Out of Joint With The Moral Order

ANDREW W. ARCHIBALD, D.D.

Out of Joint with the Moral Order

by the
REV. ANDREW W. ARCHIBALD, D.D.

Author of

"THE BIBLE VERIFIED," "THE EASTER HOPE,"
"A CRUISE TO THE ORIENT," ETC.

"Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
. . . . . .
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

—*Shakespeare*

1922
THE STRATFORD COMPANY. PUBLISHERS
Boston, Massachusetts

The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Contents

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

IN APPRECIATION OF THE LIVING,

ROBERT, MARY;

AND IN MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED,

JAMES THE OLDER, THOMAS, JAMES THE YOUNGER, JOHN,

BETSY, JENNIE, ISABEL, MARGARET

Preface

THE thought of each chapter in this book is based on some Scriptural phrase or incident, while upon the superstructure light is made to play from historical, literary and classical sources. In the range of subjects considered, there is an advance from wide movements and from institutions to the more and more personal. The volume recognizes a moral order to the universe, and endeavors to relate man thereto. It emphasizes human responsibility with an eternal future for a background. It enters sympathetically into the feeling of Abraham Lincoln, who was fond of quoting from William Knox these lines:

> "Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
> Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> Man passes from life to his rest in the grave."

In the following pages, happy adjustments to the social and spiritual environment are sought. Hamlet was not wholly correct when he said,

> "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

The truer conception is that the man and not the time is "out of joint," and we thus get the title for the present work, namely, "Out of Joint with the Moral Order."

The general condition of lawlessness and disorder follow-

ing the World War indicates the need of returning to fundamentals, of getting back to the ancient teachings which gave us our Christian civilization. There is no safety in removing the restraints of the past. The larger liberty which is being urged is leading to anarchy. In the Athenian fashion, there is a constant running after new things. There is a following of strange gods in the changing industrial and sociological theories that are continually being propounded. The reaction in this direction, for a while justifiable perhaps, needs to be stayed. Said the prophet Jeremiah, "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way; and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." That is the message needed by the present age, which itself with its strife of classes, we must admit, is not properly articulated in a harmonious whole, anymore than was the generation of the disheartened Danish Prince, who felt that every thing was going wrong, nothing being "in tune with the Infinite." Even the novelist, Hutchinson, in his "If Winter Comes," regrettable as the profanity of the much-read book is, makes the hero, Mark Sabre, when things were crumbling about him by reason of the disorder arising from the great War, to say truthfully and forcefully, "The remedy's the old remedy. The old God." That was the hope of this secular author for a better and brighter future. That is what gave him the inspiration breathed in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" But after all, now as well as then, it is *persons* who are disjointed, more than is the century in which they live, and they must be influenced aright, not collectively so much as separately, one by one with line upon line and precept upon precept. The Christianizing of the social order in a large way is not to be disparaged, but more of the tried and tested individualistic

method has again become desirable. It is only as obedience to the powers that be is diligently inculcated, that there can be insured a true freedom. License is by no means synonymous with liberty. Revolution is allowable only in extreme cases, it should be the last resort. One of the classical writers of the Elizabethan era, Richard Hooker, uttered a truth that we would do well to appropriate, in the fine tribute that he paid to *law:* "Her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." Governor Calvin Coolidge, who was elected Vice President of the United States Nov. 2, 1920, in a Massachusetts election which commanded national attention because he ran on a specifically "law and order" platform, rightly swept into office (1919) by the overwhelming majority of 125,000, and received congratulatory telegrams from all over the country and even from the President of the United States of the opposite political party. This was a sign of promise when demoralization was widely prevailing. Evidently the Pilgrim faith had been taught to some purpose in the Old Bay State. If after the manner of the Forefathers, the tercentenary of whose coming we have been lately observing, there were more of the *training up* of our youth, this would be a distinct gain. If they were steadily impressed with their strict accountability, an advance would be registered. Moral responsibility should be emphasized. The "old-time religion" of sturdy virtues and pleasing graces should be revived. If the obligations of human brotherhood, as divinely set forth in the inspired charter that has been given us, were faithfully and conscientiously met, if mutual rights and duties were faced in a religious spirit, the Utopia of the ideal society would be realized. Genuine Christianity is the solvent of all difficult problems, national, social, domestic and individual.

While the seriousness of the present situation is recognized, there is no occasion for pessimism. Even when the Prussian threat was most aggressive, there was about it a good deal of camouflage, of that art of deception which was practiced when the good king Duncan of Scotland was murdered by Macbeth, who henceforth was conscience-stricken, but who endeavored to reassure himself by what the witches told him, that he should not be robbed of the fruits of his crime, till "the wood of Birnam" should be moved out of its fixed place. "Who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots?" Nevertheless, he was startled one day, when a servant with great agitation informed him that the forest *was* advancing in their direction. The fact was that Malcolm, the son and heir, who had been traitorously deprived of his throne, and a loyal thane, on drawing near with troops to dethrone the usurper, directed their followers to cut each a branch from the trees in their line of march, and to carry these aloft, and thus the wood of Birnam in a sense did leave the spot, where it always had been anchored, thereby contributing to the defeat of the murderer whose morale was undermined by the subterfuge. The Prussians, steadily proclaiming how unshakable and multitudinous were their forces, imagined we would see whole forests approaching for our destruction, but we saw through their camouflage, and, unlike the guilty Macbeth, we were unafraid.

The German was never the resistless superman he claimed to be. We may apply to him the Norse legend found in Carlyle's "Heroes." Thor, the traditionary deity of the nation worshipping brute force, attacked a giant symbolizing the solid earth. He struck once, and plowed out a considerable valley, but the intended victim merely murmured in his sleep, "Did a leaf fall?" A second time the professedly

god-like Thor let fall a staggering blow that dug out a second and deeper valley, but the sleepy response was, "Was that a grain of sand?" Once more the murderous assailant lifted both hands, and dealt what supposedly would be a deadly stroke, and the deepest cleft of all was made, but the giant only stopped his snoring long enough to say drowsily, "There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropt?" Comparatively speaking, there was little effect from the sledge-hammer assaults. Pan-Germanism struck the world, democratically organized, on the east, and on the west, and on the sea, and the mailed fist gouged out deep and bleeding valleys, but the gigantic combination against this power was not vitally affected, so far as the total final result was concerned. The Thor of might as against right failed at last.

How thoroughly the malicious foe was beaten should not be allowed to become a fading memory. We surely can not forget the victory, which was fittingly celebrated by that wild outburst of jubilation around the globe when the armistice was signed November 11, 1918. There was good reason for the unrestrained gladness, when Germany was forced to sign the most drastic peace ever exacted of a defeated nation, and when in Paris on the following July 14, 1919, corresponding to America's glorious "Fourth," the event was celebrated by a triumphal procession in which marched picked contingents from all the Allied countries, the United States being represented by a thousand men all six feet high, to whom J. G. Holland's prophetic lines can be aptly applied:

"Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

PREFACE

Armistice Day in 1920, after a lapse of two years, was solemnly but most significantly observed, when, "lest we forget," an unknown warrior representing the countless millions who had fallen was disinterred and reburied, one at the Arc de Triomphe in France and the other within Westminster Abbey in England. The two immortals were followed to their last resting place by President and cabinet, by King and Queen, by Field Marshals and Generals, by diplomats and statesmen, by softly sobbing women who each thought that the one being honored *might* be *her* beloved, and by unnumbered throngs who all uncovered when the remains were taken from the gun carriage, and who stood in profound silence for two minutes at eleven o'clock of the historic day, when for the last time dust was committed to dust. On Armistice Day in 1921, America's unknown hero received his final entombment in the amphitheater of the Arlington cemetery overlooking the capital of our country amid the most impressive ceremonies under national auspices with distinguished foreigners participating, like Marshal Foch of the French republic and Admiral Beatty of the British empire and General Diaz, Italy's most conspicuous military figure. The body was brought from France by the Olympia, the flagship of Admiral Dewey who on May 1, 1898, without the loss of a man sank the Spanish fleet in Manilla Bay. Telephone Companies by the installation of elaborate amplifiers and with a relay of expert helpers across the continent went to the expense of making President Harding's funeral oration for the occasion to be heard not only in Washington where it was spoken but also in far-away San Francisco. We would not have taken such pains to celebrate anything but the greatest and most splendid victory, designed in the provi-

dence of God to bring "peace on earth," it is to be hoped, even to the most distant islands, Browning's "sprinkled isles, lily on lily that o'erlace the sea."

So that there is no ground for depression. President Harding on a religious occasion in 1922 said, "Without giving too much weight to alarmist expressions, we must nevertheless recognize that there is a very apparent tendency to a lighter and more frivolous view of the citizen's relations to both State and Church." His plea was for a recognition of law "as sacred and supreme." Still his feeling was that things are not as bad as they seem. There is a tendency in human nature to bewail the present. Abraham Lincoln himself at the age of twenty-eight (and his utterance was strangely like that of many now) spoke of "the increasing disregard of law which pervades the country." We, however, can endorse his remedy for such a state of affairs, as, developing his theme, he added, "Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, spelling books, and almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpits, proclaimed from legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice."

When to-day we recall what has really happened since the boastful bully was defying all creation, we can not be otherwise than optimistic. Nevertheless, there are natural reactions, and we must give ourselves to the restoration of the orderly and the normal. We must begin to build again from the bottom. The discussions of this volume are meant to help in the reconstruction, as the primary and common virtues, and the basal and prosaic duties, are once more brought to the front.

The sixteen chapters would constitute suitable studies under the leadership of layman or clergyman for groups of men and of others in the Bible school, which almost invariably contains some who desire a change for a while from the regular uniform lessons. They could be utilized in Pastors' training classes on the fundamentals for the four months preceding Easter each year, since they deal with practical and vital themes relating to life and destiny. They would exactly fit into the federation of churches scheme which has been announced, into the "program of parish evangelism adopted by eighteen denominations" for the January to Easter period, except that the four or five more general studies opening the series might be assigned to December, when necessary, with those that are more personal to follow.

If the different captions seem novel, they nevertheless cover entirely serious discussions, and if their treatment seems out of the ordinary, they may on that account prove to be, particularly to the young and most laymen, all the more appealing. The general reader is constantly kept in mind. The volume, whether mistakenly or not, has purposely been made to be of the popular rather than of the Professorial type. The latter are many, of making which, the wise man would say, "there is no end." The former are at least more rare in these days of specialized knowledge, and they may be quite as acceptable to the average person for whom this work is designed. With *him* we walk through the pleasant fields of history and of literature and of the classics, and of every sphere furnishing luminous illustrations, to reach the deeply religious, which in view of the divine teaching of the kingdom of heaven being the first consideration is the old Catechism's "chief end of man," and is what

PREFACE

Christianity in our modern day emphasizes as needful for the unsettled and disturbed conditions following the most nearly universal upheaval known to human warfare.

A. W. A.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Note. The chapter on Christian Expression has appeared previously for substance in The Treasury of New York, a monthly magazine then published by E. B. Treat & Company, whose permission to use here has been graciously granted.

CHAPTER I

Sour Grapes and Edged Teeth

MAN finds himself placed in a moral order. He can agree with Daniel Webster in saying that the greatest thought which ever occupied his mind was that of his personal responsibility. But it is easy for one to endeavor to shift the burden of human accountability. He often tries to lay the blame of any delinquency upon the shoulders of others. The prophet Ezekiel represented such as saying, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." The inspired writer strongly combatted this position, which was taken by many of his contemporaries. *We* are to take issue with this plausible falsehood.

All error contains a grain of truth. If the fathers eat sour grapes, the children's teeth *are* set on edge. God Himself says that he will visit the iniquities of people upon their descendants. There *is* a connection between the sin of to-day and that of yesterday. There *is* something to the old-fashioned doctrine of Original Sin. The present age still feels the effects of the transgression of our first progenitors. The infidel plan used to be to ridicule this idea of the transmission of evil, but materialistic scepticism has become orthodox in this respect; only it meanly charges the responsibility of our wrong-doing more directly upon our immediate ancestors, rather than upon the first parents of the human race. Or, if specially extenuating circumstances are sought, it has become the custom to enlarge upon the cumulative power of sin

through the ages. The thought is that we can not very well help ourselves, because of sinful tendencies that have been inherited, and that have grown powerful and perhaps irresistible through long centuries. Adam himself ate sour grapes in the forbidden fruit of Eden, and his children's teeth were set on edge, and the matter of course has been growing steadily worse, the evil has been developing with the lapse of years, till we are absolutely at the mercy of transmitted forces, of inherited tendencies. Hence we are not accountable beings. What is called sin is only misfortune. There is no escaping what has been fated. If we go astray, we are not particularly to blame, our fathers were, who handed down to us, as the catechism says, "by ordinary generation" their failings.

The Christian predestinationist can very easily become the pagan fatalist. The fault, if any there be, is charged back to its origin. The sentence of death, the claim is, might properly be pronounced upon one who had been created innocent and had fallen, but not upon those who have been, as the Psalmist expresses it, conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity, born with a proneness to evil as natural, Job would say, as the flying upward of sparks. Men may try to rise to nobler lives, but there is all the force of adverse circumstances to drag them down. It is useless to struggle against this moral gravitation downward, this inbred principle of sin, as universal in its sway as the law of gravity, against which no single atom can successfully stand out. We are necessarily what we are made by our environment.

Now however plausible such reasoning may seem, however much we may thus endeavor to shift responsibility, God meets us with the unequivocal declaration, "The soul that sinneth, *it* shall die." He does not let us, to the extent of relieving our-

selves of personal guilt, attribute our edged teeth, our asperities of character, to the sour grapes, to the conscious sins, in which our progenitors may have indulged. We are individually responsible. Not that there is no moral contiguity, that the present and the past are not spiritually linked, for they are. There is a hereditability, not simply physical but extending to the whole being of man. Iniquities of the fathers are visited upon their children. Sour grapes in one generation do make edged teeth in another.

1. This is true first from the national standpoint, which the prophet had primarily in mind. The Jews in their Babylonian captivity, where they were at the time of which we are speaking, were aware that they were suffering for the sins of their fathers. Their only mistake was in supposing that there was no help, in imagining that they might as well submit to the inevitable, that they might as well go on sinning, that they had gotten to such a pass, there was no hope of a restoration to their beloved land. They were assured that the case was not so desperate, that they could again be God's own people if they would repent, if they would cease laying the whole blame upon their ancestry, whose guilt did indeed bring disaster to posterity, but posterity was not helpless, it could rise to newness of life.

We know that the Jewish captives thus inspired did recover their independence, did once more become a nation in Judea, furnishing the line of descent for the Saviour of the world. And yet they did repeatedly suffer for the folly of their ancestors. The wickedness of one generation, over and over again, was transmitted in evil effects to another. And national retribution still follows national sin. The curse of slavery, sanctioned and fostered by the founders of our American government, was handed down to their

successors, whose benumbed consciences saw no way out of the unhappy dilemma in which they found themselves by reason of the transmitted evil. Had there not been prophets of exalted moral views to rouse the nation, the canker would have continued to eat into the very heart of the body politic, until there would have ensued the death and extinction of what is now a grand and free Republic. As it was, the evil was tolerated on the plea of its having been the fault of our forefathers, until, to atone for the wrong, there was required the sacrifice of thousands of precious lives.

France has had to pay the penalty of her persecution of the Huguenots. Their expatriation by the hundred thousand drained her of the very best elements of society, and, as historians admit, the bloody French Revolution became possible, because there was not moral force enough to counteract and hold in check the mob spirit of utter lawlessness. The Reign of Terror was a natural sequence. The excesses of the historic movement might have been avoided, and its benefits alone might have been the heritage of the nation. If the conserving leaven had not been lost out of the population, there would not have been the extreme reactions, from which there had to be a slow and painful recovery. God does visit national iniquity upon a people to the third and fourth generation. When the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 marched victoriously into Paris, the Rev. A. F. Beard, D. D. says that "not less than eighty of the Emperor's personal staff, high in place and power, were children of the expelled Huguenots," who had been driven forth two hundred years before. Such are what are sometimes termed the revenges of time. Such, to use a classical figure, is the slow but exceeding fine grinding of the mills of the gods. The Greek fable of an avenging divinity, of a pursuing Nemesis,

is not wholly a mythological conception. Sour grapes do bring edged teeth. Wicked deeds do carry with them destroying power, extending down into the future.

And yet nations, suffering from ancestral sin, are not helpless. A people may become so loaded down with accumulated evils, that reformation, redemption, seems impossible, but there is power in the gospel to save and elevate. The highlands of Scotland were once "cold and lonely heaths," says Gibbon, "over which the deer of the forest were chased by a troop of naked barbarians." Those savages have been transformed by Christianity into the most intelligent and most religious people perhaps on the face of the globe. Nineteen centuries ago, Britain, says the same author, "was divided between thirty tribes of barbarians." What brought those natives out of a low tribal into a high civilized condition? The religion of Jesus Christ. How about the original inhabitants of Germany? The writer already quoted, on the authority of Tacitus, says of them in the first century, "Each barbarian fixed his independent dwelling on the spot to which a plain, a wood, or a stream of fresh water, had induced him to give the preference. Neither stone, nor brick nor tiles, were employed in these slight habitations. They were indeed no more than low huts, of a circular figure, built of rough timber, thatched with straw, and pierced at the top to leave a free passage for the smoke." That is the way the Zulus and Africans of the lowest heathenism now live. "In the most inclement weather," it is added, "the hardy German was satisfied with a scanty garment made of the skin of some animal." He was like the wild, untutored Indian of our American continent when first discovered.

Such creatures were not much like the cultured Germans of the present, with their Universities of learning, the best

in the world, and with their theological and Christian literature that in many respects is unsurpassed. What has caused the marvelous change? These people owe their rise out of barbarism to the new life infused into them by the gospel, with which they came in contact as they left their native forests and swept down over southern Europe and the Roman empire for plunder. In the World War they seemed to relapse into savagery with their frightfulness, but this was true only of the military leaders and not of the rank and file of citizens. The masses of the people will yet see how they were misled by the camouflage of selfish, ambitious and unprincipled rulers, whose policies indeed have already been repudiated in the changing of the very constitution of the State from the imperialistic to the democratic type.

So that while a nation may be carried low down by the weight of successive generations of sin, the ruin is not generally irretrievable. The sour grapes of the past do not so edge the teeth of the present, that responsibility ceases and hope vanishes. A fallen nation can rise again. The power of sin is great, but that of the gospel is greater. It can take, and has taken, a nation that has long declined, and can lift it and has lifted it into a noble civilization. These monuments of grace on a large scale should ever inspire the human heart to attempt great things, while the deplorable consequences of sin as seen in history through the rolling years should impress all with the terribleness of what can thus be transmitted with cumulative force.

2. Individually the lesson is as impressive as it is nationally. We are to remember that the stream of tendencies is not resistless, that the awful tide can be stemmed, that our evil natures can be controlled. Our fathers may have sinned, but that is no reason why we should go on in the same course.

SOUR GRAPES AND EDGED TEETH

We may have teeth set on edge by their eating of sour grapes, and it may be just so much harder for us to do right, but we can do it nevertheless, divine grace assisting. The man with the palsied arm in the New Testament story was commanded to stretch it forth, and he did, receiving strength with the effort.

So it is religiously. It may be difficult for us to become or to live Christians. We may have by inheritance physical weaknesses whereby we are seriously handicapped. The acquiline nose is a facial feature, which has been transmitted through successive generations. The peculiar physiognomy of the Jew (and of the old Hittite) through long centuries has been a matter of common remark. Diseases to a certain extent are inherited. It is not strange, that the Greeks had their goddess of health, Hygeia, with her radiant complexion and with her bright and smiling face, a goddess, whose favor was well sought. Attention to the hygienic now is a religious duty, especially since an infirmity may be handed down to posterity. Mental characteristics, too, appear in the line of lineal descent. This explains the appearance of great families in history. Every nation can point to houses, which have furnished a long list of distinguished persons. The Adams family might be instanced in our own country. Oliver Wendell Holmes in writing of Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "We have in New England a certain number of families who constitute what may be called the Academic Races. Their names have been on college catalogues for generation after generation. They have filled the learned professions, more especially the ministry, from the old colonial days to our own time. If," continues the Autocrat, "aptitudes for the acquisition of knowledge can be bred into a family as the qualities the sportsman wants in his dog are developed in

pointers and setters, we know what we may expect of a descendant of one of the Academic Races." Holmes added that Emerson had such "favoring antecedents," coming from a stock which had "been long under cultivation," and thus did he account for the greatness of the philosopher of Concord. Indeed it is no longer doubted that intellectual traits are transmitted. Children of parents with poor mental equipment are not apt to make much of a mark, though of course there are here as everywhere exceptions.

But most startling of all is the fact that moral obliquities are transmitted. There is often the inheriting of temperament and disposition. A mother afflicted with kleptomania has a son who has a morbid desire for stealing. Marcus Aurelius will ever be remembered as the Roman emperor, who was a philosopher, and whose moral reflections seem almost inspired, but the impurity of his wife gave to the empire and to the world a monster in the utterly depraved Commodus. All the details we have been giving go toward the establishment of the truth of heredity, physically, mentally and morally. Nay, the sin of some quite remote ancestor may appear in the measurably distant descendant. There is more than is sometimes thought to the proverb, which we have been discussing.

And yet never are the inherited tendencies such as to free from responsibility. No one is put absolutely in the power of his inborn passions. The greatest sinner can be saved, and repeatedly the individual like the nation has risen superior to the forces of evil. God gives to every struggling soul grace sufficient; where sin abounds, grace is much more abounding, said the chief of the apostles. Mankind are therefore inexcusable, if they continue in wrong courses. They can not plead natural inability, for God will

make them morally able. A person may have much to contend with in inherited weaknesses, but it is for him to overcome inherent evil. Individual responsibility can not be merged into the ancestral. One's race, or his family lineage, may not be so favorable as that of some others. He might be more disposed to a Christian life, if he belonged to a religious people like the Scotch, or if his parents had been earnest Christians; but however unfavorable his antecedents in this regard, though his blood may be tainted with evil transmitted and intensified all the way down from our primeval parents, he must suffer the penalty all the same, if he does not resolutely face about.

