary stated to the reader of this paper that the essayist set down for tonight had announced that he could not meet his assignment, and asked your humble servant if he could not play as substitute. Consent was given.

It is very certain that if such suggestion had been made *after* the paper for the night had been read by Mr. Cleland, so full of grace and beauty and of such exquisite literary excellence as always characterizes Mr. Cleland's production, the answer would have been different.

Mr. Spear, who has already shown himself to be no mean writer, expressed his appreciation of membership in the Club, and declared that it had been a great inspiration and education to him. Many of the members of the club have had the like experience.

It is a great pleasure, as well as a great apportunity, for men engaged in other pursuits and occupations from week to week to come in touch and be affected by persons who have true literary insight such as Mr. Cleland, Louis Howland, Demarchus Brown, John Holliday, Charles W. Moores and other members of this Club.

And *particularly is this true* when one's occupation is in large part to write or speak in controversy in comparatively small matters, of private concern, in which public interests are but incidentally or remotely involved, where the game is "thrust and parry" in the immediate contest in the mean and little things of life.

This paper is not in reality and in essence a *literary* production. Not that it might not have been such, for the literature, and the great literature of the world, has been filled with expressions as to immortality.

To undertake to collect and set down all that has been written on the theme, or even to catalogue them, such a work would far exceed the limits of time allotted for such an hour as this.

This paper was written, not for publication, but in an endeavor to arrive at a personal conclusion, satisfactory or approximately so to the writer.

light," of the Koran, through which rivers of water forever flow, with beautiful damsels in constant attendance, with luscious fruits hanging about them, and where the departed can drink wine continually without headache or confusion of thought; through the Zend-Avesta with perhaps the most sublimated of all such conceptions of a people having a genius for religion; and through the sayings of Jesus the Christ—"In my father's house there are many resting places,—I go to prepare a place for you that where I am you may be also," and through the resurrection of Christ and Paul's preaching.

Everywhere through it all, runs the same idea according to the capacity of the race to give it a voice,—that man came from God into this earthly life, and after mortal death he will return to God.

The dream, the hope, is very dear to man, and out of this dear hope it is easy for many persons to have and to hold fast to the faith, to the belief in immortality. But to others, who always seek to find a basis for any belief which they may hold, and particularly where such a belief is considered to be of vital importance, it is not so easy a matter to lay hold of and abide by the faith in immortality.

But some indeed hold that immortality is not the mere subject of *faith*—that it has been *demonstrated;* and that a man is somewhat lacking in mental capacity, or is somewhat stupid, when he cannot see a demonstration in the resurrection of Christ, as reported in the Gospels and in Saint Paul's sermon as

reported in the fifteenth Chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians.

But to many devout souls there is no demonstration in any of these texts.

Of course they value the Bible and particularly the New Testament; and they try to value it at its true worth. But here they find accounts of resurrections from the dead after their departure from this world, precisely as they find them in much other old literature; some of it older than the Bible, and particularly older than the New Testament.

And it is very difficult for some men to give more weight to such matters than we could give to the older books.

The Bible, Old Testament and New, is not so much valuable for these recitations of resurrection and other miracles there recorded, as it is for other matters therein contained. Indeed many persons honestly and sincerely believe that the Bible would have a more potent influence among thinking people if every scrap of miracle and thaumaturgy were removed.

But taking the account of the resurrection as it is given in the Gospels as being absolutely true, it amounts to no proof or demonstration of the immortality of any man, or that any mortal man has a promise for his resurrection. Assuming now that Christ was what he is assumed to be, the veritable Son of the Great Jehovah, one of the Trinity, does the fact that God Himself would not be bound by the fact of physical death but of his omnipotence broke the bonds of

death and rescued his body from the grave, justify the conclusion that mere man could do the like?

This paper is not discussing some other argument in favor of immortality, arising out of the resurrection of the body of Christ. One may well believe that other valid arguments might be raised, and of persuasive force, in favor of immortality of the souls of men, and yet hold, and soundly hold, that the resurrection of Christ was no demonstration of the immortality of man.

But again; thenceforward the body of Christ as resurrected, according to the records, was not the physical body in which His spirit dwelt while among men. In all the accounts given of his subsequent appearances to his mother and to his disciples, not one of them at the first impression recognized him by his appearance,—not until he by word of spiritual import revealed himself to them. He came into the room when the doors were closed and fastened for fear of the Jews.

Yet again, Christ was upon the cross but a few hours, when he was removed and delivered to his friends. The physical view that it was a case of suspended animation from the time of his supposed death until returning to consciousness, is much more reasonable, and would require much less proof to establish it, than the proposition of actual death and a resurrection from actual death.

