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REVIEW SECTION.

I.—WHAT THE PREACHER MAY GAIN FROM A STUDY OF COLERIDGE.

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AMONG the books which should be found in the library of every minister may be named, with some decisiveness, the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is a large debt which the Christian ministry owes to Dr. Shedd for his writings. And it admits of little question that the edition of Coleridge's complete works,* published under his editorial care, with an introductory essay from his pen, and Dr. Marsh's preliminary essay to "Aids to Reflection," makes a very considerable part of that obligation. Coleridge will never be introduced to the public under better auspices. This edition appeared in 1856. The influence of Coleridge upon American thought is perhaps less today than it was a generation since. The same may be true of England. The best authors fluctuate in their hold on the public mind. But there are some signs that interest in the writings of this remarkable man is far from extinct. Such essays as that of James Martineau, "Personal Influences on Present Theology: J. H. Newman, S. T. Coleridge, T. Carlyle;" or that of Professor Shairp, in his "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," on Coleridge; "The Life of Coleridge," in the "English Men of Letters Series," by Mr. H. D. Traill, clearly evince that he has not yet passed to the limbo of neglected or forgotten authors. As I write these lines, there comes into my hands a little volume of "Selections from Coleridge's Prose Writings," by Professor Beers of Yale University, in a series of "Readings for Students."

But whether or no Coleridge holds the influential place in English and American thought he once held, it is certain that both in England and America he has powerfully molded the thinking of some of our ablest divines. I am well aware that in some quarters there has existed, and does still exist, distrust of his methods and of his influence. The epithet "Coleridgian" carried with it a suspicious sound.

* Coleridge's Complete Works. Edited by Professor Shedd. In seven volumes: Harper & Brothers.

That he exerted a profound influence on Maurice is doubtless true; but it is certainly fair to question whether Maurice's vagueness and indetermination were not in spite of, rather than because of, Coleridge. And it cannot be forgotten that he was the formative influence in the making of that remarkable scholar, Julius Hare, whose "Mission of the Comforter," with its magnificent defense of Martin Luther, is a classic in evangelical theology. If the school of transcendental thought in New England is thought to be a progeny of his philosophizing, let it be remembered that Christian scholars like Dr. Marsh and Dr. Shedd may be the legitimate offspring, and that New England transcendentalism (whatever that may mean) may after all be only a hybrid product.

A general reason for making the intimate acquaintance of Coleridge's writings lies in the fact that he is in touch with so many sides of life. He belongs to the class of "myriad-minded" men—poet, metaphysician, theologian, political philosopher, editorial contributor to the London *Courier*, one of the three or four conversationalists who have left enduring contributions to English literature—this fact of his many-sided genius creates an interest in knowing something of such a man. His "Table Talk" is one of those suggestive books which can be taken in hand at odd moments, and which is always sure to start valuable trains of thought. Coleridge was fond of the aphorism. The aphoristic vein in him was rich, and many of its choice nuggets could be found in his "Table Talk." Open it at random, and they will appear. His "Miscellanea" in the "Friend" and the "Biographia Literaria" are discussions in philosophy and literature and human affairs which are fragmentary; but notwithstanding their fragmentary character, mentally stimulating. His "Literary Remains" is a body of literary criticism which is the best text-book extant on that subject—all the better for its purpose that it is in structure so different from the ordinary text-book. If literary taste in poetry or prose is anything worth cultivating, it is well worth the while of every clergyman to master its secret as Coleridge has unveiled it. Indeed, one of the great services he rendered the world of English-speaking people was the begetting a style of criticism remarkable at once for "fineness of insight and breadth of comprehension." Any preacher will read his Shakespeare to far better purpose, with higher discernment for the elements of dramatic power, who has made himself familiar with Coleridge's way of looking at the drama, and at the drama as embodied in Shakespeare. In fact, his comments on nearly every writer of note in English literature will be found to have in them a germ of true critical perception.

On his poetry, as a field for clerical study, we must dwell more at length. "The same spirit," says Professor Shairp,* "which pervaded the philosophy and theology of that era (eighteenth century) is appar-

* Studies in Poetry and Philosophy. Coleridge, p. 92.

ent not less in its poetry and literature." Coleridge is a reaction from and protest against this spirit of hard, dry, cold understanding, both in philosophy, theology, and literature. He struck, together with Wordsworth, the deeper, because the spiritual, note in our poetry. If for no other reason, for this alone Coleridge's poetry should interest the religious thinker. He abandoned early—too early indeed—the cultivation of the Muse for the pursuit of philosophy. For the last thirty years of his life he was wholly absorbed in problems of theology and philosophy. There is, therefore, no very large outcome of his poetry which is worthy of study. Of the seven volumes of his works, one contains his poems of every kind. His daughter marks off four epochs in his poetic production—youth, early manhood, middle, and declining life. All his best poetry lies in one of these, that of early manhood.

I may be allowed to select a number of poems from this period which it will repay any minister to read and reread for the spiritual element in them, as contrasted with the dominant note in the poetry of Pope, *et id omne genus*. I need scarcely mention his "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni." But the following poems, less known, are vital with the finer and deeper breath of the new poetry: "Fears in Solitude," "The Eolian Harp," "The Nightingale," "Frost at Midnight," "Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement," "France: an Ode," "Dejection: an Ode," "Work without Hope," "Complaint and Reproof." They belong to a species of poetry which either elevates the soul to nobler moods, or subdues it from restlessness and turmoil into tranquillity, and in either case fulfils the higher poetic office. If there is in English poetry a gentler and sweeter note than is struck in the closing lines of "Fears in Solitude," I do not know where to find it, and one must read long in the poetry before he will come upon a more lofty and impassioned strain than in the "Ode to France." Throughout his poems, indeed, we find couplets and quatrains, and sometimes entire miniature poems, which are full of the breath and finer spirit of all wisdom. In the third and fourth periods of his poetic career, as Professor Shairp has truly noted, his poetry is mainly gnomic in character, "in which, if the visionary has disappeared, the wisdom wrought by time and experience is excellently condensed." Such lines as those in "Humility the Mother of Charity," or "Love, Hope, and Patience in Education," which contain the whole secret of moral pedagogy, the twin poems, "Complaint and Reproof," are illustrations of this gnomic poetry. I cannot forbear quoting the last named:

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of Spirits,
If any man obtains that which he merits
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear friend! renounce thy canting strain!
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
 Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
 Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
 Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man?—three treasures, love and light,
 And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
 Himself, His Maker, and the Angel Death.

The "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" stand in a class by themselves. They deserve to be studied, as is finely shown by Mrs. Olyphant in her "Literary History of the Nineteenth Century," as illustrations of the fact that a supernatural element in poetry is essential to its deepest mood.* Too few readers of the "Ancient Mariner" have noticed the remarkable quotation with which it is prefaced. It is taken from the works of the ingenious and eloquent Thomas Burnet, author of the "Sacred History of the Earth." "Facile credo, plures esse Naturæ invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et graduo et cognationes et discrimina et singulosum numera? Quid agunt? Quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitium," etc., etc.

It is quite hopeless to argue with the men who are always insisting that poetry must prove something. The "Ancient Mariner" is vague, mystical, full of a weird supernaturalism and as a study for the imagination not easily surpassed. What imagery!

Or wedding guests! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea;
 So lonely 'twas that God Himself
 Scarce seemed then to be.

And no one can appreciate the divine ending of the poem in the following lines who has not again and again steeped himself in its spirit:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.
 He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God, who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

"Christabel," says Mrs. Olyphant, "is a romance of Christianity—a legend of the saints." It is a presentation of the never-ending conflict between good and evil, innocence and moral foulness, perfect purity and contagious vice, when Christabel, the impersonation of heavenly-mindedness, is all unaware of what evil pain is in Geraldine, the first witch. "Never," to quote again from Mrs. Olyphant, "was there a higher or more beautiful conception." It is a companion to

* Vol. 1, pp. 243, et seq.

the "Ancient Mariner" in its poetic use of supernaturalism. Assuch, both poems are inviting studies for the preacher.

He will also find in Coleridge a profitable study as regards some prevalent errors in doctrine and morals. The errors of his time are largely the error of our age, only in intenser degree or different form. The error which he combated most stoutly was Pantheism, all the more stoutly, indeed, that, as there is good reason to believe, he himself was at one time more or less entangled in its meshes. In his introductory essay, Dr. Shedd says, "This author (Coleridge) is to be recommended and confided in as the foremost and ablest English opponent of Pantheism." The reader of this luminous and cogent essay will find that Dr. Shedd has clearly traced the growth and the processes of Coleridge's strenuous argumentation, pointing out the different features of his works in which it is brought out. Dr. Shedd has shown how Coleridge successfully assaulted and carried the Pantheistic redoubts. It was not by a simple destructive process. It was rather the opposite. Coleridge was compelled to construct a profoundly theistic system of philosophy.

Pantheism in America has never gained any large or lasting foothold among the common people, however it may be in Germany. The system is too abstruse, too metaphysical for this. Hence the preacher will have small occasion to preach against pantheistic notions. The larger part of his audience would not know what he was driving at or talking about. He would seem to them as "one that beateth the air." One does occasionally hear a sermon in which the preacher strikes out vigorously against pantheistic views—but, it seems, no real foe is assailed—a shadowy form, which practical people knew very little about. But agnosticism is a very different sort of matter. It is much more insidious, much more prevalent. To say, "We don't know," "We can't know" anything about God and immortality, "they are not verifiable by any processes of human logic," seems a very simple and very plausible philosophy. And the agnosticism of to-day has bound many an unlettered man in its toils.

A study of Coleridge will form a source of strength in combating agnostic as well as pantheistic error. The preacher will greatly find his account in an acquaintance with the stalwart theism on which Coleridge built up his doctrinal belief. And when we see that "the doctrine of responsible self-determination and not of *irresponsible natural development* is the doctrine by which [he] constructs [his] systems of philosophy and religion,"* we can see how vital this knowledge of Coleridge's method may become to a preacher in his effort to proclaim and send home to the conscience the dread fact of human responsibility. A true ethics, as well as a true theology, is in danger to-day; indeed the peril is greater on the side of ethics than theology. It is well known to every well-furnished clergyman that the

* Shedd's Introductory Essay, p. 36. The italics are ours.

effort to construct ethical systems on a naturalistic basis has been in the past thirty years incessant and able. A vast amount of ingenuity has been exerted to account for the ethical principle in man on a basis of naturalistic evolution. Herbert Spencer's philosophy here has been widely accepted. The nexus between morality and religion has been cut asunder. The discussion has taken a wide variety of form. If any one cares to see over how large a field the discussion has ranged, he can do so by looking through Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory." That the foundations of morality have been somewhat loosened in the process, there can be very little doubt. At least no one will be much inclined to doubt it who has read an article in *The Quarterly Review* for January, 1891, entitled the "Ethics of To-day."

And what is significant as to all these reconstructions of ethics on a basis entirely independent of revealed religion, is that they all involve, as the root, utilitarian ends. This is their common vinculum. Moreover if any one will be at pains to sound the opinions of common men—the rank and file—as to the foundations of morality—as to why this or that thing is wrong—in half the cases the answer will show that some doctrine of utility is at the bottom of these ethical theories—so far as they happen to have any. And moral heresies are the worst of all heresies.

Now, in his resolute and trenchant onset upon the Paleyan doctrine of ethics—that virtue was "the doing good to mankind in obedience to the will of God and for the sake of everlasting happiness;" or, as stated in another form, "We are obliged to do nothing but what we ourselves are to gain or lose something by, for nothing else can be a violent motive"*—Coleridge has furnished the modern pulpit with abundant weapons for vindicating the old and true position, that morality must find its roots in religion. Let any one turn to that chapter in the "Friend" (second section) in which Coleridge takes to pieces the utilitarian theory of morals, and he will find a rich store of keen and sound argumentation. And throughout his writings he is at pains to expose the shallowness of a prudential morality. To him the "Lockean metaphysics and Paleyan ethics" were alike harmful, the one landing us in atheism or pantheism, and the other in a paralysis of conscience, denied to it the true education by a false doctrine of morality. It would be interesting to trace Coleridge's method of defense for Christianity. It was his weariness of the eighteenth century methods of apologetic reasoning which led him to say: "Evidences of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the want of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of the need of it, and you may safely trust it to its own evidence, remembering always the express declaration of Christ himself, 'No man cometh to Me unless the Father leadeth him.'" In other words, Coleridge laid the

* Quoted by Professor Shairp. *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, p. 176.

emphasis on internal rather than external evidence. He did a much needed work here. The stress had been too much laid on the external evidence of miracle and prophecy by eighteenth century writers. Christian apologetics need not, can not, dispense with either type of testimony. Each has its province. Both together make the entire chain of proof. But when it comes to preaching it will be found that internal evidences lend themselves most readily to pulpit uses. External evidences seem most naturally in place in the theological lecture-room or in the reasoned treatise. The preacher can bend his energies to rousing in the human soul the sense of need and then do his best to show how fully and how immediately Christianity meets all that need. The "Aids to Reflection" will, in all this work of handling the internal evidences of Christianity, be found an invaluable handbook. For profound and glowing presentation of this style of Christian apologetics, the writings of all theologians in any century, seventeenth, eighteenth or other, can furnish no parallel. Its very want of system has its advantages. The preacher need not demand a forenoon or evening of uninterrupted study as he takes the "Aids" in hand. A spare hour or half-hour can be profitably passed with Coleridge. The plan of the book, with its aphorisms and comments, is precisely adapted to this fragmentary use of time. And what is there for all our possessions more than time, to which the divine teaching more closely applies, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost?" Readers of Charnock's sermons will recall his method of concluding his discourses with several uses of the truth discussed. There are two of these uses to be specified in connection with a study of Coleridge. First, a use of mental discipline. Coleridge is not always easy reading. We grow a bit weary of his digressions, and sometimes find his style exceeding dry. Again, however, we are charmed with his force of statement and by his effective marshaling of words in sentences full of eloquence. There are passages in Coleridge's writings not easily surpassed by any writers of English prose. Still it is eminently true that Coleridge will set his readers thinking. Beyond most writers on such subjects, he has the gift of stimulating inquiry. The mental discipline to be gained from acquaintance with such a writer is great. Mr. Traill, in his "Life of Coleridge," characterizes him as a "writer of the most penetrating glance into divine mysteries, and writing always from a soul all tremulous, as it were, with religious sensibility." The judgment is a just one, and every preacher who deals much with him will find his mental processes quickened and perhaps clarified also. The second *use* is of warning; warning against desultoriness. For among the bad habits some very good preachers may acquire are desultory habits of reading, of thinking, and of writing too. This was Coleridge's besetting mental sin. He lacked continuity of mental effort. He brought no plan fully to completion. "I have laid too many eggs," he said, "in the hot sands of the wilderness, the world,

with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion." But his example is a warning to many men far inferior to him in intellectual gifts, to avoid these shoals and quicksands of desultory intellectual habits. In spite of his wonderful genius, this mental vice robbed Coleridge of more than half his power for good among men. The sin of desultoriness will play fearful havoc with men of average capacities. They need all their powers focused upon an effort. They cannot afford to scatter their mental energies. They may read Coleridge and take warning.

II.—THE FOUR GOSPELS AND THE FAITH OF CHRISTENDOM.

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(Continued from page 297.)

The canon of the New Testament fixed itself before ecclesiastical authority sat upon it. "It did not meddle with the canon until that question had pretty well settled itself" (Salmon). Sooner or later, the original documents of Christianity would become matter for conciliar discussion and action. But instead of weakening the authority of the four Gospels and the other writings of the New Testament, it must be considered of the highest apologetic importance that they found their own way, and were accepted by general consent long before any Council enumerated the sacred books. When the Council spoke, the faith of the Church was already fixed. All conciliar declarations are vain concerning the Scriptures, unless there be the living faith in Christians, moved thereunto by the Holy Spirit. Luther found out that Church Councils also could err when he was exercised with the case of John Huss. His statement of the doctrine of Inspiration in the first edition of his German New Testament is liable to abuse, but it is far-reaching. "That which does not teach Christ is not apostolic, though Peter and Paul should teach it; and again, whatsoever teaches Christ is apostolic, though Judas, Annas, Pilate, and Herod should teach it." Church assemblies have claims upon our regard only in proportion as the men constituting them were men of piety and full of wisdom. A Synod of Ephesus (431) gets the notoriety of the Robber Synod, in spite of its being composed of ecclesiastics. The opinion of a single individual like Augustin, Bernard, or Fenelon may be of more value than the decisions of all the Councils of Toulouse or Toledo. There is no virtue in the decision of a Council of itself. The Gospels will not stand by the counsel of man. They came into recognition by their merits, as the diamond among other white crystal organisms. The canon was settled before the Synod of Laodicea (363) convened, or Eusebius made the distinction between Homologoumena and Antilegomena on the one hand, and spurious and heretical books on the other.

The Church expects her documents to be subjected to constant investigation. The sacredness of the Christian system is no reason why it should have immunity from scrutiny and energetic assault. The human mind will always claim the right to test their trustworthiness by the most searching methods. The Berean spirit is the mother of a living faith. If investors test with minute care before they make a purchase of silver mines in Colorado or a sapphire field in Montana, earnest students of the supernatural will demand the prerogative of going behind the decisions of even the most venerable Councils. Annoying as assaults are which tend to shake the faith of Christendom, they are inevitable except in a stagnant condition of the Church. The true attitude of the Christian Church is to welcome all fair investigation. The way to meet assaults is for it to maintain a constant watch over its own breastworks, and in time of peace to prepare for war. On this principle, the English Government has recently reorganized the defenses on the fortress of Gibraltar. The old redoubts of Christian apologetics need to be furnished with all the new defenses drawn from the archeological discovery and scientific achievement of the nineteenth century, in order that the Church may meet the assaults of the doubt of the nineteenth century. Assaults from without are no more dangerous than the sullen or apathetic silence of death within the Church. Indeed, they may be made the occasion of renewed spiritual activity, as has proved the case with the attacks of this century and the latter part of the eighteenth century upon the integrity of the New Testament, stirring up a vast amount of patient and painstaking research, and resulting in the discovery of harmonies and depths in the Gospel before not adequately recognized. "These assaults," Bishop Westcott has said, "upon their historic truth have brought out, with the most striking clearness, the separate characteristics of the Gospels." It is as if the keepers of a castle were aroused by menacing voices outside, but being awakened, not only repelled the enemy, but saw the bright lights of an aurora borealis they would otherwise have missed. Ecclesiastical decisions are valuable, as they are the summing up of the results of clear and far-reaching investigation. Fulminations only for a time seem to clear the ecclesiastical breastworks. The besiegers will make assault again. Nay, in a thinking and restless age, such fulminations will be but as the report of harmless bombs, if not an impediment to future generations, which their apologetics will have to clear away in order that the path of faith may become plain.

A special design of Providence has been discerned in the transmission of more than a single Gospel record. Irenæus went so far as to argue that there must be four Gospels, just as there are four winds, and four quarters of the earth. They have been compared with the four rivers that went out from the Garden of Eden and to the four cherubim of Ezekiel. If there is any advantage to be derived from

seeing an object from different angles, we have that advantage in the four records. If only the Gospel had come down to us which Paul called "My Gospel," we would have had an infallible guide, but we would be, in an unutterable degree, less rich than we are now, by reason of the four narratives. They present Jesus Christ at four sittings, as it were, and yet He is the man Christ. It is as if four tourists had ascended the same mountain from different points of the compass and given an account of what they saw. The hill is the same; the descriptions vary both in their material and in the statement of the same phenomena. A careful comparison of the Gospels reveals a remarkable unity in the main narration; with differences in detail. The underlying purpose of the Evangelists is the same; namely, to depict the mission of Jesus Christ, His work and suffering for the redemption of the world. The cardinal features which they have in common are: First, that Jesus was the Son of God; second, He wrought miracles; third, He spake as never man spake; fourth, He was the promised Messiah; fifth, He came to establish the kingdom of God; sixth, He was crucified; seventh, rose again; eighth, the Gospel must be preached on the earth. With these striking agreements, there are noticeable differences, but not so noticeable as to arrest the average reader. A faultless harmony of the Gospel has not been reached, but in all great essentials the agreement is evident. The differences in details attest the independence of the writers, and at the same time refute the theory that they were simply as phonophones used by the Spirit without any reference to their own natural endowments. They also have served a purpose by stirring up careful study. "Lively attention, minute observation, careful comparison and inquiry, which is never fully satisfied, are awakened at every step by that singular combination of resemblances and differences, and the mind is thus engaged to dwell longer on the scenes, conversing among them in a more animated spirit, and with an interest which is perpetually refreshed" (Bernard). The Church has contended always that, while there are striking differences in the narrations of the Evangelists, there are no discrepancies. Aspects of Christ's person and work may be presented in Matthew that are not found emphasized in John, but there are no contradictions to be reconciled in essential statements of facts and discourses. Sometimes there are difficulties at which scholarship must be silent; but what Origen said may contain some truth, that "the divine Word ordered some stumbling-blocks and stones of offense in the sacred records, that we might not be led away by the unalloyed attractiveness of the narratives, and seek for nothing more divine." Any differences in the fundamental treatment of their subject may be attributed to differences in the intellectual constitution of the Evangelists, their training, the constituencies for whom they wrote, and, as in the case of John, the age in which they wrote.

From the earliest times, the diversity in the Evangelists' treatment

has been emphasized. Matthew, the tax-gatherer, writing for Jews, presents Christ as the Messiah; and a "doctrinal epitome" of his Gospel may be found in the words, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil" (Farrar). Mark, with the best opportunities for gathering materials from his residence in Jerusalem, and his companionship with Peter, who calls him his son, Marcus, wrote for Romans, and presents Christ as the Mighty Conqueror. Beginning with the public ministry, he emphasizes the impression of wonderment made by the mighty works. If Matthew's is the didactic Gospel, Mark's is the energetic Gospel. Luke, as the companion of St. Paul, lays stress upon the doctrine of free salvation. He alone gives the parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son, and the account of Zaccheus. His is the Gospel of sacred song and of childhood—the Gospel, as Lange has said, "of the Son of Man, of the humanity of Christ, the sublimation of all humanity." Renan has called the third Gospel the most beautiful of all writings, as he has called Matthew's Gospel "the most important book of Christendom, yea the most important book ever written" (*Les Evangiles*, p. 212). John's Gospel plainly states its purpose to be that men might be led to "believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and that, believing, men might have life." The Synoptists used to be called the bodily Gospels, John's the spiritual Gospel, "giving," as Herder puts it, "the echo of the older Gospels in the upper choirs." It is the Gospel of the Incarnation of the "I am"—of the mystic relations between the Son and the Father, and the Master and His disciples. The early Church saw reason for calling John preeminently "the theologian."

The chief problem of New Testament criticism lies in harmonizing the treatment of John's Gospel with the Synoptist Gospels. The presentation of the latter is in fundamental particulars the same. The careful reader observes no difference of level as he passes from the one to the other. It is otherwise with John. Here he finds himself ascending a staircase to another standpoint. This fact may be easily explained by the purpose which John had in writing, the age in which he wrote, the constituency for whom he wrote, and his own personality. From Matthew, the tax-gatherer, and the other disciples, John differed in a metaphysical turn of mind, a mystical intuition. He leaned upon the Saviour's bosom, was in most intimate intercourse with Him, saw into the depths of His soul as no other one did. Peter was adapted to be an ecclesiastical leader; John to be the personal biographer of the Lord. This was his gift. The personality of Christ fixed itself upon his soul as upon a mirror, and when his time came, he was able to present that image with mystical features such as are not prominent in the other Gospels. The parables are missing in his Gospel, but the profound allegorical discourses and the last sayings are given, which reveal the deep feelings of Christ's soul. The time at which John wrote, in the last years of the first century, demanded a

presentation such as John could give. The sharp antagonism of gnosticism, and the refined perversion of docetism had already begun to manifest themselves. At Ephesus, the meeting-place of Hellenic philosophy and Asiatic theosophy, the pure Christian system was already subjected to adulteration, as it has been, say, in India, with the school of the Brahma Somaj as the outcome. John, discerning the docetic tendencies, laid stress upon the personal contact of the disciples with the Son of God: "The Word was made flesh"; "We beheld His glory." On the other hand, discerning the seeds of gnosticism, He lays stress upon faith as opposed to knowledge, and upon the full assumption by the eternal Logos of human nature. "He dwelt among us," and was not a mere fitting phenomenon, the temporary indwelling of an *eon*.

If John seems to lay an emphasis on the divine side of the Lord's person, which the other Evangelists have been charged with not appreciating, we must not forget that He is no less careful to lay emphasis upon the miraculous agency, not only by recording eight miracles, and some of them the greatest, but by urgent statement (iii. 2; vii. 31; x. 41; xi. 47, etc.). If Jesus was the Eternal Word, He also, according to John's delineation, was subject to human infirmities. He was troubled in spirit; wearied at Jacob's well; He wept at the grave. If John magnifies love, it is not at the expense of faith—a word which, in its verbal form, he uses more often than the other three Gospels together.

The scholarly and well-meant attempt of many theologians, and more recently the most able attempts of Weiss and Holtzmann, to solve the agreements and disagreements of the Gospels by making Mark or one of the other Gospels the original and model Gospel, must be regarded as thus far unsatisfying—in fact, a failure. The same may be said of the attempt to show the dependence of the Synoptists, at least, upon some primary source, whether it be a supposed original Mark, or the *Logia* of Matthew mentioned by Papias and supposed to be a volume different from the present Gospel of Matthew. However ingenious the reasoning may be, these theories will remain conjectures, and nothing more, until a source like the one suggested be discovered. The faith of Christendom finds a sufficient explanation of the four Gospels as they lie before us in the oral statement of the Gospel, as it was made current through preaching, and in the ample opportunity each of the accredited authors had of being acquainted with the facts they record.

The differences of the canonical Gospels in matters of detail are of the highest apologetic importance, as making impossible the charge of collusion among the Evangelists. Each wrote in his own way from personal conviction, and with the purpose of delivering a message of world-wide significance. Whence was it, then, that, with practical unanimity in all parts of Christendom, these Gospel records came at

so early a period to have weight, if it was not from the fact that the writers were men of superior authority in the Church, by reason of their exceptional opportunities to know the facts of Christ's life? In the first three Gospels, the authors have incorporated nothing of a personal nature. In the case of the Gospel by Matthew, not a word, not a question, not an act of his own, is inserted, albeit he was one of the twelve. The Evangelists were solely intent upon presenting the person and work of Christ; and it was with no selfish or sordid purpose, but because they could not help but write the things which they knew. The easiest solution of the substantial agreement of four persons in presenting a portrait, so superior to any presented anywhere else in history, is in the historic reality of it and the trustworthiness of the writers. This Christ was a root out of dry ground. No materials existed in that age for the invention of such a character. The Gospel authors were not endowed by original faculties or fitted by surroundings to invent it themselves, nor would martyrs from the first have given their lives for a myth of Matthew's brain or a legend of Luke's invention. "That the Jewish mind," said the late Archbishop Thomson, "in its lowest decay, should have invented the character of Jesus of Nazareth, and the sublime system of morality contained in his teaching; that four writers should have fixed the popular impression in four plain, unadorned narratives, without any outbursts of national prejudice, or any attempt to give a political tone to the events they wrote of, would be in itself a miracle harder to believe than that Lazarus, at the Lord's call, came out from his four days' tomb."

Another line of argument, by which the faith of Christendom renews its reverence for the four Gospels, is by contemplating their infinite superiority to the so-called Apocryphal Gospels. There, attempts to fill out the gaps left by the canonical records, and to satisfy the prurient curiosity of a certain constituency, bear upon their face the marks of invention, and inure to the estimation of the genuine Gospels, as a torch lit in the daytime only brings out more strongly the pre-eminent glory of the sun. Here Christ is presented as a thaumaturge. There is a protrusion of the marvelous. The wanton use of miraculous power runs into cruelty, as when the child Jesus invokes death upon the children who interfere with His play. And while there is this surfeit of the marvelous, the moral purpose insisted upon in the New Testament is wanting. A most subordinate place is given to the teachings of Christ, and not a single saying is reported—not in the four Evangelists—which is of the least credibility. Of our Lord's discourses, it must be said that in all early Patristic literature there is nothing comparable to them, and that a marked change is felt in this respect when we pass from the Gospels to the apostolic Epistles, what there is said being a development, as it were, from the Lord's recorded words. The disappearance of other attempts to record the

life of Jesus of Nazareth, and the unapproached majesty of the four Gospels when compared with the oldest and least crude of the Apocryphal Gospels, can only be accounted for, as Professor Dods has again said, on the ground that they were by witnesses who had immediate access to authoritative information. As according to the saying of the Romans, those who have once drank from the fountains of Trevi will be sure to return; so one, after having once drawn from the springs of life in the four Gospels, will turn back to them again.

It is probable that all the Gospel the Church shall know till Christ comes again is contained in these four records of the Evangelists. This is not because they exhausted their subject, as is evident from St. John's distinct statement that he had only given a part of the memorials of the Lord (John xxi. 25). The rich discoveries of Patristic documents and Scriptural manuscripts have added no single feature to the portraiture of Christ. The Gospel is open to new elucidations, but during eighteen centuries has received no addition of new materials. All ritual observances, all ecclesiastical ordinances (distinct from the two sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the fundamental offices of worship), have in them no recognition. The honor conferred upon St. Peter (Matt. xvi. 18) and the authority conferred upon the Apostles (John xx. 22-23) are the only elements of ecclesiastical discipline there suggested with any distinctness whatsoever. This is a source of great encouragement to those who look for the spiritual reunion of Christendom upon the basis, not of a strict formulation of esoteric doctrines or a liturgical code of ecclesiastical ceremonies of universal obligation, but upon a filial obedience to the command given by Christ at the opening and again at the close of His life, "Follow Me." In personal union of heart to the Christ of the four Evangelists, who is alive forevermore, lies the secret of the power and the hope for the extension of the kingdom of God among men. Back to the Person whose portrait-lines they draw the Church will ever go for the justification and fervor of its faith, finding in it, and so in their narratives, all the elements of that "everlasting Gospel which is to be preached to them that dwell upon the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people" (Rev. xiv. 16).

III.—A HINDU MISSIONARY IN AMERICA.

BY F. F. ELLINWOOD, D.D., NEW YORK CITY.

WHATEVER may be the final outcome of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893, some results are already apparent. For one thing, the idea of a general brotherhood of all religious faiths which was there proclaimed has not been accepted as an accomplished fact by our Oriental guests. At the close of the sessions certain represent-

atives from Japan returned home, called a large gathering of non-Christian Japanese, to whom they represented the Parliament as a great triumph of Buddhism over Christianity, Americans themselves being judges. Vivekananda the Hindu, Virchand Gandhi the Jain, and Mohammed Webb the *soi-disant* missionary of Islam, remained for a time in this country, apparently for a campaign against Christianity and Christian missions. Mr. Webb, on resuming his lectures in Chickering Hall, strengthened his forces by employing a renegade Syrian to curse for him the Syrian mission. Vivekananda, acting under the auspices of hospitable friends in Detroit, gave a series of lectures on the superiority of Hinduism, which created no little stir in religious and anti-religious circles. He spoke repeatedly in Unitarian churches, and he received many courtesies also from men of what are known as the orthodox creeds. On one occasion he was very courteously introduced to his audience by Bishop Ninde of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But so contemptuous and bitter was the attack upon Christianity and Christian missions which followed, that the good Bishop felt compelled to apologize through the press for the position in which his Hindu friend had placed him as a minister and a bishop in the Christian Church.

On the other hand, it was apparent that there were in Detroit, as in all our cities, a large class of sympathizers who enjoyed heartily what the reporters characterized as the "jabs" made by the speaker.

To some of Vivekananda's statements I venture to reply. I notice, first, certain vague expressions which can only be regarded as opinions. For example, his claim that "the missionaries know nothing about the people" is certainly sweeping, and leads one to ask how any foreigner can understand Hindus, if thirty or forty years of constant intercourse and study of character, customs, and beliefs are insufficient to gain a knowledge.