There is warning in the partial truth for which he is inclined to stand. Sin *is* cumulative, and unless steadily resisted can gain entire dominion over the soul. Inherited tendencies to evil, unless vigorously fought, will increase in strength, until frail humanity is utterly overwhelmed. The day of grace may be sinned away. Jerusalem filled up the measure of her iniquity, and was forever destroyed as a religious Capital, and the Jews as a nation, as a theocracy, became extinct, though even in this case there may be a possibility of ultimate restoration. We can never fix the limit, which however *may* be reached. The individual similarly can imperil his eternal welfare. God does not always strive with sin, we are divinely taught. Agassiz, said Joseph Cook, once allowed himself to be lowered hundreds of feet into the yawning crevasse of a glacier. After a while, he gave the signal to be drawn up, but there had nearly been a fatal miscalculation. "In our haste," said the great naturalist himself in giving his experience, "we had forgotten the weight of the rope. We had calculated the weight of my person, of the basket in which I rode, and of the tackling that

was around the basket; but we had forgotten the weight of the rope that sank with me into the chasm. The three men at the summit were not strong enough to draw me back. I had to remain there till one of the party went five miles — two and a half out and two and a half back — to the nearest tree to get wood enough to make a lever, and draw me up.'' It was a narrow escape, and a little more of the rope's weight might have sunk him to the bottom of the ice chasm, where he might have been either frozen or crushed.

Many a man experiments with sin, he lets himself down into the chasm of cold worldliness or unbelief. He thinks he will not go too far for safety. He hopes soon to be elevated into the sunshine of a warm Christian life, but he descends lower and lower. He calculates his strength of will, as Agassiz did his own weight; he calculates the power of inherited weaknesses, of the surroundings of sinful, human nature, as the scientist took into consideration the basket and tackling, but he forgets that sin is cumulative, that the very fact of his descending gives momentum to the power of sin. The weight of the rope, of the downward tendency, is overlooked, and he goes down hopelessly to the bottom. He presumed too much, he did not consider the momentous problem in all its bearings. The soul that sinneth shall die, and all the more because of inherited sin. That only adds to the weight which sinks to perdition.

There is one alternative when we are in such a desperate situation, when our sins, as a sacred poet has said, ''like mountains round us close.'' In exactly that exigency there is such a thing as a splendid venture of faith, quickly seizing the opportunity that has a glorious outcome. This finds illustration in a traveller who fell into the deep opening of a mountainous glacier. He was at the bottom of the chasm, whose

glaring ice walls rose perpendicularly to a dizzy and bewildering height. He could see only a narrow strip of blue sky far above him, and there was no escape in that direction, up those slippery steeps. His only hope, of which he availed himself, was a roaring stream far below, which had melted from the surrounding ice pack. He could not see it in the darkness through which he slowly and painfully groped his way downward, but he heard its music, and suddenly made the plunge, unhesitatingly committing himself to its rushing waters. There was a brief sense of unutterable blackness and of a whirling, resistless force bearing him onward, and shortly he emerged into a green and flowering Swiss meadow at the foot of the towering Alps, and he was in the beautiful sunshine, with peace and calm in his heart. In the religious sphere, the important thing is to act quickly at the critical moment. Shakespeare caught the thought, when in his Julius Caesar he said impressively:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
> On such a full sea are we now afloat;
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures."

CHAPTER II

The Melting Pot

IN THE preceding chapter we saw that there is a moral order to which there must be conformity both individually and nationally, if there is to be safety. We are to consider next how this applies to our own America. Isaiah says, "The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in its time." This would seem to teach that religion is essential to national perpetuity, or, as it is elsewhere Scripturally expressed, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Some emphasize the danger to America from the industrial situation, from the complications and conflicts growing out of the threatening relations between capitalists and laborers, the whole social fabric bending to the point of breaking. Can we stand the stress and strain, to which in this regard we are being subjected?

Deserving of equally serious consideration is the influx of foreign and sometimes alien populations. We know that the greatest empire which the world has seen, the Roman, did go down before the flood of barbarians rushing with hostile intent from the north in Goths and Vandals and Huns. Jeremiah depicts the peril to Judah from a similar source, when he says pictorially, "What seest thou? And I said, I see a boiling caldron; and the face thereof is from the north. Then Jehovah said unto me, Out of the north evil shall break forth upon all the inhabitants of the land." That is, enemy forces, like the hot, scalding contents of a boiling pot tipped

southward, were to overspread and engulf and burn the country of God's people. There is a similar danger to our land from vast immigrations, and *we* can speak of a seething pot as picturing the state of things, though the figure can be changed from its ancient to a modern adaptation. In Zangwill's well-known book and play, it is the irrepressible David, the young violinist, who says: "America is God's Crucible, the great Melting-Pot where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming." His idea was that of a fusing into one of different metals. From such an amalgamation of races he felt that there was to emerge the true American, "the coming superhuman." Even in the case of the irruption into the Roman empire of northern savages, there was a happy outcome under an overruling providence in their ultimate Christianization. With us the situation is still more hopeful, for the thousands of immigrants annually flowing in upon us are not hostile, they are merely trying to better their condition. But even then are they not a menace to our civilization? The answer can be decidedly, No, if the true solvent is applied, namely, that of the gospel.

1. First, we will see how a similar problem has been worked out successfully in another people's history. We will note how the present English nation has been built up through the shaping influence of religion from very small beginnings and from the most diverse elements. We have here an example of the little one becoming a thousand and the small one a strong nation through the Lord's hastening. To prove this, we have only to recall England's past. Ancient writers told strange stories of an island far out to sea, beyond the pillars of Hercules, beyond our Gibraltar. It, however, had a very shadowy existence, till Julius Caesar gave it reality by landing on its shores 55 B. C. What sort of inhabitants

did it contain? They wore the customary garb of barbarians, the skins of animals, or they went practically naked like our early American Indians. Cowper said most truly:

> "Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
> Save their own painted skins, our sires had none."

When the Roman general, Suetonius, about 60 A. D. proceeded to conquer Britain, he was astonished at the wildness of the natives, who were nothing less than crude savages. They lived in the woods and in caves. They offered up to their gods sacrifies not only of animals, but often also of human beings. Their degradation was much greater than that of the lowest Filipinos to-day. But the gospel was introduced among them, and thereupon they made, says Hume, great "advances toward arts and civil manners."

Then came apparent disaster, when in the fifth century great hordes of German barbarians poured into the country. These, belonging in the main to two tribes, the Angles and the Saxons, overran and practically submerged the populations previously occupying the territory. These Anglo-Saxons were savages, who, becoming with others seven separate kingdoms, were continually at warfare, the historian Knight comparing them to so many "Choctaws and Cherokees." Of their conquest of the Britons, Gibbons says, "The practice, and even the remembrance, of Christianity were abolished." Hume says that they caused the country to revert to its "ancient barbarity." The cultivated Romans regarded them as fit only for the slave market, and raids were made upon them for this purpose. By the civilized they were regarded about as the Negroes of Africa used to be looked upon, except that, instead of black faces and kinky locks, they had fair features

and flaxen hair. When a religious father saw some of them on an auction block in Rome, and when on inquiry he was informed that they were Angles, he gave utterance to that historic pun on their name, that they could more properly be called Angels. He then and there resolved that they should be such, not only in appearance but in fact. Afterward as Pope Gregory the Great he sent Christian Missionaries to them in their distant island home. Did they need Christianizing? They were the veriest heathen, worshipping numerous divinities in the grossest manner. Their ambition was to drink their intoxicants from the skulls of their defeated foes.

It was to such that the pious Augustine and his devoted band went 597 A. D., gradually winning over King Ethelbert of Kent, who providentially had married a French princess of Christian antecedents, the celebrated Queen Bertha. He became a convert to his wife's religion, and thus one pagan tribe of our ancestors was Christianized. The other divisions of the Saxon Heptarchy were not slow to follow, and in 664 A. D. the various branches of the Anglo-Saxon Church were united, and there logically followed a political union. In the year 827 under Egbert the seven independent powers were consolidated into a nation, and the united country was called Angle-land, that is, England, and the English race began its march onward and upward. It was by Christianity that the various warring tribes were unified and compacted into a mighty people. Out of crude Britons and Anglo-Saxons, and later out of semi-civilized Danes and Normans, was developed the powerful English nation. Nor was it congenial elements that were finally harmonized. Every reader of Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe will remember the intensity and bitterness of feeling, which that romance, true to history in this respect, portrayed as existing between the Norman and Saxon,

between the conquering lord and the rebelling vassal, but eventually the separating lines faded away. Tennyson in his welcome to Alexandra, when she became the bride of the Prince who subsequently sat on the throne as Edward the Seventh, said proudly,

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,"

as the poet indicated the complexion, the racial composition, of the mightiest people on earth, whose drum-beat is literally heard round the globe, the sun never setting on the world-wide dominion. With such a splendid development under the moulding influence of Christianity, we ought to be filled with a great hope for our own national future.

2. Turning now to America, after this encouraging lesson from the past, here is to be enacted on a larger scale than in the old world the great unfolding drama of civil and religious freedom. Recall the small beginnings, whether at historic Lexington and Concord, where the embattled farmers, says Emerson, "fired the shot heard round the world," or whether at Bunker Hill on June 17, 1775. Let us picture the latter somewhat in detail, recalling how the Revolutionary heroes on that date stood behind a hastily-constructed redoubt on a spur of Bunker Hill, while the British Regulars of more than twice their number were marching in flashing armor up the steep ascent to dislodge and capture the American "rebels." Prescott and Warren were the leaders of the intrenched colonial forces, and though the red-coats drew nearer and nearer till buttons could be counted and faces recognized, not a shot was sent from behind the parapet of fence and earth and newly-mown grass. The silence was oppressive, the patience was sublime, but Prescott and Warren

both were counseling, Steady now! wait till you see the whites of their eyes, and then fire low! When this order was given, the devouring flame leaped forth, and, says General Carrington in his "Battles of the American Revolution," "the whole front goes down. For an instant the chirp of the grasshopper and the cricket in the freshly-cut grass might almost be heard; then the groans of the suffering; then the shouts of the patient yeomen." A similarly deadly volley repulsed a second attack, and a retreat followed a third onslaught only because the ammunition of the patriots became completely exhausted. Though there was a temporary and technical defeat, more than twice as many British as Americans were killed, and the first real battle for independence had been fought, and the conflict went on till freedom was gained. Warren was among the last to leave the redoubt, but at the moment of departure he fell, shot through the head, but his name is gratefully cherished by a nation to-day, and on the spot where he yielded up his life for his country, exactly fifty years afterward, June 17, 1825, was laid by Lafayette the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument.

Daniel Webster of magisterial frame and massive head and lustrous eyes delivered the oration that has come to be regarded as a classic. The same eloquent statesman was the impressive orator on June 17, 1843, when the finished monument, which springs into the air 221 feet, was dedicated, in the presence of the President of the United States, and of a mass of people whose upturned faces were like a limitless sea. Standing at the base of the fine shaft that was to rise, came in 1825 the Websterian flight of eloquence, "Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." The language of the same speaker in 1843 at the

completion of the work was no less inspiring, when he cried, "Here it stands . . . It is itself the orator of this occasion." Thus redolent of patriotic memories is June 17, which is annually observed as a holiday in the Old Bay State, and fittingly, because in a sense there then began in a small way a nation that has grown to be the most powerful on earth.

We certainly then were a little one and a small one, but under the blessing of Christian civilization we have already become a thousand and a strong nation, and we are to expand and strengthen still more. Less than a century and a half ago, we were a people who numbered under four millions, and now we are above one hundred millions, and still our population is increasing from immigration alone by the hundred thousand annually, and more than one single year has shown an accession of a full million and beyond. From every part of the globe they are coming and of all sorts.

> "Leaden lustre and golden glow —
> Into the melting pot they go."

The land, which was to be possessed by the chosen people anciently, was occupied by Amorites, and Hittites, and Canaanites, and Hivites, and Jebusites, and Gazites, and Ashdotites, and Askelonites, and Gittites, and Ekronites, and time would fail to tell what others. Well, they are all here in our new land of promise, Scotch and Irish, Welsh and English, French and German, Spanish, Portugese, Italian, Swiss, Turk, Russian, Dane, Swede, Norwegian, Cuban, Haiwaian, Malayan; they are all ours, and the question is not as of old how to exterminate them, the problem is a more difficult one than that, how to absorb and harmonize the diverse elements, how to form out of the heterogeneous masses

a homogeneous body politic, how to carry out President McKinley's plan of "benevolent assimilation." Nothing but the power of the gospel can make us one people.

Under that divine influence, and only under that, shall we see Dr. Schaff's hope becoming a fact, a new and distinct nationality, realizing, he said, "the unity and universality of the human family, with a continent for its home and two oceans for its outlet to the other continents." For, as he added, "if the present English nation is superior to any of the three elements (the Celtic, the Anglo-Saxon, and the Norman-French) of which it is composed, may we not reasonably expect that the American nationality will ultimately be an advance upon . . . . the nationalities which contribute to its growth?" That surely can be our expectation. Ours is the great work of unifying on the principle of making all "one in Christ." Immigration is a safe movement, provided that there is a wise and reasonable restriction, so that we shall not be literally swamped, so that the irrigating flood shall not become the destroying deluge, and provided that we give ourselves steadily to the Americanizing of the new comers and to the Christianizing of the whole social order.

And what a splendid field it is on which this battle for the millenium is to be fought! We hardly appreciate the scope of our broad acres. Palestine seemed in Biblical times a wonderfully spacious country. The sacred writers speak proudly of its stretching "from sea to sea." The phrase occurs more than once, and it meant from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean, and we know how extensive that was. It was all of fifty miles. Tremendous, was it not? When we talk of "from sea to sea," we have in mind two of the vastest oceans of earth, the Atlantic and the Pacific, and we count not fifty but nearly three thousand miles. Then when we

include Alaska, that great possession lying away to the northwest, and the Philippines as far to the southwest, to say nothing of other isles of the sea, we feel that we were correctly described by him who said that we were bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the east by the rising sun, on the south by the equator, and on the west by the day of judgment.

We dwell with admiration upon the empire of the Caesars stretching from the Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules, but, said Joseph Cook, the "Roman eagles, when their wings were strongest, never flew as far as from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate." Territorially we are more than twice as large as the Roman empire ever was. There are familiar comparisons which are often made. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland could be quite easily set down in the single State of New Mexico. It would lack a good deal of filling out Montana, and, put in California, it would rattle round like David in Saul's armor. The British lion could range at pleasure in the Gold State of the Pacific, and never imagine it was in a cage. France is supposed to be considerable of a country, but it is smaller than Texas alone, as is also Germany. We have given away to railroads three times as much land as Great Britain contains. If we had France, Germany and England, we could make a present of all three to some corporation, and scarcely miss the little garden plots geographically speaking, though we *would,* immensely, from the historical standpoint.

Moreover, all our thousands of square miles are eventually to be occupied. Instead of one hundred million, we probably are to have eighty-five hundred million inhabitants, and indeed with as dense a population as Great Britain and Ireland our census would show nine hundred and twenty-eight mil-

lions. Dr. N. D. Hillis, successor to Henry Ward Beecher in the Plymouth pulpit, has said that in Texas he was once invited to visit a farmer, who told him it was only 54 miles up the lane to his front door, and who casually remarked that when the hired man started out to plow around a field, he put a trunk on the plow, and kissed his family goodbye, as he would not be able to get back till Fall. This was a playful way of indicating how large the Lone Star State is, and if it were as thickly settled as Belgium used to be before the World War, it would be inhabited by 135 millions of people, more than are in the entire United States at present, about 35 millions more.

With as many to the square mile as the province of Kiangsu in China had in 1812, Iowa itself would support forty-six millions of people; and no more crowded than Massachusetts, that single prairie Commonwealth would have a population of twelve millions. What possibilities of growth before us according to such figures! The lines of the poet are no exaggeration:

"I hear the tread of pioneers, of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon shall roll a human sea.
. . . . . .
The rudiments of empire here are plastic yet, and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world is rounding into form."

We should see to it, that it does thus round beautifully into form, that this glorious result is attained, that there shall be no more hyphenated Americans such as we had in the recent past, that the almost countless millions yet to constitute this nation shall be moulded by Christianity into a loyal and unified people whose God is the Lord. The

Americanizing of foreigners within our borders should include the teaching them of our own language, and the refusing them of the ballot till they have acquired the use of our tongue. The Christian sentiment of our country ought to be strong enough to constrain Education Boards and even the Government (saying nothing of religious institutions like the Y. M. C. A.) to establish and support industrial and night schools for the benefit of immigrants, who likewise should be instructed in the principles and ideals of their proposed new citizenship. The need along this line was forcibly brought home to us when we became a participant in the World War. When the draft age was from 21 to 31 years, it was revealed that the aliens subject to conscription numbered a million and a quarter, of whom 34 per cent, or more than 400,000 of them (had they all been called into service) would not have been able to comprehend the orders issued to them by their commanders. When the years for conscription were made to range from 18 to 45, there were over three million males who had come to us from other lands whose utterances to us seemed like Babel sounds, and one-third of them, a full million, would have been like deaf men, so far as any military training of them was concerned. These figures of a reliable authority are based on the census of 1910, and the exhibit for 1917, when we entered the great conflict, would have been much less favorable, in view of the heavy accessions to our population in late years from non-English sources. An actual illustration of the lamentable situation was given us in one of our cantonments, where a captain saluted his superior officer who had finished giving some specific directions, and remarked that not a solitary person in his company had understood a word of what had been said. This surely was an anomalous and absolutely intolerable condition of

things. The uplift and unification of our miscellaneous elements, therefore, should proceed after the distinctively American order, through church *and* school.

To be sure, it sometimes seems a hopeless project, as we annex alien populations, and as immigrants of all nationalities pour upon our shores, but if the regenerating and assimilating power of the gospel could develop the noble English race out of savage Briton and heathen Anglo-Saxon and piratical Dane and inferior Norman, we need not despair of the far better elements which it is ours to shape. It is said that a distinguished English divine, standing on the bridge at Niagara one midnight, and gazing down at the "seething chaos below," and listening to the "ceaseless roar of that avalanche of water," considered it a "fit emblem of the restless and bewildering whirlpool of American life; but when he raised his eyes to the moonlit sky, there arose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable; that silver column glittering in the moonbeams seemed a truer image of American history, of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present." The tide of immigration does wash tumultuously upon our shores, but out of the breakers there is to rise a Christian nation beautiful as the silver column of Niagara's spray. If only we will follow the course of the star of empire with the Star of Bethlehem, if with religious purpose and endeavor we will keep abreast of the great westward movement of the populations of the globe, all will be well. Here, too, is it true that this tide, that of immigration, taken at the flood, will move on to a most fortunate issue, to a most happy outcome, as racial complexities culminate in a great nation of a new type. All should do their

part in contributing to this coming ideal nationality, which is to be a wonderful composite. In no other way can we be assured of the perpetuity of America, of its continued forcefulness in the making of history that shall be resplendent.

CHAPTER III

Golden Calves

THERE is one thing which more than all else threatens the moral order of society, and that is the licensed saloon. For its elimination every man should set his face like flint. He is under heavy bonds to see to it that there is a safe environment. There has been in our day a great awakening along this line, and much attention is rightly being paid to social ethics. We properly are being urged to consider the conditions of the community in which we live. Of course, we have been taught from the very beginning, from Genesis itself, that we are our brother's keeper, and the great Teacher insisted that we should love our neighbor as ourselves. Nevertheless, in our time a new emphasis is being placed on this truth, and especially in its application to the open bar, to the legalized dramshop, which confessedly is a most demoralizing force.

At present one has every encouragement to take an unequivocal stand here. The prohibition of vodka in an empire like Russia during the World War shows the advance that is being made in this direction. The curbing of agencies for the promoting of drinking in other leading nations in order to greater efficiency during the same mighty crisis, is another straw indicating which way the wind is blowing. Great corporations and railroads are making rules for the dethroning of King Alcohol. When the majority report on the Webb bill for national prohibition was given to Congress

in February, 1917, it was authoritatively stated that half of the States of the Union had declared for the cause, that eighty-five per cent of our territory had outlawed the saloon, and that more than sixty per cent of our population were living under the "dry" regime.

Near the close of the same memorable year was the passing by Congress, by both House and Senate, of a prohibition amendment to the national Constitution, the same to become effective upon its adoption within seven years by three-fourths of our 48 States, and the required number was reached on January 16, 1919, and this insured the beginning of constitutional prohibition on that date of 1920. Meanwhile the good work of ratification went right on till all of the 48 States had acted favorably except three of unenviable distinction, Rhode Island and Connecticut and New Jersey. The campaign was of the whirlwind type, of the sort indicated by Julius Caesar when he said, "Veni, vidi, vici," I came, I saw, I conquered. And now the conquest of the world is planned.

To be sure, Isaiah speaks of foes that "weave the spider's web," and this is particularly true of liquor men, who gather thousands of our citizens into their meshes, that are not easily broken. But the figure, while speaking of their strength, according to a better interpretation sets forth their weakness. This certainly applies to all legal technicalities and ingenious arguments, which are woven to obstruct the advancing movement of temperance. A great moral reform does not stop for gauzy subterfuges. No spider's web is allowed permanently to stand in the way of right and justice. Weak strands laced together with apparent strength are sooner or later brushed aside. And yet dealers in booze imagine that possession is nine points of the law, and they

can not see why they need to heed the continually rising sentiment against their business, why they need to shift from the ground occupied by their craft from time immemorial. One is reminded of the boy, who whimpered and cried because the sun began to come into his eyes through the window where he had been sitting. His mother suggested that he would do well to move, but he replied peevishly that he had gotten there first. He only fidgeted and vainly expected the sun to do the moving. That is the way it is with saloon-keepers, who claim the right, so to speak, of previous possession and of long custom, and as the light shines and fairly pours into their eyes, they fuss and complain, apparently believing in the theory of Jasper, the noted colored preacher, that the "sun does move." It, however, does not, and *they* might better do the moving, for the glorious sun of temperance is coming up with noontide splendor, and is going to flash more brightness yet into the blinking eyes of our enemies. While their cause *is* strongly entrenched in the sinful hearts of millions, who are held as flies are by a spider's web, after all, saloons are eventually to disappear like bedewed cobwebs on the grass before the rising orb of day.

Sometimes there is the sneering prophecy, that the movement for prohibition will be of short duration, and will end when the heat of perspiring fanatics has subsided. The sweat, in which temperance people do get, has yet a meaning not always truly divined. We recall in this connection what is related of Alexander the Great, as he was about to set out on one of his successful expeditions. A cypress image of one of the gods, we are informed, "was seen to sweat in great abundance," to the consternation of many who thought this an unfavorable omen, but an augur who was consulted said that this "so far from presaging ill" to the distinguished

general only meant that Alexander "should perform acts so important and glorious as would make the poets and musicians of future ages labor and sweat to describe and celebrate them." The perspiration in which hot-headed prohibitionists (as they are opprobriously called) get, is not ominous of evil to their cause. It is rather an intimation, that their successes are going to be so great as to make an already perspiring opposition sweat still more to relate how no license is gaining. The hotter the better all around. We should get so warmed up on the matter, that we shall be in a regular perspiration, and that will be auspicious, meaning that our foes will get hotter and hotter, till they fairly perspire over the progress we are making.

