

that must be cleansed," is but the echo of "Ye must be born again."

Such is Hawthorne's message. How does he utter it? He utters it to the individual man. In one of his shortest sketches, "David Swan," he has drawn ten characters with unmistakable certainty. They are types—but more—they are individuals. The individual heart-throb of each one is felt. This dealing with individuals makes his work alive with sympathy. It enlists the reader's interest, which culminates at the close of the sermon. The mind's demand for something definite to follow is met by Hawthorne.

In his quiet way, Hawthorne watched the inner life of men, explored their thoughts, observed and weighed their motives. He has therefore powerfully portrayed many aspects of human nature. He knew the every-day man. Knowing his man, he adapted his message to him.

A powerful personality adds its force to Hawthorne's work. This throbs in every line. That one who lived so secluded a life until his best work was before the public could be so sympathetic, is a marvel. But one feels while following his portrayal of sin that one who feels and suffers with the wrong-doer held the pen which drew the picture. Here is one who adds to the skillful analytic powers of his reason the quick intuitions of his conscience and affections of his heart.

Hawthorne's personality is positive. Sin is not simply the negation of holiness, but a positive evil. He has few negative characters. He demands action. Belief must be positive. Speaking of a friend's religious unrest, he says: "He will

never find rest until he finds some definite belief." He is thus a constructive preacher.

In style, Hawthorne is facile princeps of American letters. His style is at once graceful and natural. His words move with a magical and musical tread along the pages. The style is a serenade of sounds as serene as a summer evening. Yet the words are alive with the throbs of a human heart. For artist's arrangement, either preacher or essayist may find in Hawthorne a model. Antithetical expression gives contrasted thoughts double force.

Hawthorne, like Carlyle, is a most suggestive preacher, and like him convinces the intellect. But he has enough emotion to touch the warmest sympathies and deeply impress the feelings of the devout soul. The man who sleeps through his sermon is himself at fault. Such intense conviction possesses the man that you think, not of the man nor the manner, but of the message. Of two things he was profoundly convinced, and of no third. They were God and duty. His soul was on fire with those, so his words flowed not from his pen but red-hot from his heart. He looked into human hearts until he saw the thoughts burning there—the emotions and passions struggling for utterance—and with the steady hand of a master brought them forth. Thus he wins our hearts and moves our wills.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is the worthy heir of a noble heritage. His fathers had crossed the Atlantic for conscience' sake, and in his own soul conscience still reigned supreme.

O blessed are the pure in heart, for they,
Walking the wondrous streets of shining
gold,

In His own light who is the light thereof
The King in all His beauty shall behold.
—Parkinson.