Again, he gave his audience to understand that they are ignorant of the languages of the country, though he must know that hundreds of them have spoken the vernacular tongues of India for years, have translated into them the Scriptures and multitudes of religious books and school-books, to say nothing of the preparation of grammars and lexicons. Scores of those now engaged in missionary work were born in the country and have spoken the Hindu or Marathi tongue from infancy. Not a few have become thorough Sanscrit scholars, though Vivekananda has never seen one. Max Müller points out the fact that European scholars (missionaries included) have awakened the Hindus themselves from the torpor of ages and opened to them the treasures and the blemishes of their own Sanscrit literature.

Again, Vivekananda declares that "most of the missionaries are incompetent"; even "the doctors do no good because they are not in touch with the people." Such statements couched in general and irresponsible phrases are often quoted from irreligious consuls, traders,

naval officers, and adventurers concerning the missionaries whom they have barely met, or of whom they have only heard in some Asiatic mart; but a professed Hindu scholar, addressing an intelligent audience, should deal with definite facts, which are capable either of proof or of refutation.

As to the ability of missionaries, they are of all grades, from the high rank of Carey, Duff, and Wilson, down to the unlearned but devoted "private" in the Salvation Army; but it is safe to say that those who are commissioned by the leading missionary societies would present a higher intellectual and moral average than the home ministry of Europe or America; this would be found true both in the Protestant and in the Catholic Churches.

Vivekananda informed his audience that in conversions the missionaries accomplish nothing except perhaps in winning to their standards "the few who make a sort of living by hanging around the mission." In a witticism not very complimentary to his countrymen, he adds that the "Hindu is cute; he takes the bait but rejects the hook." That there may be professed converts who are influenced by mercenary motives no one will deny, but those who are at all familiar with the history of Indian missions will remember that in that terrible ordeal, the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857, when it was all that a man's life was worth to confess Christ, and when complete safety was promised to all who would deny Him, less than one in a hundred of the native Christians in North India failed to stand the test. George Smith, LL.D., in his able work, "The Conversion of India," after mentioning nine names of Christian catechists who thus died rather than deny their faith, says: "The Mohammedans always, and the Hindus occasionally, offered to such (the Christians) their lives at the price of denying their Lord, but not one instance can be cited of failure to confess Him by men and women, very often of weak physique, and but yesterday of the same faith as their murderers. The only known instances in which life was purchased by denial were those of one officer of mixed blood and some band-boys of Portuguese descent and religious profession."

At the close of the mutiny there were found to be 130,000 native Christian professors in India, all tried so as by fire. The Christianity of India advanced to a recognized place at that time. The Mutiny had tested the native Church, and at the same time quickened the consciences of all British residents and won for it their respect. In recognition of the loyalty of the native Christians, they were thenceforth placed on an equal basis with other citizens.

There are some things in Vivekananda's address with which we are partly in accord. His allusions to the rapacity of the East India Company none will deny, though, consciously or unconsciously, he leaves an impression that the sins of that old company are the sins of the missionaries of to-day. His condemnation of the sordid commer-

cial policy and the fanaticism of the early Portuguese traders could elicit no complaint if he had frankly admitted that that also belonged to the past and not to the age and the work that he is criticizing. In his strictures on the luxurious lives of missionaries, he misapprehends the whole spirit of Christianity. He judges its methods by Hindu standards. Religion in India means asceticism. A religious man is one who seeks perfection by self-mortification; he is wholly idle, and to all besides himself absolutely useless. Christianity, on the other hand, demands a healthy activity for the good of others. It places no honor upon a mulcted and sickly manhood, and it abominates self-righteous idleness and mendicancy. It does require frugality, and that is observed.

There have been missionaries who yielded to the Hindu conception with the hope of winning greater confidence and securing greater usefulness. A conscientious and noble example of this was the late Rev. George Bowen, of Bombay, who renounced his missionary salary and led a semi-ascetic life in the hope that he might accomplish greater good. But after twenty years of experiment, he confessed that he had made a mistake. The true missionary is not an impressive spectacle, but an earnest laborer, and those conditions are best which enable him to accomplish most.

Vivekananda speaks of Buddhism as "the first great missionary religion, and one which won its millions of converts without a resort to the sword." But he ought to know that the rapid growth of Buddhism in India was partly due to the fact that Gautama, its founder, belonged to the warrior caste. It was a protest against the sacerdotal tyranny of the Brahmans. Taking advantage of it, a chieftain named Chandra Gupta built up a dynasty of Buddhist kings by his military power. Under the scepter of his grandson, Ashoka, the Buddhist faith reached its zenith of glory and became the religion of the state. When this military power lost its grasp, Buddhism rapidly declined. The Brahmans regained their ascendancy, and history records the striking fact that a system which had dominated a great empire, not by converting it, but largely by force, utterly passed away from India by the eighth or ninth century of the Christian era. In the North also the Buddhism of Kublai Khan, forming a league between the droning Lamaism of Thibet and the military power of the Chinese Empire, has for seven centuries held all the dependencies of China by a power not spiritual, but temporal. And as for the gentle and peace-loving influence of Gautama in Asia, there is scarcely a nation in the world more savage, and among whom life is more unsafe, than the Mongols, the most fanatical of all Buddhists. In Buddhist Japan also, from the sixth century onward to the downfall of the Shogunate, the whole history of the country was one of war and bloodshed.

Vivekananda asserts that "Hindus have never persecuted." How, then, was Buddhism, so mild and peaceful, driven from India?

Partly, it is true, by the corrupting influences which it had received from the lascivious Hindu Tantrism, or worship of the wives of Sæva, but mainly by the persistent persecution of the Brahmans. Hinduism could receive any faith of mankind up to the limit of its digestion—it even embraced and absorbed many elements of Buddhism—but a rival system it could not tolerate.

Another astonishing statement is to the effect that caste in India is a comparatively modern system; that while it existed in ancient times, it is only within the last thousand years that it has assumed its full force. But every one familiar with the history of Hinduism knows that caste developed its monstrous tyranny in the Brahmana period, more than 500 B.C.; that in the Code of Manu, of nearly coeval date, it is presented in such extravagant form as to consign any man who should assault a Brahman to hell for a thousand years. "A Brahman, whether learned or unlearned, is a mighty divinity," says Bk. IX. 317. "Let not a King though fallen into the greatest distress provoke Brahmans to anger, for they, if once enraged, could instantly destroy him with all his army and retinue" (Bk. IX. 13). The Mahabharata is full of the doctrine of caste, and the boasted Bahgavad-Gita represents the divine Krishna as saying to Arjuna:

"Better to do the duty of one's caste,
Though bad and ill performed and fraught with evil,
Than undertake the business of another (caste),
However good it be."

The truth is that although the last thousand years have multiplied the subdivisions of caste by intermarriage, they have practically alleviated its ancient rigors.

Still another contention of Vivekananda is that Hinduism aims to do full justice to woman; to quote his own words, "from the Hindu standpoint, she receives all her rights." All the worse then for the Hindu standpoint. I shall not stop for refutations on this subject. I will only refer the reader to the thrilling pages of Pundita Ramabai's "Hindu Widow," and to the "Laws of Manu," which she quotes.

Over against the vague assertions of our infatuated Hindu friend respecting the influence and success of our missionaries, it would be easy to present scores of testimonies of a precisely opposite character, and from men of the highest intelligence and honor, who have been engaged for years as administrators of the Anglo-Indian Government. Their commendations of the missionaries as to their character, their work, their general influence and success, have been so often quoted in the missionary apologetics of the last ten years that to all well-informed people they are in danger of seeming trite. The only reason for their repetition is that new and ignorant assailants of missions are every year reproducing the old misrepresentations to new audiences or readers as ignorant as themselves. Fresh refutations are therefore demanded because the work is far off, and one "who has been there,"

and especially if he has a turban on his head, is fairly sure of a following. But men like Sir Richard Temple, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Charles Aitchison, Sir Herbert Edwards, Sir John Lawrence, Sir W. W. Hunter, Sir Monier Williams, Lord Northcote, Dr. Robert N. Cust, Sir Donald McLeod, Sir William Muir, Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, and many others have spoken and written in such unequivocal terms and with such remarkable unanimity on this subject that no candid man, Christian or otherwise, can doubt that missionary labor has been the greatest and most salutary of all the intellectual and moral forces that our century has brought to bear upon the millions of India.

While Vivekananda was lecturing on the ignorance and incompetency of our missionaries, *The Quarterly Review* of January, 1894, was saying that "Men of mark for scholarship, in larger numbers than ever, devote their talents to the labor or the literature of the mission field and add to its prestige. The sons of English bishops no longer monopolize the richest livings here at home, but give themselves to this most trying form of work abroad." About the same time also that he was scoring the missionaries for the edification of the Unitarians of Detroit, one of their own co-religionists, the Rev. Francis Tiffany, a distinguished minister of the Unitarian Church and an unusually competent observer, was writing from India in a quite different strain, as follows:

"To the missionaries, decried and sneered at on every hand, are due the inception and first practical illustration of every reform in education, in medicine, in the revelation of the idea of a common humanity, in the elevation of the condition of woman, afterward taken up by the Government. It seems, however, to be the correct thing for the ordinary tourist to speak with unutterable contempt of missionaries, and then, to avoid being prejudiced in any way, carefully to refrain from ever going within ten miles of them and their work. The thing to take for granted is that they are narrow-minded bigots, with nothing they care to import into India but hell-fire. To all this I want to enter my emphatic and indignant protest. Such of them as I have fallen in with I have found the most earnest and broad-minded men and women anywhere to be encountered—the men and women best acquainted with Indian thought, customs, and inward life, and who are doing the most toward the elevation of the rational and moral character of the nation. It has brought tears to my eyes to inspect such an educational establishment for girls and young women as that of Miss Thoburn in Lucknow, and to see what new heavens and a new earth she is opening up to them. The consecration of spirit with which these young women are dedicating themselves to the work of getting ready to lift out of the gulf of ignorance and superstition their sister women of India, was one of the most moving sights I ever beheld."

But if it be said that Vivekananda's statements, as coming from a

Hindu, are more conclusive than all English or American opinions, it were easy to meet him on that ground also by quoting numerous and disinterested testimonies from men of his own race. In the columns of *The Hindu*, a widely circulated vernacular paper in Madras, conducted by a Brahman of a renowned priestly family, the following editorial utterance is quoted: "We entertain no longer any hope for that religion which we consider dearer to us than our life. Hinduism is now on its death-bed. . . . What we regret more than all is the fact that the native Christians, once Hindus like ourselves, now come forward and with deadly weapons attack their old mother (Hinduism). . . . This terrible crusade is carried on by the native Christians with a tenacity of purpose and a devotion that defy failure."

The Indu Pralash, a native newspaper of Bombay, speaks thus: "We daily see Hindus of every caste becoming Christian and devoted missionaries." And an educated Hindu, and not a professing Christian, in a public address delivered in Bombay, is quoted as saying: "Cast your eyes abroad and take a survey of the nations. What has made the nations of Europe great? Christianity! What has started our present religious Somajas all over India? Contact with missionaries! Who began female education in Bombay? The good old missionaries, Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of blessed memory."

Not only in such occasional, and by no means infrequent, utterances as these do we find proofs that Christianity is making what Hindus regard as an alarming progress in India, but also in the practical means which are used to guard against it. In all the great cities and at the bathing festivals professional disputants are employed who shall appear at the bazaars and other preaching-places of the missionaries, and by questions or expressions of ridicule shall break the thread of their discourse. These men have familiarized themselves with the arguments and sneers of Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, and others for this very purpose. In Madras a Hindu tract society has been formed for the defense of Hinduism. One of its issues, published in Tamil, is addressed "to all sects and castes," warning them that their ancient religion is in danger; that a foreign religion is gradually influencing the masses, and that it is the solemn duty of all Hindus to arouse themselves and arrest its progress." "And to this end," it adds, "learned pundits must go forth and put the missionaries to shame by their dialectics. Tracts against Christianity must be published in all the vernaculars and distributed over the land. Committees must be formed in all the towns and villages to warn the people against listening to Christian preachers."

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTLESS persons are beginning to wonder whether the doctor who was surprised that he discovered no soul in the body he dissected, could have had any soul in his own body.

IV.—HOMILETIC HELPS FROM THE FINE ARTS OF THE COLUMBIAN FAIR.

BY REV. J. WESTBY EARNSHAW, LOWVILLE, N. Y.

(Continued from page 315.)

BESIDES the mythological and historical, there are other subjects taken from the point at which the present seems merging into the past; and it is the province of art to preserve these vanishing phases of human life, as well as to reproduce and interpret anew those things which have so indelibly impressed the imagination and memory of the race. We have the harvest-field, the plowman, the haymakers, and the gleaners, as our fathers knew the same, as we may have seen them in other days, and as perhaps they may still be seen in spots unvisited of modern progress; but the very quaintness of the pictured scenes, like the momentary vividness of a fading memory, brings the actual before us more effectually perhaps than would direct presentation. We have flocks and herds browsing and resting as of yore; but where they are represented as alarmed by the proximity of savage beasts, as in Thoren's "In the Vicinity of the Wolf," it seems to us like an obsolete tradition, while the representation of them as affrighted by the passing train, as in Leon Barillot's "Train 47," brings before us a much more familiar scene.

Still more are we impressed with this in the works in which distinctively modern phases of life are presented, particularly those which we may class in a general way as *socialistic*, as for instance: "Miners on Strike," by G. La Touche, in the French section, a lurid and baleful scene, in which the fountains of the great deep of human passion seem broken up by intolerable pressures, and o'er which the spirit of anarchy hovers; "The Ill-Fed," by O. Da Molin, in the Italian section, an oblong canvas filled with faces in which every phase of impoverished humanity is depicted; "The Struggle for Work," a statuary group, by J. Gelert, in the United States section, representing the fierce struggle of a number of unemployed artisans for a work-ticket thrown from a factory window; "Waifs and Strays," by Joseph Clark, in the British section; "Evicted," by Blandford Fletcher, also in the British section; "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," by G. A. Reid, in the Canadian section; "The Death in Siberia," which I cannot now locate; with many other pieces on kindred themes.

In all this work there is a touch of sympathy which shows that, though art is so largely the monopoly of the rich, it hears and echoes the cry of the struggling poor; and in a thousand other ways the signs of the modern democratic and humanitarian spirit appear. One feels the same difference between the modern world of art and the antique that we do between Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile," and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" Mrs. Oliphant's "Stories of the Seen and

Unseen," and Dante's "Divine Comedy," or the sermons of Mr. Beecher, or Phillips Brooks, and those of Jonathan Edwards and Jeremy Taylor.

This is something of which I think the preacher often needs to be reminded: that he is living in the world of to-day; that sufficient and adapted only unto the day is the good thereof, and that he cannot work with the spent force of the water that has passed the mill.

There is one tendency in modern art as it appeared in this exhibition which the pulpit cannot but deplore and censure, that is, the tendency to too much morphology and physical realism. Of anatomical science and technical skill, modern art has wonderful mastery, but it lacks the unconsciousness and idealism by which in classical art morphology is transfigured. As Julian Hawthorn has said, *the taint of the model is on it*. The words of Phillips Brooks on irreverence in art are eminently in point here: "What is more dreadful than irreverent art, which paints all that it sees, because it sees almost nothing, and yet does not dream that there is more to see; which suggests nothing because it suspects nothing profounder than the flimsy tale it tells, and would fain make us believe that there is no sacredness in women, nor nobleness in man, nor secret in nature, nor dignity in life? Irreverence everywhere is blindness and not sight. It is the stare which is bold, because it believes in its heart that there is nothing which its insolent intelligence may not fathom, and so which finds only what it looks for, and makes the world as shallow as it ignorantly believes the world to be."

Poetry has been wonderfully purified of sensual grossness in this age, as is seen in the works of all the great masters; nor has it been emasculated or enfeebled thereby. Why may there not be a like purification of art? Why, as in Kenyon Cox's celebrated representation, should the *Ars Picturæ* be nude, while the *Ars Poetica* is decorously draped?

One cannot study this so widely representative exhibition without catching the impression that art is not so religious as it used to be. This may seem a homiletic discouragement rather than help, but it is something which the preacher will do well to note.

Of course the exhibition contained many works on religious themes—Christ's, Madonnas, Holy Families, Apostles, Martyrs, Saints, scenes from the Saviour's life, Bible narrative, and church history, First Communion, Masses, Processions, and other simpler but intenser phases of the devout life—ideal conceptions of the mystery of redemption, as "The Light of the Incarnation," by Carl Guthertz, in the United States section, in which with wonderful effects of color and expression, the birth in the Bethlehem khan is represented as shedding a vivifying and gladsome light on all the world, and every creature, those which have come into human friendship and use, and those with which man is still at feud, as well as wondering shepherds

and rejoicing angels, tipped with the new radiance, and stirring with the new life and joy, turn toward the point where the Babe is born; or "Christmas Bells," by E. H. Blashfield, also in the United States section, which has been so reproduced that all have seen some more or less worthy copy of it; impressive depictions of Christian faith and steadfastness, such as "The Victory of Faith," by St. George Hare, in the British section, in which two young maidens are represented lying manacled on a pallet of straw in a dungeon, clad only in their modesty and spirituality; they are of different races, Caucasian and African, but their sisterly embrace implies a deeper fellowship than mere community in suffering begets: they will probably be executed to-morrow, yet they are peacefully sleeping, and the serene expression of their countenances tells of the spirit's triumphant calm and dawning beatitude; or "Christians Awaiting Death after the Free Supper," by Theodore Bronnikov, in the Russian section, a scene in which martyrdom is transfigured by the almost ecstasy of Christian joy; vivid portrayals of the fierce and cruel zeal with which religious controversy has been waged, as in "The Trial of Wicklif," J. Mardox Brown, in the British section, or of religious fanaticism, as in "The Flagellants," by Carl Marr, in the United States section, a most graphic representation of that strange mania of self-torture which prevailed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and which the Church sanctioned and organized into imposing spectacles; and beautiful ideal picturings of the devout life, as "At the Temple Gate," by G. L. Bulbeid, in the British section, in which a maiden of wondrous and most spiritual beauty, in the fresh bloom of early womanhood, bearing a basket of flowers, is about to enter a garlanded door, whose symbolical designs indicate the sacred character of the edifice of which it is the portal, one of the smaller canvases, but one that haunts the memory with sweet effect; with many more of kindred character.

This list of religious pieces seems to refute the statement with which it was prefaced. But the exhibition was not dominated by the religious element, as is wont to be the case with older collections, but impresses rather with its prevalent secular tone.

This may be partly accounted for by the freedom which art has won since the Reformation, so that it is no longer under the almost exclusive patronage and control of ecclesiastics, nor finds its almost sole employment in the decoration of churches and other religious houses. But the explanation lies deeper than this. It is another manifestation of the secular spirit which is so characteristic of the age. The same tendency appears in the kindred arts of Poetry and Music. All these arts have been nourished by Religion, and their earliest uses have been in its sacred service. Have they now turned away from the benign power that nurtured their early development? If it be so, if the secular spirit which is so pervasive in modern life have taken the religious motive out of art and robbed it of the inspiration of Chris-

tian faith and love, then art is doomed to degradation and decay; for it is from the religious impulse that the dearest life of art springs, and the religious interest that consecrates its noblest work.

The treatment of sacred themes by art is, however, in some instances, fraught with valuable suggestion to the pulpit, as showing how what has grown trite may be brought to new effect by casting aside convention, translating olden truth into new forms, and making the representations of art to speak the language of the people. Of this I will refer to but two examples.

The first is "The Son of Man," by Chr. Skredsvig, in the Norway section. It is a large picture and attracted much attention. Gazing upon it, one soon feels its exquisite pathos and the charm of its simplicity and intensity; but I found it hard at first to understand its meaning and construe its title. It was a scene of lowly life in Norway. A group of persons, manifestly convened and controlled by some rare interest, constituted the central part of the picture. Among them was a clergyman of venerable and gentle aspect, and another who may have been a physician; the rest were peasants. Many of them were sick or disabled, and all had an expression of deep interest and yearning desire; touched with dawning hope. But there was no figure resembling any traditional representation of the Son of Man. The principal figure in the group was a peasant, in rude dress, with coarse heavy shoes, and destitute of neckcloth and collar. He looked like an artisan who had just left his toil. But the face was one of great tenderness and strength. He was looking with compassion, and compassion that had boon in it, upon a sufferer standing near. In the foreground, on the right, was a man conveying toward this central figure a sick girl, propped up with pillows, in a wheelbarrow; and, on the left, a woman with loving, grateful face, was spreading mats and rugs from her cottage hard by, in the path along which the wonderful peasant was to pass, and placing her potted flower-plants at its sides. But where was the Son of Man? I looked and looked, until at length it dawned upon me that the rudely dressed artisan with the strong and benignant face was the artist's conception of the Divine Man, interpreted in the picture-language of the peasants of Norway; and it seemed to me that art had had its Pentecost, and received its gift of tongues.

The other work to which I will refer in this connection is a series of four pictures by J. Tissot, in the French section, interpreting the parable of the Prodigal Son. The significant feature in these pictures is that they portray the prodigal of to-day, and not of two thousand years ago. "The Departure" is simply a quiet scene in a gentleman's private room, in which a father consents, though evidently with grave concern and serious misgivings, to an enterprise which his son has resolved upon, and portions him therefor. The second scene, "In a Strange Land," is the only one which has an unfamiliar aspect; and

fitly so, when we think of it, for it is the one in which the young man is away from home. "The Return" represents just the way such a broken, penitent, and home-sick fellow would come back, and be received in a Christian home to-day. "Well, father," we can almost hear him say, "the game's up. I've lost all, and am a worthless, ruined good-for-nothing. But I had to come home. I got thinking about you, and I had to come; but I don't deserve any favors, and I'm not worthy to bear your name." And the father's response seems likewise audible: "Well, well, poor fellow, you've had a sad experience. But I'm glad you're home. We've missed you terribly. Take your old place, and begin anew." And the last scene, "The Fatted Calf," shows in the same manner the prodigal's rehabilitation. The tidings of his return have spread as of a glad event, and friends come trooping in, oarsmen in their boating suits from the river near by, youthful associates, and family and friendly connections from adjacent homes; and in their greetings and gladness, the renewal of old associations, and the revival of olden interests, his sense of degradation is erased, and he feels himself again his father's son.

We can spare the haloed Christs and traditionary saints of mediæval art if modern art will give us such representations of the Divine Man, and such renderings of His teachings as these. And may it not be that religion is becoming less a convention, both in art and in life, and more a vital and pervasive power in each?

There are lessons for the pulpit in the treatment of *nature* by modern art. In olden art, nature received but subordinate attention, and natural scenery appears for the most part only as a setting for human action and incident; and when not dominated by human interest (or divine, in mythological subjects), the treatment, as Dr. Waldstein has said in his recent booklet on Ruskin, is either bucolic or idyllic. There is no evidence of a love of nature for its own sake, or on account of any interest it inspires, or significance it possesses in itself; no sign of a penetrating and unfolding sympathy; and so no real observation, and no interpretation of it as a revelation of the divine. But modern art comes to nature with a finer sensibility and a more reverent regard, and studies it with a more assiduous care. It is in this quality that modern art rivals the ancient, and has its principal excellence. There is more true description of nature, and more true and noble art that is of this character, in this exhibition than was extant a century ago.

Hundreds of illustrations on this point might be referred to, but the very multitude forbids citation.

To bend a closer ear to nature will have as beneficial an effect upon preaching as the corresponding attitude has had upon pictorial art. Poetry, which holds an intermediate place between pictorial art and sacred oratory, has caught this secret; it caught it indeed before pictorial art did, and it has educated pictorial art therein. And there

are other works standing at a point yet nearer to the sermon which are full of this new spirit, and they are among the very best things in modern literature. Of these we may mention especially the works of John Ruskin, and that gem, published some time ago anonymously by the Harpers, authorship of which has, however, been acknowledged by H. M. Alden, "God in His World."

This exhibition gives also new illustration of the old power of the *pathetic*. Of this a conspicuous example is the picture, "Breaking Home Ties," by Thomas Hovenden, in the United States section. It is a simple piece representing a lad leaving home. But it is bathed in human interest, feeling, and affection, and presided over by the genius of Home, Sweet Home. Heaving bosoms, and tears, and prayers are in it, as witness its effects upon the spectators, and spectators never fail it. And yet this is only one piece out of hundreds in this exhibition which weave their charm out of the old tendernesses of domestic life and love.

Let the pulpit then vie with the gallery and museum in unfolding the tendernesses of human affection, the charm of home, the inner life and mystic meanings of nature, the nobleness of self-sacrifice, the beauty of holiness, the glory of goodness, the inspirations of faith, and the everlasting harmonies of truth.

As we thus strive, like fabled Pygmalion, whose story has been anew interpreted by Gerome in this exhibition, we shall find our work glowing beneath our hand with the throbbing warmth of life, and smiling upon us with responsive and rewarding love. But let not our interest become selfish, or like Orpheus of the classic myth, whose almost recovery of his lost Eurydice is still, as ever, a favorite theme of art, we may lose the complete fruitions of our work through our self-gratifying regard.

Among the architectural exhibits in the United States section one piece specially attracted my attention, and impressed me with its aspiring grandeur and ethereal beauty. It was a design for a cathedral, and was one of the four approved by the committee on designs for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, to be erected in New York City. It had not been actually adopted for said structure, however; for, though admired as noble and majestic, it was deemed impracticable. Perhaps the architect had not sufficiently considered the limitations of structural art; perhaps he had not sufficiently contemplated world's use—but his design expresses a magnificent conception, and as exhibited at the Fair it bore the significant title, "Jerusalem the Golden."

So we, while trying to build God's temple here on earth, though unable to embody our conceptions in actual results, may be none the less surely outlining our heaven, and may find that the things we could not do, but only design and desire to do—"the high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard, the passion that left

the ground to lose itself in the sky"—are prophetic of that "Jerusalem the Golden" which shall fulfil all worthy purpose and endeavor, and crown aspiring hope with immortal fruitions.

V.—LIGHT ON SCRIPTURAL TEXTS FROM RECENT DISCOVERIES.

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D.D., NEW YORK CITY.

BEGINNING OF THE HUMAN RACE.

THE most interesting and as yet the most puzzling question we can ask is: What was the origin of man upon the earth? Where and when did man begin? Was it in Egypt, or in Babylonia, or was it in Central Africa, or in some sunken continent, the home of the primeval simian, man's lost progenitor? We go to the Bible for its information, and we are met with the question, Is it real history, or is it a religious poem or an inspired legend, a world-myth clarified and glorified by its religious spirit, and which is to be interpreted for its religious teaching, and not for its astronomy, geology, or geography? Something like the latter seems to be the prevalent view at present, but if we accept the literal interpretation we are met with the question, Where was Eden? Was it in Southern Babylonia, or the Persian Gulf, or was it in Armenia, or in Persia, or in Ethiopia, or in Central Asia, or at the North Pole? for all these interpretations have been put by reputable scholars on the words "Garden of Eden." We may say that the indications are that somewhere about the rivers Tigris and Euphrates was the Mosaic Paradise, and perhaps we had best stop there.

But will profane history, and especially the recovered monuments of far antiquity, give us further information? For an answer, it is of little use to ask Greek or Roman antiquity, for their antiquity is quite modern beside any that we must consult. There are only two nations as yet known to us that have a real antiquity with historical records, and they are Egypt and Babylonia. What can they say for themselves, and does either claim to furnish the beginning of human history?

So far as yet known, Egyptian history goes back to about four thousand years before Christ. Babylonian history does just about the same. We actually cannot tell which is the older. It is curious that this is just about the age of the human race according to the biblical history, only that the biblical history seems to interrupt the historic succession by a flood nearly two thousand years later, which requires a fresh beginning of the human race. Such a universal destruction of human life, and such a break in history, or such a new beginning, Egyptian history knows nothing of, and indeed forbids. Babylonian history knows as little of it, and equally forbids it, only knowing it as a myth.

But leaving out mere mythical poetry; such as the creation myths of Babylonia, we ask with the deepest interest what were the earliest races that inhabited Babylonia and Egypt, and were they indigenous, or did they come from some other region? Very little that is really new has very lately come to us in answer to this question from Babylonia. We know that nearly six thousand years ago there were in that region two different races of men, one which we may call Turanian, or Kushite, or Kassite, or Tartar, all meaning something Mongolian, which appears to have been the older, and the other Semitic. It was then just as it is to-day, when both the Turkish and the Arab races and languages are found in the same region, with the Persian Aryan added as the representative of the third great linguistic family. From the earliest times we can reach, the two races, Mongolian and Semitic, alternated in ruling over Babylonia. The later Mongolian invasions came from the East, from Persia; but whether the earliest Mongolian inhabitants also came from the East, nobody knows.

It is only within the last year that some fresh and important light on the origin of the Egyptians has come to the knowledge of scholars. We have been in the habit of speaking of the Egyptian culture as indigenous, and so doubtless it was for the most part; but it now seems almost proved that the earliest known rulers of Egypt were not of Egyptian origin, and that they brought some seeds of culture with them when they invaded the valley of the Nile. First, as the readers of *THE HOMILETIC REVIEW* have been informed, Professor Hommel, of Munich, announced two years ago as the result of his comparison of the mythology of the two countries that the beginnings of Egyptian history were later than those of Babylonia. Now, Mr. Petrie's latest discoveries indicate that Egypt was settled by immigrants from Arabia, or at least received its earliest civilization from that direction.

For a long time the oldest known historical monument of Egypt has been the Pyramid of Senefru, who was the father of the builder of the great pyramid of Khufu, or Cheops, of the fourth dynasty. But it was evident that there must have been a considerable history before these wonderful constructions could have been made. Already the arts were well developed—that of the mason, the weaver, the painter, and the sculptor. The oldest book in the world, "The Maxims of Ptah-hotep," goes back very nearly to this time, and it teaches admirably the best lessons of morality and religion.

According to the ancient Egyptian traditions, the gods Amen, Horus, Hother, and Bes, came from the sacred land of Punt, or southwestern Arabia, including the opposite Somali coast, and occupied the lower Nile valley. It was from this settlement that Menes, the first of the Pharaohs, originated, and he founded the earlier Egyptian capital at This.

There was but one route, by way of the Isthmus of Suez, by which such a journey could have been made, and accordingly Prof. Flinders Petrie devoted his time last year to the exploration of this region, excavating the Nile termination of this road at Koptos, the modern Kufi, hoping to find traces of these primitive settlers. The site had never before been excavated, and the results convinced him that there was truth in the tradition that the first settlers had come by this road.

Among other things, Professor Petrie found fragments of a vase containing the cartouche of Cheops. This proved that the town existed as far back as 3,700 B. C. There were other relics of dynasties nearly as old, besides the less important objects reaching down to comparatively modern times. But below all these relics of a historical period, on a bed of alluvial clay, were found some antiquities unlike anything previously discovered, and which are older than the pyramids of Senefru and Cheops.

The most important of these were the pieces of three great monolithic statues, thirteen feet high, of a primitive character, such as must antedate the fine cut stone statues of Egyptian kings hitherto known. They are very rude—great columns, we might say, split out of limestone or red granite—and bear on them no mark of the chisel. They are simply hammered out into a rude representation of the human form. The hair and beard are thus indicated, but there is no suggestion of a face. Where the face would be there are five holes made, evidently to fasten on thereby the wooden mask which represented the face. The hands and arms are rudely delineated. Around the waist is a girdle, with a flap hanging down at the side, precisely as in the oldest Babylonian representations of Gilgamesh, or Nimrod. On the sides of the figures are various objects rudely sculptured in relief, of which the most important is the fetish pole of the god Khem, or Min, of whom these were doubtless the statues. Among other objects there figured in relief are the gazelle, elephant, ostrich, hyena, and bull. These figures are very much like some very archaic representations of these animals found by Mr. Petrie at Silsie, and by M. Golenischeff at Wady Hummammat, just over the Egyptian border, and serve to indicate the route by which the settlers came.

These statues are those of the local god Min, but they much resemble the familiar ones of the god Bes, who to the later times wore the mask, and they are just a step removed from the fetish stone gods of Arabia.

Connected with these statues, and in the sacred enclosure, was found a considerable quantity of very archaic pottery made of coarse Nile mud, but carefully faced with a polish of red hematite. The figures on the pottery are carefully modeled, with correct anatomical details. The work is earlier than the fourth dynasty (that of Cheops, 3,700 B. C.), as is shown, says W. St. Chad Boscawen, by the cord on the collar of a dog, precisely similar to that on a hieroglyph of the earliest date that went out of use in the time of the fourth dynasty. These clay objects give us a period of plastic art anterior to the developed stone sculpture of Egypt, and explain some of the strange conventionalities in that art, which imitated the earlier statues of clay.