Notwithstanding the increasing success that *is* being ours, there remain apologists for the licensing of the greatest evil there is in our community life. They do not meet the question squarely, but they resort to all sorts of makeshifts in the endeavor to make their position seemingly tenable. They are like the Biblical Aaron, who once sought to justify himself in an unworthy course by the miserable excuse, "And there came out this calf." The circumstances of that utterance are familiar.

Moses had been absent on Sinai, on the top of the mount, for about a month, receiving the great commandments of the Decalogue. The people on the plains below became uneasy. They wanted a god they could see, and not one hidden away among the clouds draped around a distant, frowning summit. They had lost confidence in their leader who was having his historic interview with Jehovah. They expressed their feelings to Aaron, who tried for a while to put them off, but the mob becoming more and more excited and persistent in their demands, he yielded and made them the golden calf,

around which they danced in shame. The great lawgiver appeared upon the disgraceful scene, and asked his prime minister what such disreputable conduct meant, and the reply for substance was, Now do not be angry; you know what people these are to manage; they just insisted upon having visible gods, and so the gold they brought was cast by me into the fire, "and there came out this calf." Aaron would have us understand that he was not accountable, that it walked right out of itself. There never was a better illustration of human attempt to shift responsibility, and we feel that a very personal application might have been made, such as Robert Burns once made. The Scottish poet, on hearing a sermon from the text that we shall "grow up like calves of the stall," wrote these lines:

"Right, sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yourself just now,
God knows, an unco calf!"

There are those who show their shiftiness by an insincere arguing for moral suasion, while they solemnly taboo all legal action. This matter, however, has to do not only with the persuasive but also with the restrictive. Christianity combines the law *and* the gospel, and the situation may be such as to call out its sterner rather than its milder features. When New England in Revolutionary days asked of Quaker Pennsylvania powder for war, the latter, even with the peace views of its citizens, voted the appropriation, says Benjamin Franklin, "for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain.*" Some did not like the language, the specifications, but the Governor concerned said, "I shall take the money,

for I understand very well their meaning: *other grain* is gunpowder.'' The good Friends raised no objection to the interpretation; they evidently thought that other grain *should* be powder. They also purchased for themselves a large gun, which they bought under the name of a fire-engine, and it was that, when the igniting spark sent a ball straight toward the enemy. While ministers preach a gospel of peace, they do not demur to its being understood to mean occasionally thunder and lightning. They want the Church to be a fire-engine to assist in firing out of every community all saloons.

1. The first type of defender for these is the drinker. *He* acts the part of Aaron. He says that the dramshop is a necessity. He lays the fault, if any there be, upon the inborn passions of man, which it may be unfortunate to possess, but which are in the constitution nevertheless, and which must be satisfied, and which, therefore, must have places for their gratification. These surging desires constitute a kind of mob force, before which he pleads human helplessness, while he advocates resorts for drinking. What is the result? What is the outcome? There comes out a calf, whose horns are destructive of every one that ''takes a horn,'' whose one horn is pauperism and whose other horn is crime, and either horn of that dilemma is bad enough. It is quite generally conceded that most of our paupers and criminals are made such by strong drink. A Democratic Judge of Iowa attributed ''seven-tenths of the crimes committed'' to the use of intoxicants. A great Daily of Chicago, though friendly to the liquor power, has yet made this admission: ''An overwhelmingly large proportion of the crimes against person and property are due to the saloons.'' The Wardens of our State Penitentiaries give similar reports, one of them stating that ''at least sixty per cent'' of the convicts go there be-

cause of "intoxicating liquors." Chief Justice Noah Davis of the Supreme Court of New York charged eighty per cent of all crimes to the drink habit. The testimony abroad is to the same effect. Lord Coleridge, who was made Chief Justice of the mother country in 1880 said, "If we could make England sober, we would shut up nine-tenths of her prisons." The long-time hero of British politics, Gladstone, affirmed, that the iniquitous traffic inflicted more harm upon mankind "than the three great historic scourges, war, famine, and pestilence combined."

Then the prevalence of drunkenness itself is deplorable. The Spartans, says Plutarch, were accustomed now and then to make the Helots, their slaves, "drink to excess, and to lead them in that condition into their public halls, that the children might see what a sight a drunken man is." We do not have to resort to any such device, for the victims of the intoxicating cup now are a frequent spectacle, and the saloon-system is largely responsible. There social cheer and song have added to the evil, giving an element of fascination to the destruction wrought. Professor Fisher of Yale said regarding Athens 405 B. C., "The long walls and fortifications were demolished by the ruthless conqueror, the work of destruction being carried on to the sound of the flute." The embattlements of the soul have crumbled and are crumbling to the music that is heard in the resort of the drinker.

With this indictment of various particulars against the Scriptural ox that gores, the animal surely needs to be shut up, for it is a very "bull of Bashan," committing ravages that make us shudder. But when it is proposed to confine the beast, to keep it out of a community, to close the saloon, many a one falls back on Aaron's weak excuse of helplessness in the situation. Instead of taking the calf squarely by the

horns and destroying it outright by legal enactment, by the prohibitory, by a no-license vote, he dances all around it, like the Israelites of old.

2. Not only the drinker, but the saloon-keeper, or his apologist, takes a similar attitude. He finds himself surrounded by a great mass of people, who have lost their relish for the God of Moses. They want something more tangible than the so-called spiritual, something that will appeal to their senses. The old religion is too far removed from them; the mistakes of Moses are manifest; they will swear by Ingersoll, they will follow his advice, they will enjoy life, pleasure shall be their god, and a good time they demand. They surge around some one whom they make their Aaron to provide for their wants, to open up for them a drinking rendezvous. He perhaps feels at first some compunctions of conscience as to the business, but he concludes that the drinkers are to blame. They are determined to have stimulants, and if he does not furnish these, others will. If they can not get what they want in a legalized place, they will get it surreptitiously; if not of the open dealer, of the secret and sneak seller. The representative of the saloon thinks that he might as well have the profit. He receives a license that has been voted. He invites the masses to bring on their money, their gold, and they do in great quantities. They fetch it by nickels and by dimes, and it soon accumulates to be a large bulk. Aaron has enough for a golden calf, the saloon-keeper has a handsome property. Suggest to the vender of liquid damnation that what is acquired by such an unholy traffic has a good deal of the appearance of a big golden calf, and he protests. People will drink, say members of the craft, and though we sometimes tell them plainly that there is nothing better than pure, sparkling

water, than "Adam's ale" which comes bubbling out of the ground, they yet *do* demand something stronger. We accordingly say, Very well, that is for you to decide. We take their money, cast it into the drawer, and the result is a nice property, which is none other than a golden calf, that ought now as of yore to be ground to powder, and strewed upon the water. That is the water cure that is needed.

But apologies for the saloon continue to be made. The truckling politician especially sees there votes to be gotten. He seeks elevation through a dishonorable ballot. He often feels that by such means the trick can be turned to the gaining of his selfish ambition. He makes the mistake of the little girl, who announced to her mother that when she grew up, she was going to be a Duchess. When asked how she was going to effect that so easily, her prompt reply was, "By marrying a Dutchman." More than one person wants to join his fortunes, for instance, with those of the baser Germans. By an alliance with the Dutch, he hopes to become, if not a Duchess, a Mayor or Governor. He should rather be as uncompromising as that intrepid Roman who came to the rescue of his countrymen, when they were about to pay a heavy tribute of gold to besieging Gauls. He objected, and said "that it was customary with the Romans to deliver their country with iron, not with gold." Our sentiment should be, No tribute of gold to the saloon by granting a license privilege, but the iron of "Thou shalt not" shall be rigidly applied.

Sometimes it is sanctimoniously maintained that there is more drinking under prohibition than under license. Why, then, do not such claimants fight for the former rather than for the latter? They, however, do not, and therein does their hypocrisy appear. Or taking another tack, they say that the

restrictive policy hurts business, depreciates property, and increases taxes. The speciousness of such arguing is apparent, but at the worst there would be gain. Even breweries could be turned to some use, perhaps into starch factories, for more starch is needed, if for no other reason, to stiffen, as some one has said, the backbones of professed but very weak temperance people. If corn can not be profitably grown, as is sometimes averred, except for distilling purposes, except for getting people "corned," let the price of this product fall. What shall we do with our corn? thundered out a western politician, who was concerned along this line, and a farmer quietly answered, Feed it, raise more hogs and less hell. If worst comes to worst, grind to powder the calf of gold, let property *be* depreciated, and if need be wiped out, rather than jeopardize the welfare of society, rather than sink immortal souls down into the pit. The general good is to be consulted, with an ignoring of the selfish interests of a few, who are thinking of larger rents, or the fabulous fortunes to be made, or of some other possible pecuniary gain. Law and order, morality and religion, and a Christian civilization outweigh the almighty dollar.

3. Once more, Aaron's position is taken, not only by the drinker and seller, and their respective supporters, but also by the town, and the larger the city is, the more acute becomes the situation. The evil has its most virulent development at the large centers of population, and for a reason. There will be recalled what Alaric the Goth said to the Roman embassador, who had endeavored to stir pity in the barbarian because of the great numbers living in Rome. "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed," answered the savage, as he proceeded with his march for the destruction of the eternal city. That is why the cities specially attract our heartless

foe, more people are there to be destroyed. Alaric demanded as the condition of peace all the silver and gold of Rome, not part of the money there, but all; whereupon the citizens asked, "If such, O King, are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?" The haughty and cruel reply was, "Your lives." The modern Goths and Vandals do not propose to be as merciful as that even, they take the lives also.

A municipal government, then, is besieged, we will say, by a great multitude clamoring for the calf to be set up, and again and again the incorporated town will "set it up" for all that are thirsty. The voters cast their ballots for license, and then try to make the thing seem right. People will drink, they say, and therefore the traffic might as well be licensed. Well, people will steal, and will kill, but we do not license thieves and murderers. Wrong can not *be* legitimately licensed. It is sometimes said, that we have no more right to interfere at all with the drinking of liquors, than of tea and coffee, but the cases are not analagous. Whenever an article in its sale becomes the chief cause of crime, it is removed from the list of things lawful. If tea and coffee should, as strong drink does, produce about three-fourths of all crimes committed, if they fired men to deeds of wickedness, as does alcohol, they also could be very properly proscribed and banished.

While the beer and whiskey business may not be strictly right, it is often claimed to be essential to the material prosperity of a place, and it must therefore be suffered as a kind of necessary evil. Where, however, the financial gain is may not be so evident. The license revenue, to be sure, is considerable, but invariably it is paying out many thousands of dollars to get back much less. It reminds one of Mark Twain's account of Henry Ward Beecher's farming, of which

this sample was given, according to the best of my recollection: The illustrious preacher bought the original pig for $1.50, and fed him $40 worth of corn, and then sold him for about $9. This, said the humorist, was the only crop he ever made any money on. He lost on the corn, but he made $7.50 on the animal. He did not mind this, because he never expected to make anything on corn. And, any way it turned out, he had the excitement of raising the porker, whether he got the worth of him or not.

That is the way it is with an organized community. They spend two or four hundred thousand dollars on the saloon, and they get back a revenue of a great many less thousand. They make something on the license, but they lose a great deal more on the outlay, and yet some do not mind that, since they have the excitement of much drunkenness, which seems to them a sign of civic life, but may we be saved from such lively times. They do not consider how far preferable it would be for the real business of a community to have what is expended in the saloons spent at stores, and put into banks, and into homes. At the greater resultant prosperity and increase of means and wealth, direct taxation could be afforded, if need be, for improvements. At any rate, if streets can be graded only by having humanity degraded; if we can have them paved only by having persons depraved, let us keep our imperfect highways, and our hope of a city whose streets are of gold. We can stand some inconvenience here rather than do that which shall endanger our prospect for the hereafter, for says the prophet Habakkuk, "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity," and, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

And yet people in their corporate capacity will say,

We merely tolerate a business, which we in reality hate, accepting the revenue which it brings, and with this our acquiescence the saloon-system grows, it must be confessed, and assumes enormous and wasteful proportion, "and there comes out this calf," large and fat. Being hedged around very carefully with legal sanctions, it becomes the full-grown cow, from which the owner, the one directly interested, gets all the cream and butter, while the town or city for its pains is allowed only a little of the skimmed milk. The thing does not pay even on that basis, and Aaron *is* responsible for not putting his foot down and preventing the whole nefarious business, and a community *is* accountable if through legal coddling and failure to vote no-license, there comes out the calf, there results a thriving, monstrous traffic that has not a solitary redeeming feature. For the sake of young men who would never become drinkers but for the open saloon tempting within, for the sake of wives who would no longer listen eagerly for the footsteps of husbands staggering to their homes in the still hours of the night, for the sake of innocent children who would have to live in want and wretchedness and abject fear, for the sake of the poor victims themselves whom a vicious treating has led astray, for the sake of humanity and for God's sake, we should crush this abomination of desolation, grind it to powder and strew it upon the water, by casting our ballots at every opportunity overwhelmingly for God and home and native land.

The uncompromising attitude that we should take will appear in two classical illustrations with which we close. Circe, who points a moral, was an enchantress dwelling in a palace embowered among trees. At the soft music and sweet singing which floated from within, and at the invitation of the fair proprietress herself, one-half the crew of Ulysses,

the old Grecian hero, entered the fairy-like place. The beautiful hostess served them with wine, and then touching them with her magic wand she turned them into swine, and shut them up in her sties. Their brave leader hastened to the rescue of his companions, he strode toward the palace, and when Circe would have metamorphosed him also, he rushed upon her with drawn sword, and demanded the release of those already in a miserable captivity. She fell upon her knees and begged for mercy, and she hastily let her victims go, to their great joy, as they were restored again into human beings. All honor to every Ulysses, who will show no quarter to the Circean saloon-system, which changes so many from men into swine to wallow in filth.

Then there is the fable of a ship long bearing every year from Greece to Crete a tribute of young men and maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur, that monster which was half man and half bull, worse than the Scriptural "bull of Bashan." The vessel with its human victims was sent on its sad voyage, says Plutarch, "with a black sail, as to unavoidable destruction." But at last the heroic Theseus, taking charge of the expedition, and confident of success, "gave the pilot another sail, which was white." Victory thus symbolized did come, and Athens rejoiced in the deliverance from the horrid creature, which annually had taken its full quota of the young of the land. There is a modern Minotaur, the goring ox of Scripture, and we have long enough gone forth to it in a despairing attitude, with a black flag, as if it *must* continue to exist, as if just so many of our youth must be yielded up to it every year. We should raise the white standard of assured triumph, with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," our courage rising with danger, and we shall not be disappointed. The monstrous saloon-system shall

be overcome, and the young shall be safe from its jaws of death and its mouth of hell.

Into this happy position our own country has already come with the establishment of national prohibition on January 16, 1920, from which there is not to be any permanent reaction but rather an increasing stability in the new order of things, while the whole world is destined eventually to share in the blessing of a greater sobriety and of greater industrial and intellectual and moral attainments. We should steadily fight all efforts that doubtless will be made for the overthrow of what we have gained along this line, and we should set our faces like flint for the extension of the good cause around the globe.

CHAPTER IV

Holiday, Workaday, Holy Day

WE ARE concerning ourselves for the moral order of the world. We are trying to fix human responsibility therefor. We are to enter upon a discussion of an institution, which is very influential in the right direction. Disraeli once said that the weekly rest-day was the corner-stone of our civilization. If this be true, we have come to a most vital matter for consideration. The question is, Shall we have a holiday, a workaday or a holy day?

1. Our first point will be as to the particular day to be observed. With the establishment of Christianity, the Jewish Sabbath (our Saturday) no longer had binding force, being superseded by Sunday, the Christian Sabbath. The change was a thing of growth rather than the result of positive enactment, but the day was changed all the same, and of this we have abundant proof. Even in the New Testament we see the first day of the week rather than the seventh assuming a sacred character. It was then that Christ appeared to his disciples, first on the evening of the resurrection, and again just a week from that night. "Upon the first day of the week," the Corinthians were exhorted to make their benevolent offerings, and the same plan for making contributions was submitted to the churches in Galatia and Macedonia. It was "upon the first day of the week," as we learn from the Acts, that Paul preached to the assembled disciples at Troas.

The testimony of the early fathers, too, is unequivocal. Justin Martyr (about 150 A. D.) says that Christians met for worship "on Sunday." Tertullian some fifty years later says, "We celebrate Sunday." Clement of Alexandria, who died not far from 215 A. D., speaks of the observance of "the Lord's Day," because, he adds, of "the resurrection of the Lord which took place on that day." Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian, who died about 340 A. D., writes that the usual duties of the Sabbath "we have transferred to the Lord's Day as more appropriately belonging to it, because it has the precedence, and is first in rank, and more honorable than the Jewish Sabbath."

Converts from Judaism, however, at the outset kept Saturday also, and some times they tried to force it upon all. That is what Paul would seem to have condemned in his epistle to the Colossians, "Let no man therefore judge you," he said, in respect to "a sabbath day." He seems to have meant, that the keeping of Saturday (for Sabbath never signifies Sunday in the Bible) was optional. If the Jewish Christians chose to observe the old Sabbath, there was no objection to it, just as there was none to their being circumcised, but they were not to insist upon others adopting their notions. Paul's sentiment was evidently adverse to keeping Saturday at all, and the general drift of opinion in the early centuries was in the same direction. But for some four hundred years there were those who could not give up the old Sabbath. Theodoret of the beginning of the fifth century, writing of the Ebionites says, "They keep the sabbath according to Jewish law, and sanctify the Lord's day in like manner as we do." But this double observance was not approved by the majority, for as early as 350 A. D. the Council of Laodicea declared: "Christians ought not to act as Jews,

and rest from labor on the sabbath (Saturday), but should work on that day, and giving pre-eminent honor to the Lord's day, they ought then, if they can, to rest from labor." Thus the observers of Saturday dwindled in number from generation to generation, although there are a few such even yet. In other words, Sunday by no "explicit ordinance," as Professor Fisher of Yale said, but naturally and gradually (and none the less authoritatively on that account) came, on account of apostolic sanction, to be exclusively the Christian's Sabbath. Still, it was not till modern times called Sabbath, but Sunday, which is of heathen derivation, meaning the day of the sun, that luminary having been an object of pagan worship. But the name can also be used to commemorate the rising of the Sun of righteousness. It was also anciently called the Lord's day, which is of New Testament origin, for John in the Revelation speaks of being "in the Spirit on the Lord's day." It was likewise frequently designated as "the first day," which the Friends have adopted on Scriptural authority, while the United Presbyterians still cling to the Biblical term of the Sabbath as the most fitting. Relatively more important, however, than a discussion of these variations is the keeping of the day holy.

2. We come next to the right method of its observance. Two extremes are to be avoided. We must not make the day, as Christ says the Pharisees did, one "grievous to be borne." They, for instance, forbade the eating of eggs laid on the Sabbath, for domestic fowls should not work on that sacred day. One could not walk on the grass, for if any seeds were trodden out, that would be threshing. He must not grasp at a biting flea, for that would be hunting, even if the game was not caught. Women were forbidden to look into a mirror on the Sabbath, for they might detect a white hair and pro-

ceed to pull it out (as they very likely would), and that would be laboring in violation of the fourth commandment. Those ancient sticklers on small points tithed mint and cummin, and anise, they were scrupulous about minor things, they made much ado about the plucking of the ears of corn to satisfy the cravings of hunger, but they neglected the weightier matters of the law. That was the sort of thing, the merely punctilious to the extent of the burdensome even, which the Master denounced, when he made his historic utterance, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." That was never designed to encourage the license, for which it is now frequently quoted, but it was intended to condemn such Pharasaic strictures as have just been indicated.

There can be too great restrictions yet. Some of the present generation can remember, when they were not allowed to laugh aloud on the holy day. Nor could they whistle or play an instrument, no matter how religious the tune might be. A smile was reproved as partaking of the nature of levity, when there should be only seriousness. The day was made intolerable, as it was to that boy, who said he did not care to go to heaven where his grandfather was, because the dear old man with a mistaken zeal would be always saying, "Tut, tut!" There may be petty restraints which are irksome and useless. The early Puritans sometimes went to an extreme in enforcing these. Their strictness gave rise to that familiar and facetious statement of the English historian, namely, "The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." While there may have been some basis for that famous quip, there is no danger now of an excessive puritanism.

We are drifting to the other extreme, and we seem to be adopting the Continental Sabbath. It is interesting to observe how the holiday idea of the Continent of Europe, even where Protestantism prevails, originated. In the multiplicity of sacred days imposed by the Roman Church on the world, Sunday lost its special sacredness; it came to be looked upon as only one of many holy days, and Protestants naturally rejected it along with the rest. Their course was a reaction against ecclesiastical authority, and hence Luther says of the day as imposed from without, "If anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty." Other Reformers on the Continent shared this feeling. Their undoubted piety kept them from acting upon such views, but when, to quote from another, "the Reformation began to subside, those who had accepted their doctrines without imbibing their deep religious and devotional spirit" *did* put the theories into practice, and the result has been what is known as the Continental Sabbath. In Germany, accordingly, except among the more evangelical who have caught the deeper spirit of Luther, except among those who show themselves to be true Lutherans in advocating a Sunday for worship rather than for recreation — except among such in the German fatherland we see the looser conceptions regarding the Sabbath too largely prevailing, as the multitudes proceed to carry out Luther's apparently plain injunction to work, ride, dance and feast on the Lord's Day. The great Reformer, who was simply making a strong, rhetorical protest against the imposition of ecclesiastical authority upon the individual conscience, never meant his words to apply strictly to every-day human conduct

from week to week and from year to year, any more than the Master intended his similarly emphatic language to be taken literally when he bade us to *hate* father and mother. If in Protestant Germany there is an undue liberty of practice in this matter, where Catholicism has sway there is still greater freedom. France has her horse racing on the Sabbath, and Spain has her bull fights. It is toward this laxity that we seem to be tending in this country, with our increasing desecrations of the Lord's Day.