That He had become unconscious, and appeared to be dead much earlier than death intervenes after crucifixion is shown by the account in St. Mark's Gospel,

Chap. 15, V. 44, where it is said that when Joseph of Arimathea came to Pilate and craved the body of Jesus for burial, "Pilate marvelled if he were already dead."

Suspended animation for a much longer period is well substantiated. The writer of this paper knew well two men, soldiers in the Civil War, who were thought to be killed in action, and were so reported. In the one case the officer commanding the company, sent a detail to bury the man and to mark the grave so that it could be identified in fulfilment of the promise he made to the soldier's father at the time of the enlistment, to the end that he might recover his body. The detail dug a shallow trench, threw some pine boughs over his body and began filling in the earth above, when a counter attack from the enemy threw our forces back, and they were not able to recover the ground until the close of a long day's fighting. The detail reported what they had done, and how the grave was unfilled. The captain returned with the men to complete the burial and mark the grave. The captain said to the writer that he never knew why he did so, but he reached his hand down and touched the cheek and it was warm. They drew the man out, put him upon a stretcher and carried him to the field hospital; he remained unconscious for more than forty-eight hours, and did not speak for several days. He recovered, returned to his company and filled out his term of service, and lived many years after the close of the war.

In the other case, the man under whom as captain the writer served, was shot through the left temple, in the opening volley of the Battle of the Wilderness. Many fell all about him. He was reported as killed. The stretcher bearers were sent out to bring in the wounded. He was stiff and stark, and the stretcher bearers left him as dead to bring in the wounded. Forty-eight hours after he had been hit the burying squad went out to bury the dead, found him unconscious but discovered a slight breathing, and they carried him to an ambulance and started him to the field hospital, and the jolting brought him to consciousness for the first time since he had been struck. He lived to serve out his term of service, and for more than forty years thereafter.

There are many sincere Christians, accustomed to honest investigation, who being honest with themselves can not find any reason why they should accept the statements contained in the Gospel accounts of the resurrection, more than they would find for accepting of the like narrations in the writings of the early histories of other religions, which are quite generally rejected.

It is true, as already suggested, that the gospels give accounts of many subsequent appearances of Christ after his crucifixion; but they are so variant, and sometimes on their face so inconsistent, that any person who has been accustomed to fairly and honestly weigh testimony submitted to him, would long hesitate to place reliance upon them. At one breath Christ's body comes into the room through closed

doors; this might account for the presence of an intangible, imponderable, and spiritual body; and yet in the next breath, He is calling upon Thomas to put his fingers in the holes in his hands, and to thrust his hand in the hole in his side. On their face they are but hearsay, and no court would for a moment think of admitting them in evidence, and this not on any technical ground but upon the very soundest primary principles. They have much the appearance of tales repeated, and growing in the repetition.

As to Paul's argument contained in the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians. First of all, one may hold, as does the writer, that after Christ, St. Paul is the greatest figure in all Christianity; that he indeed saved Christianity by preventing it from becoming a narrow Jewish sect; and yet he might feel that Paul was no logician, and quite agree with Mr. Lyman Abbott, that he was not always logical, sometimes unlogical, and sometimes illogical.

From a persecutor of Christ, he became an ardent Apostle, born out of due season, aflame with enthusiasm. He had beatific visions, which, at least on one occasion, he confessed that he could not say whether he had seen in the body or out of the body. In this same address he solemnly declares, "I protest by your rejoicing, which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily.*"

One having such a temperament and such an enthusiasm very naturally will use language which will have to be toned down to meet the comprehension of serious men, in earnest endeavor to discover the truth.

He declares:

> "But some man will say: How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some-other grain."

He has not helped his position one whit by denouncing the enquirer as a fool. The question supposed to have been asked, is one which arises in every man's mind who is seriously and earnestly making inquiry in his own soul as to man's immortality.

But Paul's answer does not go to the question of the immortality of the individual soul, but to the immortality of the race. The seed sown in the ground dies, but in and through its death gives rise to the birth of other like grain from the earth, which in turn may be used for reproduction and thus preserve the species on the earth.

It would seem that St. Paul's idea of immortality falls short of that conceived by George Eliot in her "Choir Invisible," as to which more hereafter.

It must not be inferred from what has just been written that the writer disbelieves in immortality. On the contrary, he does believe in immortality of the soul, and believes that he has a ground for his faith. And the very fact that he has this faith and the desire to preserve it, leads to this effort. The protest is against the alleged demonstration from the resurrection of Christ, or from the address of St. Paul, great as it is in its implications and suggestions for immortality.

Some years ago Dr. (now Bishop) McConnell, wrote his valuable little book sent forth under the title of "Religious Certainty". The writer then read this book, and since then in a season when the question of the immortality of the individual soul was one which overshadowed every other thought possible to him. Therein he found comfort.