All this is not absolutely convincing that the earliest Egyptians came from Arabia, and thus it may be from still farther East, perhaps even from as far as Babylonia. But it is proved that the earliest known remains in Egypt, those which go back of the most ancient monuments of the fourth dynasty, are found close to where the ancient road from Arabia enters into Egypt, and that they have peculiar Arabian characteristics. The old tradition is made more probable, which represented the earliest gods of Egypt as having come from the land of Punt, and so in the evidence agrees with the biblical tradition, which places the origin of the human race not in Africa, but in Asia.

SERMONIC SECTION.

SPIRITUAL CHILDREN OF GOD.

BY REV. G. A. NEEFF [LUTHERAN],
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"And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him."—Luke ii. 40.

THE New Testament does not tell us much of the early life of Jesus. The story of the Prince of Peace is simply but graphically told by each holy writer in his own words, inspired by the same love to this, their Saviour. Jesus goes as a child to Nazareth. We hear nothing more until we read the so-pleasant story of our text. Here we catch a glimpse of the life of our Lord which is of untold value. We have here one of the many priceless pearls which glisten in the diadem of the life of Christ. Having these words we need no such miracle-working child as the so-called New Testament Apocrypha would tell us about in their extraordinary stories, because we have here an epitome of His life at home with His parents, until He

stepped out into the world to accomplish the work of His Heavenly Father, as the Redeemer of the world, which fully satisfies all rational expectations.

Jesus grew, that is what is first told us. How very simple this statement—yet how true! Whatever is God's will is natural and true, and so it is natural and true for a man to grow. But do not underrate this truth because it is a natural truth, one inherent in nature! We mostly regard only the supernatural and miraculous worthy of especial attention. But with God it is different; for Him it is natural to do wonders, as the Psalmist says: "Thou art the God that doest wonders!" Whatsoever God does is wondrous! So it is likewise wondrous that we grow. God formed man out of the dust of the ground and breathed into him the breath of life, man became a living soul, and because he is a living soul he grows. Is not all this a natural wonder?

"The child grew." How wonderful this body of ours is! "I will praise

Thee. I am fearfully, wonderfully made; marvelous are Thy works," says the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm. Let us not be come so earthly and fleshly as to forget that it was the living God above who formed us.

The child Jesus, no doubt, realized this; it was the first step towards a later realization of the thought that He must be about His Father's concerns. If He did not know that He grew, He could know nothing of His Father.

Oh, how many people live day by day without realizing that they have a Father in heaven, without casting a single glance heavenward in a spirit of asking, or in that of thankfulness! Let not this be said of thee, thou who professest to be a Christian. If you really be a Christian, then make this first step—acknowledge the goodness of your Father in heaven who gives you, day by day, out of His bountiful hand, food and raiment, health and comfort, because he wishes to make you feel yourself more and more his own dear child. Thus we soon learn to be no more earthly, inhabited by the lusts and desires of this flesh, but become, like Him, spiritual and godly. What has been to us, as children of the world, an incomprehensible miracle and wonder, will now be something quite natural: we will become the spiritual children of God.

Allow me to ask you the monotonous question: "Are you a child of God?" If not, how you can become such—if so, how you can remain one—that shall be the subject of our discourse. May God grant us His blessing!

Are you a child of God? I put the question to each one of you. But you ask: What is a child of God? Then once more I ask: But how are children made? They are not made, they are born, you say. Yes, when God calls them out of darkness and death a soul is born to eternal light! But how does God do this? you whisper. Gradually and slowly he takes the form of clay, and breathes into it

the breath of life, and man becomes a living soul. This clod of earth is the natural man. When, through the almighty Word, the spirit of God begins to work, then the spiritual man begins to grow. And this growing is seen outwardly, too. To grow means more than eating, drinking, and sleeping. All of this is necessary. The Christian, more than any man, is capable to live rightly, *i. e.*, so to eat, so to drink, and so to work and rest, that it will be most conducive to his bodily health. "Sound body, sound mind!" is also true in the religious sphere. But more than this. To the Christian must be law-giving: "Know ye that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost in you, which you have of God; you are not your own" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). The aim of the child of God is to be the clean vehicle of the Holy Spirit within him. How can a clean spirit live in an unclean house? Must not the house be swept and garnished before it can be a dwelling of the pure and good messenger of God?

Then the Spirit of God, taking possession of a man, patterns everything after the likeness of God. Daily taught by the Spirit is the man whose dwelling he is. Only so, my Christian brother, can you wander in this unclean world and be kept clean and undefiled. Then the blood of Christ is a daily sacrifice to you, cleansing you from sin, wickedness, unrighteousness, unholiness. Then will you shine as a light in this world. That means that in matters of natural import you shall be able to give potent advice. The mineral life, the plant life, the animal life, shall be open to you. Because you love Christ, above all earthly wisdom the best knowledge, because you understand heavenly things, you shall also comprehend, by diligent study, in the light of Scripture truth, also the earthly things, as Jesus Himself told the Pharisee Nicodemus, who came to Him by night. I go farther: your face even, that window of your soul, will express that you are loving the Lord and Creator of this

beautiful world. This may be seen in the days of your health, in your physique, in the manner in which you take care of your body. But also in the days of your weakness and sickness, your body will be able to radiate the transparent glory of the Lord over life and death within you. In you will be running that stream of life which never suffers death. Then you will not waste nor squander the gifts of God, either in time of plenty or in the time of meager years, you will always have a morsel for the poor, a coat for the shivering brother, a cold drop of water to allay the thirst of the wanderer, a penny or two for the holy cause of the church militant here on earth. The spirit of the Lord will also teach you, as a child of God, to preserve this earthly, transient life to the service of your heavenly king, you shall learn to take the proper care of your person, not to expose yourself unnecessarily, but to increase the gift of health which you hold as a pound from the Master's hand. You can bravely defend others also, when such is demanded, a thousand times better than a cowardly slave of his passions and lusts. Thus you will learn to be a defender of the dearest rights upon earth.

This growing is of a twofold nature. It is a growth upward and a growth downward; up into the heavens, down into the earth. Growing upward, you shall quaff in the delicious breath of God and hear His voice, you shall drink in His bounty and emit the perfume of His love; growing downward into the soil of humanity you shall strike your loving roots, full with nourishment, out and out, until they meet other friendly roots and become stronger and stronger, a mainstay in the soil, a salt in the earth.

This thought suggests another which allow me to mention. If we are living members of Christ, then our children, some time or another, must become Christ's. As they sit around the family table, so they also ought to be guests at the table of the Lord; they

ought to belong to the family of Christ's saints. If this is not so—why not? Read in the Old Testament about Job: "When the days of feasting were about going to an end, then Job sent and sacrificed and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offering to the number of them all, for Job said: 'It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts.' Thus did Job continually." Are you such priests before God, carrying before His throne the souls of your loved ones or lost ones? Have you ever watched children play together? How interested they are in the actions of each other, how sorry one is for the other if it should happen to suffer by some accident, how sincere in its expressions of regret for such an afflicted one! Let us learn from this that, as children of God, we must learn to care for each other in a godly spirit, for the farthest, for the nearest of our relatives, our brethren, on this sinful earth. Let a father ask pardon for his erring daughter, let a mother pray for her wandering son, let the loving son weep repentance for his careless mother, and a living daughter keep on hoping for her spiritually dead father. Let every redeemed soul upon the wide world hope and labor and pray for these who are not yet children of God, until the earth is filled with glory! But also a word to the children. How can you become more like your elder brother Christ? By learning, like Him, to obey those that love you dearly—and those that love you not—ay, even those that hate you. You must, like the child Jesus, become a little child of God! Seek Him early on your pathway, learn to love your Christ while you walk with Him, confiding in Him, your hand in His, as only the childlike spirit can. Love that commences early hardly ever fails. No love that is thus placed is ever lost. How consoling the thought must be to thee, thou beloved little one, that Christ knows thy little heart with all its wickedness and malice, but also with all its honest, costly love.

Let us grow thus in our natural relations to God our Father in keeping the natural laws of obedience and love to God and our fellow men, through the power of Him who grew in these relations from the starting point of His life. In Him lived the Spirit of God, and therefore He was the Life and Light of men. Then we shall attain more fully the ideal of a true man. As we grow up let the expression, "grown up" imply that we have received the knowledge to live according to the laws of our Heavenly Father. May we grow in bodily strength, in power and in courage, but also not be lacking in sympathy, kindness, and love. If the boldest and bravest of creatures in the animal kingdom, the lion, does at times combine these qualities, let not such an example in a sphere beneath us put to shame those that call themselves children of God.

II. Until now we have been meditating upon our natural relations to God as our Father, and although there can be no power in the natural sphere, if there be none accompanying it in the spiritual one, yet our discourse has mainly dwelt on the natural path of man as he walks toward his Father in heaven, whom he does not yet fully know as such. Let us now consider more closely that aspect of man which brings him into that dearest relation to his Heavenly Father after he has grown to understand his relation to him more fully even than already considered—I mean that of a spiritual child of God, with all the prerogatives of a son and heir.

It has not only been said that the child grew, but furthermore, it is stated, that He waxed strong in spirit. But that also seems natural—yes, to a certain degree. Man has not only a body, but also a soul and a spirit, and as every part of the body grows with age—the blood, the bones, the tissues, and the organs—so also the inner power of man, his soul-life and his spirit-life, must grow. It is not only said of Jesus that He grew and waxed strong

in spirit, but in the preceding chapter we read the same of John the Baptist: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel." Where the intellect does not keep pace with the bodily growth of a person, we speak of an abnormal condition. Each man has received some gifts from God, some pound, which is to be increased, not harbored away. As in every other sense of the word of the Baptist, "A man can receive nothing except it be given to him of heaven" (John iii. 27). So we are to use our "natural talents," like the bodily gifts, for the glory of His name. By gymnastic exercise we train our body to become stronger, and by using our intellectual capacities these powers of the soul grow wider and fuller. But if these same gifts are not continually placed under the influence of the power from on high, they may prove as much a curse as a blessing, when used rightly. How often men employ their education, which is but an exercising of the mental potencies, in a wrong way, and have their energies misdirected into a channel where the plentiful supply becomes stagnant and harmful. For this reason one sees so many "wrecked talents," so that the Christian philanthropist often sheds tears of deepest anguish, beholding ruins of what might otherwise have been ornaments to human society, and a towering castle if placed on the stronghold and firm rock of Christianity, to stand up and shine a beacon-light to the world.

Some time ago a man whose name I need only mention to you and you will then know what is the spirit that possesses him,—I refer to Col. Robert Ingersoll—made some very flippant remarks about Christianity. This man seems to take delight in destroying the structure raised by God Himself, trying to wrest down from its stronghold God's covenant with his people. He said that when Mr. Moody was on the ship *Spree*, in mid-ocean, in the time of a great storm, that ship, as Mr.

Moody stated, was saved by prayer; but when the steamer *Nordland*, some time ago, was in the same plight, some gentlemen whiled away their trouble with a game of poker. This gives the Colonel a chance to remark, since both ships were saved, poker has the same effect with God as prayer. It is really blasphemous to make such a remark, and yet there may be thousands of careless, non-thinking men to-day who are willing to applaud such an ignorant, worthless talk, if the talker is only known to them as—what they call—a “brainy man.” We will not comment on this remark. Every Christian believer can upset it with only a few true words, and Robert Ingersoll the next morning, after he had slept off the sarcastic state of his then sordid mind, after some consideration with the mind which God gave him, would probably have blushed for having let such a venomous word escape his unclean lips. But it just shows what a man is liable to do and to utter who stands not under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, no matter how cultured the human intellect of that man may be. If he is not tutored by God Himself through Christ, these words of Christ prove true: “Out of the heart”—that is out of the heart of the naturally tutored man—“proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies; these defile a man” (Matt. xv. 20). Oh, that we might learn not to kick at the thorn, but endure it until there shall appear so many roses around it, until we shall have learned that it is necessary in order to bring about good! This thorn against our flesh is the Word of God—indeed, like a hammer that casts apart the rocks, and like a sword, two-edged, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow—a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. This the Word must first become before it can be “sweeter than honey and the honeycomb,” before we can say with the Psalmist: “Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,

and a light upon my path!” Then only we commence to wax strong in the spirit, in good days and in bad, in rain and in sunshine, growing stronger until we shall have become Samsons of faith, when our inward man is replenished day by day by the living bread and the everlasting stream of life.

As we become lawgivers in matters of health, as a healthy man is best able to give advice how to become strong—Gladstone, for instance, might write a good treatise on “How to Live Long”—so, if we wax strong in spirit by the power of God overshadowing us, we shall become such teachers as those of whom the seer says: “They shall shine as the brightness of the firmament” (Dan. xii. 3). And so, before we hardly notice it, we are filled with wisdom from above. Then we may not only receive advice as to our spiritual welfare in happy and in dark times, but also make happy the paths of those around us, for our wisdom is life; we shall be able to “enliven” everything that comes in contact with us. The German language calls this state quite appropriately that of being “Geistvoll,” full of the ghost which quickens. We become guides in knowledge, wisdom, learning. We may then teach with unction, yet with kindness, humility, and love, because our body with all its heated passions will no more control and govern us, but our spirit, filled with the wisdom from God, will govern these abodes of clay, and make them temples of the Holy Ghost, dwellings of our Lord, child-habitations for our Heavenly Father.

III. All this may be without any overexertion on our part, just as the plant does nothing more than receive that which it daily gets and yet emits the sweetest perfume. Not by asceticism can we force ourselves into the right relation to God, nor is this the wise advice of our Father. Penalties placed upon our bodies, imposed upon ourselves in the belief that thereby we may appease the righteous wrath of God, shall certainly not avail us. No

amount of castigation, with all its heathen accompaniments, can make us grow in favor with God and man. Not by the cutting off of the necessary branches of life can we become plants bearing beautiful flowers. Only God's wisdom filling us with truth and righteousness, coming to us in our daily paths, as we grow toward Him in love—in one word, the grace of God alone can make us children of God, and after we become such, retain us in this dearest relationship to the Heavenly Father. God's love is the first initiative. Christ loved us first, therefore we also must love, as the Apostle of Love has said so truly and beautifully. The love which we feel toward the Father of our Christ, toward our Elder Brother Himself, and in Him to all our fellow-brethren, is the highest wisdom, after all.

Do you know what God's grace is? Does the flower know what sunshine is? Such is the grace of God to thee. Does it not read: Who maketh His face to shine upon thee? You may not always see and feel the warm rays of the sun, for the reason that clouds are then obstructing them and hiding them from you, but the sun is ever in the heavens. God's mercy endureth forever, and His grace shall shine upon thee, if thou art the child of God. Look at Jesus as He hangs on the cross for the sins of the world. Do we need any assurance that He was an obedient child of God? Was He not obedient unto death, yea unto the death on the cross? And yet He cries from the deep aloud, and in great agony: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But wait, not long after and the Redeemer of the World! exclaims with a cry, astonishing heaven and earth with its import of joy and thanksgiving for the victory, "It is finished!"

God will surely do His part. God's sun will shine upon His plant. But you must be His plant. His sun cannot bring life into a stone. If you expose the stone to the sun on a warm

summer day, the stone may become so warm that it will burn your hand to touch it, yet no life can be generated in that stone no matter how warm the sun may shine. You must be a child of God if you wish to grow, if you want to enjoy a spirit made strong, if the grace of God is to shine on you. But if you are such a one, born of the Spirit of God, then all your undertakings shall prosper. "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." So says the Psalmist of the righteous, and undoubtedly he knew what he was saying.

Let us, in quietude and humility, patiently wait for the Lord, even when the storm-clouds hang blackest over our heads. The grace of God shall shine upon His children. "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee!" (Isa. liv. 10).

Are we such children of God? Do we stand in this covenant relation to our Heavenly Father through Christ our Lord? Let us follow Him and learn from Him obedience, such obedience that we can say at last, "Not my will, but Thine be done." If we thus follow Christ, if we allow Him to lead us to His Father and to our Father, learning daily the lesson He would teach us, then we shall be and shall remain the children of God's choice; we shall be precious in His sight. The aged Apostle John, it is told us, when too old and feeble to walk on foot into the assembly of the congregation, kept admonishing it in these words: "Little children, love one another!" Loving God with all our heart, strength, soul, and mind, and our neighbors as ourselves, means to place body, soul, and spirit at the command of God's Spirit and at the control of Christ. This let us daily, in a spirit of prayer, learn anew. From the Father in Heaven, through the resurrected Christ, will we receive heavenly wisdom, so that we may grow in body, even in visible

outward form into full-grown men and women; that we may wax strong in spirit; that at all times the grace of God be resting on us. Thus we shall become daily more like our Christ, until at last we shall throw off this earthly chrysalis and soar up into that higher region, where we shall reign with Him whom we love, because we are His inheritance in a world without end!

O Jesus, Thou the beauty art of angel-worlds above;

Thy name is music to the heart, enchanting it with love.

O Jesus, King of Earth and Heaven; our Life and joy—to Thee

Be honor, thanks, and blessings given through all eternity!

THE AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.

A COMMUNION SERMON BY J. C. JACKSON, D.D. (METHODIST EPISCOPAL), JERSEY CITY, N. J.

And He went forward a little and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—Matt. xxvi. 39.

As AN introduction to the study of this verse, let us read the entire paragraph of which it is a part.

"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me. And He went a little further, and fell on His face and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. And He cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time

and prayed, saying, O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done. And He came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy. And He left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then cometh He to His disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest; behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going; behold he is at hand that doth betray Me!"

There is one note pervades all this section—a sound of agony: "Began to be sorrowful and sore troubled." "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and the thrice repeated prayer: "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from Me." These tokens of a superhuman grief smite upon the heart like the strokes of a funeral knell. As we hear them, it is as if we too enter the Gethsemane shadow and feel its gloom within our spirits.

We raise for our communion meditation a single question: What is the secret of the Saviour's sorrow? We confine ourselves to it and to some associated thoughts.

I. It has been said by some that this agony arose from the Father giving up the Son to the power of His enemies, so that they were now able to "do unto Him whatsoever they listed"—that Christ shrank from being exposed to this God-opposed will, and from the loss of all manifestations of the Father's love and presence, which this abandonment involved.

Doubtless the fact that Christ was now subjected to the will of His enemies contributed an element of His deep sadness. And that these enemies should be His own countrymen, that they should be dragging Him to a heathen tribunal, and that this pagan court should assume to have jurisdiction in spiritual matters instead of confining itself to its own secular province, all this enhanced our Saviour's sorrow.

But that He felt Himself forsaken by the Father and wholly abandoned to the will of His enemies does not admit of proof. Regarding this moment, as well as all others in His life, He had declared, "I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." And as to being left helplessly to the will of His enemies, did He not, in this same hour, say to Peter, "Thinkest thou not that I cannot beseech My Father, and He shall even now send Me more than twelve legions of angels?"

Sad He was, but not with the sorrow of an abandonment by God to the unrestrained will of His enemies. Sad He was from the enmity of His countrymen, but this pain does not measure all the depths of our Saviour's agony.

II. There are those, again, who would explain it by saying that our Lord shrank from the physical torture and death He was about to encounter; that He saw in long perspective the insults, the buffeting, the hours of suffering upon the cross, and the coming dissolution of soul and body, and that this it was which weighed down His spirit with an unutterable dread.

This dread of death and suffering was assuredly felt by our Saviour. "He was found in fashion as a man." It is even quite likely, as the advocates of this theory have urged, that, from the very fineness and perfection of His physical organization, the dread of suffering was greater with Him than with ordinary men. It is altogether probable, also, that the idea of death contained for Him a nameless horror it does not hold for us. We are born with the seeds of death naturally in us. We are brought nigh to it continually by the experiences of weakness, languor, and decay. We dwell in its company so continually that it has lost half its power to terrify. But to our Lord's sinful nature, and perfect health, and abounding youth all this was different. Moreover, whenever the idea of death confronted Christ, His mind must have reverted to God's saying to Adam, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou

shalt surely die." Death must always have appeared to Jesus as the wages of sin, and thus have gained a new dreadfulness.

But we may admit all this without sounding the measureless abyss of horror which the accounts attribute to Christ. The narration is too strong to be thus exhausted of its meaning. "All the three evangelists appear to search for expressions by which to describe the superabundance of the sorrow, its superlative, absolute degree. With this purpose they select the unusual and peculiar terms, *ἀθρομεῖν*, *ἐκθαμβεῖσθαι*, *ἀγωνία*—terms which find their explanation in the incident before us and not by means of mere etymological investigations. The impression which the narrators wish to convey is that the witnesses of our Lord's agony had never seen Him wear the same appearance before. He was transfigured in glory once before them, on the Mount, and the fashion of His countenance was altered; He was transfigured in agony now before them in the Garden. They had often seen Him deeply troubled, even to tears and sighs, but the superabundance of this present sorrow was new to them and far surpassed anything they had ever noticed in Him previously. He appeared to them as if on the verge of despair (*ἀθρομεῖν*), as if beside Himself (*ἐκθαμβος*), as if He were in the agonies of death (*ἐν ἀγωνία*). And the confession which fell from Christ's own lips shows that the impression made upon the mind of the disciples was a correct one: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!" It was not a mere fear of bodily suffering and death that extorted that cry! Jesus did not fall so much below His own holy martyrs, who in after ages went courageously to the rack and the stake. He who had bidden the disciples not to fear them who could kill the body, did not now fear. He who had told His followers to rejoice at His approaching death, because He was going to the Father, did not the less Himself rejoice.

III. No, it was something more than the dread of falling into the power of His enemies, and beyond fear of suffering and death, which bound our Saviour's spirit in agony. Tread reverently, oh, my soul, as thou dost approach the secret! The cup that was pressed to His lips was the cup of the world's woe and sin; the burden that bore Him down was the burden of humanity's guilt and misery. His agony was bound up with the task of making atonement for the sin of mankind. In some manner, now, He took up the burden of our griefs, He carried the load of our sorrows, He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and the Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. This was the cup His Father's hand had mingled; this was the cup that was so bitter.

2. I shrink from any arithmetical or legalistic speculations. It is a matter to be understood by the devout and loving heart rather than by the curious, critical intellect. I would not say, with Calovius, that Jesus bore then in the Garden "grief and anguish that was truly infernal." I would not declare with Hallaz, "He sustained the agonies of hell, in amount equal to the everlasting agonies of the damned." I cannot aver with Luther, "When Jesus prayed in the Garden, He was truly in Gehenna and in hell; He really experienced in His own person death and hell; we ought to realize that He was there obliged to suffer the pain of hell." (Quoted from Steinmeyer's "Passion History.") All this is too arithmetical. It pretends to an exactness of knowledge no man can have, since it is not revealed. It is too mechanical, outward, wooden. I would not even call it, with Gerhard, "the cup of wrath and divine fury." The Father was not angry at the Son; He was His "well-beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased"—never, if possible, so much so as now.

"How would I say it?" Why, as

nearly as I can express my thought, I would say that Jesus now assumed our burden, felt our shame, and bore our sin by entering into it by the power of divine sympathy. I have read of a Christian merchant who detected a loved and trusted clerk in certain thefts; of how the clerk, overcome with shame and remorse, bowed and prayed to God to pardon; of how the kind merchant knelt beside him, and, sympathetic, entering into his clerk's shame and repentance, prayed, "God forgive us; God have mercy upon us." And I have seen a tender mother entering vicariously into her daughter's shame and agony, and a kind father bowed down vicariously under the burden of his erring boy's woe and guilt. All these are faint adumbrations, shadowy hints of the Saviour's entrance into our lost estate in dark Gethsemane. Christ's infinite power of sympathy enabled Him to identify Himself with us. He, the Immanuel, "God with us;" He, coming into our flesh, taking our nature upon Him; He bore our griefs, He carried our woes. The Father showed Him in that hour the world's sin. He heard the woful centuries crying upward, through prayers and sacrifices innumerable, "How shall man be just with God?" He saw the shame of man, when he feels himself condemned before the infinite purity of heaven. He felt the world's condemnation of itself for its wickedness. He realized, if he was to be an Elder Brother to this sin-stricken humanity; if He was to pour the healing blood of His own pure spiritual life into its leprous-tainted veins; if He was to breathe life into this loathsome, putrescent corpse—that He must prostrate Himself, like another Elijah, full length upon it, eyes to eyes, breast to breast, lips to lips. And He did, at last; but it cost Him strong crying and tears.

3. And why? Why should He have shrunk so? Why the thrice repeated prayer, "Let this cup pass?" Brethren, it was the identification of His purity with our impurity, the touch of His

holiness with our sinfulness, that made Him draw back. It was the being made a curse for sin, the being numbered with the transgressors. Never before had His great mission required so intimate a contact with evil. He had gone into much of our estate before. At Lazarus' grave he had wept. He had placed His hand on many blind eyes, and borne the sicknesses of many. He had left His throne on high, but this was a severer test than ever. He had identified Himself with us in almost every possible way. He had entered the womb of the Virgin and been born; He had lain in a cradle with the beasts, among the poorest and the lowliest; He had hungered and thirsted. But this, to become as a sinner, to enter into a sinner's guilt and woe—this had never been put upon Him. From this He shrank, as the deer might draw back from the serpent, as purity abhors impurity. It is scarcely likely He had known this was to be His lot—hidden in the secrets of the Father's unsearchable counsel it was. He had come with the design of doing all His Father's will; but this was unknown to Him. Or, it may be, that never before had He given His mind to the realization of what it meant. But now, first, it came upon Him and He was repelled, not by the pain of dying, not by the fear of His foes, but from the contact with pollution, from the malefactor's death. "Yet not as I will, O Father. All things are possible with Thee; if possible, let this cup pass."

4. And I have thought that if He had not thus shrunk and thus prayed, He could not have been the Holy Christ of God. When it was first laid upon Elizabeth Fry that she must go and for a while join herself to magdalens if she would lift them up, she would not have been the pure woman she was if she had not shuddered at the thought, as her biographer tells us she did. When first the feeling came to the heart of St. John, in his old age, that he must go into the wilderness and make his home a while with a band of robbers,

that he might reclaim their leader, who had once been a Christian, he would not have been St. John had he not, in his way, prayed, "If possible, let this cup pass!" Had it not sent trembling to the Saviour's soul to take the sinner's place, to identify himself with their cause, to join Himself to their feeling of guilt, how could He have been God's Holy One? If a sinful Jacob had to say regarding the wicked, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united," what must not Jesus have felt? It was the instinctive recoil of a nature all harmony with righteousness and God from a state all discordant and unnatural.

5. But no; the Father's hand still pressed the cup to the lips of His Son. He heeded not the thrice repeated prayer for its removal, "Hear Me." The Father had felt all the woe, had realized all the shame, had borne all the burden of sinful man before; therefore He had sent His Son into the world that men might not perish. Now, He would lift the Son up with Him, into a likeness of feeling, and into a blessed partnership in the world's redemption. He would make the Son equal unto Himself in love, infuse His own deep sympathy into the Son's heart. Otherwise the Son could be no sympathetic High Priest for us. For, as the Epistle to the Hebrews says, "It became Him, for whom are all things and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect"—that is, a perfect Saviour—"through suffering." And so into this last, deepest suffering of the consciousness of sin, as far as it was possible by sympathy, Christ must go. For, as the argument in Hebrews continues, "Both He that sanctified and they that are sanctified must be all of one; for which cause He that sanctifieth must not be ashamed to call them brethren." Or, as we sing in our hymn—

"Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes."

Only thus could the Advocate have as much sympathy as the Judge, and the Son and the Father unite in a blessed copartnership of saving man.

6. Brethren, let us remember that God the Father first loved the world, so that He gave His only begotten Son. Let us never forget that God the Father went forth in the Son, reconciling the world unto Himself. Let us understand that, just in the degree that Jesus went down from His throne and sank in the scale of human lowliness and suffering, just so He rose up toward the heart and realized the affection of the Father for man.

He went down in His human birth; down in the temptation, in the wandering, so that no homeless man can feel what He has not felt; down to lower levels still, finding ever a deeper depth, dying ever a bitterer death, but ever rising nearer the heart of God the Father; until at last, in this sorest hour, He touched the lowest. He knew the hell of the heart of sinful men; and at that moment He rose to the level of the heart of God.

Then, so far as related to the salvation of man, for the first time in all the cycles of eternity He and the Father were one in feeling. "Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." And in that He has drunk our cup of sin and woe, He is able to present us before our Father, waiting to be gracious, loving us before the foundation of the world.

7. Too often has human thought conceived it otherwise. An angry Father-God has been pictured, sitting upon His throne inflamed with awful wrath against men; ready, like some revengeful Jove, to hurl the thunderbolts of destruction. A loving Son has been shown us, interposing His bosom, saying, "Bury thy lightnings in My heart;

only spare them!" It is a horrible distortion of the truth. All the love that was in the heart of the Son was first in the heart of the Father, understood and felt there before it was by the Son. The Son is subordinate to the Father in love, as in rule and all things else. I would not have you love the Son less, but the Father more, seeing that He first loved us. I would have you feel that

"The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

8. My hearers, let us get some faint idea of the shame and horror of our sin, that caused such shrinking in the heart of Jesus. We say: "Sin is a little thing. God does not notice it much. He does not care." Where shall we look for the measure of its enormity in His sight? Shall we think of the shame that would come upon us, if the veil were taken from our hearts, and our fellow men saw us as we are in our secret thoughts? Shall we imagine how we would hide our heads, and hasten from the face of those who know us, and resolve to die far from the haunts of familiar men? How we would feel ourselves if all our fellow men knew our sin is one measure of its enormity—how our cheeks would blister, and our guilty hearts almost stop their beating! And, "Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our hearts," and will also condemn us.

But here is another measure. The pure Saviour shrinks from sitting beside us and standing with us. He bows in agony, but not from fear of death or insult. The bloody sweat is wrung from Him. "My soul is sorrowful;" "If it be possible, let this cup pass;" "Come peril, come privation, agony, shame, come death in any other shape than this;" "If possible, let this cup pass."

We never can understand it. Some fit idea, such as a finite mind can have, we may obtain when, blood-washed and robed in white, we stand amid the

holy hosts of heaven; but never here. But let what faint glimpse we shall catch in our earthly estate deter us from sin as the abominable thing which God hates.

How shall we stand in the presence of the Holy God at last, in peace, unless we repent of it, and forsake it, and are cleansed from it? The consuming fire of His presence must play upon it forever, wherever it is, as a flame unquenchable. Were sin in heaven, that would be a hell, in the presence of the awful holiness of God!

9. There is no fitter preparation for partaking of the symbols of our Saviour's death in the Communion than meditation upon the secret of His final struggle in the Garden. There is in all this earth, none other spot so dear to every devout Christian heart, for its suggestion of an infinite sympathy with us in our sinfulness, as that place where, at last, He drank our bitter cup. May the Holy Spirit profitably lead our thoughts thither to-day!

"Gethsemane, thine olive grove
A welcome screen for Jesus wove,
To veil His agony;
Oh, when, thou lone and hallowed spot,
Can be by friend or foe forgot,
Thy midnight mystery?"

"Beneath the darkness of thy shade,
The agonizing Saviour prayed;
And from the anguish felt
Great drops, as it were bloody sweat,
Streamed down His cheeks, and falling, wet
The ground whereon He knelt.

"Oh, who can tell the strain intense,
Of mind in agonized suspense,
In what He then achieved?
Who fathom all that wrung His heart,
As thrice He lowly knelt apart,
And plead to be relieved?"

"My Father, if it may not be,
That now this cup shall pass from Me,
Thine own, and only Son,
Except I drink it at Thy hand,
Then, Father, this My prayer shall stand:
Thy will, not Mine, be done."

"Thrice did the lonely sufferer plead,
And thrice returned, as if in need
Of sympathy's relief.
Thrice they who came a watch to keep,
Had sunk in weariness to sleep,
And heeded not His grief.

"Ah! vain from them a cheer to seek;
Though heart were willing, flesh was weak;
No human arm could aid.
An angel for a moment came,
And, whispering the Father's name,
Some strength to Him conveyed.