There is a better way, choosing the golden mean between Pharasaic or, as the expression now is, Puritanic rigidness and European looseness in what may be designated as the Anglo-American Sabbath, which is marked by its quietness. The hum of industry ceases, places of business and of amusement are closed, and streets are alive with people on their way to the sanctuary. This is the resting which is according to the commandment. If we would not see the day of hallowed influence lost, the spirit of revelry crowding out that of religion, places of recreation superseding houses of worship, we must guard against present tendencies. Even some professed believers are too disposed to drift with the tide. Whatever may be said of automobile riding, it certainly should not be allowed to interfere with the duty and privilege of public worship. Joining a throng for an electric-car or any other excursion is not what we can so much as imagine that Jesus would do, and we ought not to do any thing which would not be following "in his steps." We can not by the wildest stretch of fancy conceive of Him going to a park or a lakeside for a band concert and for the general gayety prevailing in such a resort. Nor is it keeping the day holy to clean up one's grounds or to work in the garden. The "man with the hoe" on Sunday is neither poetic nor

religious. Anything of that kind is not presenting the right front to the world. It is not setting a right example for children. The Master likewise would surely have us adopt some other day than his for purely social functions, whereby groups are gathered together for good cheer and even hilarity. There is not apt to be on such occasions the desired religious atmosphere. Nor is the preparation of school lessons on the day set apart for the spiritual to be commended. We do not have any too much time for the sacred, that we should let it be trenched upon by the secular. We need every seventh day to be lifted out of the ordinary, and we need to tread the high levels of communion with the divine.

But we can not specify farther, only suggesting that where there is a question in one's mind, he should always determine his course of action after reading the last two verses of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, ever squaring his conduct by the principles there laid down, "not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." We should cry a halt on liberalistic practice. That was a noble stand taken by Ex-President Grant when in his tour around the world the French Marshal invited him to attend the public races on Sunday afternoon, and the hero soldier declined. All honor to the Queen of Madagascar, who, when informed that the representatives of two European powers "would do themselves the honor to call upon her on the following sabbath," politely gave them to understand that she could not see them till Monday. It was a telling rebuke coming from an island so lately reclaimed from heathenism, and administered to countries nominally Christian for centuries. Christians now would do well to follow these illustrious examples. A certain toning up of

conduct would seem desirable in these times of a general relaxation.

That ideal American, Theodore Roosevelt, who since his death has been almost canonized by public sentiment, never let anything interfere with his habitual attendance upon public worship. Very significantly he said, "I know that one can worship the Creator and dedicate one's self to good living in a grove of trees, or by a running brook, or in one's own house just as well as in church. But I also know as a matter of cold fact that the average man does not thus worship or thus dedicate himself." Moreover, while he was accustomed to take long tramps on Sunday (as the Lord and his disciples walked through cornfields,) he conscientiously and rightly abstained from all sports as out of harmony with the sacredness of the day.

3. We proceed to the specific advantage of Sabbath observance. We are only asked to do what is for our own benefit, that says a prophet, we may "ride upon the high places of the earth." Gladstone said, "From a moral, social, and physical point of view, the observance of Sunday is a duty of absolute consequence," and as to himself personally he added, "I owe my health and vigor, through a long and busy life, to the Sabbath day, with its blessed surcease of toil." Scientists claim that even machinery needs time to recover, so to speak, its equilibrium. Let it play incessantly, and the particles of steel feel the strain, giving way at last just as an overworked man or beast does. Certainly when it comes to the human frame and to the faculties of the mind, unceasing toil *is* injurious. Said an eminent French political economist, "Let us observe Sunday in the name of hygiene, if not in the name of religion." Six hundred and forty physicians of London once in a petition to the British Parliament

maintained that a seventh day of rest was "essential to the bodily health and mental vigor of men in every station of life." To be sure, in the tremendous activities of to-day, it seems as if we *must* use *all* the time at our disposal, but thus to overtask our powers is a loss in the long run. Those four hundred and fifty engineers on the New York Central Lines knew whereof they spake, when a few years ago they petitioned Vanderbilt for a cessation or at least a lessening of Sunday traffic. "This never-ending toil," they said, "ruins our health," and they declared that the brain was not so clear as it would be with less laborious duties, and here may be the reason for some of our railroad disasters. "We do not hesitate to say," they continued, "that we can do as much work in six days, with the seventh for rest, as is now done."

While modern civilization, with the changed conditions when every family does not keep its own team, may require more or less railroad and trolley traffic, and while an electric car carrying seventy passengers requires only two men to operate it as against one coachman for only four in a carriage, and while many under any circumstances, especially in our complicated life, *must* be employed on Sunday, they should not be forced to labor continuously. *Every* person should be relieved of exacting tasks one day in seven. There will be only gain from such relief. Lord Macaulay, who spoke not as a clergyman but as a statesman and historian, once gave expression to these memorable words: "For my part I have not the smallest doubt, that if we and our ancestors had during the last three centuries worked just as hard on the Sundays as on the week-days, we should have been at this moment a poorer people, a less civilized people than we are." "Of course," he adds, "I do not mean to say that a

man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days; but I very much doubt whether at the end of a year he will have produced more." "The day," he goes on to say, "is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plow lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on, quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days."

Not only from the standpoint of economics, but from the humanitarian point of view it is the same. Take workmen, and the one day at home for them is worth a great deal. There is much truth in the familiar lines:

"Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day!
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread lonely;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves."

The Sabbath breaks up the dull monotony of his existence. The day, says the judicial Blackstone, "humanizes . . . the manners of the lower classes." To the commercial and professional community as well, Sunday comes like a sweet benediction. In the whirl and rush of modern life, men have little time at home; they have to let the domestic and the affectional suffer, except as the Lord's day affords an opportunity for their development.

And surely the laboring masses, in whose behalf greater relaxation is often urged, should see to it that the day is kept holy, for once destroy its sanctity, and it is gone altogether. An American clergyman, who spent several years

abroad, and who was a close observer of the Continental Sabbath, said: "Some of these fine days, as business grows brisk, you will get back from your Sunday excursion, . . . and find a notice that next Sunday owing to the pressure of business, the factory will run, or the shop will open, and that you are wanted for a day's work. And if you think that then you will be able to plead, for your rest and liberty, the very statute you have broken for your amusement, you will have ample time and opportunity to find out your mistake." In other words, if we would have a day of rest, we must not by our conduct break down the public sentiment which guards that day as sacred. If it is not wrong to respond to the whistle for excursion by boat or rail, it is not wrong to respond to whistle that calls to factory or shop. The danger is that more and more may be practically forced into Sunday labor, if the Anglo-American idea yields to the Continental. We can not compromise on this question. If we are to have a Sabbath at all, we must have it in its entireness, and it certainly is needed for overworked men and women. Actors, even, do not deserve to be driven into service seven days in the week for the mere amusement of already surfeited hearers, their strength and health being sacrificed to make a "Roman holiday," or an American. On humanitarian grounds, we should preserve for the good of all the weekly rest-day.

We likewise need it for its moral advantage. Wherever the day is sacredly observed, there society is at its best. We *see* the difference as to morals between a church-going and a pleasure-going portion of any city. Travellers speak of it in comparing such countries as England and France. Between the capitals of these two great nations, there formerly at least was a very great contrast, though now they may be becoming

too much alike. A Frenchman, who can not be said generally to be prejudiced in favor of the Englishman, has used this language: "Men are surprised sometimes," said a French Count of a former generation, "by the ease with which the immense city of London is kept in order by a garrison of three small battalions and two squadrons; while to control the capital of France which is half the size, forty thousand troops of the line and sixty thousand national guards are necessary. But," he continues, "the stranger who arrives in London on a Sunday morning, when he sees every thing of commerce suspended in that gigantic capital in obedience to God; when in the center of that colossal business he finds silence and repose scarcely interrupted by the bells which call to prayer, and by the immense crowds on their way to church, —then his astonishment ceases. He understands that there is another curb for a Christian people besides that made by bayonets."

The Frenchman was right; the Sabbath is invaluable for this curbing influence; and it has a positive value as well, it tones up a community ethically, it arrests a natural tendency downward, and gives a moral uplift. Robert Collyer on leaving Chicago for New York confessed his mistake in suggesting during his early ministry that people might worship God as acceptably in their homes and in the fields and in the woods, and in the mountains and by the seashore, as in the sanctuary. "The drift of it all," he said, was to "slay faith, and to touch with paralysis the nerve of any great endeavor." Teachings, which their propagators now acknowledge to have been erroneous, *have* this paralyzing effect. For its moral advantage, then, we need the Sabbath, with line upon line and precept upon precept in holy temple. We need

to turn away busy feet from the holy ground of the Lord's day, not treading it irreverently in the dust.

If the institution, for which we are pleading, is not preserved, the habit of worship will perish sooner or later, and that would be an irreparable loss. Former United States Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, a prominent Unitarian, once said: "We best maintain the country we love and the state of which we are a part, and of whose government we have our share of personal responsibility, by a constant attendance on the public and social worship of God. I believe it to be to the interest of the country, of the town, and of the individual soul, that the habit be not abandoned." Similarly has spoken President Woodrow Wilson: "It has always seemed to me that the habit of church-going somehow lay at the foundation of steadfast character and maintenance of the standards of life."

The pressure of pleasure and of business on sacred time needs to be strenuously resisted. We all need very much more of composure, not yielding to what seems to be the exigencies of the moment. We should manifest more of the sturdiness of character revealed in the Scotchman, of whom the historian Froude relates a characteristic anecdote. It was the hour of family worship, and the old Highland patriarch was adjusting his spectacles preparatory to reading a chapter of Scripture, when a workman rushed into the room with the startling news, that the shocks of grain would be blown into the sea by a sudden and strong wind which had risen, unless all went immediately to the rescue. "Wind?" calmly replied the Scotchman, "Wind canna get ae straw that has been appointed mine. Sit doon, and let us worship God." Many *are* afraid that something or somebody will get a straw or a little trade from *them* and accordingly they can not take time

to quiet their spirits in holy temple even on the Sabbath. They must keep a close watch of business, they must stay at home or get some necessary recreation on the Lord's day, neglecting the sanctuary and their higher interests, in order to rest up and get in good trim for another week's work in distancing all competitors. They forget what their great Exemplar did: "He came to Nazareth where he had been brought up, and entered, as his *custom* was, into the synagogue on the sabbath day." That is, he had the habit of worship, of going to church regularly, and we should have. The opposite tendencies here should be checked, as we take a resolute stand for a holy day, as against either a holiday or a workaday.

There is needed, as Erasmus once expressed it, more of the stuff of which martyrs are made, so that we will do right at all hazards. We should have more of "the pulp and brawn" of our New England ancestors. When in 1620 the Pilgrims drew near this new country, it was in the face of a driving storm of snow and sleet. Their mast was broken, their sails were torn to shreds. They anchored at Clark's Island Friday night. Saturday the sun shone out, but not soon enough, they feared, to give them time to sail across the intervening water and get established on the mainland before the Sabbath began, and therefore they stayed where they were, right in sight of the shore and of Plymouth Rock, rather than run the risk even of breaking the fourth commandment. That showed sturdy principle. That was the pulp and brawn out of which has been developed the massive New England type of character that has been a bulwark of civilization, and that has been the admiration of the world.

CHAPTER V

Ostrich Nurture

THERE is nothing which contributes so much to a healthful moral order as a rightly-conducted home. There largely is to be determined the character of a nation's future citizenship. Christian nurture by serious-minded parents is what is to count. The absence of this is indicated by Job in a very picturesque manner, when he says:

"The wings of the ostrich wave proudly;
But are they the pinions and plumage of love?
For she leaveth her eggs on the earth,
And warmeth them in the dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
Or that the wild beast may trample them.
She dealeth hardly with her young ones, as if they were not hers."

That is a very striking description of a proud but heartless creature. She may well rejoice in her plumes, for they command a great price and are the admiration of cultivated ladies. They also enable her to run very swiftly, as outspread to the breeze they act like sails to carry the splendid bird over the desert. The patriarch doubtless spoke as an eye-witness of her rapid movement, half running and half flying, when he said farther of her,

"What time she lifteth up herself on high,
She scorneth the horse and his rider."

But there was this against her, that she did not brood over her eggs with the instinct of affectionate motherhood, she rather left them to be hatched by the sun. We are informed by ornithologists, that she *does* practice incubation except in the tropical climate. There she simply makes a nest in the sand, and while she or her mate sits warming her eggs by night, in the day she leaves them to the solar heat as all-sufficient. She forgets that while the sun may hatch them, they are left unprotected, and may be crushed by the foot of the hunter, or may be trampled and destroyed by the wild beast. She ought continually to brood over them, and guard them so far as she can against these dangers. She would do this, it is intimated, were hers "the pinions and plumage of love," and did she not "deal hardly with her young ones."

Now this little incident from natural history has for us a spiritual lesson. It speaks to us of "home, sweet home," which John Howard Payne has enthroned as a song in the hearts of humanity. The American government recognized the importance of the sentiment therein set forth by the tender care which it finally gave to the ashes of its author. After his body had lain for years in a foreign land wherein he had served as consul, the nation at last awoke to its duty, sent a ship to convey the disinterred remains to his native country, and in Washington gave them an impressive re-burial, while statesmen and dignitaries of every sort were present to honor the man, who had exalted the home. Union College, his Alma Mater, has singled him out for a special honor, though numbering among her distinguished sons such celebrities as William M. Seward, President Lincoln's

Secretary of State, and Chester A. Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States, and Daniel Lamont, Secretary of War in President Cleveland's cabinet. The College erected for this particular alumnus a lasting memorial in the Payne Gate, which will admit ambitious students for successive generations to the fair campus and to the Jackson garden with its sweet seclusions and to the spacious and beautiful grounds with their stately trees and classic shades. Now in the home, whose importance our country and a historic college have recognized by official acts, there should be no ostrich nurture.

And first, we note the earliest period of human existence. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a child's education began a hundred years before he was born. There is much truth in this statement, that much in our make-up is inherited. Not only physical characteristics, but mental traits and spiritual dispositions are transmitted. The second President Dwight of Yale, on being asked to write a magazine article on the forces that had contributed to his making, said for substance that he had seen to it first of all that he was born right, and then he paid an appreciative tribute to his mother. There ought to be, therefore, favorable embryonic conditions even. The prenatal state of mind has a tremendous influence, poisoning or quickening that which is yet unborn. Horace Bushnell well spoke of the "fatal mischief" done when one "submits to the maternal office and charge, as to some hard necessity. This charge is going to detain her at home, and limit her freedom. Or it will take her away from the shows and pleasures for which she is living. Or it will burden her days and nights with cares that weary her self-indulgence. Or she is not fond of children, and never means to be fond of them." The rebelliousness

thus depicted by the distinguished preacher must make its impress as on plastic clay. Such a one is not the Scriptural "*joyful* mother of children," but she is the ostrich "dealing hardly with her young ones." She may rejoice in dress and finery, in brilliant plumes that adorn her person, but are hers "the pinions and plumage of love?" The answer must be in the negative.

Over against a reluctant motherhood, place Hannah with her child of prayer, and one can understand why all holy affections blossomed in Samuel from the very outset. He was the beautiful fruitage of a devout and longing soul. When a child has thus been properly born, he next should find himself surrounded by the right sort of atmosphere, which he will *feel*, even before the days of real consciousness. And here a consecrated fatherhood, as well as a true motherhood, will be potential. Let there be on both sides the higher aspirations, and not the carelessness and indifference of the ostrich, which has no gently brooding affection, which is fleet and strong of wing to be sure, but which has not the plumage that is as softly caressing as down.

On young childhood immense influence is almost unconsciously exercised by a warm, genial, spiritual atmosphere. Sometimes, as indicating how little influence (it is alleged) favoring domestic surroundings with their supposedly silent and steady pressure have, the sons of deacons or of prominent church-members, and especially of ministers, are instanced. But there is a wide-spread misapprehension as to the facts here. It has been left to a French sceptic to give the proper credit (to specify only one class) to the sons of clergymen. Not only do they very frequently follow in the footsteps of their fathers by becoming ministers themselves, but they become eminent along various lines. For two

hundred years, clerical families, an enemy being judge and authority, have given more celebrated scientists to the world than any other profession, not excepting the scientific itself. Encke the astronomer and Agassiz the naturalist are of this class. Among historians, the sons of pastors claim Hallam, Macaulay, Bancroft, and among Presidents of the United States such recent examples as Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson. Poets, too, have come from this source, Cowper, Coleridge, Tennyson, Lowell. Novelists, like Thackeray, and others in every sphere of human achievement, are indebted for their eminence to the clergy, with (to quote from the infidel but frank Frenchman) "their counsels to their children, the absence of various causes of dissipation, the habitual vigilance of the father, and his domestic example of study, surpassing the advantages of other families," and giving "all the greater force to the transmission of faculties." Such is the judgment of De Candolle, a writer who has investigated the subject, and who has tabulated and published the results, thus refuting the slander, that usually the sons of ministers turn out badly. There are of course exceptions to the rule, and if *one* goes astray, the circumstance is particularly noticed, attracting proportionately greater attention because of the godly parentage.

Coming to the age of conscious existence, the responsibility increases. The opportunity of the home for the training of young lives is not sufficiently appreciated. There is nothing sweeter than a mother tenderly concerned for her children. Most share the indignation of Caesar, when he called attention to unworthy Roman women, who petted dogs rather than their own offspring. We blush with shame

for the mother now, who is guilty of similar folly. There is a story (which may not be altogether a fable) of a finely-dressed woman in her ostrich feathers flaunting along the street with ribbon-bedecked poodle in her arms, and stopping to kiss a lovely child whom a nurse was rolling along in his carriage. The little fellow asked the servant who that lady with the doggie was, the one who had just kissed him, and the nurse with astonishment and grief answered, "Why, that was your own dear mother." The nurture of hired help is too apt to be that of the sands, whereas there is needed that of the maternal and of the paternal, of brooding wings.

A servant may be conscientious and careful, after the manner of that one who looked after Washington Irving in childhood. He was named after the father of our country. When our first President was once in New York, a Scotch lassie followed the national hero into a shop, and presenting the child to him said, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." He placed his great hand on the laddie's head, and gave him his blessing, little realizing that he was letting his benediction fall on his future biographer. Washington Irving may have been stimulated by the recollection of that scene to write subsequently that charming life of the illustrious George Washington. At any rate, he must have appreciated the thoughtfulness of the servant, who sought for him the blessing of a great and good man. Too rarely now is there a maid, who has this sense of responsibility, and parents themselves must bring their children in connection with high ideals, or the service will not be done at all.

Interest often does center largely in the home, and the little ones there do receive deserved attention, while also they

contribute to parental happiness. The merest trifles in connection with the unfolding young life are noted with pleasure. Charles Lamb in writing to Coleridge asked with reference to the son Hartley that question of perennial interest, "And how go on the little rogue's teeth?" There is nothing like a child to stir true hearts with pure emotions, and if one is taken hence, his innocent and joyous "Good Night!" and "Happy Dreams!" are greatly missed. That is a touching scene in Dickens, where little Dorrit turned at the door to say, "God bless you!" The novelist adds, "She said it very softly; but perhaps she may have been as audible above, — who knows? — as a whole cathedral choir." There *are* in childish voices with their well wishes and prayers the harmonies of heaven itself. We should not fail of getting this highest felicity by not appreciating till too late the joys within our own homes, and we should do our best to give religious nurture to those in whom are wrapped up eternal destinies.

To that end family worship should be a familiar memory. We have all admired "The Cotter's Saturday Night" by Robert Burns, and we are fond of recalling it time and again. We see the Scotch laborer gathering his implements together on a Saturday afternoon, we see him "o'er the moor" seeking his humble cottage "beneath the shelter of an aged tree." We see the younger children flocking gladly around him on his return from the field, we see the older brothers and sisters coming from service among neighbors to spend the Sabbath at home, we see the mother contentedly plying her needle in the midst of her gleesome family, we see the cheerful supper table set. But best of all is it when they, as the poet says,

"form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' — Bible, ance his father's pride;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wails a portion with judicious care;
And, Let us worship God! he says with solemn air."

Burns well adds,

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

We cannot do better than to have this same spirit pervade our households. This is what gives, not that ostrich nurture which leaves the young to the chances of the sands, to the uncertainties of a natural development, but a nurture that is distinctly religious.

The Sabbath especially affords a rare opportunity for conveying serious impressions. We should make the day redolent of the spiritual, different from all the other days of of the week. Not that we should have the too rigidly austere, and the ascetic. We need not have the cold meals of our forefathers. Indeed there seems to be reason for having the table particularly well-furnished. It would seem that the Lord's Day, if any, should have the extras which are sometimes allowable, for then all are more likely to be at home, and one's own, and not incoming friends, should have the best that can be afforded by the market and the purse. Plutarch tells us of an old Roman, who once supping alone at his villa on the Pincian Hill in Rome, and who being served with but one course and that not very good, called his steward, and rebuked him for the insufficient entertain-

ment. The chef's apology was that he knew no one had been invited to the meal, whereupon he received this reproof, "What! did you not know, then, that to-day Lucullus dines with Lucullus?" Because a family may gather without acquaintances around the table on Sunday, as it ordinarily should, there is only the greater cause for making a bountiful provision. An unnatural abstinence is not conducive to the sanctity and happiness of the day.

Then the religious newspaper and books of a kindred nature can be reserved for the day of all the week the best. The ever-charming narratives of Holy Writ itself, with their moral lessons, can be made to do helpful service. After the manner of the game of authors, there are those that are Scriptural, whereby the books of the Bible can be learned as a pleasant pastime. In many such ways can the religious in the home be cultivated. If these are supplemented by the loving, personal talk, and by prayer for and with our beloved, no parent can be charged with being like the ostrich, which "dealeth hardly with her young ones." Sad enough it is when, after many excellent qualities are recounted in a woman, the question must be asked, but are hers "the pinions and plumage of love?" She may dress like a lady, she may wear all the splendid plumes of the ostrich, and yet be lacking in the finest of all endowments, brooding motherhood, which with loving devotion looks after the everlasting welfare of those with whom she has been entrusted. The maternal alone, without the paternal, is well-nigh omnipotent. It was a mother's entreaties and prayers, which led the golden-mounted Chrysostom into the Christian life, and into the gospel ministry to become one of the great pulpit orators of history. The mother of Augustine (and one of the finest beaches of the Pacific in California bears her name,

Santa Monica) is equally famous for the love with which she followed her wayward son. She prayed and wept for him, till a bishop uttered these memorable words: "It is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." And he did become one of the great Church Fathers, more than any other man inspiring Luther, and Calvin, and Knox, the leading spirits of the Protestant Reformation. But while the maternal influence *is* thus powerful, it should be reinforced by the paternal.