It is often said and written, that Reason is the crowning faculty of man. In a sense it is true. In a larger sense it is not true. Faith can reach higher altitudes for the welfare and happiness of man than reason can aspire to.

Faith may well be defined as "Imagination corrected by reason," using the word "corrected" in somewhat the sense in which the surveyor or navigator takes account of the variation of the magnetic needle which is known to exist in the particular instrument employed.

Imagination is altogether a different faculty of the mind from reason, so much so, that in common parlance it is quite set over as against and in hostility to reason, and we have the expression—"Oh, that is but imagination," signifying that there is no basis for the proposition announced.

But let us look somewhat attentively to the part which imagination does actually play even in the humdrum and everyday affairs of life. The individual is annoyed and depressed by the routine of life. He imagines that if affairs of life were different from what they actually are, life itself would have a different color and zest. He sets himself to the endeavor of

producing the changed condition of affairs to discover whether the anticipated result follows. Sometimes he is delighted to find that his conjecture is true; more often he is disappointed, and the expected result does not follow. And this is the ordinary process of invention, whether employed in the development of material things, as a phonograph or a battleship; or a system of laws or the formal creed in religion.

But by repeated tests, corrected by the discovery of the source of errors, the scheme, whatever it may be, is finally developed into a workable result.

Bishop McConnell, in his "Religious Certainty" argues, and argues well, that absolute certainty, that is demonstration, is often impossible and is in no sense a prerequisite of faith. His whole thesis throughout the book is this: If the holding of a particular belief widens the horizon of life, meets the needs of men, and gives zest to our spiritual life, although it can not be proved and established by reason,—and on the other hand, can not be disproved by reason,—there exists a reasonable ground for our faith and a reasonable ground for acting upon such faith.

Now assuming that there is a God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth; that He is the Father of all men; that He is all wise; that He is just; that He loves His created children,—making these assumptions as the writer does, then men have a sane ground for faith in the immortality of the individual soul.

If *God is God* and *Right is Right,* it is not only unbelievable but it is unthinkable, that God shall give the breath of life to a race who have an intense craving

and an instinct for immortality and yet not provide a full answer to that craving and a full fruition of that instinct.

Whittier puts it well:

> "No voice is heard, no sign is made,
> No step is on the conscious floor!
> Yet Love will dream, and *Faith will trust*,
> (Since He who knows our needs is just)
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
>
> Alas for him who never sees
> The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
> Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
> Nor looks to see the breaking day
> Across the mournful marbles play!
>
> Who hath not learned, in hours of *faith*,
> The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is ever Lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own!"

And also Tennyson in his prelude to "In Memoriam":

> "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
> Whom we, *that have not seen thy face*,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> *Believing* where we can not prove;
>
> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, we know not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him; *thou art just*."

And on such a question as is now under consideration, men may well turn to the poets and prophets and seers of all the ages, who have ever opened their ears

and eyes, as well as their very souls, to the deep things of life, time and eternity.

But back of all these questions comes the deeper and more profound question. What is immortality? And what is its significance to men?

To most men, if not all, the one thought that makes immortality of the soul most vital and most precious, is the thought that the separation caused by death is but temporary at best. That the departed soul does not lose its affection or interest in those that are left behind; that it looks back upon them with an earnest sympathy and a wish to be helpful to them, in their mundane burdens and sorrows; and that in the future existence, there shall be mutual recognition and the restoration of affection and sympathy. Such perhaps is the usual and beatific conception of Heaven. Such a conception has a certain support in the story of the rich man suffering in Hell, and seeking to warn his brethren upon the Earth lest they should also come into the place of torment where he was suffering.

Some persons of quick imagination profess, quite honestly and sincerely, that they have a sense of the presence and influence of the spirit of the departed dead close about them, either quite constantly or at intervals. But this is quite the exception. To most persons, the sense of absence and separation and loss and consequent grief is constantly present.

Others claiming a great possession of spirituality seek communication with their departed dead through the intervention of some intermediate personality.

At first blush at least, a surviving widow or bereft husband must feel, that if the departed consort could by any possibility make communication with the one left behind, he or she would desire to do so, and would delight to do so directly and immediately, and without the intervention of any intermediary, strangers to their hearts and their affections.

Mny years ago the Rev. Thomas A. Goodwin, D. D., wrote a little volume entitled "The Mode of Man's Immortality." He was moved to it by the death of a beloved daughter.

His thesis was in the main to controvert two propositions: The first, that the soul and body went to the grave and there slept together until the end of the world; then the body and the spirit arose together in one great final resurrection of all the dead and departed, to go to their final judgment of approval or condemnation, which was the doctrine of a religious sect frequently called "Soul Sleepers."