"A world in that dark midnight hour,
While coping with Satanic power,
He bore on bended knee;
Alone the burden He sustained,
Alone the victory He gained,
In thee, Gethsemane.

"Gethsemane, thy name is graved
Deep on the hearts of all the saved,
And cannot be erased.
For, till eternity shall end,
Oh, who in full can comprehend
The scene in thee embraced?"

"Draw near, my heart, and gaze anew
Where Jesus on that night withdrew,
To bear the load for thee;
Come, read the love that in Him wrought,
Come, linger, linger long in thought,
In lone Gethsemane.

"See where He, in that awful test,
Obeyed the Father's high behest
Submissively for thee;
Oh, think what torture He endured,
And what of bliss for thee secured,
In dark Gethsemane.

"And when harassed by many a doubt,
And darkness gathers thick about,
Without a cheering ray;
Then to Gethsemane repair,
And listen to the Saviour's prayer,
And learn of Him to pray.

"But till life's service be resigned,
Shall ever sacred be enshrined
That scene of agony;
Let tears its clustered memories start,
But never, oh, my wayward heart!
Forget Gethsemane."

THE GREAT ADVENT LIGHT.

BY PASTOR K. FOERSTER, D.D.
(EVANGELICAL PROTESTANT), SUPERINTENDENT IN HALLE.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and redeemed His people, etc.—Luke i. 68-79.

TO-DAY we enter upon a new Church year. With grateful hearts do we rejoice in the greeting, that all things have their time, but God's love endureth to eternity. The last Sunday of the old Church year was the memorial Sunday of the dead, and we went out to

visit the graves of our beloved ones, and stood there deeply impressed with the conviction of death and of the passing away of all things mortal. To-day we hopefully look up to the God of all grace who, in the Advent message, has sent us His fatherly salutation of love. There we saw the dark shadows of death, here the morning glory of redemption. There we saw the certainty of the vanity of all things; here we hear the joyful message to be of good cheer, for our Helper is at hand. One must feel it consciously, and it cannot be described in words what the Christian heart and soul feel in the Advent season, what a spring day of new life and hope it is to the believer. It is the springtide of the new Church year, and while all nature now lies deeply wrapped in the sleep of winter, the sun of righteousness and of grace is arising in our hearts; but against the manifestation of such divine grace it is pre-eminently proper that we should exhibit one's leading trait, namely, that child-like disposition, which gladly and joyfully receives to itself the rays of the sun of grace, humbly and willingly permits its life-giving power to become operative in the heart, and believes the message of good joy which is thereby brought. And if a dark current of care or lamentation or guilt or sin does go through our times, and we are often in despair drifting hither and thither, and the prosperity of the Church and of society is in danger of destruction, and we look dimly and darkly into the future, then it behooves us to keep our eyes fixed firm on the great message of salvation which the Advent season brings to us, which confirms our faith, strengthens our hearts, and assures us anew that the old Gospel of Christ embraces in itself the power unto salvation and is the one great need for all generations and all times.

The hymn of Zachariah, which has been read in your hearing, awakens in us a double line of thought; namely, it admonishes us of the deep, dark shade of night, and speaks to us also of

the new sunrise which is to lighten up into the clearness of day even the darkest night. The venerable priest, who, in our lesson, takes up into his arms the promised son, sees in him the certainty of deliverance, and he becomes prophetic and announces the dawn of a new era. May he not put us to shame in the joy of this hope and in his Advent pleasures. We join him in his song and psalm, and will meditate on the central thoughts of his hymn of praise in speaking of *the great Advent Light seen by the people dwelling in darkness.*

We see

I. The night that lies back of the new day.

II. The dawn of the new day.

III. The day-spring from on high.

I. Only when the light of day has come do we feel the depth of the darkness of night that has preceded it. Only in the full glory of the sun of divine grace are we able to understand the darkness of the night of woe that overhung mankind and endangered its existence. Not the threats of the Old Testament law, not the wrath of a holy God, can so effectively convince the sinful world of the depth of its guilt as does the grace and mercy of the Lord in Christ Jesus. Placed over against this shining background, the darkness of night which surrounds unredeemed humanity appears in all its hideous horrors, and it is impossible for us to appreciate the Advent season without remembering what preceded it, the shadows of death and the sorrowful grief which weighed down the soul. When Zachariah, in our lesson, speaks of the "darkness and shadow of death" in which mankind walked, this is not to be regarded as a rhetorical figure, or a bold or exaggerated hyperbole, but the plain historical truth. For all the charm of the classical world, the splendor of Greece, that joyous world of beauty, the power of Rome, and all its rich elements of culture, the fulness of the arts and sciences which have come down to us in the monuments and lit-

erature of the ancients, and which we admire so deeply to the present day, —yet all this was not able to remove that darkness which hung over all the nations, to cover up the deep chasm which went through their lives, the moral bankruptcy and continually increasing moral degeneracy which was eating at their vitals. All the most brilliant intellectual attainments of the times can do nothing toward the removal of moral decay; for this they are no remedy. What human science and art are able to do, the ancient nations have shown in their sciences; but also how little they can accomplish without God and His Word. They, like the prodigal son, had gone out from their father's house and had for a season been spending their time in riotous living, but soon had made a failure of life and had squandered the goods they had received from their father, and had sunk deep into sin and shame. Sin had worked their ultimate fate, had revealed itself as absolute egotism and selfishness, and the few remnants still retained of a knowledge or conception of God were not strong enough to resist the disintegrating power of sin. This weakness it was that brought to ruin the ancient Gentile world, and the noblest minds of that day feel this too, and have lamented with intense longings concerning the sorrows and hopelessness of life, the heavy yoke of death which all must carry, and the death of peace in the soul which looks hopelessly into the future upon its inevitable fate; but these sages and philosophers have not been able to find any remedy or to change this bitter fate. Their highest wisdom was found in the conviction: It were better we had not been born! And of what good to Israel was the possession of the sacred law? This could not make evident to them the deep contrast between the ideal of conduct, according to God's will, and the dismal reality in man's life and doings. The terrible "Thou shalt" of God's commandments brought out into bold relief this contrast and the

consciousness of human inability to accomplish any of the good required. Even if some of the saints of the Old Testament did succeed in swinging themselves up to the exalted feeling of a peace with God, this does not change anything in the truth and fact that also in the Old Testament people of God, sin and death ruled without let or hindrance, and that on the tablets of their law could not yet be written the words of reconciliation and of peace. Indeed, the venerable Zachariah speaks the truth when he says that they sat in the darkness and the shadow of death.

It is eminently proper that we take to heart the lessons of history, and recognize it as a great law that darkness and the shadow of death are the inheritance of the natural man as long as he is removed from the light of salvation. Let no one say that we are living in the century of light and of culture, and that we are in the enjoyment of a constantly developing civilization and learning.

Indeed, we gladly join in the praises of our day and century, which have accomplished great results, and we rejoice at the conquests of the mind, at the discoveries and inventions and achievements of our generations, at its literature, its learning, its work, and its successes. But the only true greatness is moral greatness, and if progress and advance in moral strength and the ennobling of the heart do not go hand in hand with material advancement, we must tremble for the future. This is a great truth that should be made prominent in the Advent season. For this season admonishes us to repentance, and the Advent sermon is not only to testify of the comfort of grace, but also to remind us of that which is dark and evil, and which must be done away with, which does not harmonize with the bright daylight of grace and mercy. If, on the one hand, the first Advent cries out to us that the night is far spent and the day at hand, it, on the other hand, also exhorts us to lay aside the works of darkness. Such

works, born of moral darkness, we all know and have. We are all conscious of the depths of moral depravity, of the spiritual ills and woes of our times and of modern Christianity. The spirit of the age, with its antagonism of that which is distinctively Christian and Biblical, is characteristic and instructive in this line. The destructive spirit of materialism in all the departments of activity and thought is up in arms against all the factors and forces that ennoble the man. The conscience has become weak, the spirituality of the Church has degenerated. The culture and science of the day is largely under the spell of a philosophy that is antagonistic to the best interests of Church, Christianity, and society. In spite of all the progress of science, invention, and thought, it has only been all the more emphasized that with these means it is impossible to accomplish the one great work without which man's existence is a failure; namely, to new create and regenerate the evil heart, and make new men of us. This all human wisdom and work cannot do. With only the light of modern civilization, mankind still is sitting in the darkness and shadow of death.

II. Pregnant with comfort and promises were the rays which penetrated the darkness of the pre-Christian period as testimonials of divine grace, which indeed permitted the Gentiles to go their own way, but nevertheless did not forget to arrange for the education of the entire human family for the fulness of time. Having chosen to go their own way, mankind had forfeited its happiness and peace, and just the noblest and brightest among the heathen sages evinced the deepest consciousness of this look of peace and want of happiness. They feel that without an interference on the part of God no human being could attain his high destiny, and that all the treasures of the world and all the achievements of human genius would not suffice to satisfy the longings of the soul and free and deliver it from its chains; that all philosophy based only

on the things of this life left man poor and a wreck. This feeling of poverty, this longing of the human soul for a higher and more perfect state, this unrest of the conscience, constituted the basis upon which our heavenly Father builded for the deliverance of His erring children. And how many a lost child has, in the remembrance of its joyful youth, of its ancestral home, and its happiness, been filled with a homesickness that caused it to do as did the prodigal son, namely, declare his intention of returning to his father and repenting of his sins. Thus, too, the Gentile people in all their degeneracy and departure from God have felt this homesickness, this consciousness of a deep want, this anxious desire for a lost paradise, and this was the dawn of a new and a better day. Of this longing the merciful God constantly reminded the people, and has not permitted His Holy Light to be entirely extinguished, even among the Gentiles. Single golden gleams of light, hidden, silent tokens of divine love caring for the lost, we see again and again; also there when deep darkness covered the nations. And how gloriously and grandly this new morning dawn shines forth in the records of that people which God had selected as the medium of His own special revelation! When Zachariah here joyfully proclaims, "He hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David (as He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets which have been since the world began) . . . and to remember His holy covenant"—this all was the object of the hope of all true Israelites. Even if the great majority of this people had in the course of centuries ceased to hope and had thrown aside their greater jewel, and only a silent, quiet, little congregation of hopeful souls had remained, transplanting as a remnant their promises and predictions from generation to generation, yet these held fast to the faith delivered to the saints and were sure that God would fulfil His promises. And when the watch-

men on the tower of Jerusalem, the prophets and seers, studied the signs of the times, and when those who hoped asked longingly of the watchman if the night had not yet passed, it was a sweet comfort to be assured that the day was advancing, and that in the far east the first rays of the rising sun were to be seen. Even if many in Israel deprived their hope of its best contents and gave them a material and worldly character, and represented the Messiah as a great national hero and earthly king, yet among the silent in the land the spirituality of Israel's hope and of the glorious kingdom to come did not vanish, and was the source of endless comfort and consolation, a horn of salvation to the people of God.

These men, with their longings and hopes, are venerable forms, and they look upon a generation that is so poor in hope, so satisfied with merely earthly things, so full of doubt and despair, so cold in its innermost heart, that without fear or trembling it permits the revelation of God's goodness and mercy to pass by it and be lost for it. How little the children of our times take comfort in the promises of the Scriptures; how little are they disturbed by the problems of the most vital importance for which only Christianity can give a true answer! And yet the salvation of the world, of which the Advent season brings us the great and good news, cannot be understood or utilized with blessed results unless those preconditions, that longing of the heart for new life and light, that unrest of conscience, that heartfelt anxiety, are present and operative. True it is that we no longer stand in the portals of expectation, but in the full grandeur of the revealed grace of God; but unless we have felt the deep longings for help springing from a consciousness of our needs and wants, how can we seize upon the grace of deliverance that is offered in the Gospel? And he who is so self-satisfied and self-sufficient that he does not experience the longing for things higher and more

perfect, but has lost himself in the affairs of this world, has suffered shipwreck in his hopes and faith—how can such a person see the light of salvation? Let us in this Advent season feel the earnestness of God's Holy Law, appreciate the greatness of His moral demands, and in the full consciousness of our sins and unworthiness follow the desire of our heart for salvation and peace and joy in the mercy of our God through Christ the Saviour. It is only under these conditions that we can appreciate Christ as the great Advent Light in the darkness of our sins and despair.

III. "Whereby the day-spring from on high still visits us." In these words Zachariah expresses the joy of his heart and the joy of all those who hope and are waiting for that great time. The day has arrived; the sun has gone up; and even if there were but little that they could see of the fulfilment, they at any rate knew it as a certainty that He for whom the nations had longed, of whom the seers had spoken, this man would surely come, and that the new era of salvation and grace had been inaugurated. In the son whom the happy father bore in his arms, he with the eyes of faith, sees the fulfilment of God's promises, and he feels as does a traveler, who, after a long wandering through the night, sees the first rays of the new day. "The day-spring from on high." Salvation must needs come from heaven. Thus those who knew the law appreciated their own weakness in spiritual things. The salvation of the world must come as a gift of God's grace. Christ is the center of the world's history, and with Him was inaugurated a new dispensation and a new order of things. He is the central sun of the day of salvation. He has introduced into the world of sin the power of sanctification; He has brought to suffering man the strength of new health; He has given to souls without peace the peace that passeth all understanding; and this He has done because He was not only a man like unto us,

but was also from heaven, coming from the glory of God, the perfect image of God, the reflection of His being, the only begotten Son of the Father.

Is it not a source of sorrow that this rising of the sun of righteousness in the history of mankind has remained hidden to so many? Even in these Advent days there are many who do not appreciate the great Gospel proclamation that the season brings with it, the message of salvation from on high, bringing deliverance and pardon to all who will believe, joy and happiness to the world, and the assurance of eternal life to the faithful. In the Advent season, above others, we should feel it in our heart of hearts that He who is coming is our Redeemer and our Lord, and that with Him as our own we are the children of God and the heirs of eternal life. This is the message He has come to bring, and if this message becomes our own, then has He become to us the truly great Advent Light. Amen.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF FAITH.

By S. H. HOWE, D. D. (CONGREGATIONAL), NORWICH, CONN.

Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.—Mark ix. 23.

THE word "believe" is wanting in some of the most important manuscripts. The meaning is, then, As to thee, "if thou canst," all things are possible to him that believeth. It was not a question of Christ's ability to help, but a question of the man's faith. If faith will only provide the channel, the streams of healing will flow through it. An eternal fact is this. It is always a question of faith in the recipient. Unfaith shuts the door. Unbelief gets nothing; it blocks the way; it stops the spiritual current. There is no way to get water into your houses but to lay the pipes; if you do not make the connection, there is no water for you, that is all. The office of faith

is not a fortuitous function, it is a necessary one. We must make a channel for spiritual life or it will never reach us while the world stands.

Believing in a thing, a quality, a person, is essential to getting anything from or by means of that object or person believed in. We must believe in good to get good. Goodness can never come to a man who does not believe in goodness as better than its opposite evil. A man must believe in right things, and give those right things influence and sway over him. Faith has not to do with the determination of the truthfulness of certain facts; that is the office of the understanding and the judgment. When you have settled questions of historicity and truthfulness, the accepted fact may leave you stalled in your tracks, with the old dead inertia still upon you. But faith comes in among these settled truths and accepted truths, and finds for them their practical uses. It is not a question as to whether a man is a believer of truth, so much as a question of the measure in which he is influenced by right objects of faith. The chief question is, What are the objects of faith and what is the reach of the influence of these right objects over him? It was a superficial utterance of Harriet Martineau, that "so long as there is faith it does not matter what is believed, and that all genuine faith is—other things being the same—of about equal value." Why, the fact and universality of faith is as true as the axioms. We are all men of faith in this sense. A far more important question is, What are we believing in? Faith must have the right object, and that object determines the conduct and character of the believer. One man believes in money, and so believes in it that it drains off all his vitality; it gathers up and concentrates all his energies; it dominates him, commands him, exhausts his interest, to the exclusion of more important things. His faith in it is a genuine faith, but it is very certain it does not make a saint of him, however genuine

and strong may be his believing. On the other hand, he is sure to be fashioned into the image of his idol; his very soul will take on a metallic ring. Another man believes in pleasure as the end of life, and his vitality is drained off in his service to this master, and the end is a frivolized, volatilized, sterilized nature on which no genuine and noble virtue can find room to grow; and yet the man has a genuine faith. It is amazing how genuine and how strong a faith can be developed along these directions; how much people will do and give, and even suffer for this sort of faith. An English wit said, "Life would be endurable but for its pleasures." If some people calling themselves by the name of Him who never did anything for self or for the superficial pleasures of life should be asked to sacrifice in time, money, and late hours what they freely surrender for self-amusement and for some pleasures which are not very ennobling, to say the least, there would be such an indignant outcry and protest as would surprise some of us. Such mighty believers are they in their little god—Pleasure. Such little faith have they in Him who has the absolute right to command their best and highest, their all. Then there is that man who believes supremely in himself—not in the good sense of a very useful self-reliance, but in the sense that this world was made for him, and that everything in it and out of it must bend to his will. He is a genuine believer, too. He may be a Napoleon in war, or a Byron in literature, or only a little dude and snob in society, it is all the same; he has plenty of faith, enough to revolutionize things, if it was rightly based, but he is pivoted on himself, and thinks the planet is turning every day on that very little axis, and the outcome of it all is a selfish personality, out of which all the finer substances are eaten away. It does depend, then, a good deal on what you are believing in. But there is another set of beliefs and objects of belief that are still more to be deprecated. One

of the greatest obstacles to the growth of all forms of good in the world is the prevalence of human faith in the strength and permanency of many forms of evil. Many of us are strong believers in the power of wrong and evil things. To very many, perhaps to the average man, this world is the devil's world, and is going to remain his in spite of all effort at dispossession. The kingdom of evil, in their belief, is entrenched beyond the power of dislodgment. And in believing this they believe the moral and spiritual forces are too weak for aggressive warfare upon the omnipotent evil, for in exact proportion as we believe in these unreducible fortresses of evil will we disbelieve in the power of good. They believe so strongly in evil that it is to them no use to attack it. This sort of faith in evil takes many forms. You find it in the professing Christian who wisely tells you that he takes no interest in and in no way believes in foreign missions. He has a little pinch of faith, which lets him believe some good can be done in his own country; but these old incarnations of evil which he sees organized into the older idolatries are clearly unassailable. They have come to stay, he thinks, and there is not power enough in Christianity to sweep them back into the black night from whence they came. The very idea that these strong, firmly ingrained, deeply rooted superstitions have got to go is a clear absurdity. In a word, he is a strong believer in the strength and permanency of evil. Poor fellow, he does not know that goodness was here before evil, and will be here when evil has vanished, like a spent storm, from the universe—at least, till it is caged and imprisoned forever. Men are such believers in the wrong thing that they regard you and me daft and unpractical if we suggest the possibility of pulling down these big organized evils that are preying on society and wasting the strength of our communal and civic life. They tell us we can do nothing; these things are here to stay.

Yes, and they will stay as long as these believers in evil stay. Fortunately, to the faith of some of us there is at our heels a generation of mighty believers in the reality and power and enduringness of goodness, who are going presently to be in the places of these invertebrate, backboneless people who seem to be having it all their own way, and whose most notable characteristic is their faith in the irresistibility of evil, but have no faith in the power of God and of good men for clearing the world of its nests and rookeries of evil. It is to be expected that these minions of evil should disbelieve in the power of goodness and believe in the permanency of wrong; but men who know anything of a book called the Bible ought to hide their heads for shame in confessing such a creed. And yet this is the biggest obstacle in the way of all good work of the world to-day: the strong faith of even some Christians in the power of evil, in their own hearts, and in the world. And yet we ought to know that evil, even in its most compactly organized forms, is but a house of cards. We are weak before it, only because our faith in goodness is weak. Only organize the forces of good, and one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight. Nothing is impossible to those whose faith is in right things; nothing is possible for the right thing to the man who believes in the irresistibility of wrong. In the light of which, what may not the individual believer be in his own inner life, if he is a believer in the power of Christ to make a solid new man of him? And what can he not do if organized into a compact body of believers in the power of God, and in the power of the moral forces to bring down all the great evils of the world? What could not the Church of Christ in this generation do if made up wholly of believers in the simple declaration that greater are they that are for us than all they that be against us. Think of this for a moment. Believe in the enduringness of all these spiritual despotisms; believe

heathenism is here to stay; believe intemperance can never be successfully assailed; believe these tremendous evils which we have allowed to grow up among us and organize themselves into our civic, municipal, and social life can never be dislodged—believe this, and how that shallow creed takes the manhood out of you; how it steals your courage; how it reduces you to a dead nonentity among the moral forces which are set to bring in the Kingdom of Heaven; how it arrests and brings estopment to all aggressive effort; how it paralyzes the energies of the Church and disheartens the men who are engaged in work for the betterment of the world! This is the reason the evils about us appear and are so formidable. It is because we are so weak in faith and acknowledge defeat at the outset. It is because men believe so feebly in goodness, so strongly in evil. They are affrighted at the wrong and bad thing, because they believe so feebly in good. Such people have no boldness in advocating a principle. They will only follow good if the crowd are in the procession; they withhold their allegiance when the following is small and the cost heavy. They are invertebrate, lacking in positive qualities—holding to good as by a hair.

Now, turning from this class of believers in evil to the men to whom nothing is impossible, the distance is the diameter of the earth. While one class believes in the untakableness of the fortresses of error, this class looks upon the whole kingdom of evil as a castle of straw. These men know that the only permanent realities in the universe are the moral forces. God and truth and right are the only enduring realities. This kingdom of righteousness was here before sin, and is going to be here when sin is gone. Sin is not structural and inherent in the nature of things, but transient, and at the surface of this permanent system of order and law. These gigantic wrongs are the incidents of an hour, while goodness

and righteousness are permanent and the changeless layers of adamant underneath the structure of the universe. Evil, besides, is essential weakness; sin though destructive is cowardice, and cowers in the presence of the good. Goodness is a mailed angel in invincible armor; sin is a slinking fiend of darkness, unable to bear the heat of the light which flames from the face of the holy. How close to the facts is the writer of the Apocalypse, who tells us that when the King of righteousness appears on the scene these cringing miscreants of evil will run to hiding in the dens and caves of the earth, and call to the mountains and the rocks to fall upon them, to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne and the wrath of the Lamb. Evil is no match for holiness; wrong is thistle-down before the frown of the good. The most colossal structures of evil would be but pasteboard if the forces of goodness and the right were organized against them. To be in the right, is always to be on the winning side. To be true, is to be a part of the victorious forces that are going to carry the day against this at present tremendous burden of evil which the universe is carrying, and to know this and half believe it is to be strong. The man who has this faith, who believes and knows that evil is doomed, and that sin is weak and cowardly, waiting only for determined and inspired souls to enlist for battle before it flees like the summer's dust—a man believing this will be denied nothing. All things are possible to such a man. We are weak and helpless only because we do not believe these things. Society is full of these limp, invertebrate men and women who never hiss a protest against existing evils; who apologize for them; who advocate non-resistance; who are opposed to what they call fanaticism, which always means opposed to all earnest antagonism to existing wrongs; who are never willing to take personal risks; who venture nothing of personal interest for the sake of bettered conditions; society is full of these moral

nondescripts who do not touch the world with one stroke of redeeming influence, and leave the world to creep into graves that will be left unmarked by those who come after them. This world would be, human history would be, a dreary waste of commonplace, had it not been for our men of faith; men who have been bold to believe and declare that the kingdom of evil is but a house of cards, and so did their work and struck their heavy blows which shook and shivered for the time this old bad order. And if their number could be multiplied, the kingdom of evil would be quickly paralyzed. To a gild of mighty believers all things are possible. All things in the sphere of personal life, all things in the realm of personal achievement, all things in the sphere of moral reforms, all things in the direction of civic and municipal reform—all things would be possible in the sphere of religious propagandism, for believing in the permanence and victoriousness of the Christianity you profess, and in the inherent rottenness of all the world's oppositions, you will bring an enthusiasm of faith and a measure of sacrifice to your work such as will bear every thing before it. The world waits for a great company of such believers; the Church of God waits; waits for men and women who see the universe as it is, as based on righteousness; as so organized that evil can get no permanent footing in it; for men believing in the inherent weakness and cowardice of all sin, men believing that the power and life of God are the only omnipotent forces here which wait to find channels through which to flow out to the world; for a gild of believers who shall bring to their work an intelligent faith and not an unbalanced fanaticism, for God works rationally and through wisely organized agencies. He puts honor upon our intelligence and our common sense, for this is a common-sense universe, so organized that no nook or cranny can be found for an ill-regulated fanaticism to find permanent place. For the in-

telligent men of faith, who see the universe as it is, as a universe of righteousness, that has sealed the death-warrant of every form of wrong the world over and the ages through, for such the world waits, the Church waits, and God waits. To such all things are possible. Through such the kingdom will come with power.

AWAITING THE LORD'S MESSAGE.

BY REV. J. C. JOHNSTON, M. A. (PRESBYTERIAN), DUBLIN, IRELAND.

I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me.—Hab. ii. 1.

NOTHING definite is known of this man Habakkuk. Who he was, who his father was, of what tribe he was, where he lived, or how he lived is not told. To such a highstrung, richly dowered soul, life could not have been easy; and indeed we learn as much from his passionate throbbing words. Doubt had harassed it. It had been "dipt in baths of hissing tears." Loss had swept across it like a wasting flood. But out of all, that brave, high soul rose victorious; and the song it sings at the close is unsurpassed in the whole range of secular and sacred song.

His tomb, they tell us, was shown in Christ's day. But he needed no tomb. These three chapters are his monument. In them his heart, like a great eolian harp, swept by the breath of the mighty spirit, gives forth rapturous strains, to which the weary-hearted have listened and will listen till time shall be no more.

In the text we see him preparing himself for this holy task—ascending his tower, that he may see; secluding himself, that he may hear; making his bosom bare, that he may feel the message of the Unseen.

To our rushing, scrambling, noisy age, he preaches much-needed sermons. Let us hearken!

I. The secret of life is to realize the Unseen.

To this man the world is not "empty as a nutshell," but full of an unseen majestic presence. The very air he breathes throbs with the pulse of God, and the silence may be broken at any moment by God's voice! So he spends life watching, listening, waiting!

Is not every life noble, and grand, and true, just in proportion as it realizes this, in proportion as it seeks the Unseen?

See that husband and father as he goes forth in the morning to his day's task. See how he goes swinging along as if he were going to a royal feast, and his feet keeping time to some high symphony. What is the secret of it? Ah, he is accompanied by the spirits of his beloved! He said good-by to them at the door, but somehow they have slipped out unseen and are with him. Their faces smile upon his soul; he hears their voices in his heart. Their presence will make his brain clear to think all the day, his arm strong to work, and at night they will wile him home.

See that mother! Her son went away from her years and years—"nigh twenty years ago," she says. For her the time passes slowly and seems long. But has she forgotten him? To her is his place empty? Listen, as she breathes her morning prayer! It is full of passionate pleading that God would not forget her boy. God and she have a controversy of love. God says, "A mother may forget, yet will not I forget thee." She says, or fears rather, in her heart, "God may forget, yet can I never forget my child." Watch her as she goes about her tasks! There is an old photograph of her son hanging against the wall. Her eyes know the way to it. As soon as they get the least leisure from other tasks, they go wandering off there and gaze upon it. And now they see not it, nor any other visible thing. They have the far-off, "*absent look*," we call it, in them. She sees him as he was, a tiny baby. She feels him hanging upon her breast. Now she is listening to one of the droll queer sayings he used to

utter when able to trot round, and she smiles. Now, she goes to a drawer and takes out a bundle of old faded letters, thumbed, tear-marked, stained. She will certainly ask you to read the "last letter" from him, although it may be the second or third time you have done it already, and you will not, for love's sake, refuse. So every day does the lonely mother people her dwelling with the beloved presence; thus every day she lives and walks and talks with the unseen. And because of this her own soul has grown purer, calmer, less selfish, more Godlike, more dependent on God, more pitiful toward man.

Consider, again, the influence of the dead upon us. Do not many of us walk literally compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses? I knew a family from which the mother was taken five and twenty years ago, but she rules it still. Often her grandchildren, who never saw her, startle me by uttering her sayings and pronouncing her judgments. The explanation is not far to seek. She had bound her children to her by the might of a great love; and to them, when she was gone, life was only tolerable by cheating death. So every day they asked themselves, What would mother have us do? How would mother have us act? Mother still remained umpire in each quarrel, and from the court of the holy dead there was no appeal. Thus not only did the spirit of the dead mother engrave itself upon her sons and daughters, but, in a sense fuller and deeper than if she had remained with them in the flesh, she dwelt with them, guided them, blest them. "We are seven," Wordsworth's little maid still persisted in saying, despite the two graves in the green churchyard. And there are homes that talk of mothers still in spite of a quarter of a century's moldering dust.

Tennyson illustrates this in his poem, "The Grandmother." In her extreme old age, she has forgotten many things. The events of the passing hour, even its bereavements, are unreal to her; but

her early griefs are very real and very bitter still. We can understand the old woman as she tells her granddaughter:

"As for the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

"Pattering over the boards, my Annie, that left me at two,

Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:

Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,

While Harry is in the five-acre, and Charlie plowing the hill.

"And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:

Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of dream,

They come and sit by my chair and hover about my bed—

I am not always certain if they be alive or dead."

How purifying and ennobling all this is to the living! We need not stop to point it out. To turn our souls into valhallas and picture galleries of the mighty dead is the surest way of becoming like them. For when

"The beloved, the departed,
Come to visit us once more,"

they come back purged from every earthly stain. They come back to us as they were at their best. Their dumb lips utter one message—"Excelsior."

But to fill all our environment with God—"to realize that in Him we live and move; to know that every crimson bush may suddenly become afire with God," and the solitary desert voiceful with His speech—this is the highest life of all. It was to make such a life possible for us that Christ died. His last word to us was, "Lo, I am with you all the days." This is indeed the Gospel—that God is now reconciled to us, and that His presence broods over us in unutterable love. To realize this and enter into its blessedness is not only the *secret of life*, as we said, but it is the whole duty of man.

II. We ought to expect messages from the Unseen. "I will watch, to see what He will say unto me." To the prophet this great Unseen One is no dumb God. Habakkuk believes that

He has something to say to Him personally; so he quiets himself to hearken, and says, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." And has not God always something to say to His servants?

The truth is He seems to be always seeking some heart sufficiently at leisure from itself that He may talk with it. He found such a one in Abraham, and so familiar did He become with that man that He could not conceal what He was about to do to Sodom from him. He found such a one in Moses, and God almost boasts that He can talk with Moses face to face.

In the days of Eli we read there was "no open vision." God was silent, for none could hear His voice; God was invisible, for earth-blinded eyes could not see Him. Then in the child Samuel God found one to whom He could speak; so He came in the night, calling "Samuel, Samuel!"

"I have not called you servants but friends," saith Christ; "for all things that I have heard of the Father I have made known unto you."

Oh, how true it is, that if we could but hear He has much to say unto us—much about His purposes of grace toward ourselves and about His purpose toward the world; much about the coming glory. In these three ways especially does He speak to us:

1. By His Spirit through the Word. Is it not the holy oracle from which we shall have infallible response, if we seek in faith and love? "I opened my mouth and panted," says David; "for I longed for Thy commandments." It is our "Urim and Thummim," our breast-plate of judgment. Let us quiet our hearts in the presence of the Word and say, "Speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"

2. By His Spirit through our conscience. He has a witness for Himself within us—a faithful echo in our hearts that repeats His cry. "Keep on speaking-terms with your conscience," was the advice of a certain professor to his students. And there is none better for us.

3. By His Spirit through His providence. God's hand and voice are in all that befalls us every day. When we shall read our own lives correctly in the light of heaven, they will spell the word God. "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and art acquainted with all my ways." Even in the coming of flames David heard God's voice!

Oh, the blessedness of this, to know that all that befalls us is with His full knowledge and by His will! May we not only read "God's own hand in the familiar violets," but also in the common things of the common day, our petty cares, our small but irksome crosses!

Truly we need these voices from the Unseen to guide and help us in the sorrows and perplexities of our lives. No muttering, wizard voice, but clear and full and sweet, like a mother talking to her child. The age of miracles you say is past. I do not know what you call a miracle. If it be a miracle for the Unseen to speak with men, that is a miracle that happens almost every hour. The hearts of God's saints passionately long for this, and God grant it to them! "That thou mightest see that Just One and hear the words of His mouth" is the will of God regarding the humblest believer, as it was His will concerning Paul.