A father may plume himself on his other accomplishments. Politically, like the distinguished James G. Blaine who just failed of the Presidency itself, he may become a "plumed knight." He may become a recognized force in the field of literature. He may carry through colossal business enterprises. But however much he may plume himself on his secular successes, unless he does his part in the training of his children, unless he feels a deep solicitude for their highest well-being, and manifests the same by a very personal and spiritual interest in his sons and daughters, he has not adequately met his great responsibilities, and many are the young men and women who have suffered on this account, and who, if occasion arises, will solemnly give their testimony to that effect. When, on the contrary, there have been outstretched over them wings soft and caressing with an affection born of heaven, when there has been a tenderly solicitous love, maternal and paternal, there can be no charge of ostrich nurture, and parents at last will be able to say with profound satisfaction, Here, Lord, are we, and the children that were committed to our care.

The whole contention of this chapter is for the old-fashioned family training. The contrast between the results flowing intellectually and morally from that rather than

from the happy-go-lucky spirit in the domestic circle is startlingly evidenced in the case of two American households. In criminal records the Jukes are famous. Twelve hundred of these have descended from a shiftless ancestor, who himself was not a preeminently bad man, but who was simply irresponsible, who preferred to go a fishing on Sunday rather than to go to church. Because of a lack of moral training, because the regenerative power of the gospel was not brought to bear upon this family of degenerates, they have cost the public in crime and pauperism a million and a quarter dollars. Only one of them ever owned his home, and with scarcely an exception they have been a disgrace to Christian civilization. Dr. A. E. Winship, prominent in educational circles, has traced the course of another family through the same period of about two hundred years, namely, that of Jonathan Edwards. With his mental and religious training that might be considered quite severe but entirely wholesome, and with this sort of discipline handed down, what have his descendants proved to be? More than fifteen hundred of them have been more or less noted, and among them have been successful manufacturers and merchants, who have created wealth instead of being burdens in their respective communities. They have furnished judges and statesmen to the nation. Three hundred of them have been college graduates, and three of them have been Yale Presidents, the two Timothy Dwights and Theodore Dwight Woolsey. With such an impressive contrast, parents surely should feel the need of giving the right start, particularly in character, to their offspring, seeing that they have a thoroughly Christian rather than an easy-going ostrich nurture.

CHAPTER VI

Half-Baked People

IN DEALING with the moral order, we first considered the wide sweep of our subject. We then proceeded to treat our theme somewhat in detail from the national point of view, and from the standpoint of the right social environment. We next saw the important part played in the matter by the Lord's Day and by the Christian home. Coming to a still closer grip with our topic, we will see how people themselves may be lacking in that character which is essential to the ideal moral order. We are to become more and more personal in our applications.

Napoleon the First once had a striking experience, which will open up the thought of this chapter. He was proposing to cook an omelet. The Empress was busy superintending, when he coming in unexpectedly, and seeing the silver saucepan and the melting butter thereon, said, "You making an omelet? You know nothing about it, I will show you how it is done." But when one side had been "done to a turn," and when he with an artistic flourish proceeded to turn the omelet, he awkwardly tossed it half-cooked out upon the floor. More than one man is only half-baked, and this is what the prophet Hosea meant when he said, "Ephraim is a cake not turned." The figure is taken from the culinary department of life, and the Master himself did not hesitate to employ metaphors borrowed from the kitchen. It was he who spoke of the leaven by which bread is raised, making it,

however, refer to "the *teaching* of the Pharisees and Sadducees." It was he who likened the kingdom of heaven "unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened." He was accustomed to dignify the familiar and the commonplace. He did not make a great chasm between the religious and the domestic. He would not have questioned the propriety of the prophet's singular but apt illustration. Upon some heated surface, such was the idea, the prepared flour, the batter, bakes. If it is not turned, the upper side remains dough, and such a cake is anything but desirable. There are persons who do not let the spiritual heat do its entire work, they do not expose themselves on both sides to the divine influence.

1. We will see how this applies, first, to actions governed by emotion rather than by principle. Sometimes the papers state that such and such a minister has converted so many, designating the number. There are too many of these conversions, with which God has little or nothing to do. The anecdote has been related of more than one clergyman, regarding a drunkard staggering up to him, and, not being recognized after the lapse of years, remarking in astonishment, "Not know me? I was one of your converts at such and such a meeting and in such and such a place;" while the fitting reply was, "You look like some of my work; if the Lord had converted you, you would not be in your present condition." That is too often a sample of what the human alone accomplishes. The preacher may stir the sensibilities, but only the Almighty can change the heart. One may be touched on the side of his emotions, while his will has never been surrendered to God, and his Christianity is a matter of feeling and not of principle. The sinner may be reached on the emotional side of his nature, we get him pre-

pared to that extent, and then, instead of turning him over and developing a sense of duty and cultivating some principle in him, we land him into the church only half a Christian. There are not a few, who at some time in their lives have been religiously moved, but who were not soundly converted. They got sufficient religion to make them imagine that they know all about it, whereas they got just enough to spoil them, for they were never more than half-baked. They are unturned cakes, representing the best side neither of the world nor of Christianity. They are a poor mixture of raw dough and of burnt cake, of unsanctified nature and of perverted religion.

Strong character is developed in him only who learns to act from a sense of duty. *He* is not carried about by every wind of doctrine. He is not swerved from the straight course of conduct by opposition that may be blowing a perfect gale. He stands staunchly against the fiercest fires to which he may be subjected by trying providences. There is in ecclesiastical history a well-known example of a person who showed such sturdiness of character, that there was erected for him a splendid architectural memorial. Recall how the celebrated Escurial of Spain happened to be built, that massive convent-palace, that great cathedral, with its courts and fountains and columns and general magnificence. In the third century, Laurentius or St. Lawrence, a Roman Christian who had charge of the treasures of the church in the city on the Tiber, was ordered in a time of persecution to reveal them, whereupon he went forth from the magistrate, and soon returned with a motley company of the poor and the sick and the lame and the blind, whom he presented to the governor with the words, "These are our treasures." This being considered an insult, he was condemned to be roasted

alive on a gridiron, but he bore the torture with great fortitude, and only said with a grim and pathetic humor, "I am done on this side, turn me over." The anniversary of this martyrdom was made a saint's day, and when upon it in the sixteenth century Philip the Second fought a successful battle, he gratefully erected the renowned Escurial near Madrid, in the from of a gridiron and in commemoration of so noble a saint. If when we are fairly roasted by some one, we can after a suitable interval say quietly, "I am done on this side, turn me over," if when, as the Master says, we are smitten on one cheek, we offer the other also, that will be exemplifying a spirit, which can come from no merely emotional and superficial experience, but only from being invariably governed by stern and unwavering principle.

2. A second application will be made to those who are sensitive and touchy rather than sweet and gracious. Ephraim of old failed in this respect, and deserved to be ridiculed the way she was. Isaiah speaking of a happy time to come said, "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." Ephraim *was* envious; she must have her own way, or there was trouble. When the twelve tribes took possession of the land of promise, she stood at the head. She was assigned the central and choicest part of the country. Her territory was the most fertile and the best watered. She furnished the great leader, Joshua, who conquered Palestine. At the outset she had within her borders the religious and political capital at Shiloh. She *felt* her importance, and she would allow no other to take the initiative in any movement. She must always be consulted, before an enterprise was begun.

When Gideon gained his great victory with his solitary three hundred men, Ephraim jealously said, "Why hast thou

served us thus, that thou calledst us not, when thou wentest to fight with Midian? And they did chide with him sharply." So says the sacred narrative, and Gideon had to smooth things over, he had to praise them up, and, referring to a creditable act of theirs, he said, wily man that he was, "What was I able to do in comparison of you?" He flattered them a little, and what was the result? "Then," we read in the inspired history, "their anger was abated toward him, when he had said that." Gideon was wise, but what a contemptible spirit Ephraim's was, always wanting to be noticed, always afraid that it was not sufficiently appreciated. Still later, when Jephthah presumed on one occasion to act independently of the Ephraimites, what was their attitude? They said unto him ,"Wherefore passedst thou over to fight against the children of Ammon, and didst not call us to go with thee? we will burn thine house upon thee with fire." They were very easily offended, if they were not made a great deal of, if they were not handled just so carefully, as we say, with gloves.

People of this sort can become exceedingly disagreeable. To use a common expression, they are very touchy. They become captious and querrulous. They are like General Bragg, of whom Grant tells us in his immortal Memoirs. The rebel officer temporarily held two positions. "As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster, himself, for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and entered upon the back of it his reasons for so doing. As company commander he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster he still persisted that he was right. In this condition

of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post.'' Thereupon he was thus reproved by his superior, ''You have quarrelled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarrelling with yourself.'' Equally difficult to please are some yet. They make themselves unhappy over very small things. They are constantly getting piqued because they are not socially or religiously appreciated. They are highly favored in the positions which they do occupy, in the estimation in which they *are* held, yet, as the jealous Haman said of Mordecai, all this availeth us nothing, so long as we see some one by whom we may have been slighted. They allow their whole life to be poisoned by a trifle, which they ought to overlook and forget. They are so easily miffed, that they get very little enjoyment out of existence, which yet abounds in blessings.

They become bitter and misanthropic. There is danger lest the vexatious thing, lest the petty annoyance, put one out of sorts with all mankind. Shakespeare, borrowing from classical writers, with his deep knowledge of human nature makes Timon of Athens degenerate from a nobleman with generous impulses into a miserable misanthrope. This noted character of the fifth century before the Christian era did have some unfortunate experiences, as friends whom he had feasted and helped in his affluence refused to loan him a dollar in his adversity. One tried to bribe a servant to tell Timon, that he was not at home; another unluckily had made ''a purchase the day before,'' and had thus used up all his surplus cash; a third pretended to be displeased because he had not been asked ''first,'' and he did not propose to take third place anywhere, not even in the matter of favoring an old friend, and so he refused. All were very sorry indeed that none of them could assist Timon in his extremity,

but he ought not, as a result to have lost *all* faith in *every* body. We rather sympathize with him, as he invited them all to that famous last feast, to which they eagerly came, supposing now that he had been playing a part in the loans he had sought. They were profuse enough in their humble apologies. "If you had but sent two hours before," one began to say, and the others followed with their explanations, but the host silenced each, and bade them gather for the meal, that consisted, one said in an undertone to another, exclusively of "covered dishes." which however on being uncovered were seen to be all full of hot water only, and this he dashed into the faces of the slick rascals, after whom he likewise threw the dishes, while he himself went forth to live the rest of his days in a cave, as he said, according to our great dramatist,

"Henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity!"

Over his very tombstone after his death appeared these lines of his own writing,

"Here lie I, Timon; who alive all living men did hate.
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here
thy gait."

In business contact with all kinds of people, men need to strive against developing a like misanthropic spirit. They will find many aggravating things coming up, that will sour the disposition, unless this is rigidly guarded against. They can let the whole day be spoiled by one disagreeable customer. They may be succeeding commercially, but instead

of being thankful therefor and happy over their prosperity, they chafe and fret over some little trying experience which they may have had. They forget all about the genial and considerate persons with whom they have had dealings, and they keep harping upon the meaness of some one anomalous individual unworthy of being permitted thus to disturb the serenity of their life. Every merchant, every manufacturer, every professional man, should dwell upon the success which he has and upon the abundance that is his, rather than upon what may be of an irritating nature, and yet is exceptional. Sweetness rather than sensitiveness of spirit is what needs cultivating, if we would not become a cake unturned, good on one side but wholly bad on the other, and if we would avoid Ephraim's fate.

Swayed as she was by an unworthy pettishness, she went from bad to worse, slowly but none the less surely. She lorded it over the other tribes for some four hundred years, she retained her preeminence for that length of time, till Judah became her rival, and when the latter tribe gave a king to the nation in David, and when he removed the seat of government from Ephraim to Judah, from Shiloh to Jerusalem, there was great dissatisfaction. Ephraim partially smothered her wrath for two reigns, during the splendor of rule under David and Solomon, but when the latter's son Rehoboam took the throne, the flag of rebellion was raised under Jeroboam, and the shout was, "To your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David," and the kingdom was rent in twain, most of the ten tribes of Israel, with Ephraim at the head, revolting from Judah and from the rest who remained loyal. To such an extent did Ephraim carry her envy of Judah. She let her jealous spirit work to the destruction of the kingdom, and finally to her

own destruction, as she was carried away into captivity with the other rebelling tribes to be forever known as "the lost tribes." She had in her an element of goodness, she was very zealous in the Lord's work so long as she could lead, but when Judah's influence began to predominate, the jealous side of her nature came out. In one respect she was all right, in another all wrong.

She was only half-baked, like many a person now, who, if he can have a controlling voice, will be active religiously or otherwise, but, if he thinks he is not sufficiently appreciated, he makes himself a disturbing element, or at any rate he does not labor in harmony with others, or to say the least, like Achilles sulking in his tent he lingers in the background with an injured sort of feeling. In homely but expressive phrase, "His nose is out of joint." Any who refuse to do what they can because they are not made enough of are cakes not turned. They must be forever looked after and coddled, if they are to be at all faithful. Such, too, are always taking slights. Much of the unhappiness and misery of this life is caused by this very thing. There are animosities even between members of the same church for this reason. Professed believers sometimes are hardly on speaking terms because of small bickerings. Sharp things are said, and there are angry retorts. There are strained relations between those who ought to dwell together in unity, in the pleasantest relations, in harmony and love. There is the maintenance of an un-Christianlike spirit, because they have foolishly allowed their feelings to be hurt. There is to their natures a very sensitive side, which needs baking in order to lose some of the undesirable tenderness. The miserable part of their disposition should be exposed to the fire of grace, that it may be made like the admirable part. We want those

who are the same clear through, who have had the soft dough eliminated, who are even and always the same, unsuspicious and helpful, sympathetic and forgiving, kindly and gracious.

3. We have been making distinctions between emotion and principle, between sensitiveness and sweetness, and we advance to a third and perhaps the most vital differentiation between the worldly and the religious, between the moral and the spiritual. Ephraim was two-sided in that she had yearnings for Jehovah on the one hand, and a longing for Egypt and Assyria on the other. She was constantly being warned against foreign alliances, but she seemed infatuated with the idea of keeping up communication with one or the other of the great world-powers of antiquity. After the slavery which she had experienced in Egypt, it would have seemed as if she would have avoided all intercourse with that country, but she did not. She was threatened with captivity to the Assyrians, but she went on courting this eastern nation, till the predicted disaster came, and Babylon held her in subjection. Every Ephraimite to-day by following this course will have a similar experience, and here is the danger with many a person. He has a spiritual nature which reaches out after God, and a worldly nature which desires the things of earth. But he cannot serve God and Mammon. As this government could not permanently exist half free and half slave, he cannot be half Christian and half sinner. He can be, but he will be spoiled for either religious or earthly enjoyment, with the doughy side of his nature sticking and clinging to the world.

Nor does the merely moral, good so far as it goes, meet the full requirment. There is a lower range of life which has to do with human relations, but there is a higher which deals

with our relations to the divine. We can illustrate this from a charming love story in the book of Joshua. In this romance Caleb was given a certain possession in Canaan, but an entire ownership could come only from a complete conquest. There was one specially difficult point to gain, and Caleb promised to the warrior who would take it his daughter Achsah in marriage. The offer stimulated Othniel, who subsequently became the first Judge in Israel, to heroic endeavor not only to conquer the place but also to win the fair prize. He succeeded, and when he claimed his bride, her dowry was some land in the south that was lacking in water. Near by lay a mountain slope with springs at its summit and at its base, and she desired her affianced to ask of her father the well-watered field, but he seemed reluctant to comply with the request, which might have indicated in him a grasping disposition. The day came when she was to go forth the wife of the man she loved. She was mounted, ready to depart, when suddenly she alighted from the fleet animal upon which she sat, and herself asked for the field with its copious springs. Tender and generous emotions were playing in the father's heart at the parting, and he was only too glad to add to his beloved daughter's dowry the beautiful green slope upon which her young heart was set. The possession was a valuable one with its upland and its lowland, each of which was bountifully irrigated by nature. These "upper and nether springs," which the bride of old sought and obtained, have their counterparts in the realm of religion, which has to do both with the spiritualities and the moralities. We are to be right in our relations not only with one another but also with God. And with regard to the latter, it is not sufficient to worship him simply in nature.

God's "first temples" in Bryant's groves of the forest primeval need to be supplemented by the holy temple.

Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy found great delight in nature, of which there has never been a better interpreter than this poet, who also felt the subtle inspiration of his gentle and inseparable companion, and for a while they did not observe the Lord's Day as they should have done. But in 1832 the sister thus wrote, "My sentiments have undergone a great change since 1803 respecting the absolute necessity of keeping the Sabbath by a regular attendance at church." The temple of nature was henceforth loved not less, but the holy temple more, for *there* appeared the upper springs that refreshed the weary spirit. If we confine ourselves to the moralities which are entirely proper, and exclude the spiritualities which also are essential, we are likely to suffer a decline in our religious life. Worth noting in this regard is the experience of Ephraim. Neglecting the devotional, she gradually became as secular as the neighboring states. Her more religious people left her, and settled in Judah, that they might have the privilege of worshipping in the temple at Jerusalem. This was as much of a loss to Ephraim, as it was to France when the Huguenots were constrained to leave *her*, going to England and other countries, where they could worship God as they had done before.

People now become estranged from the church, concluding that they can get along without Jerusalem, without being specially religious. They can be simply moral like the rest of the world. The conclusion to which they come is, that morality and not religion is the thing needed. They become more and more indifferent to organized Christianity, and increasingly absorbed in the world. Such persons are not giving one side of their natures adequate attention. They

may be doing the fair thing by their neighbors, they may be honest and obliging; and that is good so far as it goes, the cake is baking on one side, the character is properly forming on the moral side, but the religious side remains dough, and is not changing in the least. Certainly if there is a Supreme Being, they should live with some reference to Him, they should be as careful to meet their obligations to Him as to their fellowmen. They should attend public worship as well as look after business; they should be religious as well as moral; they should be spiritual as well as upright. Otherwise they are cakes unturned, like Ephraim, after breaking away from the sanctuary at Jerusalem, entering upon a course of deterioration, and losing the little spirituality that once existed. They begin a decadence, slow but sure, until they become wholly worldly, completely estranged from Zion and joined to their idols. Inevitable under such circumstances is a religious decline, which steadily advances to a final fall like that of the Roman Empire, and there is no recovery. A one-sided development along the line of the ethical only is fatal without the cultivation likewise of the distinctively spiritual. We have within us that which reaches out after the transient and the human, but equally that which longs for the eternal and the divine. We are dualistic in our make-up, and in giving an entirely proper attention to the material, we must not forget the celestial. If we are neglectful at this point, however much of the burden and heat of the day may be ours otherwise, we are not meeting as we should the graver responsibilities of life. Moral excellence needs to be reinforced by Christlike character.

CHAPTER VII

Some Biblical and April Fools

MEN OFTEN fail to measure up to the standard of the moral order in a way that seems exceedingly foolish. In proceeding to discuss this subject, we feel our inadequacy, and our own folly may therein appear, "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread," Pope has said in an oft-quoted line. It is to be noted that we have in the ecclesiastical calendar what is called "all saints' day," and still better known perhaps is "all fools' day," the first of April. We are to devote this chapter to a consideration not of Scriptural saints but of Biblical fools, while also we bear in mind the familiar saying, "The fools are not all dead yet."

The great dramatist in the English language has woven some comedy into his tragedies to make them complete, on the principle, as stated by one writer, "that the spring of laughter is generally very near to the fountain of tears," since "man is the only animal that laughs and weeps." Accordingly all Shakespearean scholars make a special study of the poet's Fools or Clowns, the professional jesters of the past. An understanding of these characters is necessary to a full appreciation of the Plays, and King Lear's Fool has been pronounced the "key" to the whole drama in which he acts his part, and he confessedly stands out the greatest of Shakespeare's "natural born Fools." Now the fools of the Book of books act as foils to its saints, and therefore they are worthy of some attention. They are multitudinous, but only

three of them, who however are typical of large classes, can be passed in review before us in the space at our present disposal. Though the writer may make some personal applications, he does not regard himself as out of the list of those who seem to have been opprobriously named. The term will apply all around, with little or no limitation.

Bishop Vincent of Methodist and Sunday-school fame on one occasion introduced the distinguished Baptist, Dr. Henson, to a Chautauqua audience in this way, "We will now listen to a lecture on Fools *by* one ——— of the wisest men in the country." The lecturer's quick retort was, "I am not half as big a fool as Bishop Vincent ——— would have you believe." In the deepest sense they both spoke the truth, though they did it so facetiously. The fact is, that all must confess to a lack of real wisdom. A German archbishop of the eighteenth century in exile once gave notice, that he would preach in the Court Chapel at Versaillles on the first of April, and when a large congregation had gathered, he appeared in the pulpit and shouted out what could not be gainsaid, "April fools all!", and immediately took his departure. It will be our aim to prove from the Word the truth of this abrupt exclamation.

The origin of April Fool's Day is not certain, but like almost every other old custom, it probably had a religious beginning, among the Hindus or Romans or early Christians. One explanation follows. In the middle ages, scenes from Biblical history were often acted on the stage. That scene in the New Testament where Pilate, wishing to be free of the responbility of trying and condemning Christ, sent him to Herod, only to have the tetrach return the prisoner to himself again; that was represented in April when the occurrence is supposed actually to have taken place. Pilate

was fooled in hoping to palm off a disagreeable case upon Herod, who sent it straight back to him, and so this sending of the Lord to Herod by Pilate was a fruitless errand, and being represented every April, it may have given rise to sending on fruitless errands in general, and to the innumerable other tricks for which all fools' day is noted. Such is one theory, which does not seem altogether improbable, when we are told that the phrase, sending from Pilate to Herod, is common in Germany to signify sending about unnecessarily. At any rate, the Roman governor did make a fool of himself on that April day in the long ago, and many a man does yet.

1. There are those whose sentiment is given by the Scriptural verse, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." These reject religion outright. They believe in no God, no Christ, no Christianity. They are not in a state of bewilderment, hardly knowing what to think, but they are positive in their unbelief. They are the noisy, blatant fools. They *know* the gospel is all a sham. Question them to find out how they can be so certain, and as a rule it will be ascertained, that they are backsliders, or as it is expressed in close connection with our verse, they have "gone aside." They were once professors. It would not be supposed from their present life, that they had ever been serious over the soul's salvation, but they have been. Mark the most outspoken infidel that can be found, the one who says with the greatest flourish that Christianity is a fraud, that there is nothing to religion, and at some time in the past he has been forward for prayers, and he has gone through, as he supposes, the regular procedure for experiencing religion. After the excitement has ended, the nervous exhilaration or good feeling being all gone, and there being nothing left,

he concludes that religion is a hoax. Indeed he is sure there is nothing to it, for he has been through it, and so knows whereof he speaks. He can tell one all about getting religion, for he got it once, and accordingly he has not the least doubt but that the whole thing is a farce, mere imagination, a temporary excitement. Poor fool! his nerves *were* played upon, and while the playing continued he sang and prayed vigorously, but no longer, and he verily believes he has experienced all there is to the Christian religion. He once got it in the orthodox fashion, he says, only he was level-headed enough to see it was a delusion.