The second, to combat the proposition, that at death the spirit of the departed took upon itself a spiritual or ghostly form in which, somewhere between earth and heaven, it existed and awaited a general resurrection of the dead at the destruction of the earth in some great cataclysm, at some far off period of time, when the spirit would enter the resurrected body and go to its doom of eternal joy or eternal damnation, in a great final judgment day.

After something over two hundred printed pages he came to the conclusion that:

> "Heaven cannot be far away, whatever or wherever it may be. We know only this about it with certainty: there is no night there; no sickness, no crying, no hunger or thirst, no death; but the Redeemer and the redeemed are there, and the redeemed are like the Redeemer; each a pure spirit, yet each retaining such a personal identity that it shall be readily recognizable by fellow immortals."

It seems that no religious person today would be shocked at such a conception of immortality, yet it did shock many at that day, and ministers of high standing in his denomination denounced it and for a time there were suggestions of a trial for heresy.

Many things were said in the little volume to raise serious questions, as to what immortality will be.

But upon a moment's reflection it at once becomes apparent, that mortals having knowledge and experience only of corporeal substance and existence can not by any possibility form any conception of things purely spiritual.

Isaiah in his day said:

> "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."—Isaiah 64-4.

And hundreds of years afterward, St. Paul said:

> "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—(1st Cor. 2, 9.)

But if God is God and Right is Right, we can have the faith that this Immortality shall be adequate to suffice the utmost aspiration and welfare of the glori-

fied spirit; that it will be far beyond any conception possible to the earthly soul with its earthly experiences; and mortals can well rest in this hope of Immortality, until in the spiritual world, with our spiritual vision, we see the King in His glory.

Now passing to a lower plane, it is very certain that there is a certain kind of immortality that men may achieve.

Men may acquire immortality through the generations as long as this world shall exist; and men have acquired such immortality. Men by their lives and conduct may set into operation influences which will continue to operate as long as time shall endure. In some cases such influence is of tremendous import, turning into the tides of humanity some great principle of action or conduct; some doctrine or some example of love for humanity, that at once produces such an influence for good that it can never be forgotten and can never be lost, but which with the accretions from other souls catching the spirit, mounts higher and higher as generation after generation goes by.

And lesser men with lesser powers will turn into this tide their measure of strength, which, continually co-operating with the current already established, will eternally add to the happiness and welfare of humanity.

George Eliot (a woman spurned and avoided by many pious men, who were not worthy to touch the hem of her garment), caught this great inspiration and set it down in the "Choir Invisible":

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song.
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread for ever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Thus far at least every good man or good woman may according to the measure and capacity of his life, add to the volume of the influence operating for the good of humanity and gladness of the world, and to that extent become immortal.

And to a few great souls, who out of the void have turned into the stream a great flood that gives life a new meaning, there will come an immortality of Fame, and their names will be resounding down the ages. But to most, the immortality will be only in the resulting good without any mention of any name. Yet this is an immortality that ought to give happiness and contentment to the earnest soul.

One other suggestion:

If it be so that a belief in immortality does give a zest to life, widens its scope, opens its field of activity for sympathies toward others, then it is wise to lay hold of it, although in the end it shall be discovered that the hope was futile. For on the very hypothesis suggested, if it does make the mortal life of more value, to be more enjoyed, and if the hope fails, there is no season for disappointment or regret, and therefore this mortal life has thus been the gainer by entertaining the hope.

This conception of immortality as set forth in the "Choir Invisible," which has been designated as a narrower view than is ordinarily given to the word, and which does not at first blush, at least, meet the requirements of the surviving friends of the dead as to recognition and renewed association in the future life, has much in its favor.

First of all, it has the merit of absolute certainty, in the manner and to the extent named. One may well hold to the opinion, that it is as truly a religious and spiritual view as is the broader one, though not born out of theological creeds, or dogmatic expression. And beyond all question it opens a wider door for entrance to the immortals.

In every great crisis in the world's history it has played a worthy part, for the uplifting of the world to better and higher things. And more particularly in the last few years has it emphasized and worked for righteousness. Many noble and daring souls, who have had no care or thought for dogmas or creeds, who have loved life and life's enjoyments almost to its frivolties, who have young pulsing blood in their veins, have come into a situation where they saw great vital issues at stake; and who without a moment's hesitation, have yielded their lives that the right might prevail. They have thus by their death greatly poured into the forces which make for righteousness. The result will be that in thus giving, and joyfully giving, their lives, righteousness shall prevail, and they all will share in the immortality of such righteousness. And God knows and He will not forget.

FROM AN UNFINISHED ESSAY ON OLD AGE.

The suggestion of old age in almost every instance gives rise to the implication of weakness and pity. Yet this is not always or necessarily the truth. There may be an old age full of serenity with a well-poised balance of mind that goes back over the years and builds an edifice both beautiful and strong, filled with delightful pictures and characters which bring joy not only to the builder, but to all to whom he can bring the results of his labors.