III. How we should dispose ourselves to receive God's messages.

1. We should get up, up above the heads of the crowd, up above the crush and clamor of the worldly throng, to where there is clearer air and greater peace.

"I will stand upon my watch and set me upon the tower." Zacchæus did this, that he might see Christ. We must do the same thing spiritually, if we would get a glimpse of the same vision. Ah, brother, there is no breathing space down below—there is such a scrambling there for the world's rewards, such a clamor for the world's praise and catering for the world's applause!

Go into some homes or into certain

circles of society and all the talk is like this: "Do you know the latest fashion?" "It is the very newest style now!" "Have you seen the new play at the theater? Why, it is the whole rage!" "Do you know that such and such is the most fashionable church in the city?" Ah! there is no room to breathe in an atmosphere like that. Let us get up above the crowd. We would not be in the fashion, but above the fashion, with the fashions of the world beneath our feet.

It is not the new play we want nor the most fashionable church, but the new vision of His face. Wherever we can get most of that, is the place for us.

2. We are next to quicken our whole being into a listening and receptive attitude. "I will stand," not sit. "I will watch," not sleep. God shows none of His secrets to stupefied ones, and He never talks to men asleep. He calls Samuel first before He speaks to Him. "He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear the learned."

3. Quiet is needed also; for God speaks oftenest in a still, small voice. Quiet, then, ye clamoring passions; quiet, rebellious will; quiet, complaining heart, that I may hear what God the Lord will speak!

Let me clear away these mists of tears lest, like Magdalene, I mistake Him. Let me bestir myself, like Bartimeus, lest He be gone. Let me rouse me from my stupor of grief, lest, like the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, He speaketh to me, and I know Him not. Above all, let me hearken for his message to me. To me must His word first come. If I am to become His messenger to others, I must first receive it myself.

Oh, let my life be spent in watching to see what He will say unto me! And let me not forget that when this life is done His message will not be exhausted. There will remain what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered the heart of man to conceive. Then I shall inherit that. Then, in that region

of deep peace, He will speak and I shall hearken while He explains the mysteries of the desert way.

For you, O soul! it is life to hear His voice, to see His face.

PAUL'S "THORN IN THE FLESH."

BY PROF. HENRY E. DOSKER, D.D.
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And lest I shall be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong.
—2 Cor. xii. 7-10.

THE text is a wonderfully rich one, so rich indeed that no one may hope to exhaust its fulness, and that we can only attempt to point out the great and shadowy outlines of the vast territory of Christian experience here revealed to us.

The text places before us Paul of Tarsus, that wonderful exhibition of the great inherent forces of Christian faith.

What consecration, what struggles, what victories, what experiences, what conscious indwelling of the rich life of Christ in His poor sinful one, are embodied in the comparatively brief history of His service!

Indeed, Paul is the ideal, the typical Christian of the ages. And yet how low under God, how truly humble, is this greatest of the apostles!

It must be profitable to meditate on the experiences of such a life, to watch the gradual unfolding of such great-

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ness, to trace the onward strivings of grace in such a heart.

And Paul is ever an open book, "an epistle known and read of all men."

Of him the words of the great German poet are strictly true:

"Grasp but about thee, in this life so rich,
so free,
And where thou touchest it will interest
thee."

It may prove a matter of interest and instruction to look for a few moments at the mystery in Paul's life, at his "thorn in the flesh."

Several questions at once present themselves, and the most natural of all certainly is.

What was the thorn in the flesh and for what purpose was it given him?

As we read the text, the logical answer to the first part of the question seems to be that, whatever may have been its nature (a), this "thorn in the flesh" was a *corporeal something*.

But no sooner do we open our commentaries but we see that there are at least three leading explanations.

(a) Says one party: *It was a trouble which had its seat, its origin, in the Apostle's mind, but which revealed itself in his flesh.*

It was the *agony of an accusing conscience*, say some.

And indeed there was room for such pain, for the epistles give us abundant proof that the memories of the early days, that the scenes of persecution in Paul's life, were never forgotten by him. They evidently controlled his self-estimate, and abode with him till the very last, when he styled himself "the greatest of sinners."

But Paul's idea of God's sovereign grace was too clear, too deep and logical than that the memory of his early antagonism should have been a "thorn in the flesh," from which he had repeatedly besought the Lord to deliver him.

It was unbelief, say others. And here again, no doubt, the possibility of inward wrestlings is undeniable. For Paul's mind was one of unusual ca-

capacity and depth. He possessed the *largest head* as well as the *largest heart* of all the apostles.

But it is scarcely conceivable that the man whose set aim was "the casting down of all imaginations and of every high thing that is exalted against the knowledge of God and the bringing of every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ," that this man, I say, should suffer from doubt as from a "thorn in the flesh."

A still more questionable conception of this "thorn" is to ascribe to Paul, as do some Catholic expositors, *strong animal passions*, aroused by contact with the beautiful but licentious Thecla.

Imagine such a "thorn" in the life of the man who dared to say, "I would that all men were as I am!"

(b) A second class of commentators tells us that this "thorn" consisted in *direct opposition* against the Apostle's work and claims by such men as *iphiletus* and *Hymenæus*.

A careful reading of the text will at once forbid us to accept this theory. It is far-fetched and unlikely.

(c) The *logical* explanation of these words is that it was some *bodily ailment* which produced great suffering and anxiety of mind. That Paul was weak and often ill we know from his epistles.

What may his specific disease have been? Periodic and excruciating headaches? Melancholia or epilepsy? Who knows? Numerous diseases have been named, and of all, supposed traces have been found in Paul's writings. The likeliest conjecture would seem to be that Paul was suffering from chronic ophthalmia, the common disease of the eye of Oriental countries.

This theory has a great deal in its favor. The Apostle wrote his letters by an amanuensis, with the only exception of that to the Galatians, and there is a note of wonder in the words: "See with how large letters I have written unto you, *with mine own hand*" (6-11). Of these same Galatians he says that, were it possible, they would have dug

out their own eyes and have given them to himself.

There is much to say for this solution of the riddle, and yet nothing can be said which bears the stamp of absolute reliability. Whatever may have been the character of the disease, we believe it to have been some physical ailment, which accounts for the unsightliness of the Apostle and the frequent enforced periods of inactivity in his ministry.

(d) *It was a painful ailment.* The peculiar word used assures us of it. The "skolops" seems to point to the ancient Assyrian punishment of transfixing a victim with a sharpened stick or pole. Calvin speaks, in this connection, of "being gored with a bull's horns." And surely when Paul speaks of buffet-like blows we need not doubt but that this "thorn" entailed upon him great and crushing agony.

(e) *Paul ascribed it to Satanic influences,* "an angel of Satan." Undeniably the Lord uses the powers of hell to discipline and chastise his children. According to the Jewish and early Christian conception, all disease was in some way connected with the powers of darkness. And primitive as the thought may appear to us, who boast of our enlightenment and clarified vision, it is *logically* true. For sin opened the box of Pandora, from which issued the cruel foes of humanity; and sin again roots itself, as far as humanity is concerned, in the powers of hell.

(f) *Paul was deeply conscious of the fact as well as of the cause and needfulness of his "thorn."*

Happy is the man who finds the cause of his misery somewhere in his own life!

For him there is hope; and his cross will blossom like Aaron's staff.

Now Paul was human, and nothing human was lacking in him. He was fully aware of the importance of his life and labors to the Master's cause.

The man who does not know what he is, and possesses, and does, is no one, is nothing.

The humility of great men is not

owing to a lack of self-consciousness, but to the consciousness of the infinite attainments before them. Read Chapter xi. 18-33, and xii. 1-7, and tell me whether Paul knew himself and whether he was threatened by tremendous dangers. He needed his "thorn" as a counterbalance.

The smoothly moving elevator is kept from an irresistible upward flight or downward plunge by its unseen counterpoise. The diver maintains his place and keeps at work, at a great depth, by his ponderous footwear. The clean-cut vessel plows a straight furrow through the billows and carries its proud canvas by the unpoetic ballast deep down in the hold.

The twice repeated "that I should not be exalted overmuch" affords us a profound insight into the consciousness of the need of this *thorn in the flesh*, whereby the Apostle was enabled to accept this cross as a needful divine dispensation.

He felt the pain of the "thorn," but did not wonder at its existence.

II. *What, then, was Paul's attitude toward this cross?*

(a) *He was painfully conscious of its existence.* Superficial natures make light work of life and its changing experiences. Butterfly-like, they flutter in the sunlight and avoid the shadows. And even in apparently calm and well-disciplined Christian characters we sometimes meet with something which passes for strength, and in truth is weakness or callousness. When God leads His people through deep places, they show at times a quietness of bearing which is interpreted as *great grace*. And sometimes, *sometimes*, it is but lack of feeling. Hark! "Thou hast smitten Thy people and they have felt no pain." Paul felt the burden and it bowed him down. Keep courage, ye afflicted ones, who stagger under your burdens; look and learn. Paul's example is before you.

(b) *He prayed earnestly for deliverance.* To whom did he go? To "the Lord"—in the New Testament, always

Jesus the Saviour, our Lord. I have heard people condemn prayers directed to Christ as unbiblical.

Paul went directly to Christ with his pain. And how natural!

To whom will the suffering soul feel itself more attracted than to the suffering Christ?

To whom did Paul go in the hour of his trouble but to Christ? He prayed earnestly, not three single times, as I see it, but rather he remembered three distinct periods in his life wherein this thorn had been the *burden of his prayers*.

Without it he conceived that he could do *better, larger* work for Christ, and thus he prayed with increasing earnestness and power.

(c) *His prayer was answered*, but not in *his way*.

What would become of our lives if the Lord should hear our every earnest prayer? He knows better than we what crosses we *must* and *can* bear, for He sees the end from the beginning.

Suddenly, as Paul's earnestness in prayer has reached a climax, the inward voice comes to him: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Paralyzing experience! How mysterious these words must have sounded in the Apostle's inner consciousness. And yet did he not follow in the Master's footsteps? And had the Master not prayed *thrice* for *His* cup to pass from Him, till at last God's will became His will in a triumphant humiliation and utter self-forgetfulness?

This answer which Paul received taught him three things, viz., *that God's child lives by grace; that this grace is like an inexhaustible fountain of living waters; that thus God receives all the glory, and that the Christian life becomes the life of Christ in us.*

III. *The fruit of the abiding "thorn."* The "thorn" remained, but it was a thorn no longer. The entire later life of the Apostle was changed by this final experience in regard to his personal cross. He remained the same and yet became utterly different.

What he gained by it:

(a) *A new view of the cross*, "to glory in weaknesses." Ah, I like this glorying better yet than the glorying in suffering and work and revelations of chapters xi. and xii.

And how deeply in earnest Paul was in this glorying his epistles abundantly testify. He glories in *tribulations* and considers the suffering of the present life unworthy of comparison with the raptures of the future.

It became in Paul's soul a new *Weltanschauung*, a new philosophy of life.

The cloud which repels us by its tintless gray on a gloomy fall day becomes an object lesson of entrancing beauty if the sun illumines it by its transforming rays. In every "buffet" of Satan, Paul now felt the touch of the hand of Christ.

(b) And would you know *the secret of this change*, "that the strength of Christ may rest upon me?" The word here used defies translation. It really means to "over-tabernacle," to overshadow, like the outspread wings cover the cowering brood.

What sufferings have men not endured for the smile of approval of some great leader! Paul longs for the conscious nearness of Christ in the experience of his painful need. Ah, how I remember the sick days of childhood, when mother left all things alone and attended to the needs of her suffering one!

Thus with Paul. And this desire for the appreciable nearness of the Saviour casts a formerly unknown halo of glory around the cross. A cross, and yet a cross no longer.

(c) *The suffering is now loved for what it brings*, "weaknesses, injuries, necessities, persecutions, distresses for Christ's sake." The Apostle here looks at suffering in all its varying forms, from within and from without, from the Church and from the enemy. It is all "for Christ's sake."

His weakness has now become his strength, for in his strength he stands alone, and in his weakness he leans on

the omnipotent arm of an ever-loving Saviour.

He is never stronger than when he is weakest, for then most of this almighty power is revealed in him.

God be praised for His unspeakable gift!

And *your* thorn?

Or have you no cross to bear? Remember, "God had one Son without sin, but never a child without a cross."

Do you suffer under it? Have you prayed over it? Did Paul's experience become yours? Are you strongest in your weakest hours through the indwelling power of *Christ*?

THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

BY REV. F. B. NASH, M.D. (PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL), FARGO, N. DAK.

And thy neighbor as thyself.—Luke x. 27.

THE altruistic nature of Christianity is one of its chiefest crowns. We use the obscure word "altruistic," not for love of obscure words, but because this one word means all you can pack into many sentences. It means the being thoughtful to others, careful for others, considerate of others, devoted to others. It means the highest kind of unselfishness. Hence at the base of our religion we always see the Golden Rule. And the Lord tells us that, to love God and thy neighbor as thyself, these two make the sum of all the commandments.

And so plainly is this the message of Christ no one would for a moment contest it. Nor am I about to take our morning hour to prove that which in the abstract, at least, all stand ready to grant. But taking it for granted, there yet remains a vast abundance for our honest meditations in this so often and so strenuously reiterated command of Christ: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Abstractly, we are all prepared to say, so we should do and live. Practically, and in our own hearts we often say, I do not see just how I am to fulfil

this command. We accept it in a dazed sort of way, thus sometimes feeling sadly enough. Alas! what a failure I am in the highest reaches of my faith! And do I treat my neighbor as myself?

Well, no, I do not; that is the candid and open fact of the matter. So communing with ourselves, we are either apt to get discouraged or to think that our Saviour has laid down a law impossible for us to follow.

I would like to observe in passing that the law is not to treat thy neighbor as thyself, but to love him as thyself.

Now, this takes us upon higher ground at once. It puts another phase on the matter. Of course we do not treat our neighbors as ourselves. If we did, what a terrible state our neighborhood would be in in a very brief period!

There are two sides to this matter, as we will see very quickly on inspection. If I served my friends as roughly as I serve myself; if I spoke as plainly to them as I do to myself; if I gave to them on all occasions my whole thought, just as I do to myself, I suppose there would be no living together of people in this world.

Again, I ask myself to do things, to attend offices, which I would not dream of asking friend or neighbor to do.

There are some important respects in which we treat our neighbor distinctly better than we do ourselves, yet not for any love of him so much as for the natural desire to have his good opinion.

We generally treat our neighbor better than ourselves in this, that we aim and strive to show him the best there is in us.

We grant to him readily a cheerful courtesy, a pleasing and agreeable demeanor, which we certainly often fail to grant to our own silences and solitary thoughts.

It is because we are not so much unreal, perhaps, as at our best before him while giving ourselves the worst we have to give. Yet this is not so much for any love for him as the desire to keep up appearances, and the honest

wish to be at peace and harmony so far as we can in life.

As a simple matter of fact, I am inclined to believe that we give to our neighbor in material hospitalities, in our personal demeanor to him, in our general treatment of him, a measure which fills fairly well the commandment. Where we fail is in our definition of our neighbor in confining the term to those only who are our social equals and friends.

We make the word neighbor too narrow, and forget that the parable of the Good Samaritan, which we should recall, was given in answer to the inquiry, "And who is my neighbor?"

And we fail again, and here the worst of all, in putting "treatment" in the place of "love." Our actions to him are either amiable for the sufficient reasons of average friendliness, or they are cold and distant for reasons of personal antagonisms. They are on the surface of things too much. We do not readily grant him that love which is anxious for his betterment, and concerned with his growth in grace, wisdom, and character.

Yet to love thy neighbor as thyself must stand above all for this. And the truth is there is an amiable and pleasant side to the love we should bear our neighbor, in which we succeed fairly well, while there is a serious and solemn side to it, also not so agreeable, more intense and harder to fulfil; and here we fail to love our neighbor as ourselves. In our thoughts upon our duty to others we should all devoutly pray and labor to be more concerned upon this solemn side of human associations. Love, real love, for my neighbor is bound to prompt me—yea, to compel me—to make a better style of man of him, and so have him make of me a better pattern of character through a natural exchange of experiences, examples, and encouragements.

Here, indeed, is a sacred realm of good influence. And here, indeed, we are all of us solemnly bound to be missionaries for God and all that is good.

I think in the realities of the fair and majestic life to come we shall find here our saddest retrospects. For if there be indeed any memory of this life here, and life cannot continue without fullness of memory, in that life to come we shall look back with the deepest sorrows and mourning over failure to do good to all men as we had opportunity.

To do good is not merely to grant charities, to extend a helping hand in material needs or times of sickness.

Never can we so narrow its meanings. The noblest of all the good offices I do on earth are those offices by which my doing has encouraged, bettered, and elevated others. The best good I can do my neighbor is to stand as a child of God's wisdom, and help him to find and see and know for himself his heavenly Father's love for him. The best good I can do my neighbor is to awaken him to his own greatness, to introduce him to his own soul, his real spiritual being; to arouse his spiritual ambitions, and point him to the only source of peace, rest, love, life.

This, in the long run, will do him the best service for a time, for it will help to make a real man of him. But it also passes over and beyond things temporal, and is doing good to him for all eternity.

Do I fail egregiously in this solemn department of love to my neighbor? If so, it must be because I have first failed in true and noble love to myself.

This brings us to a view of this commandment that I wish to emphasize especially to-day. Our text says, "And thy neighbor as thyself." Suppose we reverse it and put it, "And thyself as thy neighbor." I think we all of us need counsel and exhortation here also.

Unless we truly and rightly love ourselves we may be sure we shall never rightly love others. Christ enjoined no sad and dreary asceticism.

He made little of merely material things, it is true; and that because, first, material things seemed so cheap

to an inhabitant of heaven—they seemed so shallow and low as ends of living; and, second, because temptations are all around us, enticing us to be absorbed and wrapped up in them. But our Lord would have us all give unto ourselves the best we have to give. Why? Because we need it and must have it rightly to grow in grace and character; and because, unless we do so grow in these qualities which make for love in ourselves, we shall have no love to give to others. Only the man who has tasted the sweets of gracious behavior to himself can appreciate the hunger of others for the same. Only the man who knows by experience the civilizing effect upon his soul of clean and decent and comfortable surroundings will be anxious to give these same essentials of good living to others. Only the man who knows the use and beauty of all civilizing and ennobling enjoyments will put himself out to see that a needy neighbor may have as much as possible of them. And finally, only the man who has known God's love for himself will care to take others to that love.

Who is concerned for his friend's salvation from sin and ignorance and death but that high soul which has known itself to be redeemed from these, who is walking in the holy paths of faith and hope and knowledge of God, and there has learned what real charity is?

And ere we can love ourselves rightly we must discover what life means in its greater aspects. Says Holland, "If life once fails to be prophetic and its true meaning dies out of it, it all lapses into a dreary, insignificant commonplace affair. Human life must be felt to be the veil of a hidden wonder, or all its power vanishes."

Now, if I am to love myself as I should love my neighbor, I must above all human verities realize that life is this hidden wonder.

Would you truly do your highest duty to your neighbor? Then first do your highest duty to thyself. No stream rises higher than its fountain-

head. You must rise high before you can lift another higher.

Treat yourself as you know God commands you to treat your neighbor.

Have for yourself the best you have to give of charity tempered by judgment, courtesy mingled with discreet criticism, love guided by wisdom. You would be genial to your neighbor; be genial to yourself.

You would not go about thrusting your cares and worries and troubles upon him, would you? Then do not grind them into your very heart by perpetually dwelling upon them. 'Cares and worries have eaten up the very souls of men. Wrest yourself from their tyrant domination, and refuse to be absorbed in them. Have you any faith? Is your religion a source of peace and comfort to you? Then take your cares to its peace; go home in your silences to God and eternity, and be comforted. He has promised to relieve your cares. Take them to Him. Seek peace and insure it for yourself, and in this respect give to yourself as good as you are expected to give your neighbor. If a friend sees you long and often, you do not want him to be forever dinning his business into your ears. You want him to give something of his nature, himself, to you. Take the caution home to your own soul, and do not be forever grinding away at the tasks and problems of your work. Your work, your business, these are not ends; they are merely means to an end, and that end is life.

Life here is of a higher quality, a worthy preparation for a higher yet beyond. And love thyself as thou art commanded to love thy neighbor, in the acquisition of wisdom and higher knowledge. Be a student of God and life. Great tasks and problems are before you, into which dollars, bargains, and schemes do not enter as component factors.

Remember that day and night. Seek for yourself the riches of grace in the honest thought and industry of a real spiritual existence.

Get out of the dark and dreary woods of this world into the sunlight of things spiritual. Decline to dwell too much and too long in the shadow of your cares and labors. Stand in the sun and give yourself a chance to grow as the lily grows. You must advance to a higher level.

Love yourself as an inhabitant of eternity thus; and I verily believe that so you shall win God's blessing, that so He will best enable you to love your neighbor as yourself in all the best statements of love. In this kind of self-love and self-treatment, in the providence of God, a Saul became a St. Paul, a household name with men forever.

So Christ's heroes and workers grew and learned to love and gave themselves truly to God's highest works on earth.

THE GOOD CONFESSION.

BY REV. JAMES M. CAMPBELL [CONGREGATIONALIST], MORGAN PARK, ILL.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.—1 Tim. vi. 12.

LANGUAGE is a fluid, not a solid. It is subject to constant change. Words become old and obsolete. When they drop out of use, new words take their places. The meaning of words is also constantly changing. When old words are retained, they often come to have a new meaning.

In the study of the English Bible the fluidity of language must be taken into account. A striking and instructive illustration of the way in which a word may gradually shift its ground until it comes to have a meaning altogether different from that formerly attached to it is furnished by the text referred to above. In the King James Version it reads, "Thou hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." In

the Revised Version it reads, "Thou didst confess the good confession in the sight of many witnesses." At the time when the King James translation was made the words profession and confession were used interchangeably. Profession meant simple avowal—the declaring or acknowledging of a thing; now it has in it the meaning of assumption or pretense. We speak of certain employments as professions. A man's profession is the thing which he assumes to know. One who is a member of the medical profession assumes to be skilled in the art of healing; one who is a member of the legal profession assumes that he is competent to give counsel in matters of law; a college professor assumes that he is able to instruct others in a special branch of study.

The few instances in which the word profession is retained in the Revised Version are instances in which it expresses the new meaning, e.g., "professing themselves to be wise, they became fools" (Rom. i. 22). That is, pretending to be wise—laying claim to superior wisdom—their minds become darkened by ignorance.

Again, in 1 Tim. ii. 8, Paul expresses a desire "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefastness and sobriety; not with braided hair and gold or pearls or costly raiment, but (which becometh women *professing* godliness) through good works." In other words he desired that women who professed to be godly should make good their profession by following fashion afar off, and by making the adornment of the spirit with beautiful works the chief concern of life.

All the instances in which profession is changed to confession are instances in which the necessity for the change is apparent. In Heb. iii. 1, we are enjoined to "consider the Apostle and High Priest of our *confession*;" that is, the Apostle and High Priest whom we confess, the Apostle and High Priest who is the subject of our confession. In Heb. x. 23 we are told to "hold fast

the *confession* of our hope, that it waver not;" that is, we are to hold unwaveringly the good hope in Christ which we have openly confessed before men. So in the text before us, we are urged to confess the good confession, not to profess a good profession; we are urged to make a confession of something, not a profession of something.

From this change of words we see—

I. *What Christian confession is not.* It is not a profession of religion; it is not the assumption of personal superiority. The true Christian does not mount upon a high pedestal, proclaiming to the world his personal merit; he lies low in the dust, confessing his personal unworthiness. He does not make a profession of sainthood; he makes a confession of sinfulness. He does not pray, "God be complacent to me a saint;" he prays, "God be merciful to me a sinner." His confession, so far as it concerns himself, is a confession of sin, a confession of weakness, a confession of the need of an almighty Saviour and sustainer.

II. *We see what Christian confession is.* It is the confession of Christ. The true Christian is not a professor of religion; he is a confessor of Christ. He confesses not only his need of Christ, but also his utter and absolute dependence upon Christ; he confesses his faith in the cleansing blood of the Lamb of God, his faith in the sustaining grace of the Living Christ. In the original sense of the term he is a martyr, a witness—a witness for Christ; he directs attention to Christ, not to himself; he holds up the Christ whom he trusts as the only Saviour of sinful men.

This confession of Christ is marked out as something distinct and distinctive. It is called "*the good confession.*" It was the confession of Peter when he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" it was the confession of Thomas when he fell at Jesus' feet exclaiming, "My Lord and my God." The essence of all Christian confession is contained in these two utterances. They show conclusively that Christian

confession is not acceptance of a dogma, but faith in a Person; not subscription to a creed, but confession of Christ.

This confession of Christ is designated "*the good confession,*" because it is the supreme act of the soul. Never is man more noble than when he bows before the scepter of the Cross, acknowledging love and loyalty to the thorn-crowned King. Not until the claims of Christ have been acknowledged has the highest obligation of life been discharged.

Open, public confession of Christ is demanded. First, there must be baptism "*into the name of Christ;*" then there must be union with the visible Church. When Victorinus whispered softly in the ear of Augustine, "I am a Christian," Augustine replied, "I will not believe it nor count thee so till I see thee among the Christians in the Church." As the blood of the Passover lamb was sprinkled upon the lintels and door-posts, so inward faith is to be openly confessed. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9). "Every one who shall confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32, 33).

STRIKING THOUGHTS FROM RECENT SERMONS.

BUT how are we to be trained to go forth to fulfil this splendid mission? That which Christ needs we need. We need to be delivered from self-will and self-pleasing, and to be brought into holy obedience to the will of God. We need, as the Christ needed, to have developed within us human compassion. We need, as the Christ condescended to need, the perfecting of our character, that we may be strong in the exercise of holiness. Anything that will only train me to the realizing of this great ideal, anything that will fit me for a life so magnificent as this, any discipline of education I will welcome, if only through it, in unity with Christ, I may attain to the expression of the ideal of my regenerate priesthood.

So it is we, too, are led into our Gethsemane. There we have to learn obedience by the crucifixion of the will. There sympathy is developed within us by our patient self-surrender to the discipline of God.

There the character is purified in the purgatory of a Christian life, and comes out of it like gold refined in the furnace.—*Body*. (Heb. v. 8.)

HUMAN love we all appreciate. We all desire—

Some one to love in this dark world of sorrow,
Some one whose smile will efface the sad
tear.

Some one to welcome the joys of to-morrow,
Some one to comfort when sorrows are near.

But to feel that we have around us not only love of a human kind but divine love—"Love divine, all love excelling"—surely that must be the greatest bliss that mortal can attain unto. And to realize that there is for us in the heart of a great Father continual thought and care, oh! how this must cast out anxiety from our minds, and cause us to "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." The child knows that his father will provide; he therefore has no thought for the morrow, but lets the morrow take thought for itself. And Jesus Christ hath said unto us, "Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of;" therefore let all anxiety and fear be kept outside the door of your hearts. Rest, wait, trust.—*McKay*. (John i. 12, 13.)

"VANITY of vanities! All is vanity!" Write that epitaph broad and large over all the catacombs and cemeteries and mausoleums of the world, for so in one phase or other not only did Solomon say it, but Vespasian, as he rode in triumph, the Emperor of Rome, and Gellner, King of the Vandals, as he walked in chains before the chariot of Belisarius, and Napoleon on the very day of his coronation, and the Duke of Wellington as he rode amid the hatred of the multitude through the streets of London, and so says the drunken pauper on his death-bed in the filthy room. A sharp boy of humble degree, the son of a Reading draper, named William Laud, rose to be Prime Minister and Archbishop of Canterbury in one, the all but absolute authority in Church and State. The greatest living nobleman of the day, the Earl of Strafford, wrote to congratulate him, and wish him many happy days. What was his answer, on the very day that he had reached the summit of his ambition? "My lord," he wrote, "I thank you heartily for your kind wishes to me that God would send me many and many happy days where I am now to be. But truly, my lord, I look for neither—not for many, for I am in years, and have had a troublesome life; not for happy, for I have no hope to do the good I desire. And, in truth, my lord—I speak seriously—I have had a heaviness hanging over me ever since I was nominated to this place, and I can give myself no account of it." "Vanity of vanities!" So ends one of the most famous novels of modern times, "Which of us has what he desires, or, having it, is satisfied?"—*Farrar*. (Psalm xxxiv. 12.)

HONOR may be a certain reverence and testimony of respect paid to us, or done by us to others. But it also means a certain quality of soul, "a nice sense of what is right and just and true," as it has been defined, "a dignified respect for character, springing from probity, principle, moral rectitude." Thus it comes to pass that when men make a promise "upon their honor," they make appeal to their sense of what is just and right within them. I might quote to you those fine and well-known lines by the poet Wordsworth:

Say, what is honor? 'Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offense
Suffered or done.

In the days when knightly chivalry was something better than the weakly sentiment which led very touchy persons to do very foolish things because of some fancied slight to their rank or their blood, or the reputation of their ancestors, to keep a knight's honor unsullied and unstained was a noble and generous ambition. It meant to keep faith with all to whom you had given your pledged word, no matter at what personal cost that promise had to be redeemed; it meant to have a soul so secure in integrity and incorruptibility that no one would ever dare to approach you with any base suggestion that you could either be bribed or intimidated into an action unworthy of an honest man. A man of honor was emphatically a man who kept his word—and, who would keep it when once given without the necessity of being continually watched and warned, urged and coaxed into keeping it. A man of honor was a man who might be trusted to right faithfully discharge his trust when his employer's back was turned; he was a man who, as employer, would never take a mean and unworthy advantage of any one, nor use his power to transfer to his own pocket profits that rightly belonged to the men who served him. He would scorn to do it.—*Horne*. (John v. 44.)

THEMES AND TEXTS OF RECENT SERMONS.

1. The Fulfilment of the Ministerial Mission. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"—Isa. lii. 7. John Potts, D.D., Toronto, Canada.
2. Companionship with Jesus. "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."—Acts iv. 13. O. P. Gifford, D.D., Buffalo, N. Y.
3. Cooperation. "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage," etc.—Isa. xli. 6, 7. Rev. Jesse W. Brooks, Ph.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.
4. The Breadth of Christianity. "I have seen an end of all perfection; but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."—Psalm cxix. 96. Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., Chautauqua, N. Y.
5. God's Care of His People. "The voice of the Lord came unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."—Acts vii. 31, 32. Pres. Henry A. Buttz, D.D., Madison, N. J.
6. Human Perplexities and their Divine Resolution. "What shall we do?"—Luke iii. 10, 12, 14. Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D., Buffalo, N. Y.
7. Childhood a Text-Book. "And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them."—Matt. xviii. 2. Rev. Thomas O. Crouse, Baltimore, Md.
8. The Present Privileges and Future Blessedness of Believers. "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."—John xvii. 24. James S. Chadwick, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.
9. Man's Responsibility to Man from a Christian Standpoint. "For this is the message

- that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another."—1 John iii. 11. H. A. Cleveland, D.D., Erie, Pa.
10. The Earth's Owner and Sovereign. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; of the world and they that dwell therein."—Psalms xxiv. 1. B. Fay Mills, Asbury Park, N. J.
 11. Archbishop Corrigan and Our Saloons. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Habakkuk ii. 15. Rev. Madison C. Peters, Ph.D., New York City.
 12. The Sin of Suicide. "Do thyself no harm."—Acts xvi. 28. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., New York City.
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- Suggestive Themes for Pulpit Treatment.**
1. The Spirit of Gratitude an Essential of Successful Prayer. ("Continue steadfastly in prayer, watching therein with thanksgiving."—Col. iv. 2.)
 2. Divine Favor vs. Human Disfavor. ("And he said unto them, I see your father's countenance, that it is not towards me as before; but the God of my father has been with me."—Gen. xxxi. 5.)
 3. Glory after Shadows. ("And the glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days; and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud."—Ex. xxiv. 16.)
 4. The Transitoriness of the Divine Wrath. ("For yet a very little while and his indignation shall cease, and mine anger in their destruction."—Isa. x. 25.)
 5. The Divine Care of the Field. ("A land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it from the beginning of the year unto the end of the year."—Deut. xi. 12.)
 6. Spiritual Obedience and Material Prosperity. ("And thou shalt return and obey the voice of the Lord, and do all His commandments, which I command thee this day. And the Lord thy God will make thee plenteous in every work of thy hand, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy land, for good; for the Lord will again rejoice over thee for good, as He rejoiced over thy fathers."—Deut. xxx. 8, 9.)
 7. The Purpose of God in the Venture of Man. ("And Micah said, If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me. . . . And a certain man drew his bow at a venture, and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harness."—1 Kings xxii. 23, 24.)
 8. The Graciousness of the Divine Revelation. ("The riches of His grace which He made to abound toward us in all wisdom and prudence, having made known unto us the mystery of His will."—Eph. i. 7, 9.)
 9. Old Testament Altruism. ("Give them according to their deeds, and according to the wickedness of their endeavors; Give them after the work of their hands; render to them their desert."—Psalms xxviii. 4.)
 10. New Testament Altruism. ("Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—Luke xxiii. 34.)
 11. The Nemesis of Sin. ("And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee; because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."—1 Kings xxi. 20.)
 12. The Unending Occasion for Thanksgiving. ("Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Eph. v. 20.)
 13. Misapprehended Silences. ("My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? Why art Thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?"—Psalms xxii. 1.)