Perhaps he did get religion, but religion certainly never got him, never took hold of his heart. He has no idea whatever of what it is to become a Christian. Of course *his* experience was a matter of nerves, otherwise he would not have collapsed so soon. He has not the remotest conception of that inner regeneration which ever after exercises a controlling power over the life. Foolish man to think, that because he felt strangely at a certain time he knows all about Christianity, which is not a matter of feeling at all but of principle. He never had the real life. Suppose a battery should be applied to a corpse, the electricity flying along the nerves sets every limb in motion, but the movements are of the twitching, jerking kind, altogether different from the grace and spring and force of the live man. He who is dead in trespasses and sins is not quickened, has not the new life, because forsooth his nerves under some magnetic influence make him go through certain religious antics. Yet such a one is just foolish enough to suppose that he has experienced all there is to religion, and so declares with all confidence that it is nothing but nervous excitement.

That is what the fool claims, and he has a supreme

contempt for all who profess to have met with a change. He delights to hold up their deficiencies. His great hobby is the inconsistencies of Christians. It is his meat and drink to point out the imperfections of church-members. The inspired Psalmist in speaking of such says, "They eat up my people as they eat bread." That is it precisely, the fool lives on the failings of Christians. He has nothing to sustain him, except that others do wrong. Ask him what his hope for the future is, and he straightway begins to rant about those who profess to have a hope "sure and steadfast." He will never consider himself, but he is forever firing away at others, whose lives, he says, demonstrate that there is nothing to Christianity.

It is useless to argue with such a person, trying to show him how the gospel has elevated mankind, how it improves a community, how it transforms individuals; it is wholly ineffective to talk with him along that line, for the fool can not be convinced. Argument he loves, but nothing is gained thereby, except that he is thus made to feel his importance, and that is a distinct loss for the good cause. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said with reference to carping literary critics what applies very well to controversial sceptics, "If you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wisemen in the same way,—and the fools know it." So that the Scriptural fool we are considering cannot be argued into the truth. His dashing assertion, There is no God, there is nothing to Christianity, settles the matter so far as he is concerned. Are there any holding to such views? If so, there can be fittingly adapted to them the dramatist's language in Midsummer-Night's

Dream, "What fools these mortals be!" It will be only reiterating Scripture to say of them on each recurring first day of April, O April fools? It is to be hoped, to use the old phrase and familiar rhyme, that when April first is past, they be not fools at last. There *is* a God, as they will find some day to their joy or sorrow, and if they think otherwise, they are living in "a fool's paradise," and are bound to become undeceived.

2. Besides the outright rejection of Christianity, there is what amounts to the same thing in him who becomes so interested in the world, that God is forgotten. He is not so much a rank unbeliever, as he is a worldling. All his plans are for temporal acquisition. He does not openly reject the gospel, but he simply ignores it; not wilfully so much as that he is filled with other thoughts. We see this intense worldliness coming out in the person, who broke in upon one of Christ's most spiritual discourses with the abrupt, "Master, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me." This interruption came in just after the Lord had been speaking most solemnly of the persecutions to which the disciples should be subject, while yet help should be given them from above. It was accordingly no place for a question about property. It was as if some one in an audience should stop a minister in the midst of an earnest sermon to ask him about some farm land or a corner lot. It was as if one should approach a father, standing at the grave into which his child's body was being lowered, and should inquire of the sorrowing parent, how much he had to pay for a plot of ground big enough to hold a child of that size. Such incongruity is startling, and yet people can become so worldly as to have no appreciation whatever of the spiritual.

In answer to the incongruous request of the worldling,

to indicate how utterly devoid he was of the religious, there was related the parable of the "rich fool," whose ground brought forth so plentifully that he fairly luxuriated in his abundance. He hardly knew what to do with all he had, as he talked comfortingly to himself of "my barns" and "my goods," while he could take his "ease, eat, drink, be merry," because of what he had in prospect "for many years." A very cozy picture the whole affair, had not his Maker added, "Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee; and the things which thou has prepared, whose shall they be?"

Many a one is so taken up with the present as to have a like forgetfulness of the future. He may be entirely honest in his pursuit of earthly comforts, and be acting the fool nevertheless. "The *ground*" of the rich man in the New Testament story "brought forth plentifully," and hence his riches were gotten by no extortion, by no injustice, but by the fertility of the soil. He was not to blame for getting the most he could out of the soil which Providence had made so productive. His mistake, his sin was, that be became so absorbed in the gifts as to forget the Giver. Here is the trouble yet with many. They are perfectly honorable in their commercial transactions, they are straight in business, they make their gains by no dishonest means, but their interest in the world increases more and more, till the religious (for which there is little or no time) is all crowded out of their hearts. They work so hard for the material during the week, that they are quite ready to neglect the sanctuary on the sabbath.

Call their attention to things higher than the earthly, and they frankly acknowledge that God has claims upon them; they are kindly disposed toward religion, they regard

it a good thing for others, for their wives and children, but somehow they do not bestir *themselves.* They possibly can look back to a time when the spiritual did move their souls, but now they never have those feelings, and they conclude they must have outgrown the noble religious impulses of youth, and they have to a great extent. The earthly has grown faster than the heavenly, which has thus been outgrown and overtopped. There was nothing sudden about the change; it was gradual, and is best described as a growth. One may be a long-sighted worldling, while he is short-sighted spiritually, for his soul soon will be required of him, and his gains will have to be left behind. It will be better for him so to have conducted himself that while he may have been an April fool, he shall not be an everlasting one.

3. Once more, on a sabbath afternoon, in early April according to the common chronology, two disciples nineteen centuries ago started from Jerusalem to go to the village of Emmaus. As they journeyed along, they talked of all that had recently happened, and presently they were joined by an apparent stranger whom they told of their Master's death, and burial, and rumored resurrection, and for the last report (which they could hardly credit though they knew as to the rest) there was some foundation in that the tomb was certainly empty. Still those two disciples on that April Sunday were in doubt. They could speak with no more confidence than that they had "hoped" it had been he who was to redeem Israel. They were full of distrust. To those bewildered ones, the stranger who was none other than Christ himself said, "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe." April fools they were, and so was Thomas who was the greatest doubter of them all. Thorwaldsen has sculptured him standing in marble with rule in hand as if

to measure carefully all evidence. He very likely would have approved of what Tennyson has since written:

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But the rankest doubter of them all had such tangible evidence presented to him, that there came from him that burst of conviction, "My Lord and my God!"

Many at present are in a similar condition of partial unbelief. It seems so foolish, when once any have felt Christ to be the hope of glory, that they should ever waver again in their faith, and yet they sometimes do. Jesus has to come frequently to their relief by an oft opening of the Scriptures. When they neglect the reading of the prophets who spake of him, when they do not statedly feed upon the Word, when they do not live in close communion with the Lord, the first thing they are aware of is that they are questioning the very foundations. They wonder if it was all true about his alleged life and resurrection and ascension. They walk in darkness and away from Jerusalem. But when the risen Redeemer sympathetically joins them in their doubt and solitariness, and when they listen to the frequent expounding of Holy Writ, and when they hear set forth once and again the reasonableness of the resurrection and of the hope thereby begotten, their hearts begin to burn, their fears remove, and they experience a deep satisfaction which speaks of reality, and every Lord's Day and especially every Easter is a reminder of their foolishness in being slow to believe the best attested fact in human annals. They can adopt the conclusion of one who was an exact and unbiased historian, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who said: "I have been used for

many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidences of those who have written about them; and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the mind of the fair inquirer, than that Christ died, and rose again from the dead.'' None need be Biblical fools any longer, but confident and joyful believers in the resurrection hope, and in the whole train of precious gospel truths that go therewith.

There remains for all, therefore, only one thing to do, and that is to seek a proper alignment. There can be no uncertainty as to what that is, when we remember that never in life's great crisis have any regretted that they were Christians. The only folly would seem to be not to make use of the opportunity there is to be transferred to the list of the truly wise. It is not enough to express Balaam's desire to die the death of the righteous and to have a last end like his. There must be more than wishing, there must be positive action.

> ''In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
> Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.''

CHAPTER VIII

Shibboleth or Sibboleth

WE ARE testing man in various relations of life to see wherein he fails of being in harmony with the moral order. Capable of modern use is a quaint but effective test of the Old Testament. Jephthah, one of Israel's Judges, had gained a glorious victory. The Ephraimites were sensitive, as we have already observed, over not having been invited to participate in the enterprise. They were irritated because of not having had a share in the honor, and, therefore, with an army they crossed the Jordan, and proposed to have satisfaction; and Jephthah satisfied them, for he put himself at the head of the Gileadites, and gave them a sound threshing. Not only was Ephraim defeated, but the Gileadites took possession of the fords of the Jordan, and suffered not an Ephraimite to cross back to his native land. "And it was so," says the sacred narrative, "that when any of the fugitives of Ephraim said, Let me go over, the men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, Nay; then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right; then they laid hold on him, and slew him at the fords of Jordan: and there fell at that time of Ephraim forty and two thousand." The avenger stood at the river bank to destroy all who by their speech betrayed themselves as enemies of Israel's Judge. We speak of the Shibboleth of a party to characterize some peculiarity of little importance, but often something very

slight is a criterion of lack in what is most essential. A small matter may be decisive of real character, and of final destiny. Said Milton of the Ephraimites on the occasion of which we are writing:

> "Without reprieve adjudged to death,
> For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth."

Nor do we have in this an exceptional incident. There was a prolonged discussion in the early church as to whether Christ was of like or of the same substance with the Father, as to whether the Greek word hom*oi*ousios or hom*o*ousios should be used in the creed. Gibbon ridiculed the idea of there being such an ado over a single letter, for the two terms differed by only an iota, our i. Some now would be inclined to say that Christians should not have "cared an iota" about the whole matter, and yet the question involved was as to whether the Lord was a mere man or truly divine. It was a very vital test, when a professed disciple was asked whether he said homoiousios or homoousios, as decisive as the difference revealed in a person saying Sibboleth for Shibboleth. Creator and creature differ only by two letters, but the difference between these is, as has been said, the distance that "spans eternity."

We can cite other cases of similar import. In the great world war, which began its devasting course in 1914, a reputable Daily stated that the supreme test applied by Great Britain, to determine whether a suspect was really an Englishman or an English-speaking German and presumably a spy, was to require him to pronounce the word "squirrel," which philologists claim no Teuton can utter correctly. His heavy tongue can not manage the name of this

nimble animal, and for this reason more than one, thus proved with other corroborating evidence to be a spy, was ruthlessly shot.

We are reminded again of an experience which Hannibal and his army anciently had. The celebrated General, desiring a good camping-place for the refreshment of his weary soldiers, ordered the guides to take them, as he supposed, to the district of "Casinum." His inaccurate pronunciation led to himself and his followers being conducted to the town of "Casilinum," which was in a marshy and enclosed valley, where they were nearly destroyed; all because Hannibal had said Casilinum rather than Casinum. The addition of two letters almost resulted in his overthrow, as the Sibboleth instead of Shibboleth did work the destruction of the Ephraimites.

We can apply a similar test to ascertain what shall be our fate at our Jordan. Will our speech prove us friends or foes of "the Judge of all the earth?" Shall we say Shibboleth or Sibboleth? Shall we frame to pronounce it right or wrong? It depends upon the kind of speech to which we familiarize ourselves here, and in the Ephraimites of old that was determined by a lack of practice. They had that indefinable touch of speech, sometimes called a brogue, which always distinguishes a foreigner. They had been taught to say Sibboleth, and there had come to be a corresponding malformation of their vocal organs. So it is with the moral and religious; early habit has great power. If we are brought up wrong, we will not be apt to be right at the Jordan. It is important to have our daily walk and conversation consistent, to have our speech proper all through life, if we would have it so at the end. Thus the prime essential is to look to the present, for that determines the future. *Does* the

manifestation of a Christian spirit come natural to us, has it become to us a second nature? If we have been thus born again, the language of the new birth will have become our mother tongue, the one which we most constantly and freely use. If our speech has not the right accent or tone to it, then we are not Christians, at least such as we should be, we say Sibboleth for Shibboleth. We can test ourselves variously here, and the discovery very likely will be made, that all are more or less deficient.

1. How do we speak at home? Are we "tenderly affectioned one to another?" Some are all sweetness and grace only toward those outside of the domestic circle. They are obliging as the day is long — toward neighbors and friends, in whose presence they permit no outbursts of passion. Socially they are very genial. So far as the general public is concerned, they are agreeable enough. But follow them into the household, and their words do not flow so smoothly. They snap up at those who stand in the nearest relations to them, and they are anything but gentle and considerate in the family. They explode with anger, if things do not move to suit their whims. They storm away at a great rate, if any thing goes wrong, at every little annoyance. Probably they often have grounds of provocation, but even then they should increasingly learn to possess the soul in patience. To be a Christian is to be pleasant in the home, is to refrain from violent speech there, and from what is quite as bad, namely, an incessant nagging, a persistent prodding. We can not think of the Master forever irritating and unnecessarily assailing those he loved. He did sometimes reprove, as he did the nervous Martha who once made herself so disagreeable, and occasionally he broke forth into real indignation, and gave the most scathing rebukes, but he was never what we

term peevish, he was not a petty fault-finder. His general disposition was amiability itself. He went about, not fretting and fuming, but doing good.

That should be our prevailing temper, kindliness. If we provide not this for our own household, we are worse than many an infidel. We may lose control of ourselves now and then, for we are human, but it should be less and less frequently. We need to guard ourselves at many points. For instance, we are taught in Holy Writ, that fathers are not to provoke their children to wrath. They may do that by snap judgments, by too quick condemnation before learning all the facts. They do not give careful consideration as to what the real situation may be. They are as hasty as Wordsworth and his sister and Coleridge once were. These literary people one day were walking by the margin of an English Lake which their strolls have made famous, when in the distance they saw a peasant fishing, "while from the fields the merry noise of the reapers fell upon their ears. They somewhat hastily came to the conclusion that the man was an idler, who, instead of spending his time at the gentle craft, might have been more profitably engaged in the harvest. Upon a near approach they, however, found that he was a feeble old man, wasted by sickness, and too weak to labor, who was doing his best to gain a scanty pittance from the lake." The three thereupon reproached themselves for the conclusion to which they had too quickly jumped, and for the unkind reflection which they had made upon the unfortunate man. Wordsworth immediately wrote a poem containing these lines:

> "What need there is to be reserved in speech,
> And to temper all our thoughts with charity."

Then he gave a memorial name to the place where they had stood at the time of their unjust criticism:

"And Point Rash-Judgment is the name it bears."

Many parents have stood there in provoking their children to wrath by condemning them before making a proper investigation.

If our home influence is on the whole destructive of peace and joy on account of ill-considered words, we may well be alarmed lest our speech betrays us at the passages of the Jordan. Nay, even in our lifetime there may come keen regret for past expressions of irritability which was altogether unjustified. We need to remember the touching lines about scattering seeds of kindness:

"If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by."

We should, therefore, accustom ourselves to kindness of utterance and conduct, for unless we do, when we come to cross the Jordan, out of our own mouths shall we be condemned. We will find that our organs can not frame to pronounce right that to which they have not become adapted from daily practice. We shall be saying Sibboleth instead of Shibboleth, and be in danger of being excluded from the household of God above. We should heed the admonition of Paul to the Colossians: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how to answer each one." The "soft answer turneth away wrath." The seasoning of grace is what we need, as we become more and more gracious in all our speaking.

2. Religion, however, does not belong exclusively to the family. Christian speech takes a wider sweep than that. The glad tidings should make the home a place of happiness, and should also fill the world with joy. Others are to be brought to the same faith as ourselves, and this is to be done largely by the personal word. Such at least was the apostolic method; it was Andrew finding Peter, and Philip seeking out Nathanael. It was the kingdom talked everywhere, in the synagogue, in the market-place, and from house to house; on the seashore and by the river bank, on the road to Gaza and during the walk out to the village of Emmaus, on the mountain top of Olivet and in the Bethany home, at the receipt of custom where Matthew at his desk of business was spoken to, and in the boat gliding over smooth lake. It was in short and should be the making of religion a matter of familiar converse. And this is to be not only by the eloquent Apollos mighty in the Scriptures, but equally by Acquila the tent-maker together with his wife Priscilla.

That is the only way in which the cause of Christ can

be made to advance as it should, and in which a church can be made to grow with any satisfaction. A star performer in the pulpit will not bring the desired results, not though it be a star of the first magnitude, around which the people revolve like satellites; that is, like satellites one day in seven (on Sunday), for the rest of the week they are more like comets, shooting off no one knows where. Such a church, to change the figure, is like a hive full of drones hoping to feed on what a single bee can gather, and that bee doing little more perhaps than keeping up a vigorous buzzing, a sensation going all the time. Substantial and permanent results are not thus attained, but rather by all setting to work, individual seeing individual, and making religion a personal matter.

But, the plea not infrequently is, we can not, it is for us not natural. In other words, like the Ephraimite, we can not "frame to pronounce it right." But really, we urge, there is a knack about giving testimony for the Master and about speaking to others, and that we do not have. To this it must be said, that persons *are* differently gifted in this respect, and yet there is room and opportunity for the exercise of the single talents. Every one can say something for the cause. We may plead that if we should attempt to speak of personal religion, we would only blunder, doing more harm than good. This being interpreted would seem to mean, that if we should try to say Shibboleth, we would blunder and say Sibboleth. Suppose that under these circumstances we were brought down to the Jordan. Can we pass over? Are we truly Christians? This for substance will be what we will be asked, and our reply will be in the affirmative, for we will be aware that only such will be allowed to enter the promised land. To get at something more definite, the inquiry will

be pressed, Have you worked in the vineyard, what did you say for the Lord? Then as we endeavor to tell what, our speech will betray us, we will find ourselves saying something just a little different from what we should, and that will determine the question of our real Christianity. We may *not* have the happy faculty of speaking the word in season, neither did the Ephraimite have the knack of pronouncing Shibboleth right, but it is our business to *get* the knack. It will be hard at first, but constant trying insures success. The natural organs of speech have to be educated into correctness of pronunciation, and the spiritual organs require a like training in order that one may advocate well the good cause. Here, then, is a duty, which we ought to make an effort to meet. It is not enough that we are leading an orderly life. Are we doing anything to bring others into the kingdom? Do we talk up our church? Do we invite our acquaintances to its services for the hearing of some saving and helpful message? Does a word about religion with any frequency pass our lips? At the Jordan the test will be applied along such lines, and we may well tremble lest our true status there be made manifest, our Shibboleth turning out to be the self-convicting Sibboleth.

3. Having considered the speaking to those at home and the talking to others, there comes next the address to God, the communicating with our Heavenly Father. Does prayer rise spontaneously from the heart? Praying is, according to the sacred poet, the Christian's "vital breath," and where there is no breath there is death. The warm-hearted disciple is full of the spirit of supplication and of thanksgiving; prayerless is to be lifeless. What is our condition in this regard? Perhaps there is no fervor in our private devotions,

if indeed we have them at all; we can not frame to pronounce them right. We may have no experience of any "quiet hour." We may not cultivate the habit of silently lifting up the heart for divine help in life's emergencies. By sufficient practice this can become something spontaneous and entirely natural, until we consciously and constantly live in communion with the celestial. We almost literally obey the apostolic injunction to 'pray without ceasing." To come into such a desirable attitude of mind and heart whereby we can be characterized as persons of prayer, we should daily talk with God, either audibly or silently.

Gladstone wrote to one of his sons at Oxford, "It is most beneficial to cultivate the habit of inwardly turning the thoughts to God, though but for a moment in the course or during the intervals of our business, which continually presents occasions requiring His aid and guidance." That, according to his biographer, John Morley, was not only his counsel but also his own "lifelong habit." We may well follow the example in this respect of the most illustrious and the most versatile statesman of the nineteenth century.

If some crisis should come, like being on a sinking Titanic, or like being otherwise brought to face suddenly eternity, we would in any such emergency cry out unto our Maker, we would seek succor from Him, and the reconciliation which we instinctively feel to be needful. We would then desire above every thing else to be on speaking terms with him who gave us our being. But we might not be able to establish instantaneously that relationship. As we endeavored to do so, unaccustomed to anything of the sort for a lifetime, we *might* find ourselves covered with confusion. We might discover that, like the Ephraimites, we are saying Sibboleth when we meant to say Shibboleth. What we need

to do is to train ourselves to spiritual utterance, is to practice along that line. Even Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:

> "I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
> You, as your business and desire shall point you —
> For every man has business and desire,
> Such as it is, — and for mine own poor part,
> Look you, I'll *go pray.*"

Now if any do not live in communion with the divine, they can not appear with any ease of conscience before the Judge. They may pray then as did those in the parable, "Lord, Lord, open to us," but the answer will be as of old, "I know you not." Why? Because it will not be true prayer. It may seem very much like it, but there will be as much difference as there was between Shibboleth and Sibboleth, and that will be sufficient for condemnation.

In searching ourselves as we have been doing, the design has not been to intimate that we shall ever become perfect down here below. There will be shortcomings now and then. Even in the best there certainly will be slips of the tongue, whereby Shibboleth will be mispronounced Sibboleth. Our words at home will not always be as considerate as they should be; the gentlest nature is sometimes rasped into harshness of speech. There will be times when we can not talk with others on religious topics with any facility; we will not be interested in their highest welfare, Satan will have led us into temporary coldness. There will also be occasions when, assailed by wandering thoughts and by various temptations, we shall find ourselves in no spirit of prayer, the exercise of the devotional will be more of the lips than of the heart. But these Sibboleth periods will be brief in the live Christian.

His speech in the main will be of the Shibboleth sort. His earnest life on the whole will show him to be a Christian in spite of recognized and acknowledged imperfections. All eventually must come to the Jordan. The Judge of the quick and dead will be there, and if their speech betrays them as foes, they shall be stricken down, smitten with consternation at their fate. But if their speech betrays them as friends, if, like the penitent Peter who by his Galilean brogue was thus betrayed, they have a sympathizing Lord to look with compassion on their confessed sinfulness, they shall have the happy destiny of being passed safely over the dark river to the promised land.