LIGHT ON SCRIPTURAL TRUTHS FROM RECENT SCIENCE AND HISTORY.

BY REV. GEO. V. REICHEL, A. M., BROCKPORT, N. Y., MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

EVOLUTION AND FAITH.—The harmony of a purely scientific mind with a positively religious soul is often declared to be a moral impossibility, it being assumed that the two are, under all circumstances, antagonistic to each other.

But the recent utterances of so well-known a scientist as Mr. C. V. Riley, of Washington, D. C., clearly demonstrate the folly of such an attitude. Thus the purely scientific estimate of evolution is related to that great element in all true religion. Faith is most

happily and harmoniously expressed in these words:

"Evolution reveals a past which disarms doubt and leaves the future of every man's life open with promise, unceasing purpose, progress from lower to higher. It promises higher and higher intellectual and ethical attainment, both for the individual and the race. It shows the power in what is universal, not in the specific; in the laws of nature, not in departure from them. It may lead to some modification, as compared with Judaism, of the

ideas of the future as it has of the past ; for, if the possession of the higher attributes which we denominate by the term 'soul' is the best promise of immortality, I believe there are many dumb creatures who are surer of it than many human brutes. All the word-molding, all the rhetoric, all the sophistry of those who, cradled in Mosaic theology but graduated in evolution, attempt to frame from the teachings of this last any post-mundane heaven of unalloyed joy for man alone must, in my judgment, come to naught. Their efforts remind me of the reconcilers whose business is, as one has put it, 'to mix the black of dogma and the white of science into what they call the neutral tint of liberal theology.' What we accept as to the resurrection of the individual is based on other evidence than that of evolution, and is mainly a matter of *Faith*; and when it comes to forms of faith, those are best which best subserve the moral and intellectual growth and development of society, and which at the same time bring comfort and hope to the individual. The few great beliefs which have controlled the religious sentiment of the world have all helped to those ends, and have been good in their day and time.

"The teachings of Christ, in their simple and pure inspiration, free from the narrowing encrustations of schism and dogma, transcend them all, and are in fact an evolution from them. Our faiths will vary as they have varied. Those who have attained to altruism may find sufficient joy and reward in present existence, with its love and duty and conscious self-development, and rest satisfied to leave to destiny the future after death, to candidly avow themselves ignorant of it—agnostics. Others may feel no regret in the conviction that there is no continuity of state, but only of being; that eternal consciousness—eternal rest—awaits the close of individual life. But we should not forget that the mass of mankind are incapable alike of such unconcern, and that a faith to them is precious and

even necessary. Nor should we forget that the evolution which we, as individuals, have undergone, with all its risks and dangers, awaits every new individual born. The child up to a certain age, and the mass of mankind at maturity, are in apprehension only as our savage ancestors, and must be taught the truth according to their light. The experiences gained by those who have reached the highest ethical and intellectual growth must be formulated in precept and principle to be of any benefit to society at large, and the higher ethical sentiment and religious belief—faith, love, hope, charity—are priceless beyond all that exact science can give it."

"TO DO GOOD AND TO DISTRIBUTE FORGET NOT, FOR WITH SUCH OFFERINGS THE LORD IS WELL PLEASED."—Much is constantly written upon the virtue of charity and benevolence, and with the comparatively little that is timely, and for that reason, practical and helpful, there is sent out a mass of absurd reasoning and foolish exhortation. This can have but one result, that it becomes a source of disaster to that sense of discrimination which should always temper our gifts. Thus, C. W. Smiley, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in a recent address before that body, happily said :

"In seeming prohibition to any suggestion of discrimination, we are told that benevolence should be universal, because the Creator maketh His sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust. Now, in the case of sunshine and rain, it would be physically impossible to discriminate. It should also be remembered that the same Creator, for the same reason, sendeth the lightning and the earthquake to destroy both the just and the unjust. But, what is more to the point, He starves to death those who in summer fail to lay by a supply of food for winter. He smites with disease those who are too

lazy to cultivate cleanliness, and He visits the iniquities of fathers upon *thoughtless* children to the third and fourth generation.

"Here is a lesson in discrimination of cause and effect not to be overshadowed by a few platitudes about rain."

"BEHOLD THE FOWLS OF THE AIR . . . YET YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER FEEDETH THEM."—The preceding paragraph upon benevolence finds further warrant under the head of the text quoted above.

How God accomplishes the feeding of the birds without encouraging them to indolence, but simply through the exercise of their own divinely bestowed instincts, would make an interesting volume of rare fact.

The redheaded woodpecker, for example, observed by Mr. Agersborg, of Dakota, has been known to wedge grasshoppers in a large crack of an old post, storing in this manner for future supply nearly a hundred.

The California woodpecker stores acorns in holes in the tree, and subsequently feeds upon the fully developed larvæ within the seed. So other birds will make accumulations of beech-nuts, pounding them between the shingles of a roof, wedging them into crevices and storing them in cavities in trees.

THE FORCE OF WEAKNESS.—Given the proper conditions of environment and impelling force, the weakest things in the world will penetrate the seemingly impassable, demonstrating a power of resistance as apparently foreign to them as it is astonishing when exercised.

Prof. C. Leo Maas, of Athens, Ohio, relates that after a great tornado which swept over Washington, Ohio, he found straws embedded in wood to a depth varying from one thirty-second to one-sixteenth of an inch, impelled by the force of the wind! He reproduced this wonderful result in his laboratory by means of an air-current moving at the rate of 135 to 160 miles per hour.

"MY DOCTRINE SHALL DISTIL AS THE DEW."—Recent observations on the formation of dew made at Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., established the fact that a clear sky and a calm atmosphere are always the most favorable conditions for its appearance.

So is it when the clear sky and calm atmosphere of a peaceful, holy life within prevail, that the gentle dews of God's teachings distil upon the soul, refreshing it in its weariness, reviving its hope and reenergizing all its faculties.

DECEPTION.—The Bible warns men against all forms of deception not only by showing that it understands their cunning, but by its ability to expose them. It thus declares that the cunning of wickedness is a *studied* cunning; hence, all the more necessity of warning the unwary.

A notable proof of all this may be found in a recent experience cited by Mr. Geo. F. Kunz, a celebrated lapidary of New York City. He says:

"Numerous parcels of turquoise have recently (and at various previous times) been sent east from New Mexico, and among them were small lots of exceptionally fine blue-color for American turquoise.

"This color did not appear to be natural, but the stones were found to have the same specific gravity as the others from New Mexico, and cut with the characteristic soapy cut. It was only after the back had been scraped off to some depth that the fact was revealed that they were artificially stained turquoise; the coloring matter employed was the same as used in Germany to make breccia agate resemble lapis-lazuli, for which the former is often palmed off on tourists. If the artificial jewel be washed in alcohol and all grease carefully wiped from it and then laid for a moment in ammonia, the blue color will wholly or partially disappear and the true nature of the stone will be revealed. This deception is to be regretted, since it will cast suspicion on

any fine turquoise that may be found in this country in the future. The test is so simple, however, that any one can satisfy himself as to its authenticity."

ORGANIZATION AND DEATH.—A well-organized Church does not of necessity proclaim a live Church. Its very organization may be the price paid by it for its life, its organization and its death being practically identical.

A short time ago, Dr. Chas. Sedgwick Minot, of Harvard Medical School, presented a paper before the A. A. A. S., in which he showed that the organism, whether plant or animal, undergoes progressive decay, which begins probably at the moment of its creation. Later, he pointed out, to use his own words, "that the decay and organization of the individual proceed *pari passu*, and that whenever development is begun the tissues always assume the indifferenced and embryonic form. This is shown to be the case in all metazoa, so that a correlation is established between the degree of organization and the rate of growth, and hence is established the hypothesis that organization stops growth, or, in other words, causes the decay of the organism, and hence, perhaps, death."

DIVINE PUNISHMENT: AN INDIAN'S ELOQUENT REALIZATION OF IT.—While many of the cultured races are growing shaky on the doctrine of divine punishment, it may be of interest here to repeat an incident concerning the eloquent Indian chief, Red Jacket, as given in the following words by a well-known scientific writer:

"A lady who knew the fondness of the famous Red Jacket for children, inquired of him if he had any living, knowing that several had been taken away.

"Fixing his eyes upon her with a mournful expression, he replied: 'Red Jacket was once a great man, and in favor with the Great Spirit. He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest. But, after years of glory,

he degraded himself by drinking the firewater of the white man. The Great Spirit has looked upon him in anger, and His lightning has stripped the pine of its branches.'

"LEAVING THE PRINCIPLES OF THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST, LET US GO ON UNTO PERFECTION."—Dr. C. A. Young, the famous Princeton astronomer, recently described a sail he had once taken on the inland sea of Japan, that sturdy little empire which, in its struggle with China, is now so prominently before us. He says:

"The voyager upon the inland sea of Japan sees continually before him new islands and mountains of that fairy-land. Some come out suddenly from behind nearer rocks or islets, which long concealed the greater things beyond; and some are veiled in clouds which give no hint of what they hide until a breeze rolls back the curtain; some, and the greatest of them all, are first seen as the minutest speck upon the horizon, and grow slowly to their final grandeur. Even before they reach the horizon line, while yet invisible, they sometimes intimate their presence by signs in sky and air, so slight, indeed, that only the practiced eye of the skilful sailor can detect them, though quite obvious to him."

Somewhat so is it with the Christian. He is upon the inland sea of mortal existence, girt by the great shore of eternity. Continually before him rise new sights and scenes. Some come suddenly out from behind objects which have long hidden them. Some are veiled in the clouds of Providential dealings, which are at once full of bright assurance and yet heavy with mystery, like banks of luminous mist. These give us no positive hint of what lies hidden, until, perchance, a fresh experience gained rolls back the curtain. Some, and these the mightiest experiences of the soul, though beginning in slight and unimportant ways, grow steadily on to their final grandeur.

As the bark nears the horizon line of life, though they are still invisible, their presence is intimated by the songs of unseen but familiar voices, the calling of the angels, and the whispers of the Spirit. So slight, we say—rather so spiritual, so celestial—that only those who have the knowledge of the blessed Christ can discern them.

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—A noted scientist has said, "Almost all scientific truth has real commercial value, because 'knowledge is power,' and because (I speak it not irreverently), 'the truth shall make you free,'—any truth, and to some extent. That is to say, the intelligent and in-

tellectually cultivated will generally obtain a more comfortable livelihood and do it more easily than the stupid and the ignorant. Intelligence and brains are most powerful allies of strength and hands in the struggle for existence; and so, on purely economical grounds, all kinds of science are worthy of cultivation.

"But I should be ashamed to rest on this lower ground. The highest value of scientific truth is not economic, but different and more noble; and, to a certain and great degree, its truest worth is more an object of pursuit than of possession, developing not alone the physical and the temporal, but the distinctly intellectual, moral, and spiritual."

HELPS AND HINTS, TEXTUAL AND TOPICAL.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

Marginal Commentary: Notes on Genesis.

GEN. XV. 1. This chapter might be called *the Genesis of faith*.

1. *After these things* THE WORD OF THE LORD *came unto Abram*. For the first time we here meet this expression, afterward recurring with such frequency and variety of forms and circumstances: "*The word of the Lord*."

It is a significant expression. A word is a thought made apprehensible, brought out of the realm of the invisible and inaudible into the region of sense-perception. A word is, therefore, a revelation of a hidden conception, affection, purpose; it must *come to us*, for we cannot go in search of it, or by searching find out what it reveals.

The importance of this phrase may be seen from its application to *Christ* as the Word of God. "No man hath at any time seen God: the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

This phrase is further noticeable, inasmuch as it carries the idea of a re-

sponsibility for the form of expression, as well as for the concept.

The Bible is a collection not of the thoughts of God only, but the words of God. He spake unto men; they became as His mouth when they spake, and spake as moved by the Holy Ghost. God might in a vision have impressed Abram's mind with a thought, inspiring in him a fearless confidence in Jehovah as his shield and reward. But we are told that, even in a vision, the Word of the Lord came to him; and that we may not mistake, the word, "saying," is added, and the very words spoken are recorded. If language means anything, God's words to Abram were as truly His words as Abram's in the next two verses are his words, and not simply his answering thoughts.

The *vision* appears to be a waking vision, for Abram is led out and bidden to look at the stars, etc. (verse 5). It may have begun in sleep and ended in a waking revelation of God.

Fear not. Is it not possible that Abram's course, in paying tithes to the priest of God, while at the same time

he refused to enrich himself with the world's good, may have led to this disclosure of God's presence? The chapter division is arbitrary and needless; it breaks continuity. "After these things" hints a link in the history. It is very noticeable that in Abram's life *every new revelation follows some act of obedience*. And so here His spiritual mind, apprehending Jehovah as God most high, possessor of all, led him both to the reverent acknowledgment of stewardship and to the refusal of un sanctified gain. And now God gives him a new assurance that in Him his *shield* and *reward* are to be found.

"Fear not" is a frequent expression in connection with personal divine revelations. These were fitted to awaken awe, and an assurance was needful to quiet the spirit (comp. Dan. x. 12-19). The expression is found at least fifty times, and several times introduces Messianic announcements (Luke i. 13-30, ii. 10., etc.).

Thy shield, i. e., defense in conflicts with foes (Psa. iii. 3, xviii. 2, etc.).

Thy exceeding great reward—literally, thy reward exceeding abundantly. The Septuagint renders "thy reward shall be exceeding great."

Thus early in the Word of God do we meet the *great abundance of grace*, which human language proves so inadequate to express that words are piled up as mountain upon mountain. Comp. Eph. iii. 20, the most conspicuous instance in the Bible, which can be represented only by a climax read upward from the base.

God is able to do	{	Exceeding abundantly.
		Abundantly above all.
		Above all we ask or think.
		All that we think.
		All that we ask.

2. *And Abram said, LORD GOD*. Here for the first time Adhonai Jehovah, the two names of God, appear in connection, as in verse 8, and Deut. iii. 24, ix. 26. It is noticeable that in all these cases, the only ones in the Pentateuch, we have the vocative case (Quarry).

As this is the first occurrence of this

combination, we stop to ask as to its significance.

In the introduction to the "Newberry Bible," the best survey of the various names and titles applied to God may be found of which we know. And there Adhonai, or Adonahy, is taken to mean Sovereign, Lord, or Master. It occurs about 290 times. Jehovah, which occurs 7,600 times, is the Ever-Existing One, who was and is and will be. Adonahy Jehovah would, therefore, be equivalent to an acknowledgment of the eternity or ever-present existence and rightful sovereignty of God. Jehovah is the covenant name, which qualifies all else by its emphasis on the privileged relation of believers, and Abram was especially fond of it.

Abram had already been thrice assured (xii. 1-3, 7; xiii. 14-16) of a numerous seed. He now pleads this promise and asks for its fulfilment. And it is remarkable that, while he receives a new assurance and an expansion of promise, no hint is yet given him of *the way in which* the word of God is to be fulfilled. He is compelled simply to trust, and here lies the peculiar significance of the words in verse 6, "And he believed in the Lord."

Abram thus represents all faithful souls. He had a promise, rich and abundant, but there was no appearance of its fulfilment. He had as yet no child in whom this assurance of a numerous seed could find its channel. Was Eliezer, his steward, to be his heir, or one of the servants born in his house to be the successor in default of his own offspring?

It is evident from God's answer in verse 4 that along some such lines as these his perplexed mind was running in search of a solution to this mystery, for God assures him.

4. "This shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir." The promise at each repetition becomes more definite; the faith that believes, notwithstanding contrary appearances, is thus nurtured by clearer revelation.

5. "Tell the stars, . . . so shall thy seed be." Of course the visible stars, in any hemisphere of the heavens, may be counted without difficulty, for they do not exceed 1,600. Yet even such a host seemed incredible as the offspring of a man who at Abram's age was childless. And when we remember the stars that actually shine, though the unaided eye cannot separate them and distinguish them, the promise is the more marvelous.

The point, however, is the simplicity of God's sign. As the rainbow was God's token to Noah, so the concave of the heavens, full of stars, which Abram could not but see whenever he lifted his eyes to the night sky, was a constant reminder of the faithful Promiser who out of nothing spake worlds into being.

It seems that there is more typical significance in this sign of the stars than has been supposed. Stars are visible *only in the night*, and hence are a grand sign of a faith that sees clearest in the night, and needs most the darkness for its discipline and revelation. Then the stars were God's creation by His fiat, and as we are taught in Hebrews, they were "not made of things which do appear." So Abraham's seed came of a divine fiat out of a body that was virtually dead. God spake into being the Son of Promise, etc. How meditation brings out Scripture meaning!

6. "And he believed in the Lord: and He counted it to him for righteousness."

Not only is this the first instance in which we meet either the word *believe* or the word *righteousness*, but, upon the principle already illustrated that a first mention is significant, we need to take note of all the surroundings and of the exact form of words.

The word *believe* is peculiar. The Hebrew verb is the root whence comes the word "*amen*," and *amen* is not a prayer, "let it be so," but a declaration, "it shall be so." Abram *amen'd* God—he answered to God's word of promise, "It shall be so." Hence comes

in the Hiphil conjugation used here, the idea of firmly holding, and so resting upon as true and sure, the promise of God. It might be rendered, he *stayed upon God*.

The verse is of vast importance, because it sounds the keynote of *justification by faith* (Rom. iv. 3). Here we first meet with a formal statement of faith and its connection with righteousness. God speaks, and the believing soul says, "Amen—it shall be so"—and such faith is reckoned as righteousness. Mark: it is not merit, nor is it righteousness, but it is the basis of an *imputed* righteousness or justification; it is counted righteousness.

And so, thus early in the record, we are confronted with the *great ruling principle* of all believing life and character, the great evangelical principle of faith, as the *subjective* basis of justification, faith resting, however, itself, on an *objective* righteousness. Here was a surrender of human will and wisdom to God, a *committal* of self to an unseen God, for an unseen and unknown method of realizing a promise. Is not that the precise *law of all justifying faith*? Are not all attempts to explain and philosophize upon the plan of salvation, kindred to Abram's attempting to reason out the *how* of God's fulfilment. God said a thing which seemed incredible, and no rational way could be suggested for its fulfilment. Abram simply gave up rationalizing and philosophizing and said: "Jehovah-God hath spoken; it shall be so; here I rest;" and that was reckoned to him in place of a meritorious righteousness. Instead of his impotence, he trusted omnipotence; instead of his science, he stayed himself on omniscience, and as he counted things that were not as though they were, God counted a righteousness that in him was not as though it were! From that hour till now the one method of justification has been the same, the only possible method to a sinful, erring, and imperfect creature, reposing and resting on a Word of God, on a power and wisdom and love that

are mightier and infinite. This may be called a "passive righteousness of faith," but it led to the *active* righteousness of obedience; it may have been an *imputed* righteousness, but it made possible an *imparted* righteousness. And so justification leads to sanctification. Any soul that relies on divine truth, power, love, and goodness, instead of taking advantage of these to continue in sin, comes into a holy sympathy with the God who is trusted, and partakes His nature, and so sin's dominion is broken in the dominating power of holiness. Truly, to advantage one's self of divine grace and love is to grow like unto God by absorbing His imparted life and strength.

Let us observe that long before any written law, with its moral and ceremonial statutes, here is a practical example of the evangelical principle and grace of saving faith and the way in which it works. To rest on the word and character of the Living God, so as to add our Amen to every promise, however humanly impossible of fulfillment, that is the germ whence develop justifying faith and sanctifying energy. As the oak is in the acorn and the bird in the egg, all future growth lies hidden in this germ!

And, furthermore, as Abram received this salvation through faith, in the infancy of the history of the race, before the Law had been promulgated or the Gospel formally preached, it shows us how God may lead many a yearning soul by ways we know not, even out of heathen darkness, to see the stars of promise, and without understanding the philosophy of salvation, rest on divine love and faithfulness; and yet, again, we see how a little child may understand all that is needful in order to salvation. Abram was not a child in years, yet his measure of knowledge of evangelical truth was a child's measure. Many a little one in our families has more knowledge of God and the Gospel than he. Yet he could exercise a faith that stayed him on God (comp. Rom. iv. 3, v. 3, Gal. iii. 6, Heb. xi. 7,

James ii. 23, etc.). The keynote here struck rules the melodies and harmonies of the whole Bible to its last chapter.

7. *And He said unto him, I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it.* This verse supplies a good example of the so-called "discrepancies of Scripture." In chap. xi. 31 it is recorded that "Terah took Abram," etc., "and they went forth from Ur of the Chaldees," etc. Then in chap. xii. 1 an additional record that the Lord said unto Abram, "Get thee out of thy country" (Haran, etc.). Some *hypercritics*, as they ought to be called, find such inconsistency in these statements that they would refer the three different statements to as many different writers!

A simple and sensible hypothesis will explain all these statements and harmonize them. Let us suppose the original call to have come to Terah to leave Ur and go into Canaan. He started and got as far as Haran and there tarried. Then a second call, specially addressed to Abram, withdrew him from this "half-way" station to complete the journey that separated him more completely unto God from idolatrous associations. With such a working hypothesis no conflict exists. And in any apparent divergence of ordinary testimony or witness, if such a supposition reconciles and harmonizes all such testimony, it would be at once taken as the real fact. It is constantly done in courts of law, in order to make the testimony, of witnesses accordant. And if Bible students, instead of assuming that there is discord and variety of authorship, would seek some such center of convergence, most so-called discrepancies would disappear.

THERE are industrious people who spend eight hours a day over a piano. They neither think themselves nor permit others within reach of the noise to think. But when the piano is played out, they are educated.

THE PRAYER-MEETING SERVICE.

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

OCT. 28-31. NOV. 1-3. —HELP.—
Mark i. 29-31.

Notice: Our Lord entered the humble house of a fisherman. Our Lord is wont to enter lowly places.

Notice again: There was a wife in Simon Peter's house. It was Simon Peter's wife's mother who was sick.

How strange it is! What steady clashing with the Scripture! Some time since I was reading an article by the late Cardinal Manning of England, in which he said: "The marriage state in the Christian world, though holy and good, is not the highest state. The state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman." And then he went on applauding the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood and the "vows of chastity," as they are called—as though marriage vows were unchaste—of monks and nuns.

And yet how strange it is that the very Apostle whom this Roman hierarchy calls Primate and Vicar of Christ is the only Apostle of the whole company of Apostles who we are absolutely certain had a wife. As late as the year 57 A.D. Peter's wife was living, and, as a good wife should, she was accompanying Peter on his missionary tours. For about that year, 57 A.D., Paul wrote his first epistle to the Corinthians, and in that epistle Paul definitely tells us that Peter had a wife who was going about with him (1 Cor. ix. 5). Oh, the perpetual and impious clash with Scripture of Romanism! Celibacy the highest state, and yet the Apostle Romanism chiefly banks on not a celibate!

Notice again: This house of Peter into which our Lord entered was also a residence and refuge for his wife's mother.

I confess I think a good deal more of Peter as a large-minded, loving, family man, notwithstanding all his impetuosity and quick speech, because of this

fact about him—his wife's mother lived with him. Sometimes I hear or read very coarse and mean and pitiable jokes about the mother-in-law in the family. And people laugh at them. I never feel like laughing at them. Now and then there may be such a thing as a badly interfering mother-in-law. But I am sure such are far oftener bountiful and painstaking and full of sacrifice and service. I believe it to be a fair general rule that a man or a woman flippant and sneering and hard of speech about parents only shows thus a selfish and miserable heart. The love which a man bears his wife or a wife a husband ought to be a love which consecrates and holds in honor especially the parents of wife or husband. And I am sure it is a good rule for one to set himself—never to accord himself in any mean joking speech about so great and sacred a thing as the peace and honor of the family. One ought sedulously to guard the reputations of those who in any wise run these roots into his family and go to make it up. I think Peter stands in a beautiful light here, drawing the circle of his love for wife around his wife's mother also.

Notice again: Capernaum, when this little household scene sets itself, was a city lying on the edge of the lake of Galilee. There were several flat and marshy plains about, margining the lake. Capernaum was near one of them. Little streams filtered through the marshy plains, and Peter's wife's mother was sick with fever—"prostrate with fever," Mark; "great fever," Luke. It is easy to see how such environment of marsh would be apt to breed malarial fever. That sort of sickness was the scourge of the countryside. So it is not wonderful that one should be smitten with such prevailing disease. This is worth thinking of, showing, as it does, how closely Scripture fits to the natural fact of things.

And now in this cure of this sick woman it has seemed to me there is yielded an exquisite and accurate picture of our *Lord's way of help*.

1. It is not our Lord's way of help to help from a distance. "*He came.*" The best help is close help. He came. And He came thus because He had come into human nature in the Incarnation. Why, in that word, "*He came,*" I think we can quite clearly see the whole great and gracious fact of Incarnation. In the early Christian centuries there raged a great controversy. It circulated about the two words Homoousian and Homoiousian. Mr. Froude tells us how, in his earlier life, Thomas Carlyle was wont to speak very contemptuously about this controversy—the Christian world torn in pieces over a diphthong. But in his later years he came to see it very differently. Homoousian, *i. e.*, of the same substance or essence; Homoiousian, *i. e.*, only of like substance or essence. And those who stood for the truth of God said, concerning Christ, the first and not the last. That is the fact. Jesus Christ is of *the same* substance with the Father. In Him God came. Oh, how close to us is the help of Christ!

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for!
my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O
soul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a
Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever! A
Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
thee! See the Christ stand.

Christ does not help from a distance
—He came.

2. It is our Lord's way of help to help *sympathizingly*. "And took her *by the hand.*" What an expression of sympathy—that hand-grasp! Mark's Gospel is the Gospel of the Hand (Mark i. 41; v. 41; viii. 23; ix. 27; x. 16).

3. It is our Lord's way of help to help *strengtheningly*. "And *lifts her up.*" All the truth and teaching of our Lord's impartation of strength are here. "I can do all things through Christ,

who *strengthened* me," is the Apostle's joyful challenge.

4. It is our Lord's way of help to help *entirely*. "And immediately the fever left her." Learn—the test that we have really received the help of Christ—that we use the help thus yielded us in service. "And she arose and ministered unto them."

Nov. 4-10.—STRESS.—Mark i. 13.

"Tempted of Satan," Mark.
"Tempted of the devil," Matt.
"Tempted of the devil," Luke also.
Satan and the devil are one and the same. I think the author of these lines has spoken truly:

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their
fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
to let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a
fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the
world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draft that
palsies heart and brain,
And loads the earth of each passing year
with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was? Won't
somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and
digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wher-
ever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course
the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil
alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roar-
ing lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the
everlasting row
To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to
the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere
to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
and make his oow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day
spring up? for surely we want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course
the devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who
carries his business on.

It seems to me the evil of the world
is awfully inexplicable unless there

be a personal devil. I think these words of Archbishop Trench worthy of the most thoughtful heed: "There is a dark, mysterious element in man's life and history which nothing else—save the fact of a personal devil—can explain." "Those to whom the doctrine of an evil spirit is peculiarly unwelcome have been at infinite pains to exorcise theology, and from that domain, at least, to cast Satan out, even though they should be impotent to cast him out from any other. All who shrink from looking down into the abysmal depths of man's fall, because they have no eye for the heavenly heights of his restoration, seem to count that much will have been gained thereby; although it may be very pertinently asked, as indeed one has asked, What is the profit of getting rid of the devil so long as the devilish remains? of explaining away an evil one, so long as the evil ones who remain are so many? * · What profit indeed?

"Assuredly, this doctrine of an Evil Spirit tempting, seducing, deceiving, prompting to rebellion and revolt, so far from casting a deeper gloom on the destinies of humanity, is full of consolation, and lights up with a gleam and glimpse of hope spots which seem utterly dark without it. One might well despair of himself, having no choice but to believe that all the strange suggestions of evil which have risen up before one's own heart had been born there; one might well despair of one's kind, having no choice but to believe that all its hideous sins and all its monstrous crimes had been self-conceived, and bred within its own bosom. But there is hope if 'an enemy have done this'; if, however, the soil *in* which these wicked thoughts and wicked works have sprung up has been the heart of man, yet the seed *from* which they sprung had been sown there by the hand of another." †

And here our Lord was in the stress

* Goethe in Faust.

† Studies in the Gospels. Archbishop Trench, pp. 16, 17.

and strain of the temptation of Satan, the devil.

And in this respect our Lord is the exemplar and illustration of ourselves. Every one of us must pass into the stress and strain of such temptation. This is the doom of life.

Certain helpful lessons for ourselves from our Lord's stress with temptation:

First—Our Lord fought *lonely* battles. To the accounts of the other evangelists, Mark adds this graphic touch, depicting how clearly the loneliness of our Lord's struggle—"and was with the wild beasts." All great experiences are isolating—joy, sorrow, temptation. The deepest fact about every one of us is that each of us is alone. Have you never been smitten and chilled by this thought of your loneliness when confronted by some great question? After all, *you* must decide. Now the sweet and comforting fact is that our Lord knows all about this loneliness. Our Lord fought battles apart from all human companionship; He was with the wild beasts. And He can interpret and pity and sympathizingly help your loneliness. The guard against lonely hours is the consciousness that Christ is with you in them.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
In cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

Second—*Freedom from temptation is no sign of special grace.* The sinless one was tempted in *all points* like as we are. Though much tempted, do not despair, and think that therefore you are a castaway.

Third—*The power of a settled purpose.* Decision is half the battle—more, it is two-thirds the battle. How variously soever our Lord might be tempted, He met each recurring temptation with the settled purpose of truth to the Father; so He conquered. That is what we need: a settled purpose of serving God. So the shafts of temptation, though they strike us, will fall helplessly.

Fourth.—*Learn the true guiding for the will:* faith in the divine promise. It was the divine word our Lord steadily fell back on amid the onsets of temptation. I think Mr. Spurgeon's comment on this fact worth noting: "It is noteworthy that all the passages quoted by our Lord are from the Book of Deuteronomy, which book has been so grievously assailed by the destructive critics. Thus did our Lord put special honor upon that part of the Old Testament which He foresaw would be most attacked. The past few years have proved that the devil does not like Deuteronomy—he would fain avenge himself for the wounds it caused him on this most memorable occasion."

NOV. 11-17.—THE PASSING AND THE ABIDING.—ISA. xl. 8.

Mark the circumstances amid which our Scripture stands:

The prophet is holding in his vision the time of the promised return of the Hebrews from their Babylonian exile.

This fortieth chapter begins with a series of dramatic herald-voices to the Hebrews there in Babylon.

The first voice is a voice of consolation and promise, that the time of sad, hard exile is nearing its end (1, 2).

The second voice is a voice summoning to action, and also strong with promise (3, 4, 5).

And then comes the too usual human answer to such divine summoning and promise. The voice said, "Cry;" and he—the one speaking for Israel—answered, "What can I cry? The leaders are all dead," etc. (6, 7).

And then, again, sounds the strong and heroic music of the divine and heartening certainty: "Yes, the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth; there is much that passes. But there is one thing which does not pass—there is one thing which abides amid and through all passing—the Word of the Lord."

Let us get heart and hope from the fact of this surely abiding thing amid all passing things:

First.—Since the Word of our God shall stand forever, the Bible will remain.

(a) Think of the Bible as *history*. "The Old Testament is supported by the exhumed records of the kings of Egypt and Babylon and Nineveh and Moab. We are now shown in the Boulag Museum at Cairo the very body of the Egyptian king who oppressed Israel. At a hundred points confirmatory evidence has been dug out of the Assyrian ruins. In the day when the Bible was attacked by unbelief, there appeared out of the very ground hosts of defenders. God's Providence supports His Book."

(b) Think of the Bible as to *philosophy*. And John Stuart Mill will tell us, "It is impossible to find in the ideas of any philosophy, even the latest, a single point which is not anticipated and ennobled in Christianity."

(c) Think of the Bible as to *science*. It is true, as one has said wisely and wittily, that "the intention of Holy Scripture is to teach us to go to heaven, and not how the heavens go." And yet the great astronomer and scientist, Sir John Herschel, will tell us: "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more and more strongly the truth contained in the Sacred Scriptures." And Professor Dana, of Yale University, says: "The grand old Book of God still stands, and this old earth, the more its laws are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the Sacred Word."

(d) Think of the Bible as to *morals*. Those words of James Russell Lowell spoken so bravely at a dinner in London, before a company of skeptics, are well worth treasuring: "The worst kind of religion is no religion at all. And those men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity,

might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which has hunted the heavens and searched the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard—when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundation and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for these skeptical literati to move thither, and there ventilate their views. But so long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his faith, and humanity of its faith, in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom." And this uplifting and defending morality is revealed to us in the Bible.

And now this Bible, the Word of God, which history substantiates, which philosophy cannot anticipate, which science reinforces, which is the source and spring of all true morals and secure civilization is to abide.

One day I paused beside a blacksmith's door,

And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then looking in I saw upon the floor

Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye, [know.]
"The anvil wears these hammers out, you

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet though the noise of infidels was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone!

Second.—Since the Word of our God shall stand forever, the kingdom of Christ is to endure and conquer. For the very heart and kernel of God's Word is the revelation of the certainly vanquishing kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Third.—Since the Word of our God standeth forever, heaven will shine on us at the last. This is very beautiful and pathetic.

The following from Helen Keller is a letter to a friend, published in *The Boston Transcript*.

Helen Keller is a young girl, deaf, dumb, and blind, and the only way of communicating with her is to touch the palm of her hand in ways indicative of words. In the letter referred to she wrote:

"You know I have lost my loving friend, Bishop Brooks. Oh, it is very hard to bear this great sorrow—hard to believe that I shall never more hold his gentle hand while he tells me about God and love and goodness! Oh, his beautiful words! They come back to me with sweet, new meaning. He once said to me, 'Helen, dear child'—that is what he always called me—'we must trust our Heavenly Father always, and look beyond our present pain and disappointment with a hopeful smile.' And in the midst of my sorrow I seem to hear his glad voice say: 'Helen, you SHALL see me again in that beautiful world we used to talk about in my study. Let not your heart be troubled.' Then heaven seems very near, since a tender, loving friend awaits us there."

Yes, the grass withereth; this world passeth. But God's heaven is and His heaven abides!

Nov. 18-24.—INTO THINE HAND.—
Ps. xxxi. 5.

Very sacred are these words. Our Lord used them upon His cross (Luke xxiv. 46). And from then till now these

words, hallowed by our Lord's use, have articulated the dying prayer and trust of many a saint. It is recorded of Polycarp, Bernard, Huss, Luther, Melancthon, and many others that, dying, they found these words the fittest for their failing breath; and these are but specimens of the millions of unrecorded ones, who, vanquishing death by a triumphant trust, have thus breathed their souls forth into the bosom of the Heavenly Father. From the Great Master down these words have been the secure pathway for multitudes of souls through the vast, new experience of the last and whelming change.

And these most consecrated words have much to teach us concerning many things.

Consider first: How these words, so sacred, are full of the fact of our *human immortality*. Into Thine hand I commit my *spirit*. Then man has and is a spirit, which he can commit. "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy."—Prof. John Fiske.

Consider second: How these most sacred words, by implication, set forth the fact that a man must do somewhat with his spirit. Think to what some commit their spirit—

- (a) To the dream of theosophy.
- (b) To spiritualism.
- (c) To a worldly carelessness about the destiny of that spirit.
- (d) To an external morality.
- (e) To external rites, as does the ritualist.
- (f) To purging punishments, as does the Universalist.

Consider third: To whom it is most right and reasonable to commit one's spirit.

- (a) To a *personal* God—into *Thine* hand; for *Thou*, etc.
- (b) To a *redeeming* God—*Thou hast redeemed*.
- (c) To a God of *truth*—O Lord God of *truth*.

Here is a most beautiful incident in point:

A Scotch minister in Torquay, Devonshire, related the following incident:

"I was sitting in my study one Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who tended their flocks upon our Highland hills was dying and wanted to see his minister. Without loss of time, I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little cottage. When I entered the low room I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent he was near his end.

"'Jean,' he said to his wife, 'gie the minister a stool and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alone.'

"As soon as the door was closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I ever looked into, and said in a voice shaken with emotion: 'Minister, I'm dying, and—and—I'm afraid!'

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's Word furnishes us, but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"'I ken them a',' he said mournfully; 'I ken them a', but somehow they dinna gie me comfort.'

"'Do you not believe them?'

"'Wi' a' my heart,' he replied earnestly.

"'Where, then, is there any room for fear with such a saving faith?'

"'For a' that, minister, I'm afraid—I'm afraid.'

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed and turned to the twenty-third Psalm. 'You remember the twenty-third Psalm?' I began.

"'Remember it!' he said vehemently. 'I kenned it lang afore ye were born; ye needna read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside.'

"'But there is one verse which you have not taken in.'

"He turned upon me a half-reproachful and even stern look. 'Did I na tell ye I kenned it every word lang afore ye were born?'

"I slowly repeated the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'

"You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?"

"'Frighten me?' he said quickly. 'Na, na! Davie Donaldson has Covenanters' bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him.'

"But did those shadows ever make you believe that you would not see the sun again—that it was gone forever?"

"Na, na, I couldna be sic a simpleton as that.'

"Nevertheless that is just what you are doing now.' He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"Yes,' I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind it; but it's only a shadow. Remember, that's what the Psalmist calls it—a shadow that will pass; and when it has passed, you will see the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory.'

"The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then letting them fall straight on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself: 'Aweel, aweel! I ha' conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow! afraid of a shadow!' Then, turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven: 'Ay, ay, I see it a' now. Death is only a shadow—a shadow with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass. Na, na, I'm afraid nae mair.'

"As the people wended their way home that Sunday through the streets of Torquay, not a few, I am sure, repeated to themselves the words of the

old shepherd and gathered comfort therefrom: 'Na, na, I'm afraid nae mair.'

Nov. 25-30. — A TOO MUCH UNTHOUGHT-OF CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.—1 Tim. i. 12.

The Revised Version is better: "I thank Him who enabled me, even Christ Jesus our Lord, for that He counted me faithful, *appointing me to his service.*" Specially notice that last word, *service*. You see it is a wider word than *ministry* in the King James Version, and it is a word which better expresses the meaning of the original. *Ministry* is a service, but it is a specific form of service; whereas *service* is a word more comprehensive, including indeed the particular service of the ministry, but also, and as well, all other sorts of service which may be done for the Lord Christ.

It is a frequent advice, and a good one, to count your mercies. We should be more thankful and more contented did we do it oftener. When, at last, the publisher had received the end of the MS. of Dr. Samuel Johnson's dictionary, wearied with Dr. Johnson's continual delays, his publisher exclaimed, "Thank God, I have done with that fellow." Upon hearing this, Dr. Johnson remarked, "I'm glad that fellow thanks God for anything." I fear me there are too many grumbling people who never do thank God for anything.

Well, if you were to set about counting your services, what would you reckon up for which to give God thanks? Your health, possessions, influence, friends, Sabbaths, open Bibles, the delights of Christian fellowship, courtesy, liberty? Well worth your thanks are things like these. And it is a most wise and good thing to make a shining and reverent catalogue of the multiplied and various gifts of God.

But I wonder if, in your cataloguing of reasons for thankfulness, you would not forget to number as among the best

and brightest of them this—the opportunity for service.

This, as our Scripture teaches us, was Paul's surpassing reason for thankfulness.

This is the pith of the Christian idea of life—that it be a service. Consider Christ. Do you remember how Peter described our Lord (Acts x. 35), who went about doing good? How much in that description! Analyze a moment:

Who—He Himself; not by proxy did He serve.

He *went about*. He did not wait for opportunity to come to Him. *Doing*—He actually accomplished good; He did not merely sentimentalize. He *went about doing* good; it was His habit; it was not a spirit of service now and then.

And now concerning service, the opportunity of which we ought to count great cause for thankfulness, our Scripture teaches us some most important lessons.

(a) Service is an *entrusting*. Counted me faithful—that is, trustworthy. George Eliot, in one of her poems, puts some most noble words into the mouth of Antonio Stradivarius, of Cremona, concerning service as a trust committed to us. Speaking of the masters who will play on his violins, Stradivarius says:

While God gives them skill,
I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him.

Then the thought of a rival violin-maker comes to him, and Stradivarius goes on, how nobly:

But were his the best,
He could not work for two. My work is mine.

And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked,
I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him.

'Tis God gives skill;
But not without men's hands. He could not
make
Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio.

This is the thought, to make service noble: God entrusts me with service.

(b) *For service there is enabling*. Who hath enabled me—that is, put strength into me. There is this enabling by a sometimes special conferring of strength for special duties, and also by the action of the great law that use of one's self in service increases power for service.

(c) Concerning service, our Scripture teaches us that *God will not harbor against us former refusals and failures*. Notice that thirteenth verse. It is the glory of the Gospel that it divorces us from an evil past.

(d) In our Scripture there is disclosed to us what *makes service valuable* (14): Faith and love. Not the greatness of the service, but the motive of it.

You make the opal shine by clasping it in your hand and so warming it. Though it seem dull before, it will glisten now. And a slight service in itself, clasped in the warm hand of love, to the Lord Jesus will glow with beauty in His eyes.

EXEGETICAL AND EXPOSITORY SECTION.

Job xix. 25-27 and Immortality and Resurrection in the Old Testament.

By J. B. REMENSNYDER, D.D., NEW YORK CITY.

THIS is one of the weightiest passages in the Scriptures. Few bear more clearly the unique seal of inspiration.

It is one of those utterances which shine by their own light, which illuminate the deep mysteries of truth, and which, by a divine prescience, open a vista into the eternal depths. It reminds us of the incomparable sayings of Jesus. Delitzsch says of it: "Among the three pearls which became visible in the Book of Job above the waves of conflict

(viz., xiv. 13-15, xvi. 18-21, xix. 25-27), there is none more costly than this third, wherein the hero himself plants the flag of victory above his own grave." Ewald says: "Thus spring forth (verses 25-27), as from a purer celestial air borne by the Spirit, those few but infinitely weighty, sublime words, which constitute the crown of the whole contention—words of purest splendor of divine truth, without anything to dim them, which suddenly make the speaker an inspired prophet, so that he here at once begins quite unexpectedly with higher certainty."

The significance of this inspired outbreak of triumph and glory from Job's bed of dejection and woe is its bearing upon the Old Testament teachings respecting a future state. That it sheds any light upon the condition beyond the grave has been and is denied by many, as its testimony is reduced to such faint glimmerings as to amount to practical silence and darkness. What light, then, if any, does this passage throw upon the doctrines of immortality and resurrection? The whole passage runs thus in the Authorized Version: "*For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my veins shall be consumed within me.*" The Revised Version differs in no material point, its rendering being almost verbally identical, except in its omission of "worms" and "body" in verse 26, which, however, does not affect the main sense.

The opening words, "I know," at once arrest us. The Hebrew verb indicates absolute certainty. Job's sudden change of manners must here have arrested the attention of his friends. His meaning is: "I am about to declare a mighty truth, and I do it with authority. I feel the inspiration of the Almighty resistlessly moving within me." "That my Redeemer liveth."

The Hebrew word is *Goel*. The "Goel" was the nearest blood relation, whose duty it was to avenge his kinsman if unjustly slain. While Job thus refers to a usage of the time, yet his meaning goes far beyond it. No man has injured him. But he has suffered as guilty at the hands of God, and his conclusion shows clearly that it is God to whom he looks as his vindicator. It is not vengeance that he seeks, but the manifesting of his innocence. Hence both versions rightly render Goel not "Avenger," but "Redeemer." Whether there is here a foreglimpse of Christ the true Redeemer, such as was granted to Abraham and some of the Old Testament saints, we cannot tell.

"And that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." Literally, "shall rise up"—*i. e.*, after Job had gone down to Hades. "Upon the earth," Hebrew *aphar*—literally, the dust of which man was made. Says Delitzsch: "An Arab would think of nothing else but the dust of the grave in this connection." Over the dust of Job in the grave his Redeemer, God, shall rise up and vindicate his innocence.

"And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." This is the pivotal point, the crux of the passage. Job here speaks of a conscious vision. Is it after death or in this life? If the former, then we have here an indisputable revelation of immortality. The literal translation runs: "After that they have destroyed my skin from (Cox—"out of;" Wordsworth—"forth from;" Delitzsch—"free from") my flesh shall see God." The verb *nakaph* means destroyed, devoured, torn in pieces; and the Authorized Version, without violence to the idea, supplies worms as the agents. That Job means that his body will be utterly broken down by natural death is so evident that one marvels that scholars should be found to controvert it. Delitzsch says: "Job here looks for certain death." Oetinger: "Job here speaks of himself when his dust shall have moldered away." Oehler: "The

passage presupposes a continuation of Job's communion with God after his death." Cox: "A man whose body is torn in pieces, devoured, destroyed, reduced to dust, should be dead, if words have any force or significance." Yet in this state Job makes this declaration of himself, his cumulative and reiterative phrases showing his absolute certainty of the vision: "I shall see God, whom I shall see for myself—whom mine eyes shall behold—I, and not another." Beyond all question, immortality is here declared; the continued existence of the soul after death is set forth as a certitude. Language could not be chosen to make its revelation more clear, positive, and incontestable.

Does the passage further teach the doctrine of the resurrection? Not clearly; but it certainly seems to look more or less to it. Job does not speak of a bodiless beholding of God. But he says "From," or "out of," his flesh, in which at least there is an ambiguity, and with his "eyes" he shall behold God. He seems, therefore, to have a conception of a sensible perception, analogous to our present bodily one. The Targum sees in the passage an allusion to a future corporeal nature, as will be seen from its translation, thus: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and hereafter His redemption will arise over the dust (into which I shall be dissolved), and after my skin is again made whole this will happen; and from my flesh I shall again behold God." Delitzsch, with a wise moderation, says: "Job's faith is here on the direct road to the hope of a resurrection; we see it germinating and struggling toward the light." The learned Dr. Pusey goes much farther (Lectures on Daniel, p. 504): "No doubtful meaning of any words can efface from this passage the doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh." St. Chrysostom varies the teaching of the fathers thus: "Those words inculcate the doctrine of the Church, the resurrection of the flesh." Those, accordingly, who utterly deny all possibility of any reference here to the resur-

rection, are taking, to say the least, very rash ground.

A sound, judicious exposition of the particular expressions and general tenor of this weighty passage, therefore, deduces from it an unmistakable revelation of immortality. And this, buttressed by so many others, and by such ocular and material demonstration as the translations of Enoch and Elijah, should set at rest the questions whether or not the Old Testament makes known the reality of a future state. And further, it contains within it the germs of the blessed doctrine of the resurrection. Hearing this shout of victory in the moment of defeat, this outcry of rapture in the midst of agony, this witness of immortality in close prospect of death, and this voice of resurrection from out the dust of the grave, we stand awed by the moral grandeur of this summit of the Book of Job. And we can say, with the philosopher Jacobi: "Job, maintaining his virtue, and justifying the utterance of the Creator respecting him, sits upon his heap of ashes as the glory and pride of God, and with Him the whole celestial hosts witnesses the manner in which he bears his misfortune. He conquers, and his conquest is a triumph beyond the stars."

HAS the age the men for the deep, quiet, broad, self-denying, thoughtful and yet practical work needed? Men who can put life into their ideas, inspiration into their feelings, character into their utterances, personality into their conduct? The distractions interfere with inner culture; there is an almost irresistible temptation to yield immediately to superficial impressions; the denomination, the school, the local interest and national concerns are predominant; but the men needed must understand the age itself as the result of the past and the fountain of the future, must be masters of themselves and of the age, and must descend to the depths for the powers needed in the present crisis.

SOCIOLOGY AND COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

Papers in Social Science and Comparative Religion.

By REV. B. F. KIDDER, PH. D.

V.—THE GREEK AT HOME.

THERE are Greeks and Greeks. Not all of the dwellers in Hellas are Hellenes. The Slavs, who overran Thessaly and the Peloponnesus during the eighth century of our era, have unquestionably many descendants among the present population of Greece. The Wallachians, who had a roving shepherd life on Olympus and in the regions of Acarnania, although politically a part of the present Greek nation, belong to the same stock as the Roumanians of the Danube. While the Albanians, a still more powerful and important element of the new Kingdom of Greece, are probably descended from the ancient Illyrians, and are perhaps of the same blood as the Macedonians, yet the name of Greek has not lost its individuality, nor all of its traditional and peculiar quality.

Athens, more than any other city, we might almost say more than all other cities, stands for Greece; and Attica was not contaminated by the barbarian invasion.

More than this, the predominance everywhere in Greece of the Greek element is seen in the language of the people. In spite of many centuries of vicissitudes, barbarian invasion, and Turkish occupancy, there is far less difference between the Greek spoken in Greece to-day and the Greek of Herodotus, or even of Homer, than there is between the English of to-day and the English of Chaucer.

In studying the institutions of Greece as indicative of the progress of the people, we should not forget that it was only a little more than sixty years ago that the war of independence was brought to a successful close and the new Kingdom of Greece was estab-

lished. Any people who can endure centuries of Turkish domination without being utterly ruined is worthy of no little consideration. To completely recover from such degradation in sixty years would be to perform the crowning miracle of social and political history.

But the Greek is free to-day in the land of his fathers, under his own immortal skies; and the movements of his mind and heart, as he builds anew the temples of his gods, are of more than ordinary interest, not only to every lover of Greece as it was, but also to every student of sociology.

As one walks the streets of modern Athens it is a little difficult to study the present by itself. The past throws its irresistible spell over everything. One cannot forget that here art reached its highest development, and philosophy attained summits from which it caught a glimpse of things divine.

But if we experience a feeling of disappointment in finding the present, in some respects, below the ideals of the past, it is only what, with equal reason, we might experience almost anywhere else in the world. England never had but one Shakespeare, and Germany to-day has no living Goethe or Schiller, Italy no Raphael or Michael Angelo.

It is true that the Greek of to-day is not capable of building another Parthenon; but he is capable of appreciating the old one, not as a worshiper of the past, nor (like the people of too many other lands where works of the great masters are found) for the sake of extorting money from travelers, but as a lover of the beautiful and a patron of art. He builds no fence around his priceless treasures, but he builds splendid museums, taxing his not too abundant resources heavily to this end, and makes them absolutely free to all.

Greece to-day has no living Plato or Aristotle; no academy as it once was. But no people of modern times, with

like obstacles in the way, have shown a keener or more vigorous appreciation of higher education and general culture than the Greeks. With a total area of only twenty-five thousand square miles and a population of less than three millions, Greece has, besides many private schools, about seventeen thousand elementary schools, more than two thousand national schools, about three hundred grammar schools, forty gymnasia, a commercial school, a polytechnic institute, and several other technical schools, and a great university with not far from three thousand students in attendance.

As a rule, instruction in the public schools has hitherto been free; but this policy has not been without certain disadvantages. With a strong desire for learning, and the way to its attainment so easy, an undue proportion of the youths of the country have been attracted to professional pursuits, till it might almost be said that there are more lawyers than clients, more physicians than sick people.

In order to partially remedy this state of affairs, the Government has recently imposed a slight tax upon those attending the university. The measure was met by a stormy protest on the part of the students, but it is unquestionably sanctioned by the sober judgment of the community at large.

The general bent of the Greek mind may be seen in the relative numbers in the different departments of the university. In a total membership of about three thousand students, about fourteen hundred are qualifying for the law, eight hundred for medicine, five hundred for arts, a hundred for pharmacy, and perhaps twenty-five for theology.

When we come to study the Greek in politics we find that every man is a politician. If the bane of American politics is a lack of interest on the part of too many of the best men, it might be said that the bane of Greek politics is a too abundant zeal on the part of all. Every man in Greece knows the

best policy for the Government to pursue, and very seldom two are agreed.

Politics is everywhere the all-absorbing theme. The newspapers contain little else. The cafés are the constant scenes of stormy political debates. Every measure of the Government is promptly put on the rack, and even the Chamber of Deputies is split up into many discordant factions, without being divided along great and clearly defined lines of Governmental policy.

Greece has a king, and probably could not do without him at present; but the democratic spirit pervades and rules everything. The Constitution abolishes all titles of nobility. Every man is a Greek among Greeks.

This condition of affairs is not without its present dangers and disadvantages; neither is it without its great advantages. Where every man makes the Government his particular care, the power of the professional and unprincipled jobber is greatly restricted. And in a country where intelligence in regard to public affairs is general, where men are free, and every measure of the Government may be challenged, real leadership cannot but be developed and brought to the front.

Greece is not without such leadership. I am not alone, probably not in the minority, in believing that the present Prime Minister, M. Charles Tricoupis, is a statesman who would rank high as such in any country where his lot might be cast. It is true that his policy in the present crisis has been severely criticized. He has been accused by his enemies at home of plunging the nation into bankruptcy. But it was already in bankruptcy, and, when called to office, as he had been on several former occasions, to save the country from ruin, he simply had the candor and the courage to make the true condition of things public. He has been accused by his enemies abroad of dishonesty. But he simply took the only course which seemed possible and sane, namely, to make at least a temporary compromise with the credit-

ors of Greece and save the country from irretrievable ruin.

The morality of bankrupt acts and compromises may always be seriously questioned; but there are times when, at least, they seem more excusable than at others. Before passing judgment upon the policy of the present Greek Government, we should consider the conditions which brought on the crisis from which Mr. Tricoupis is seeking to extricate the country.

Ever since 1881 Greece has been borrowing heavily abroad and issuing forced currency, till the national debt amounts to not far from \$150,000,000 in gold. But a far less amount than this came into the national treasury. Those who became the creditors of Greece took advantage of her emergency to make usurious conditions. For example, in the loan of 1881 the nominal amount for which Greece became debtor, and on which five per cent. interest is paid, was one hundred and twenty millions of francs, while the amount actually paid over by the creditors was only about ninety millions. The nominal loan of 1888, on which four per cent. is paid, was one hundred and thirty-five millions of francs, while the amount which Greece actually received was only about ninety-one millions. And the loan of 1890 was still more usurious, the country becoming debtor for ninety millions at five per cent., but actually receiving of this amount only about fifty-three millions.

Nations as well as individuals are under moral obligation to meet every indebtedness to the fullest possible extent; but if the creditors of Greece should suffer a little in the present crisis, it would hardly be worth their while to appeal to the general public for sympathy.

The general standard of honesty in commercial transactions in Greece is certainly not any higher than it ought to be. The reputation of the average Greek in this regard is not particularly enviable. But I do not believe that his standard or his practice is below the

average which prevails in European countries.

The general moral tone of the Greek is far above that of most of his neighbors. One may sojourn in Greece for a long time without seeing any indication of that moral looseness which prevails in almost every other country of Europe. Adultery is almost unknown.

A study of the statistics of crime in Greece reveals some very interesting facts. It is impossible in a paper of this length to give details in anything like their fulness, but I have selected a few figures from the records of 1890 which show the fair average trend of Greek depravity. During this year, the whole number of crimes recorded was 4,880, nearly three-fourths of which (3,382) were cases of murder, or manslaughter, or attempted murder, or wounding. There were also 442 cases of rape, 186 of robbery, 586 of theft.

The preponderance of crimes of violence is very noticeable. The Greek however, is not, as a rule, ill-tempered, but rather the reverse. But he is quick-tempered and impulsive. He does not often plan to be a villain, but he is frequently "overtaken in a fault."

A partial explanation of the preponderance of crimes of violence in Greece may be found in the way in which criminals of this class are treated. In 1890, as we have seen, there were 3,382 cases of murder or murderous assault, 2,301 of which resulted fatally, but only 23 of the murderers, or *one per cent. of the whole number*, were condemned to death; 255 were sentenced to penal servitude for life, while the others were simply sentenced to penal servitude or imprisonment for a longer or shorter period of time.

The more hopeful phase of this record of crime is the fact that of the 4,880 criminals, 4,486 were condemned for the first time. Only 51 of the entire number were females.

The religious conditions of Greece are somewhat peculiar. The Greeks are no less religious to-day than they were when Paul entered Athens. Probably

no other country has so many sacred places in proportion to the whole number of the population. Many of them are the mere ruins of ancient chapels, but the name of the saint to which they were dedicated clings to them still, and the priests usually conduct service at each of these shrines at least once a year, on the birthday of the saint. To drive a plow through a place where an altar once stood is considered as much a sacrilege by the modern as it was by the ancient Greeks.

But religion has too little root in the understanding and in the spiritual nature. It is not unusual to hear a Greek speak in jest of sacred things; yet at that instant he would fight for his religion and the Church—even die for it. Religion belongs to the country, and to the Greek it is synonymous with patriotism.

The Greek priests, as a rule, are not so well educated as those of the Roman Catholic Church, but their morals are incalculably higher. They are allowed to marry once; but when one of them is made a bishop, he must renounce his wife and children.

The priests of the orthodox Greek Church, as a rule, receive no remuneration for their public services; and the fees for minor functions are usually so small that they must eke out a living for themselves and their families by secular pursuits. In this respect, at least, they bear some resemblance to the great Apostle to the Gentiles. Even the priests of the metropolis receive only from \$300 to \$500 per year, while those of the country receive from \$100 to \$250.

Perhaps some one may see in these conditions a reason why a larger proportion of the young men of the university are not attracted to the priesthood. But of priests Greece has a "splendid abundance"—80,000 for an orthodox population of only about 1,600,000, or one for every 200 souls.

Evangelical efforts in Greece have not, as yet, yielded any very considerable results, although some work is

being done in Athens, the Piræus, Patras, and two or three other places. There is not at present sufficient religious liberty to permit of very extensive or well-organized work.

In Greece a man may have his own religious convictions, but he must not attempt to convert another to his faith. That is, a Protestant may convert a Moslem, or a Moslem may convert a Protestant, but neither must attempt to convert an orthodox Greek.

The greatest of all the obstacles to Christian work in Greece is the fact that the country is already Christian in name, while it is to be feared that comparatively few of the people know very much about experimental religion. The Greeks, as individuals and as a nation, feel that they already have the true religion, to which they are intensely devoted, and they cannot understand why any one should wish to come to their country to convert them to Christianity.

The best of all the evangelical work in Greece is being done by the colporteurs, who are quietly traveling through the country and leaving the Bible, where it is being thoughtfully and prayerfully read by an increasing number of the common people.

What shall we say of the future prospect of the Greek in his own country? It is not as encouraging in the immediate future as we could wish, but it is far from hopeless.

The Greek will never consent to be anything but a democrat, not in the sense in which the word is used in America, but in its larger, truer sense. And that spirit of freedom, equality, and self-reliance is the only one which can ever lead the Greeks or any other people to work out their own salvation, as God shall work with them.

The Greek is a most intense lover of home. Abroad he never forgets Greece; in Greece he is a patriot. The infernal plant of anarchy does not seem to take root in his soil.

More than this, the most sacred place on earth to the Greek, next to the altars of his country and his God, is his own

firside; and, as a rule, he never rests content until there is some place, however humble, that he can call his own. There are comparatively few large holdings in Greece; but there is a vast number of small estates, many of them of only one or two acres each, on which the sacred citadel of some Greek home is built.

These facts are of no slight significance in determining the future permanency and strength of Greece.

But Greece is a very small country, and her burdens seem crushing her to death! It is true that she owes more money than she can at present pay, and some of her creditors talk in a very threatening manner. But she has resources which, if she is shown a little leniency in the present crisis, are abundant to more than meet all of her obligations and carry forward the work of public improvement which has been so heroically, but perhaps not too judiciously, begun.

Greece seems to have made the mistake, not altogether unnatural to a spirited, ambitious people but recently

come into possession of their liberties, of devoting too much immediate attention to the beautifying of their capital and too little attention to the opening up of the wealth-producing resources of the country. There are large mineral deposits in Greece that have as yet hardly been touched.

Manufacturing has been but little developed. Commerce has been more popular and successful. The revenues of the country have been derived principally from agriculture, but only twenty per cent. of the territory of Greece has thus far been brought under cultivation.

No qualities of the Greek mind are stronger than love of learning and devotion to religion. When the young men of Greece shall come to realize that there is no larger or more honorable field for the exercise of their mental and physical powers than the great fields of industry, and the people at large shall come to realize more fully that true religion is the worship and service of God in spirit and in action, the problem of the future of Greece will be solved.

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION.

The Demand of the Hour.

BY REV. W. C. HELT, PH. D., BLUE BALL, OHIO.

Two worlds center in man, the material and the spiritual. Thus he has an earthward and heavenward side to his nature. In this compound life he sustains close relations to man as his fellow companion, and to God as his Creator. He cannot break from these relations, yet he has the power to change them somewhat; hence the character of these relations indicates the character of the man.

The man who recognizes these relations and refuses to conform his life to them in the highest and truest sense is living beneath his privilege, is stultifying his life, and is selfish and ungrate-

ful. Every man is indebted to his fellow man and to God for favors and blessings received daily. How can this ever-increasing debt be canceled? By complying with the requirement of the Golden Rule, and by *love*. What gravitation is to the physical world, love is to the moral world. The man who refuses to love, and chills his affectional nature in the ice-box of selfishness, adds nothing to this world that the world needs, and certainly can add nothing to the world to come. God created man with a loving nature, and has commanded him to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc., and "thy neighbor as thyself."

According to these commandments, and in keeping with man's indebtedness, he is under obligation to love God

supremely, and before everything else. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." These commandments bring man into right relations with God, from whom he derives spiritual life—a resurrection from moral death. Without the impartation of this life, the selfishness in man controls his actions, and the ethics of the Golden Rule are ignored. All outward appliances, such as morality, ritualism, culture, and elaborate ceremonies, will avail but little in bringing man into right relations with God and with his fellow man. They may give to him a certain polish, but his selfishness remains, and he is yet dead in trespasses and in sins, hence devoid of love in the true sense.

Selfishness is the tap-root of all sin, and love is its only antidote. Love transforms the life, reverses its movements, imparts new motives, and opens up a new world of thought and activity. The new-born soul sees something in God and man that is lovable. This explains the earnestness that all true followers of God have in philanthropic and missionary work. They want all men to receive the same blessings that they have received. Thus love to God and man becomes not only a duty but a pleasure—it becomes the life of the soul. We are not to love humanity in the abstract, but man in the concrete. "Persons are love's world," says Emerson. In Christ's divine-human personality, we have God brought within the range of our comprehension, and humanity individualized. By loving Christ, we are both loving God and man.

We are required to love God supremely, because our relations to Him are more fundamental than are the relations we hold to one another. The relations existing between men in the world are greatly out of joint, and they must be set right by setting the individual right—by *regeneration*.

Many measures have been resorted to in the vain endeavor to reorganize the social order, and to bring order out of confusion,

They have all failed, because they deal with relations and not with character. Before society can be purified the individual must be purified. That cannot be done by plunging in the bathtub, and by putting on a new suit of clothes. He may present a pleasing appearance and look well outwardly, while within he is full of all uncleanness. The deplorable state of affairs in governmental matters is not going to be made any better by a change of administration unless the character of the incoming men is better than the character of the outgoing men. The character of the administration cannot rise higher than the character of the men controlling the administration. All economic problems will be solved, not by making a change in conditions and environments, but by changing the character of the men who are manipulating these problems; this must be done by a divine and not a human process. This change can be produced only by the individual coming in touch with the divine, and this union can be effected by love on the part of the individual.