CHAPTER IX

Fretful Porcupines

FREQUENTLY disturbing human relations in the moral order is discontent, is fretfulness, which is hardly less sinful than wrong of a more flagrant nature. The feverish, restless state of mind is sinful. The hurry and worry of modern times are to be condemned. Homes are thereby made unhappy, and social relations are thrown into a chaotic condition. Shakespeare in Hamlet speaks of being like "the fretful porcupine." To be sure, the dramatist is referring to a person being so frightened, that his hair stands on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," but his words can be given a wider application. Like the strange animal, to which allusion is made, and which has "an armature of horny spines," and which bristles up and strikes its quills into any disturbing its composure, is more than one individual, who has about him sharp points sticking out everywhere. He needs to acquire more of repose. On the banks of a fair river, Wordsworth uttered a sentiment which should be echoed and reechoed, namely,

> "When the fretful stir
> Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
> Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
> How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
> O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
> How oft has my spirit turned to thee."

FRETFUL PORCUPINES

1. Discontent arises, first, from a too eager pursuit of the material. A great and calming Psalm has said, "Fret not thyself." The more positive side of the same thought was given by the chief of the apostles when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content." It is well to remember that Paul penned those quieting words when he was in a Roman prison, where he had actually gone "hungry," he said, until his necessities had been relieved by the kindly and benevolent Philippians, to whom he wrote his gratitude out of a heart abounding with thankfulness. Nor did he ever have abundance, for at the best he had only the earnings of a tent-maker, of a day laborer. Fraught with the deepest meaning is an exhortation from such a one to be contented.

The lesson is needed for the present age, with its feverish thirst for gold, with its intense anxiety for riches. People nowadays are not satisfied with the apostolic "food and raiment," or with a competence, or even with plenty. Most persons, reversing the usual order of things, are quite disposed to say with James Russell Lowell, "Give us the luxuries of life and we will do without the necessities." To that end they toil. They must get their thousands, and then their hundreds of thousands, and after that their millions, for only millionaires in these times are reckoned as wealthy. Now there is nothing wrong in getting large properties, provided that it is done honestly, and provided that it is all consecrated to the Lord, and provided that it is not allowed to destroy a happy Christian life. There can scarcely be a doubt, that all need to stop and to think more than they do. They are permitting themselves to be too much crowded and rushed, as if they could not possibly have the felicity they covet, till they have become financially independent. They

forget the words of Inspiration: "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

There certainly has been a great advance in material wealth since the time of our forefathers, but it is not so certain that there has been an increase of happiness. We pity the early settlers of this country with their primitive methods of gaining a livelihood, and with their limited resources. We read with commiseration of the axe-helve which is described by Horace Greeley as a sort of "pudding-stick," of the plow of rude and clumsy construction, of the daughters spinning the fleece of the flock and the flax of the field, of the only musical instrument then found in the home, the loom, whose busy shuttles played rythmically backward and forward, of log houses or at least of very humble dwellings, with uncarpeted floors and pictureless walls, of tallow candles, and of the numberless other evidences that those were not times of such luxury as these are. And yet those were golden days, when the meeting-house and the family altar were not neglected amid the tremendous activities of secular life. There was more of tranquillity. Even the social and domestic virtues (to say nothing of the religious) were more largely cultivated. The fire-side was not forsaken for the counting-room. There was more restful visiting and less hurried calling. There was the telling of long stories and the singing of quaint songs before open fire of blazing hickory. There was the spirit of contentment even in the softly-purring cat and in the dog resting with head between paws and dreaming of the last rabbit hunt. The very tea-kettle would swing and sing on its crane over the cheerful flames. There might be of an evening only pop-corn and

apples for a repast, but all would linger contentedly for that and for the sweet intercourse accompanying the same. There was nothing of what in Macbeth is called "life's fitful fever." Married brothers and sisters could return to the old homestead and stay for more than two or three meals. There were, however, no millionaires. But there was godliness with contentment, and that was, as Holy Writ says, great gain. It was an improvement in that respect upon this age of undue excitement and consequent nervousness, which causes all manner of suffering. To a teacher who asked a boy pupil what particular pine had the longest needles, the prompt and perfectly correct reply was, the porcupine. So can testify all who have experienced the deep. sharp thrusts from some nervous wreck never having learned self-control, but ever having allowed himself to be rasped into an unkind and needless brusqueness.

The old Stoic philosopher Epictetus, though a pagan, exemplified more of a Christian spirit than some in this age with its gospel light. He was lame, and he was in feeble health, and he was poor, and yet he could say, "Look at me, who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without a slave. I sleep on the ground; I have no wife, no children, no praetorium, but only the earth and the heavens, and one poor cloak, and what do I want?" His trust was in the deity as understood by him, and hence his suggestive epitaph as written by himself, "I was Epictetus, a slave, and maimed in body, and a beggar for poverty, *and dear to the immortals.*" That was something worth while. The example of Diogenes, another philosopher, living in his tub, rather than of Alexander the Great weeping for more worlds to conquer is what this age needs. The apocryphal interview between these two noted characters at Corinth is full of

instruction. The King of Macedon, surprised at the indifference with which he was viewed by the poorly-clad Cynic, said to him, to awaken some appreciation, "I am Alexander," only to receive the calm, dignified reply, "And I am Diogenes." The only favor the latter had to ask was that the former would not stand between him and the sun; whereupon the great Macedonian much impressed said, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." We might rather be Diogenes, breaking the small cup he used to carry on seeing a boy drink from the hollow of the hand, and contentedly adopting this method of quenching thirst, than Alexander madly quaffing his wine from silver and golden goblets in royal apartments, till he died in a drunken revel. We might rather be a happy Christian with simple wants supplied, than the discontented man of the world who is never satisfied with what he has. We might rather be a Paul with little of this world's goods but trustful and contented, than the anxious millionaire who "heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them." The contrast between two such is strikingly described in Ecclesiastes by the verse which says, "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the fulness of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." When people come to the point of lying awake nights thinking of their business or work, and worrying thereover, they have gotten a long way from the spirit of the Master, who bade us to consider the lilies of the field, how they toil not and yet are gloriously arrayed, and to behold the birds of the air, how they gather not into barns and yet are bountifully fed, and to seek first the kingdom with the assurance that all things else needful will be added.

Not that wealth is inconsistent with piety, it is not. It is a sign of civilization, and especially of Christian civiliza-

tion. It is not found among the untutored savages, who no sooner begin to be civilized than they set out to accumulate. Joseph of Arimathea, who gave Jesus burial, was a "rich man." Abraham under the olden dispensation was "very rich." The trouble comes in, when the passion for gain leaves little or no room for love to God. All would be well, were the Psalmist's advice followed: "If riches increase, set not your heart thereon;" that is, do not let them absorb all the attention. The plea is not *against* the making of money, but for less haste in that direction, and for more enjoyment of our means from day to day. The warning is against "the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" choking the word. What Paul writes to Timothy is certainly very often true: "They that desire to be rich fall into a temptation and a snare and many foolish and hurtful lusts." The tendency is for the financial to crowd out the religious. The desire for wealth is something that naturally goes on increasing, unless divinely controlled, and surely there is an over-solicitude for accumulating.

The folly of wanting more and more and yet more is illustrated by an incident in the life of Pyrrhus, one of the greatest generals the world has produced, and one of Rome's most powerful antagonists. The story is related by Plutarch, who says that the man "could not endure repose." With his restless disposition he was not satisfied with his already extensive dominion, but he was arranging for a campaign into Italy, whereupon Cineas, a friend and counselor, said, "The Romans, sir, are reported to be great warriors, and conquerors of many warlike nations; if God permits us to overcome them, how should we use our victory?" Why, was the reply, "We shall presently be masters of all Italy, the extent and resources and strength of which

any one should rather profess to be ignorant of than yourself.'' Cineas after a little pause asked, ''And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next? ''Sicily,'' was the eager answer of Pyrrhus, ''next holds out her arms to receive us, a wealthy and populous island.'' ''You speak,'' said Cineas, '' what is perfectly probable, but will the possession of Sicily put an end to the war?'' The ambitious general had to admit that naturally there would be a farther conquest of Libya and Carthage, and he was evidently pleased with the suggestion that Greece, too, should be conquered. But, said Cineas, ''when all these are in our power, what shall we do then?'' Pyrrhus, seeing how adroitly he had been led on, smiled as he said, ''We will live at our ease, my dear friend, . . . and divert ourselves with pleasant conversation.'' Here came the lesson as drawn by the sagacious friend: ''And what hinders us now, sir, if we have a mind to be merry and to entertain one another, since we have at hand without trouble all those necessary things, to which, through much blood and great labor and infinite hazards and mischief done to ourselves and to others, we design at last to arrive?'' The historian adds that the restless monarch was not diverted by these reasonings from his purpose, and that in a few years he died at the hand of a woman who hurled a tile at him from the roof of a house, while a nervous soldier haggled his head off by blows which he did not accurately direct because of the dreadful look cast upon him by the expiring general, whose last ghastly expression was never forgotten.

Like Pyrrhus is many a man now. He is going to have more leisure and live a different life, after he has sufficiently enlarged his possessions. He goes on adding this and that, but he insists that he is not always going to work so hard,

that he is not going to slave it after this fashion interminably, that some day he expects to take things easier, and to retire entirely from active business, and to give himself more to the philanthropic and religious. Ascertain what exactly his limit is by inquiring if he should get twenty thousand dollars or fifty thousand, what he would do with such a snug sum, and the answer would be, "Use it as a basis from which to make forty or a hundred thousand dollars." What will the worldling do next? If the real secret of the matter could be gotten at, it would be found that the intention is make these thousands gain additional thousands with a round million perhaps as the goal. But in the midst of his career he is struck down, and then the perennial question recurs, "The things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?" Godliness and contentment now, the only time we are sure of, are better than those in prospect, in an uncertain future. It is not worth while to fret and sweat in order to get what, once possessed, does not really satisfy. It does not pay to be fretful porcupines, making ourselves and all about us uncomfortable, in a mad pursuit of what after all may be finally unattainable, and of what if attained, can be of no lasting value.

2. Discontent and fretfulness likewise appear in him who is out of harmony with his age. He is pessimistic and unhappy. He complains because his lines have been cast in *un*pleasant places. He is always bemoaning the present and glorifying the past. To him the golden age has already occurred. Of him particularly can it be said in the forceful words of the bard of Stratford, that he is "out of joint." Because of his senseless ravings about "the good old times," we can say of him with Shakespeare,

"Now see that noble and most soverign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

A pessimist, who is like the fretful porcupine, mistakenly thinks "the time is out of joint," whereas *he* is. Ask him to name a particular century which is an improvement on the one in which he lives, and he will be unable to do so, for knowledge of previous periods shows the contrary to be true. Hence it is that the book of Ecclesiastes admonishes us in this way: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." This will be evident if we select almost at random supposedly superior ages, and we *will* rapidly review three of these, only to see that their blessings and comforts are inferior to those of our time.

While the past may have a certain advantage, as we have seen earlier in the chapter, because of a greater simplicity and frugality and consequent contentedness of living, nevertheless in the fullness of every sort of blessing and in the opportunity, for the enjoyment of every kind of comfort, it can not compare with the present. Recall the first century of our era, when there was particularly an opportunity to come in contact with the Master of all the ages. Aside from that single preeminent privilege, there was not much of which to boast. There was indeed a considerable luxury. We read of Augustus finding Rome a city of brick, and leaving it a city of marble. We are amazed that a wife of Caligula could wear to a wedding a set of emeralds worth two million dollars. We are astonished that a spouse of Nero could have the five hundred donkeys, constituting her train, shod with dainty shoes of silver and gold. It seems like a fairy tale, the story of Nero's celebrated Golden House,

which was not only palatial but immense, which contained fields, forests and even a miniature lake, which had colonnades each a mile long, which had in its vestibule a colossal statue of the emperor 120 feet high, which had halls overlaid with gold, and rooms whose walls were completely covered with pearls, which had baths of variegated marble making the water to appear all the colors of the rainbow, which had dining-rooms with ingenious machinery to scatter flowers and perfumes upon the guests, and which had a spacious dome representing the sky with the stars varying their positions according to the facts of nature. But every thing of this kind was exceptional, confined to imperialistic and high social circles. A few were fabulously rich, while the multitudes were in abject poverty.

Of the million and a half to two million inhabitants in the eternal city, only about ten thousand were well-to-do. A full million were slaves, and most of the rest were plebeians who were worse off than the slaves, hundreds of thousands of them being in great destitution. They had to be supported by the government in the free distribution of corn, and often in largesses of money. In Julius Caesar's time, 320,000 at Rome were thus dependent upon the state. The common people did not begin to compare with those of to-day in independent living. Outside of a favored few, there was the most distressing poverty throughout the Roman empire, accustomed though we are to associate this mighty government with abounding luxury. The fretful porcupines should know these facts.

We reach the same conclusion in another comparison which can be made. Macaulay has given us the means for drawing a contrast between the present and two and a third centuries ago. His well-known third chapter on "the state

of England in 1685'' gives us suggestive materials. When the first trip of what was designated as the Flying Coach was made between London and Oxford at the rate of fifty miles a day, the professors and students of the University held a jubilee in honor of the event. Some persons almost felt it would be injurious to the health to be whirled along so rapidly, but we ride by our railroads in an hour the same distance, which they were a whole day in journeying. The fast mail was carried on horseback day and night at the average speed of five miles an hour. The houses of London were not numbered, and the streets were not lighted. There were no sanitary measures and arrangements to prevent pestilence. Slops were thrown out of windows with little regard to pedestrians below. The streets of Bristol with thirty thousand people were so narrow, that coaches could not enter them with any safety, and for the conveyance of goods through them there had to be used trucks drawn by dogs. There were no pneumatic tubes, through which as now articles could be shot like lightning under the ground. The laborer in those good old times received ordinarily four shillings a week for wages, less than a dollar, and boarded himself. What would the workman at present think of that pittance for a whole week? He gets more than seven times that now in England, and in America more than fourteen times that, while the increase after the World War was prodigious. Hundreds of thousands of working families in the time to which we are reverting had meat only twice a week, and as many others had it only once a week. Some time before this, the kindly Henry the Fourth of France was moved to wish, that some day every French peasant might be able to have a fat fowl in the pot for his Sunday's dinner. Of a total English population of

5,500,000, it was estimated that 1,330,000, nearly one-fourth, were not simply poor but paupers. The greater commonality is steadily rising, and never did so many have the comforts of life as in this favored twentieth century. The historian well sums up his famous chapter after this manner: "It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns." Particularly ought Americans to be contented. In the United States laborers live like kings, and few there are who can not have meat every day, while their homes are built and furnished in a way that would have seemed palatial not so very long ago. Moreover, there are all these conveniences, which are peculiar to the last hundred years, and which so materially contribute to the general felicity. Among the things which those of a century ago did not have are gas and electric light, sewing-machines and reapers, railroads and trolley lines, telegraph and telephone, ocean cable and wireless telegraphy, automobiles and airplane. As the Psalmist says in a different connection:

"This is the Lord's doing;
It is marvelous in our eyes."

Recalling once more the beginnings of Pilgrim history, we learn that our forefathers who landed at Plymouth in 1620 had a great deal less to make them satisfied than we

have, and yet they did not murmur, they were not, as we often are amid more fortunate surroundings, like fretful porcupines. They experienced the cold and rigor of winter, and, as they scouted around for a permanent landing place, the salt ocean spray froze upon them till their clothes, to use their own expression, were "like coats of iron." Frequently at night, on their testimony, they did not know where they were to get their breakfast. For two and three months together they had no bread, but eating clams they thanked God for what they had "of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand." But even with this Scriptural and Providential provision made for the supply of their needs, they did not always have sufficient. We read of their staggering from very faintness because of a lack of suitable food. They had to defend themselves against treacherous Indians. While the men built crude houses from the forest primeval, the women had to go out in the cleared field to plant corn. All likewise had to work with heavy hearts, for within a year, half of the hundred composing their small community lay in their graves, which had to be leveled and sown with grass-seed and wheat, lest the red mounds should tell to the savage enemy the tragic story of their depletion and weakness.

Under such circumstances were they thankful and contented? It was by those very Pilgrims that the first Thanksgiving was appointed. When they had gathered their initial crop of Indian maize, they were called together at the time of harvesting that they might rejoice together. That their good cheer might be more complete, Governor Bradford sent four men out after game, and thus originated a custom, which has developed into a national festival. Surely we, circumstanced so much better than they, and with the in-

numerable blessings wrapt up in our advanced Christian civilization, ought to be profoundly grateful, with all unworthy murmuring eliminated.

"What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes."

CHAPTER X

A Powerful Searchlight

WE ARE endeavoring to reveal in man defects interfering with a happy adjustment to the moral order. We have been specifying along this line. But we might as well make short work of the whole matter by bringing to bear on human conduct a great searchlight that will produce conviction in the most self-satisfied and self-complacent. Some time ago, our government tried to see if a torpedo boat out on the water could escape an electric searchlight turned upon it from the shore. The idea was to find out its capability of eluding an enemy by ascertaining if it could evade the blaze of electricity hunting for it here and there in a New England harbor. It shot hither and thither, and resorted to every kind of rapid naval maneuvering to escape the far-seeing eye that sought it out in the darkness. Once only did it for a little get out of sight. Not so successful as that even is the human spirit endeavoring to hide away from the Holy Spirit. Never for a moment can it get under cover of the slightest obscurity. All the power of God is put on in the working of his searchlight, which illumines the whole of life's tempestuous sea, and converts the night into day, and there is absolutely no escape from the powerful searching of Omniscience. God flashes his convicting truths like lightnings of Sinai all around the soul, which can not help feeling its sinfulness and guilt.

A POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT

1. We will first have a flashlight from a revealing passage of Scripture, for instance, from the nineteenth Psalm, which closes after this fashion:

"Who can discern his errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins."

Under the exposè of such searching words, even a saint of God feels his unworthiness. David their author did, though a man after God's own heart in the main. He realized that he was full of slumbering potencies for evil. He recognized that he was predisposed to the sinful. Canon Farrar, writer of the graphic "Life of Christ" and of other volumes, in one of his American discourses said, "It is only with a shudder that even the saint of God can look into the abysmal deeps of his own personality." Luther, noble Reformer though he was, was accustomed to exclaim, "Oh my sins, my sins!" The holiest on earth have left on record expressions of the deepest contrition, and the "Confessions" of Augustine the great church father are famous. We all should be conscious of the fact that the heart is like mystical Babylon, which John in his Revelation compared to "a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." But these foul birds of sin should be destroyed, we should not tolerate them for a moment. We should not allow them to get lodgment even in or about the temple of the soul. It has been quaintly but truthfully remarked, that we can not prevent the birds from flying over our heads, but that we can keep them from building their nests in our hair. Or, as the abbess Ana was made by a poet to say to King John:

"We can not hinder the passing
Of a wild-winged bird overhead;
But well may we keep her from building
Her nest in our garden, she said."

There *will* come to us temptations, but they can be resisted and repelled, and that fact fixes human responsibility.

Take what are named as "hidden faults," and they condemn even the very best. They are so subtle, they may be simply in thought. There is, for instance, the inner spirit of hate. It is not expressed, it merely rankles deep down in the soul. It does not take shape in malicious act, it is kept concealed. Or the secret sin *may* be in word. It is the sly spreading of an evil report, it is the bare insinuation. It is the whisper at one's back to his disadvantage. It is the plausible word spoken in trade and meant to deceive. So, too, the hidden fault may be in deed. An article is sold for more than it is worth, if detection seems unlikely. The place of sin is visited, if it can be done without the knowledge of others. Job speaks of one who

"Waiteth for the twilight,
Saying, No eye shall see me;
And he disguiseth his face."

The all-seeing eye of God is forgotten. The omnipresence of the Infinite was forcibly impressed upon the mind of David in the Psalm under consideration by a view of nature. The heavens were contemplated, and though there was no speech nor language nor sound of voice, the unseen silent Presence *was* everywhere felt, and the impression produced was, that there is no escaping a Being who is evidently in all his works.

A reverent and intelligent survey of God in nature always has this effect. We see that every material atom is subject to his control. He "weighs the small dust of the balance." He keeps in mind every minutest particle. Though millions of starry worlds revolve at his bidding, he does not overlook the lily of the field; he arrays it more gloriously than Solomon. A scientist has remarked, that a slight change in gravity would effect every flower of the globe, causing the upright plant, which can grow well only when erect, to droop, and causing the pensive head, which is at its best in that position, to lift its face to the sky. Both would thus be thrown out of their element by an infinitesimal modification of the universal law of attraction and repulsion. They would be hindered in their normal development. So that, as has been beautifully said, "The whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to center, is employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health." This well illustrates how the Supreme Being, who swings countless orbs through space by gravitation, has an equal and a like care for the smallest part of his vast universe. His supervision is seen to extend from star down to atom, and we can see the truth of the Biblical statements, their scientific truth even, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's notice, and that he numbers the very hairs of our head.

His moral government has just as wide a sweep. He takes cognizance of every deed, and word, and thought. He is no more circumscribed in providence than in nature. That is what the Psalmist realized, when he turned his attention from the heavens to his heart, when he prayed to be cleared from hidden faults. He had the same sense of the omnipresent God, when he watched the sun rising in splendor, and

sweeping in majesty round the entire circuit. "There is nothing hid," he said, "from the heat thereof." Its rays penetrated the deepest and darkest ravines. This manifestly seemed to the sacred writer an image of the Sun of Righteousness searching out every nook and corner of the soul. There are no heart depths to which the light of God's countenance does not reach. Our secret sins, it is said elsewhere, are in the full blaze of that searching light. As the philosophic Kant was impressed with two things, he said, "the starry heaven above, the moral law within," so was it with the Psalmist, who saw no escape from "the law of the Lord," anymore than from the law of nature, and it was as he contemplated both, that he trembled in view of his hidden faults. For a similar reason should all be impressed with their shortcomings. As no particle of matter is beyond the mighty sway of gravity, as no low valley is unlighted by the sun, so there is no little sin which can escape Omnipresence, and there is no dark soul-depth which the Sun of righteousness does not fairly flood with revealing light.