The man who does not love God is under bondage; he is not free. Without freedom there can be no true development of character. There can be no government, civil or divine, without law; obedience to law is essential to harmony and prosperity, and there can be no obedience without freedom. The obedience of the slave to his master is not the act of freedom, but of constraint. The inclination on the part of the subject must coincide with the demands of the law without coercion, if he acts freely. Love for law is essential to a free and unrestrained obedience thereto. The Psalmist said: "Love Thy commandments above gold." He who has such a love for law cannot but love the Lawmaker. Love is the fulfilling of the law, because it leads to obedience. "Thy law do I love," therefore, "I shall keep Thy testimonies." If all men loved God supremely, they would love all of His laws; hence each would love his neighbor as himself. If

this were universally done, all of the disturbances in our economic relations and in governmental matters would right themselves as truly as water seeks its level.

Without love to God, man is imperfectly developed. That part of his nature which should be the most perfectly developed is where the defect is found. He may be a well-nigh perfectly developed animal; his intellect may have received proper culture and expansion; but if his affectional nature has been neglected, he is an imperfectly developed man. If either part of man's being—physical, mental, or spiritual—is neglected, it does not only cease to develop, but becomes weak, and the final result is paralysis. How can a man who is living a palsied spiritual life have a proper conception of his relation to God and man, and the obligations he is under to each? The word "duty" has no meaning to him, and he can dishonor God and tyrannize over man without any compunction of conscience. When such imperfectly developed men are in charge of governmental matters, and formulate our economic systems, what may we expect but selfishness, injustice, and oppression? If it were possible to reorganize society, business, and our governmental machinery on the basis of right and justice, things would be in as bad a condition as they are now in less than a decade, if the character of the men controlling these factors remained unchanged. Men must be brought to see things in their true relations, but this cannot be done unless the men are quickened into a new and higher life.

This, then, is the need of the hour, and unless it can be brought about we are destined to go from bad to worse as a nation, until we find our grave by the side of Rome as a disgraced and overthrown republic.

THE authorship of the Pentateuch is a personal question; therefore it can be settled only by dealing in personalities.

The Busy Pastor's Latest Friend.

By REV. J. F. COWAN, PITTSBURG, PA.

THE busy pastor's friend used to "drop in" on him on "sermon days," loaded with good advice and gossip, with which to torment him as he bent over his writing-table, "pen in hand."

The modern "busy pastor" doesn't bend over a table. He knows that bending is ungraceful and shortens life by contracting the lungs; and he wants to live to see the wonderful developments of the next few decades—the millenium, if possible. He doesn't write his sermons with the slow and painful scratch of the pen. He hasn't time for it. He is as busy as a bank president, with a score of departments of church work about which his grandfather could never have dreamed—almost too busy overseeing relief work, reading classes, building committees, Y. P. S. C. E., social reform club, good citizenship circle, and a dozen other circles, societies, boards, etc., to say nothing of his almost ceaseless rounds of pastoral visitation, to write sermons in the speediest way, let alone by the "pen in hand" process. He must make time count. So, *if* your modern busy pastor writes as much as he would like to, he rattles off his sermons on a typewriter, with which his congregation has fitted up his study, or he dictates them to an amanuensis, *if* he is able to have one; and *if* he can overcome the almost universal sense of painful shrinking with which finely organized minds lay their new-formed thoughts and fancies bare in the presence of a third person before putting them on cold paper and scanning them over for blemishes.

Happily, all three of these "*ifs*" have been overcome by modern ingenuity in the shape of a machine for recording thought, which makes the busy pastor's extempore sermons written ones, without any further effort on his part than talking them over in a conversational tone and having them mechanically recorded, ready for criticism and revision

ere they go before his audience. This invention, which makes writing as easy as talking, is the Edison phonograph, already adopted by many wideawake clergymen.

Suppose the pastor writes two sermons a week, averaging 3,000 words each. With a pen, he can put down thirty words when composing most rapidly; but his thought is hampered by the slow process of recording, and scores of correlated amplifications, arguments, and illustrations which flash upon him in the glow of a burning passage, flash out into darkness again before he has labored through the plodding task of jotting down one. Then he has to chase them all over creation, biting his finger-nails and rubbing his thinking-cap threadbare, in vain efforts to recapture them, or substitute others to fill out. So he is lucky if he gets his sermon written as he likes it in two or three mornings.

Twice two is four! How can he possibly give from four to six half-days a week to sermonizing, with 500 parishioners to visit and all the church machinery beforementioned to look after? He gives it up, and perhaps compromises on one written sermon (perchance an old one warmed up) and one extempore. Perchance the extempore talk is the better of the two, but it is not recorded, and is lost for future use as soon as delivered.

Now, you see how the "if he can get time to write" vanishes in the presence of a phonograph, which his congregation has presented him, or in which he has invested some of his hard-earned savings, confident of better returns than from any other equal investment.

With his subject analyzed, and jottings of the headings before him, he sits down in the seclusion of his study and begins to talk over his introduction. At first he feels his way; goes slowly; stops the machine often. Easily done. Presently he warms to his theme. There is absolutely no impediment to the natural flow of his thought, as in the tedious pen process of recording it.

He thinks more and more rapidly, but the recording process keeps abreast. He waxes fluent. He loses self-consciousness. He imagines himself before his audience. He pours into their ears his ringing message, as he has often done in his imagination when his heated head turned upon a sleepless pillow, though in those instances all the effort of an overstimulated brain was lost before morning. He rises to his most impassioned extempore delivery. Exposition, proposition, argument, and application follow in quick succession, until his eloquent peroration soars to brilliant climax, and—"Yes, wife! How long have I been sitting here? Have I kept dinner waiting?"

"Dinner? It is only 11 o'clock."

"Two hours! And every word of the sermon bottled up in the wax where it cannot get away! Thank God! I'll have time for twenty-five more calls than usual this week. Twenty-five times fifty-two in a year—1,300!"

The second "*if*" disappears as readily as the first. Of course the busy pastor *can* afford what saves so much of him to his congregation. If he cannot, then I submit it as a plain business proposition that his congregation can *not* afford *not* to give him an appliance which will make him so much more useful. His son or daughter, or some deserving and needy girl of his congregation, can type-write the work dictated at a trifling cost. No church can afford, in this age of labor-saving inventions, to pay a pastor several thousand dollars a year to drudge at a work a typewriter at \$30 a month might as well do. That is too much like cutting kindling-wood with a Damascus-edged razor to save the expense of a hatchet. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor or the Ladies' Aid Society might, with the proceeds of one entertainment or one self-denial offering, present its pastor with a phonograph, and save his eyesight, nerves, and precious time.

The third "*if*," you see, has taken flight before we have reached it. The

man of nervous temperament, who could not accustom himself to unbosoming his new-fledged thoughts in the presence of a cold-blooded stenographer, does not need to do it. He can do better: save the hire of a skilled stenographer and substitute a much more faithful reporter—the phonograph—and a cheaper copyist, or the labor of one of his own family.

He simply sits down in the seclusion of his study and talks with himself and God, and lo! the thing is done.

For purposes of criticism, of familiarizing himself with what is dictated, he may have his words repeated as often as he choose.

No human friend could relieve him as much, however willing: angels could scarce befriend him more.

PREACHERS EXCHANGING VIEWS.

Conference, Not Criticism—Not a Review Section—Not Discussion, but Experiences and Suggestions.

Shall the Misery of the Wicked Never Come to an End?

I WRITE this article in reply to Mr. Rose's on "Eternal Punishment," in THE HOMILETIC REVIEW of September.

I do not interpret literally the descriptions in the Bible of hell as fire and brimstone, a worm, the blackness of darkness, chains of darkness, and the like. For example, a place in which there is a fire cannot be dark. Literal chains cannot be made of darkness. If we interpret literally each description of hell as I have mentioned, we must, in the same manner, interpret those of heaven as a city, the foundations of whose walls are different kinds of precious stones, whose streets are of pure gold, whose inhabitants have crowns on their heads and palm branches in their hands, and the like. This would make heaven only a refined Mohammedan paradise. But though I look on such descriptions of hell as those already stated as figurative, I am far from looking on them with the less awe on that account. They have beneath them most fearful realities, the full nature of which we can know only by actual experience, which God forbid that we ever shall. A missionary in Africa, in order to give his hearers some idea of what a locomotive was, termed it a large kettle on wheels. He knew that a more exact description of it would have only utterly bewildered them. In

the Bible, the bliss of heaven and the misery of hell are set before us in figures taken from earthly things. The latter come far short of the realities, it is true, but they are suited to our present powers.

Mr. Rose says: "Is it reasonable and is it satisfactory to the best Christian hearts that the good God can and will punish any one *forever*? It seems to me, the only logical decision of a Christian is in favor of the ultimate termination of punishment and the final holiness and happiness of the whole family of mankind." The "notion" of "eternal punishment of any kind" he terms "superstitious and blasphemous."

I take this ground, that whatever God distinctly declares in the Bible I am bound to believe, however unreasonable it may appear to me and however much it may be against my natural feelings. God distinctly says it; so that settles the question with me. Now, does Christ, who is love itself, teach the doctrine of "an eternal hell of conscious suffering"? He does, in the plainest terms possible. In connection with this, I shall here quote a few sentences from an article in THE HOMILETIC REVIEW of January, 1888, page 46:

"The infidel Renan admits that Christ taught it. Dr. Dewey, the Unitarian, speaks of the figures used by our Lord—the worm, the fire, and blackness of

darkness—as intended to inspire a salutary dread. He says: 'It is our wisdom not to speculate, but to fear.' Dr. Channing said that we should learn from these words of Christ the terrible retribution of another world, where the unrelaxing grasp of memory on an awakened conscience would be like a fire forever. Admitting the inspiration of the evangelist, Theodore Parker said: 'It seems quite clear that Jesus taught the doctrine of eternal damnation. . . . I can understand His language in no other way.' He did not admit the authority of Christ, but he heartily believed that the doctrine was taught by Christ, and charged those with misinterpreting Christ who, while accepting His authority, evaded His doctrine. There are some to-day in orthodox churches who are not up to these men in their conceptions of what the Master really meant. He may be said, almost, to be the first announcer of this doctrine, and shall we set up our puny guesswork against Christ's Word?"

In the original of Matt. xxv. 46, the very same word is used to express the duration of the misery of the wicked that is used to express the duration of the happiness of the righteous. Therefore, if the misery of the wicked shall last for only a time, so also shall the happiness of the righteous. If the happiness of the righteous shall never come to an end, neither shall the misery of the wicked. It is impossible to gain-say that argument.

I have said that if the misery of the wicked shall come to an end, so also shall the happiness of the righteous. What, then, shall become of the latter? Of course they cannot go into eternal punishment. They must, however, be either happy or miserable, if they continue in being. But as, according to Mr. Rose's reasoning, they have ceased to be the former and cannot be the latter, it follows that they shall be blotted out of being. Of course the happiness into which, according to him, the wicked have, at length, been received shall last for only a time.

Then they, too, shall be blotted out of being. Therefore, in course of ages, there shall be neither righteous nor wicked men anywhere. The same reasoning will apply to good and bad angels.

Further, the original of the word used in Matt. xxv. 46 to express the duration of the misery of the wicked and the happiness of the righteous, is used in Rom. xvi. 26 to express the duration of the being of God Himself. Therefore, if the misery of the wicked shall come to an end, so also shall God Himself. As all things are upheld every moment by His power, they shall then, of course, utterly perish. Then—to use a form of expression such as the people of Ireland are often represented as using—throughout the universe there shall be nothing but nothing.

Again Christ said of Judas, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born" (Matt. xxvi. 24, Mark xiv. 21). Mr. Rose's reasoning makes Christ "speak as a fool," in the ordinary sense of that expression. It makes Him say, "Better for him not to be born than to be happy forever." A strange kind of eternal happiness! Surely Mr. Rose will not say that Christ did not know that the wicked shall be made happy forever, if that doctrine be true, but held what Mr. Rose terms "the superstitious and blasphemous notion of eternal punishment." Mr. Rose says that Paul teaches the doctrine of universal restoration in Heb. xii. 5-11, where he thus speaks; "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," etc. But the Apostle here speaks only of the Lord's people, and of His dealings with them in this life. In Phil. iii. 18, 19, he says: "Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping . . . whose end is destruction." According to Mr. Rose's reasoning, Paul was both a liar and an idiot, for he professed to believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment, which he did not believe, and wept over those who, he knew, should at last have ful-

ness of joy and pleasure for evermore. Peter says in his Second Epistle, ii. 21 : "It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them." But they shall lose nothing if they shall, in course of ages, enter into glory.

Think of those who have died in the very act of licentiousness, or of pouring forth oaths and curses, or in a state of drunkenness. Think of the anarchists hanged in Chicago, and of those guillotined in France. According to Mr. Rose, the following lines are, or shall be, true of them :

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting lights,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory, glory be to God on high."

Christ is in heaven preparing a place for His people there. The Holy Spirit is preparing them here for it. If we would sing the song of Moses and the Lamb hereafter, we must practice it here. That is absolutely necessary. To say the very least, it cannot be clearly

proved that all shall be restored. It is certain that we can obtain salvation now. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Then, if we obtain salvation now, we shall lose nothing if all shall be restored. But if we have trusted in the doctrine that they shall, and have put off seeking salvation here, and the doctrine just mentioned prove to be utterly false, we shall lose everything. It is, therefore, our wisdom to seek salvation here. See that gorge ten thousand feet deep! Two bridges, side by side, span it. On one, you *may* cross it in safety. But, to say the very least, it is just as likely that if you attempt to cross on it, the bridge will give way, and you will shoot down like an arrow to the bottom and be dashed to atoms. But you will not run the least risk in trying to cross on the other. Only an idiot would prefer using the former to the latter. I need not point out the lesson taught in this illustration.

Those who will not bow to the scepter of the Lord's grace shall be forced to bow to that of His power.

T. FENWICK.

WOODBRIDGE, ONT.

EDITORIAL SECTION.

LIVING ISSUES FOR PULPIT TREATMENT.

Social Purity.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. FLINT, HARVEY,
ILL.

Keep thyself pure.—1 Tim. v. 22.

SOME reforms are born great, others achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them. Social purity, the latest and greatest of all reforms, was not born of a popular upheaval; it has not achieved popularity, nor is it likely to have popularity thrust upon it. This reform is not a groundswell of the sea, but simply a clear, sweet mountain stream, sent forth to renew and refresh all the far lowlands. It owes its existence, in other words, to

the earliest convictions and deep spiritual experiences of the "Saving Remnant," God's faithful few. But here it is, and it has come to stay. The spirit of progress that marks the close of the nineteenth century has made it possible for this reform to gain a secure foothold, and it will surely make its way, as medical and social science, combined with Christian philanthropy, lend their aid and shed their light.

What was the direct effect of the Fall? Was it that thorns and thistles sprang up in man's path? Was it laziness, stupidity, gluttony, or even intemperance? No, bad as these things are, man's lowest depth of degradation

was not reached until his whole nature was thrown out of balance, giving the ascendancy to the flesh over the spirit in the perversion of the generative function. The blackest page in human history is that which records the havoc wrought by licentiousness. This gigantic evil has hitherto vexed and defied the combined wisdom and benevolence of the world. The trail of this slimy serpent is found literally everywhere.

Looking narrowly at human conduct in this particular the world around, we find that the vast majority of our fellow men are submerged in immorality. They are not conscious of purity, much less strive to live a clean life. In Benares, India, may still be witnessed the apotheosis of lust, where it is raised into a religious cult, as in the worst days of Greece and Rome. The Latin races of to-day are slowly but inevitably sinking into degeneracy and final extinction owing to secret vice. Spain, Italy, and France are clearly on the down grade, and even in Germany the standard of measurement for the army has been repeatedly lowered. Men do not reach the stature nor attain to the days of the years of the life of their fathers. Why should any nation die? Why have not the Phenicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans continued with us even to this day, increasing in refinement, physical perfection, mental power, and genius with each generation? Because their hidden vices destroyed them all. Our Republic is tainted with the same degeneracy, and the only hope that we shall not share in the fate of the nations that have perished is that, unlike them, we now know what is the cause of degeneracy and may guard against extinction. Continuing our survey, we find that a double standard of morals still obtains in certain classes of society and in various countries and cities.

Speaking generally, agricultural regions are freest from and factory towns most scourged by licentiousness. Next to the unfortunate falsehood that nature itself has instituted the double standard

of morals, allowing to man what is denied to his sister, is the foolish notion that the mystery and charm of sex was bestowed upon human beings chiefly for their amusement and only incidentally, and at the caprice of the individual, for the continuation of the species. Hence the widespread indulgence of flirtation, the ease with which engagements are made and broken, the crime of infanticide, and so on through the dark list. But I am not about to lead my readers, as Virgil led Dante, down the spiral stairway into the infernal regions which smolder and seethe beneath the surface of every city. That submerged city of corruption is there, terrible and real; but why explore it farther? We know what it is.

Suffice it now to mention some of the devil's fuel that feeds the hidden fires of lust. First in importance comes alcohol in the form of beer, wine, and whiskey. What powder is to the match and oil to the flame, that is alcohol to the lower passions of man. Every brewery and distillery is a witch's caldron, out of whose fumes arise seductive apparitions that deceive a man more completely than ever Macbeth was deceived.

Next must be mentioned the licensing of the social evil. Instead of restricting, branding, or regulating this curse, license laws, as in the case of the liquor traffic, have only served to make a bad thing worse. In vain do men strive to make that sin respectable upon which God frowns as upon no other. As there is no slavery so abject and cruel as that which enthalls the deluded inmates of the gilded palace of sin, so there is no form of disease known to medical science so terrible as that induced by venereal poison. Leprosy is a mild disorder in comparison. A celebrated Parisian physician said that he would not have one drop of this poison in his system for all Paris. If any one doubts the depravity of man, let him inquire into what, by way of polite euphemism, we call the social evil. The cruelty, cunning, greed,

and it must be added the success in entrapping the unwary, of these panders of lust passes all belief. And yet efforts are being made to introduce into this country what Europe is wisely discarding—municipal tampering with vice as a substitute for repression. While it may not be possible to eradicate prostitution, it is never wise openly to countenance it, parade it, or set apart an entire section of the city as a plague-spot for it to fester in. Better encourage the Salvation Army to attack this master device of Satan, and drive it into perpetual obscurity.

Here, then, is an evil that overtops all others; it is a vampire that sucks the lifeblood of nations; it is an octopus that sends out its arms and tentacles in every direction. One of these arms is fastened about the industrial world and affects the wage system. The notoriously low wages that are paid to women and girls in our factories, shops, and stores make possible, even inevitable, the greatest temptation of their lives. How to make a salary of \$4 a week meet expenses that amount to \$5 a week is a problem that many a breaking heart has failed to solve. Every strike, every period of hard times, every closing down of factories, is a direct menace to female virtue. The deepest and blackest sin of which man is guilty is that he will persist in taking advantage of the poverty, the weakness, the inexperience of her who, by every dictate of manhood and chivalry, he ought to protect and defend. How long, O Lord, how long?

Another arm of this slimy cuttle-fish is entwined about the family, that fairest product of a pure religion. Transgressions against the seventh commandment are the negation of all that makes the domestic relation sweet, confiding, and divine. The one is in direct antagonism to the other. I maintain, without fear of contradiction, that a white life for two, and those two the young man and his prospective bride, is an essential condition of wedded

bliss. The reformed rake does *not* make the best husband, the old phrenologists notwithstanding.

Quite as marked is the influence of chastity or its contrary upon the religious life of men. Here is a young man who has come to the parting of the ways: the one greatest temptation of life is upon him. The white angel and the black angel are contending for the mastery as fought St. Michael and the dragon. If the black angel wins, then a blight will gradually fall upon the young man's entire being. Perhaps the most immediate hurtful effect of vice is upon the sensibilities. The fine play of sympathy and good-will towards the fair sex is destroyed, giving place to a self-conscious, hard, calculating spirit. Vice plows deep seams across the face, blears the eye, hardens the voice, and burns out the heart, so that the tender mercies of such a man are sheer cruelty. Well does Robert Burns say:

I waive the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing:
But oh, it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

When the Christian man looks for the first time into this abyss of profligacy, he starts back in horror at the sight, and is filled with intense indignation towards those who traffic in young girls, whom they first ensnare and then ruin. The next thought is to do something to lessen the sin and suffering. The question arises: What can be done? How can we save the boys and girls?

1. First, by the faithful preaching of the Gospel. When a man's nature is renewed by the divine Spirit, and the life from God has been implanted in his soul, then will he hate and shun all sin, whether it be drunkenness or licentiousness. This first and always.

2. In the second place, direct teaching bearing upon the seventh commandment is also necessary. There is no use of beating about the bush; consecration is impossible where impurity is harbored. The sin must be named. A preacher in a logging camp tried in

vain to break his hearers of the habit of theft by quoting the particular commandment. They would persist in stealing logs from one another. It was not until he took for his theme, "Thou shalt not steal logs," that they saw the point and desisted. Especial efforts should be made to impress upon boys and young men the necessity for realizing the Christ standard in matters of personal morals.

3. Young people should know something about the structure and economy of their own bodies, the temple of the Holy Ghost. A course in physiology with special reference to the reproductive functions, their delicacy of structure, their restricted use, and their essential dignity would go far toward dispelling the false notions and erring ignorance now so common. Multitudes of children are left without judicious, helpful instruction in this particular. Fortunate, indeed, would it be if they had no evil instruction. Is it not better to be frank and direct in this matter than to leave it to the vile suggestions of evil companions?

4. Parents have an urgent duty to perform towards every child of theirs born into the world. They should make sure that their child never forms hidden bad habits. Then, later, the family physician can do the young man an important service by disabusing his mind that vice is necessary to health. "The physician, beyond any one else, has it in his power to so mold public opinion, especially concerning the sanitary aspects of the whole matter, that wholesome repressive laws, in the interest of morality and health, shall be enacted and enforced. It is for physicians to declare that immorality is not a necessity, and that chastity for all is a human possibility."

The man that scatters his native fund of affection and vitality in many directions never reaches the largest and richest life—in fact, will necessarily have only shallow and unworthy impressions, the true meaning and sweetest things of life being hidden from him.

A wiser plan is for a man to save himself up so that he may bestow himself unstintedly and unreservedly upon one worthy heart, who is all the world to him. Then, in turn, he will be in a position to understand and appreciate the love that pulsates throughout God's domain.

In conclusion, I wish briefly to summarize what is being done directly in a public way in behalf of the cause of social purity. Compared with the herculean efforts made during the present century by the pulpit, the platform, and the press to throttle the dragon of intemperance, it may be said that not anything is being done. The literature is meager and fragmentary. It is a difficult subject to treat effectively. Perhaps England is in the lead in seeking to check the rising tide of destructive selfishness. Rev. Henry Varley has struck some valiant blows for true manhood. Mrs. Josephine Butler has won the gratitude of the civilized world in successfully combating the registration and license system. An association in London called the Pioneer Society is very active in this reform. Over in Germany numerous local societies for men and others for women are enlisting the press and the platform in behalf of personal purity. Dr. Danm, of Weisbaden, publishes a monthly magazine entirely devoted to what he calls the *sinnliche Fehler* of his countrymen. Recently he and others have taken to holding public meetings with some success. In France, the land of my own forefathers, very little is being done in the way of reform, but a great deal to determine the physical and mental effects of prostitution. The world is indebted to France for its dearly bought knowledge. In Canada, just over the line, they are giving more attention to this reform every year. Along with many a local Royal Templar Society, they have social purity departments and hold stated meetings. As to the White Cross Society, this originated in England in 1883, and has secured a permanent foothold in this

country. As far as I can find, however, this society is by no means popular in its methods or very aggressive, though its object is most laudable. For its platform, the following five principles were adopted :

"1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

"2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

"3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

"4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions and to try to help my younger brothers.

"5. To use very possible means to fulfil the command, 'Keep thyself pure.' "

The Christian ideal is expressed by St. Paul in one sentence: "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." The moment the Gospel ideal of purity flashes upon the soul, the Gospel acquires an immediateness and directness of application that makes it the most real thing in the world. I firmly believe its greatest triumphs will yet be achieved in bringing to men everywhere an inner peace, and harmony, and strength.

It must be confessed that at present most men are satisfied with a very low

standard of living. Their hearts are much like the garments they wear, neither altogether polluted, much less immaculate. And just as some men would feel decidedly uncomfortable in spotless linen and a new coat, so the possession of a clean heart would embarrass them greatly. They are of the earth, earthy—preferring to trudge in the mire than occupy the high places of the earth. Then the imagination is so treacherous and the will so weak, the unnatural passions are so strong and the spiritual nature so undeveloped, that no wonder poor human nature falls an easy victim to its most relentless foe—licentiousness. The White Cross movement must necessarily appeal to the spiritual nature in man, to his intelligence, self-restraint, foresight, patience, and higher manhood; and I do not see how anything can be here accomplished without the aid of the divine Spirit. Purity of thought and life form a fair test of one's piety, just as the grade of family life is the best test of civilization. It is not until Christ has placed the crown of purity upon the brow of His disciple that the latter enters upon his truest and noblest life, and we can point to such a one and say to all the world: "This is a man."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Dead Autocrat.

WHILE, doubtless, there are thousands of men in Europe and America who would rejoice in the announcement of the death of the Autocrat of Russia, irrational and inhuman though such a sentiment would be, we are very sure we may say without fear of contradiction that the announcement of the death of America's Autocrat on the 8th of last month brought universal sorrow wherever his name was known. Upright in life, genial in temperament, brilliant in intellect, reverent in faith, liberal in opinion, sturdy in conviction,

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in passing over to the majority, left a gap in the ranks of the minority which will long, if not forever, remain unfilled. His death is a nation's loss, as his life was a nation's benediction. Little fear need there be that he will fulfil his own prediction of going "into the solemn archives of Oblivion's Uncatalogued Library."

To some of his criticisms and to a portion of his creed an evangelical ministry may be inclined to take exceptions. At the same time, making allowance for the liberty of his humor, there was much of truth in the language put by him into the lips of certain of his char-

acters, describing a profession which he never ceased to honor. Take, for example, the words of "The Master" in "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table":

"The ministers . . . are far more curious and interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. They are interesting men, full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and, on the whole, the most efficient civilizing class, working downward from knowledge to ignorance, that is—not so much upward, perhaps,—that we have. The trouble is that so many of 'em work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They feed on canned meats mostly. They cripple our instincts and reason, and give us a crutch of doctrine. . . . They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. . . . The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right into the wind's eye of human nature as straight as that famous old skipper, John Bunyan; the young minister falls off three or four points and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By and by the congregation will get ahead of *him*, and then it must have another new skipper. . . . Now and then one of 'em goes over the dam; no wonder they're always in the rapids."

His plea for ministerial good cheer, so prominent a characteristic of his own disposition, a plea enforced by certain childhood experiences that seem to have made a lasting impression upon him, is one well worth heeding:

"Now and then would come along a clerical visitor with a sad face and a wailing voice, which sounded exactly as if some one must be lying dead upstairs, who took no interest in us children, except a painful one, as being in a bad way with our cheery looks, and did more to unchristianize us with his weebegone ways than all his sermons were likely to accomplish in the other direction. I remember one in particular, who twitted me so with my blessings as a Christian child, and who whined so to me about the naked black children, who, like the 'Little Vulgar Boy,' 'hadn't got no supper, and hadn't got no ma,' and hadn't got no catechism (how I wished for the moment I was a little black boy!), that he

did more in that one day to make me a heathen than he had ever done in a month to make a Christian out of an infant Hottentot. What a debt we owe to our friends of the left center, the Brooklyn and the Park Street and the Summer Street ministers; good, wholesome, sound-bodied, sane-minded, cheerful-spirited men, who have taken the place of those wailing *poitrinaires* with the bandanna handkerchiefs round their meager throats and a funeral service in their forlorn physiognomies!"

In view of the truth that is behind the humorous exaggerations in the above passage from the "Poet," there is more than a little wisdom in the counsel given in the "Professor":

"In choosing your clergyman, other things being equal, prefer the one of a wholesome and cheerful habit of mind and body. If you can get along with people who carry a certificate in their faces that their goodness is so great as to make them miserable, your children cannot. And whatever offends one of these little ones cannot be right in the eyes of Him who loved them so well."

This devotion to the interest and sympathy with the concerns of childhood was characteristic of the man to his latest days. Never did his youthfulness of spirit forsake him, nor did he realize in his experience the truth of the Psalmist—words as to those attaining four-score years of life—that their strength is "labor and sorrow." A child in feeling throughout his long life, he felt for children somewhat as Elia did by virtue of his sympathy with "that other me" whose experiences brought him into such close touch with them.

In his views of truth, Dr. Holmes was undoubtedly a liberal of liberals. He had little respect for the somewhat prevalent "notion of private property in truth, with the right to fence it in and put up a signboard, thus:

☞ ALL TRESPASSERS ARE WARNED
OFF THESE GROUNDS."

Truth meant to him something living and lifegiving, a gift to all men as free as the air. It meant God manifesting Himself, even as light means the sun manifesting itself. It cannot

be bandaged, mummified, like some dead thing. No creed, no confession, no "Body of Divinity" can fully express it. "All of the Deity which any human book can hold is to this larger Deity of the working battery of the universe only as the films in a book of gold-leaf are to the broad seams and curdled lumps of ore that lie in un-sunned mines and virgin places."

Thus believing, he had no sympathy with what Lowell called Bibliolatry, or book-worship, or, to use his own expression, *Epeolatry*, or word-worship. Never irreverent, he prostrated himself not before the human, but before the divine. At that shrine none bowed more lowly than he.

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely cell,
Not from the conclave where the holy men
Glare on each other as, with angry eyes,
They battle for God's glory and their own,
Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands
Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn,—
Ah, not from these the listening soul can

hear

The Father's voice that speaks itself divine!
Love must be still our Master; till we learn
What He can teach us of a woman's heart,
We know not His, whose love embraces all.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." So wrote the beloved disciple to whom the Crucified committed the keeping of the "blessed among women," on whose loving bosom the gift of a love divine had erstwhile nestled, the only human resting-place fit for such a gift.

"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in Him." So wrote the same beloved disciple. So believed he of whom we have written, and who made the dwelling-place of which the Apostle wrote his own during a long earth-life. And because he did this, although from the windows of that dwelling he saw some things not altogether as we see them, we say of him and to him as he said of and to Benjamin Pierce, the departed astronomer:

No more his tireless thought explores
The azure sea with golden shores;
Rest, wearied frame! the stars shall keep
A loving watch where thou shalt sleep.

Farewell! the spirit needs must rise,
So long a tenant of the skies,—
Rise to that home all worlds above
Whose sun is God, whose light is love.

The Christian and the Ballot-Box.

APPROACHING State and municipal elections call for the most strenuous efforts on the part of all true citizens to secure the success of those who truly represent the supreme interests of the people. Occasionally one among the many is able to make his political power felt most forcibly in some other function than that of a voter. So Dr. Parkhurst, as president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime; so, too, John W. Goff, in his conduct of the examination into the scandals of the metropolitan police force, before the Lexow Committee. But the average citizen impresses his individuality upon the State more strongly at the ballot-box than anywhere else.

"His individuality," we say. For the ballot-box is expressive not simply of choice, but of the character behind the choice. Ever over against it stands a balance in which is weighed the man who casts the ballot. To vote for a candidate known to be unworthy is to declare one's self unworthy to exercise the prerogative of the voter. To exalt the party and its interest above the city or State and its good, is to forfeit, morally, the right of franchise. Patriotism is a grace second only to godliness; but partisanship may be a disgrace second only to devilishness. Especially true is this, if a given party supports in its platform a plank that gives encouragement to immorality, or countenances in its policy any form of public evil. The dictum of a well-known ex-United States Senator that the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in politics was answered a few years ago with his retirement. His constituents doubtless felt that such an assertion was too much of the nature of a self-arraignment. The men needed for all our offices are men to whom righteousness, temperance, and judgment are obligations which they feel called upon to fulfil—not men who, like Felix, tremble, self-convicted, when these are urged upon them. A candidate for office should be as white in principle and in practice as his title indicates or suggests that he is.