We reach the same conclusion regarding our "presumptuous sins." We are apt to associate these with the coarse and the defiant. We think of those whose delight it is to be profane, or to say as shocking things as possible, in the presence of Christians. We picture to our minds Alexander the Great in that mad revel from which he died. We are amazed, as after a whole night's carousal, he began anew in the morning with twenty companions, whose health individually and collectively he pledged with the sparkling wine, and as, not satisfied with this, he called for Hercules' cup, which was noted for its largeness and which he repeatedly drank off, until he fell to the floor never to rise again. That is what we are disposed to call presumptuous sinning, and

it is, but it is not that of which we are in special danger. Presumptuous sinning may be of a less aggravating type apparently, as we infer from an example given in the Bible. It had been describing how atonement could be made for various sins, and then added that if one sinned "with a high hand," he should be "cut off." A case of transgression in this line was next recorded, and what was it? Was it murder which had been committed? Was it anything gross? No, but a man gathered some sticks on the sabbath, and that under the peculiar circumstances was a presumptuous sin for which there could be no expiation, he was stoned to death. Was it something so terrible? Not of itself. Its presumptuousness consisted in its deliberateness, after there had been the express command that absolutely no work should be done on the holy day. It was a little thing, but it had in it the very essence and quintessence of rebellion. It was as if a citizen during a state of necessary martial law should defy the government by refusing to stay temporarily indoors; he is rightfully shot if he appears on the street, though ordinarily such appearance would be entirely proper. It was as if a child should be told not to touch a certain article, and as if he should thereupon defiantly do the very thing forbidden. No parent could let such presumptuous disobedience go unrebuked and unpunished. A student can make an issue with an instructor on a triviality of itself, but we all know how the battle must be fought out right there, before there can be a restoration of normal relations between the two.

A soul may show its rebelliousness to God by some comparatively insignificant action. Proud Naaman rebelled against washing seven times in the Jordan, when he had so much clearer streams at home. The intimation is that he would have done some "great thing." But his refusal at

first simply to "wash and be clean" proved as incontestably as disobedience to a greater command could have done, that he did not have the proper spirit to receive the blessing. *We* can draw the line, for example, at the Scriptural "washing of regeneration," at the baptism that is specifically commanded, as we assert that the application of water, whether more or less, can not possibly do us any good. Our attitude here should be that of Mary regarding her divine Son, when she quietly advised, "*Whatsoever* he saith unto you, *do* it." Otherwise we are sinning presumptuously, and all the more so when there is shed upon the matter the splendor of the heavens, for we must remember continually the setting of the pregnant words, in a Psalm which alternates the view between nature and the heart. Consider for a moment the greatness of the Being, who is ignored and defied. It is He who created all things, who swung into existence over two hundred million blazing suns. As the Psalmist soared in imagination from star to star, and from orb to orb, he was impressed with his littleness, and he pleaded to be kept from presumptuous sinning against the great God of the universe, whose resplendent glories could not be adequately portrayed.

2. Having had our first flashlight from a typical portion of the searching Word, we will have our second from the Master's eyes, which are even more revealing. Very suggestive is that New Testament statement, "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." Gibbon says that history is "little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." The general impression is, that it is only a record at the best of great military achievements, or at least of the more outward and striking march of events. But so little a thing as a look may have immense significance, and also great power. When, in the early part of the fifteenth

century at the council of Constance, the emperor Sigismund violated his contract with the reformer Huss, who had been solemnly assured that his liberty should not be interfered with if he would come to a conference, and yet who was condemned to death on that very occasion,— when the noble martyr had said, "I came hither relying on the public faith and safe-conduct of the emperor, not to be tried, but to give a reason for my faith," and when with this deliverance he fixed his eyes directly upon the imperial Majesty, Sigismund blushed. That look of shame under appealing eyes was very properly chronicled, for it spoke volumes as to the righteousness and truth of the great reformatory cause, from which has grown Protestantism in its full strength and glory. More than a hundred years after this, at the celebrated Diet of Worms, that historic blush was remembered to Luther's benefit. Charles the Fifth was urged by the papal party to rescind the safe-conduct which had been granted by him to the distinguished German theologian, but he refused as he replied, "I do not wish to blush as did Sigismund."

A look, therefore, can carry strong condemnation, scathing rebuke, solemn warning. Its appeal to conscience, to the motive of fear, is all right. We are very properly reminded of Damocles of old, who sat at a fine banquet with Dionysius the Tyrant four centuries before the Christian era. Rare were the wines, rich were the viands, but over his head was suspended by a single hair a naked sword. Damocles sat at a festive table loaded with every thing to enjoy, but only a hair intervened between him and eternity. In the suddenness of the summons often made upon us to go hence, we are sitting under a very sword of Damocles, swinging above us by a very slender and brittle thread, by a silver cord that is easily severed, as a slight cold unexpec-

tedly developes into pneumonia, as a rushing electric or motor car in an instant dashes out our life. We can, accordingly, well allow ourselves to be, like Noah, "moved with godly fear."

It was not, however, this kind of appeal which was made to Peter, when he was searched by the Master's look. His heart was broken, and he went out from his threefold denial to weep bitterly, because eyes of infinite compassion and grief were directed toward him with a pathos that was silent but effective. The Lord does not always bring to bear some tremendous outward influence, but often that which is more quiet. He turns and looks upon us; that is all, but our future as immortal souls may depend upon how we receive that look, which may occupy but a short time. If our eyes, so to speak, catch and hold his, if there is the recognition of faith whereby our spirits go out in penitence and love and loyalty to his outreaching, divinely-yearning nature; if there is the contact of personal communion, we are saved then and there. But if we do not heed the look, which at some religious crisis we feel is searching us through and through, that failure to respond to the mute and perhaps brief appeal of the Master may be decisive of destiny. A little thing was the blush of Sigismond, but that was a look of being consciously in the wrong, and was full of significance. A small matter was the sad and tender glance of Christ toward Peter, but that was a look of life everlasting, so powerfully suggestive as to break up the fountain of tears which had been sealed. The inference is that we should be careful at these critical moments, when we are very easily turned this way or that.

The fact is, that our futures are shaped secularly as well as spiritually by what at the time seem to be trifles. Gibbon

relates that a spider's web, woven across the mouth of a cave in which Mohammed concealed himself at a critical juncture of his affairs, was the means of saving that false prophet's life. It was an eventful moment when his enemies, searching every cavern, passed the fugitive's hiding-place by, because an insect had swung across the opening a fragile door. Had it not been for that, the cave would have been entered, and, as the historian adds, "the lance of an Arab might have changed the history of the world." Had it not been for the spider's web that disarmed suspicion as to any human being hiding within, in all probability Mohammedanism with its two hundred million adherents would never have been. So, too, the father of our country was saved to this nation by an incident, which at the time did not seem so momentous. George Washington would have become a sailor, had not the tearful entreaty of his mother dissuaded him from his youthful purpose. Had he gone to sea in accordance with his early desire, he very likely would not have led the greatest Revolution of modern times to a successful issue. Once, it is said, upon an invasion of Scotland by the Danes, the garrison of the fortress, which was the key to the possession of the whole country, all fell asleep. The forces of the enemy crept softly along, till one of the soldiers, coming in contact with a sharp thistle, involuntarily uttered a sudden cry of pain, and that awakened the guards, and after a desperate struggle the foe was driven back, and Scottish liberty was saved, saved by a thistle, which accordingly has been represented ever since by a grateful people in the national coat of arms, and the thistle is as dear to Scotland, as the shamrock, with its three leaves emblematic of the Trinity, is to Ireland. It is claimed that a curt remark of the emperor William to the French ambassador brought on the Franco-

German war of 1870. We read that a Moor's theft of a garment belonging to a proud Castilian lady led to his being slain, and that this gave rise to the conflict between the Cross and the Crescent, resulting finally in the expulsion from Spain of a race which had created the Alhambra with its unrivalled splendors along architectural lines. By such apparent trifles are the histories of great men, and of nations, and of international movements determined.

In the career of a soul, a little thing may decide its eternal welfare. One comes to a point where he feels that he should act. Shall he become a Christian, or shall he not? He is in a perilous position, for the scales just about balance, and it does not take much to tip the beam either way. He feels a stir of religious emotion. He has an impression gently made upon him, that he ought to begin living differently. He has an aching void in his heart. He has a vague longing after something that will satisfy the deepest yearnings of his nature. Why does he have this disturbance of feeling? It is because the still small voice is speaking to him, it is because there is being turned upon him the searching, inquiring gaze of the Lord, and failure to respond to such an appeal may prove disastrous. When Julius Caesar was on the way to the Senate chamber, "A stranger," says Froude, "thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the Empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken." When there is placed in the hand of any the roll of the everlasting gospel, if they do not open it and heed its admonitory message, because they imagine it contains nothing important for them personally; if they

do not make the slight effort involved in cutting, so to speak, the string that wraps it round, if from sheer carelessness they fail to look into the matter, eternal life may be lost through failure to act at the decisive moment. Not only the fate of empires, but the everlasting welfare of souls, often hangs upon a trifle, upon the breaking of a string, upon the quick improving of a passing opportunity, upon the heeding of a look, upon the response given to a serious impression received. The searchlight of a look from the Master may determine human destiny. There is salvation in a *returning* look of recognition and of love. The bitten Israelites were saved by a look at the brazen serpent elevated on high in sight of all. We know how it is in human relations. "Face answereth to face," says the inspired proverb, and equally look to look, as two persons in some telepathic way often understand each other perfectly. There is between them a sort of wireless telegraphy which subconsciously reveals a mutual friendliness and even affection. It is similar in our delicate relations with the divine. The Lord is not slow to catch our inner feelings from the very expression of our countenance, and when he sees there penitence and faith, he is not going to turn us down, to fail us in any emergency.

In Highland Scottish annals there is a tale of a woman, from unlawful love of a freebooter murdering her husband, and then being ordered by her cruel paramour to destroy a loved child, she proceeded to obey. She swung the small bundle of humanity out over a precipice, and withdrew him without committing the foul crime. She did it a second time, and again brought back her arms still clinging to the beloved. She was asked why she hesitated, and she replied that each time the babe smiled at her, pleased with the swinging motion, and she did not have the heart to resist such an

appeal unconsciously made. Then she was roughly commanded to shut her eyes, and to hurl the child from her, and she did to her everlasting shame. In this connection with much impressiveness comes to us that verse from Isaiah: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, these may forget, yet will not I forget thee." As God sees the look of confidence in his children at the end, *He* will *not* close *His* eyes and swing them off into a hopeless eternity, but he will draw them, smiling their trust to him, closer and closer into his embrace at the great crisis of removal hence. Judgment to come will have for them no terrors; in their peaceful departure from this world to the next, perfect love will have cast out fear.

CHAPTER XI

A Dramatic Appeal

THE MORAL order makes a distinct challenge to man to become adjusted thereto. What is the most dramatic appeal ever made to humanity? Various answers might be given. Some might be inclined to recall a vivid scene from our own national history. The debate between Webster and Hayne before the Senate of the United States has made a lively appeal to the imagination. Art has preserved the scene in a well-known painting that hangs from the wall and above the platform of Faneuil Hall, which because of Revolutionary memories in Boston has been called "the cradle of liberty." The dignity and majesty of the matchless orator, who stood for the northern as against the southern political view, impress every observer. His arraignment of a policy that could only result in national dismemberment was a philippic. His stately plea for the continued union of the States, "one and inseparable," was a classic. His tribute to the flag, with "not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured," was a ringing call for loyalty. Nothing else is comparable with all this, unless it be Paul standing before a royal personage of his day, and challenging his attention by the dramatic. "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." As with his shackled arm he seems to have made an impressive gesture, we can almost hear yet the clank of the chain, when he rose to his magnificent climax, "I would to God, that whether with little or

with much, not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am, *except these bonds.*"

1. The apostle first gave his own experience, which he related with a glowing and tremendous force. In the eighteenth century, when that type of infidelity known as deism prevailed in England, Lord Lyttleton, the celebrated statesman and author, entered upon a critical study of the conversion of Paul, with the purpose of demonstrating from that single incident the falsity of Christianity. But as he prosecuted his scholarly researches, he himself was converted, and he was compelled to publish not a deistic but a theistic work, which then was regarded as among the ablest defenses ever made of a divine revelation. The testimony in favor of the Christian religion from the wonderful change wrought in Paul alone was so strong as to be irresistible to the mind of this great Englishman, who started out to produce an infidel book, but who ended by giving a powerful argument *for* Christianity.

Neither could King Agrippa resist the solid array of facts, which Paul gave from his own experience, and most of us are equally impressed thereby. How can the remarkable revolution of character in the chief of the apostles be explained? He had been brought up a Pharisee, and all his interests were bound up in his remaining such. He was already a member of the Jewish Sanhedrin, the highest court in the land. He had enjoyed the advantage of sitting at the feet of the most famous instructor of the time, the learned Gamaliel. He was entrusted with the most important work that could be laid upon any shoulders in the first century, the uprooting of a heresy which has since become the religion of the whole civilized world. Honor, wealth, every selfish consideration would prompt him to persevere in the course

which he had marked out for his life's career. And yet he suddenly adopted a faith, which, Professor A. P. Peabody of Harvard said, "was held in at least as low esteem as Mormonism is with us," and the acceptance of which must have seemed "as strange and abnormal as it would be for one of our divines, or judges, or princely merchants to join the motley community of Brigham Young. He had not a friend who was not ashamed of him, and whose respect for him was not changed into contempt." How can it be accounted for, when we remember the kind of person he was? He had breadth of mind, and is reckoned by many the greatest man that ever lived. Testimony from such a one is worth something, and he asserted that at noonday, with companions about him, and when he was doing what he verily believed to be right, and under circumstances where he was not likely to be deluded, he and others with him saw a light brighter than the sun, and heard a voice which to the rest sounded like thunder, but which to him spoke plainly of wrong and of what he should henceforth do, and that he was not "disobedient" to the heavenly vision, though persecution, and all that was undesirable, was to be his lot. He in short declared that there was a reality to the new religion which he had accepted, and when Agrippa heard his story and considered its source, he of course was impressed, was almost persuaded, as the old version says, to be a Christian, much as he may have tried to hide his inner feelings by an assumed scepticism.

There is similar evidence for Christianity to-day, only stronger because of the increased number of witnesses. Here is a banker, who is not a light-headed fanatic by any means, and he stands before his fellows an acknowledged Christian, and this is true of some of the greatest financiers

that America has produced. The same may be said of many railroad magnates, who have been veritable wizards in accomplishing transportation results. Here is a lawyer, or a doctor, the peer of any in his profession, and he is known as an open disciple of Christ. Here is a merchant, or a manufacturer, who does as large a business as any other in the city, if not larger, and he is committed to the cause of religion. The great majority of college presidents and instructors and students, and a preponderence of scientific authorities even where there is apt to be the most scepticism, are avowed Christians. And so have been chief magistrates of the greatest country on the globe, like Woodrow Wilson, and Taft, and Roosevelt, and McKinley, not to mention others of our Presidents. Standing alongside of these have been rulers of the mightiest nations and empires of Europe. Whether all these, who have been designated, have been always consistent or not, they at any rate have bowed their intellects if not their hearts to the King of kings. Coming nearer home, we have neighbors and friends, not mad enthusiasts at all, who deliberately and solemnly will tell us, that they *know* whereof they speak, when they testify to the converting power of the gospel. We have *seen* characters revolutionized by what has been termed a saving faith. These things have not occurred in a corner, they have taken place before our very eyes, and we *must* feel the force of this argument, of this personal testimony for Christ from individuals of well-balanced minds and transformed lives.

2. Aside from Paul's experience, there was another argument which the apostle presented, when he stood before King Agrippa, and that was the fulfillment of prophecy. "Believest thou the prophets?" he asked, with an expressed

assurance that the answer could be only in the affirmative. With what strength predictions can be marshalled, when coupled or linked with subsequently transpiring and agreeing facts! There is nothing vague and indefinite about them, but they are minute and exact, unlike for instance the classic Delphic Oracle, which once said to Croesus, who had consulted it, "If Croesus crosses the Halys, and prosecutes a war with Persia, a mighty empire will be overthrown," and it was even so, but it was his own empire. The Oracle had so worded its wisdom, that, whatever the issue, it would not have to recede and retract. The Scriptural prophecies are not thus equivocal, capable of being taken either way, worded with the very idea of deceiving. They go straight to the mark, and there is no misunderstanding their import.

Look, for example, at the gradual growth of the Messianic revelation as depicted in our systems of theology and in our very cyclopaedias. Away back in Genesis, at the beginning of human history, the promise was made that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. What did it mean? It manifestly pointed to some future deliverer, yet to appear in the line of humanity, and in the fulness of times the Son of man did come, born of a woman. The prophecy was next made more specific in the promise to Abraham, "In *thy* seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." That narrowed the limits from which the Messiah was to spring. He was to be derived not merely from the general race, of the seed of Eve that mother of all, but he was to be of *Jewish* origin, and he was, as it turned out. Still farther, of the twelve tribes of Israel, one alone which was expressly named was to have the honor of furnishing the ancestry of the coming One:

"The sceptre shall not depart from *Judah,*

. . . . . .

Until Shiloh come."

And so it actually was, Jerusalem was not destroyed by the Roman Titus, the Jewish rule as preserved in Judah did not entirely disappear till the year 70, *subsequent* to the advent of the Lord. After the tribe, the particular family in the tribe was indicated, when *David* was assured that *his* house should be established "for ever," and "son of David" thus became only another name for the expected Christ, whose lineage *was* from that identical king, from whom, the long-previous declaration had been, that it *would* be. A hazardous thing it was for the prophets to be so specific, if they were not sure of what they said. They, however, became more and more definite. Micah says, that out of *Bethlehem* (that was getting to be very exact) should come he "whose goings forth are from the old, from everlasting," and that little town *was* the Lord's birthplace. These are corroborations which (whatever critics may say) the inspired writers themselves thought worthy of mention.

Were these mere coincidences? Some such there might be, but there could not very well be as many as there are of actual agreements between prediction and fact. These are well-nigh innumerable, as will appear from specimens cited. Prediction in Zechariah: "Behold, thy king cometh unto thee; . . lowly, and riding upon an ass." Fact in John regarding the triumphant entry: "And Jesus, having found a young ass, sat thereon." Prediction in Isaiah: "He openeth not his mouth." Fact in Matthew: "And he gave him no answer, not even to one word." Prediction in the Psalms: "In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Fact in

Matthew: "One of them ran, and took the sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink." Prediction in the Psalms: "And upon my vesture do they cast lots." Fact in John regarding the seamless coat: "They said therefore one to another, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be." Prediction in Exodus regarding the Paschal lamb: "Neither shall ye break a bone thereof." Fact in John regarding the Lamb of God: "When they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they break not his legs." Prediction in Zechariah: "They shall look unto me whom they have pierced." Fact in John: "Howbeit one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side." Prediction in Isaiah: "And was numbered with the transgressors." Fact in Mark: "And with him they crucify two robbers." Prediction in Isaiah: "With the rich in his death." Fact in Matthew: "There came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, ... and asked for the body of Jesus. . . and laid it in his own new tomb." Prediction in the Psalms: "Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption." Fact in Luke: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Prediction in the Psalms: "Thou hast ascended on high." Fact in the Acts: "As they were looking, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." One never knew of so many coincidences, and that, too, with hundreds of years intervening. We can check up the list for ourselves. Nor has the half been told, but sufficient has been given in this rapid survey to *compel* belief in honest seekers after truth.

With such an accumulation of evidence, Agrippa could not have been otherwise than almost persuaded, for he was cognizant of these things. He was "expert," we read, "in all customs and questions which are among the Jews;" that

is, he was familiar with their sacred writings, with the very predictions to which we have been calling attention. He must have been acquainted with the events in Christ's life fulfilling these prophecies. Nothing was "hidden" from him, as Paul said, who added, "for this hath not been done in a corner." Agrippa's near relatives had been favored with a very intimate connection with the Lord. His great grandfather, Herod the Great, was the monster who killed the innocents at the birth of the divine Babe in Bethlehem. His great uncle, Herod Antipas, had murdered John the Baptist, suffering such pangs of remorse therefor, that when he afterward heard of the miracles of Jesus he declared aghast that John had risen from the dead. Agrippa's own father had with the sword beheaded James, the brother of John, and had sought the life of Peter also, and doubtless would have made other martyrs, had not his career been cut short by that dreadful disease, which is described in Holy Writ as being "eaten of worms," his corrupted flesh falling away piecemeal till death came to his relief.

With these memories still fresh, and with the tragedy of the cross yet recent, and with the resurrection and ascension triumphantly proven; with none of these things "hidden" from King Agrippa, we may be sure he was almost per suaded, lightly though he may have treated the earnest appeal to him, and though he may have said ironically and perhaps with a curl of the lip, "With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian." To us there is the same overwhelming evidence, with such additional testimony as must accumulate through the ages. The most conspicuous prediction of all was one whose fufillment it was not Agrippa's to behold. Isaiah had prophesied, "All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God," and

over and over again the world-wide dominion of Christianity was predicted, and slowly but surely, and yet swiftly as God counts time, the facts are verifying what was thus spoken of old. There is no such all-pervading influence to-day, there is no such extensive realm, as the kingdom of the Lord; and year by year his reign is widening, until we can believe that eventually the written word shall be fully accomplished. So, too, regarding the prophecies of the dispersion of the Jews among all nations to be a byword and a hissing everywhere, Agrippa in his day had not seen these fulfilled as we have in startling detail. Nor had he witnessed the uplifting influence of the gospel, as we have observed it through many centuries. We must thoroughly believe in the Bible and Christianity, when we study these in the light of history so exactly verifying prophecy.

3. There were in the Herodian family endings, which must have made the resurrection hope, of which Paul spoke, exceedingly attractive to Agrippa. To give a single illustration, to which passing reference has already been made, the king could not have very well forgotten the sad experience of his own father in that very city Caesarea. It was in the theater there, possibly in the same building where the son listened to the apostle. It was likewise under circumstances of similar "pomp," for, says the Jewish historian, "he put on a garment made wholly of silver, and of a contexture truly wonderful, and came into the theater early in the morning; at which time the silver of his garment, being illuminated by the first reflection of the sun's rays upon it, shone out after a surprising manner, and was so resplendent . . . . his flatterers cried out, one from one place and another from another (though not for his good) that he was a god." A god! a god! That was the shout which went up, and be-

cause he accepted the impious compliment he was stricken down with a mortal disease, and as he was being carried out of the theater, he cast his eyes back over the great assembly, and said with remorse, according to Josephus, "Providence thus reproves the lying words you just now said to me; and I, who was by you called immortal, am immediately to be hurried away by death," and he did thus die, or, as the book of Acts says, "An angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost."

Agrippa must have recalled the ghastly end of this his own father in that very city and possibly in the audience chamber where Paul preached to him so grandly. There was nothing in that hopeless death like the apostle's victorious "To die is gain." After the manner of Socrates who spoke on immortality, Paul enlarged upon the thought of a glorious resurrection for the redeemed of the Lord, and the king must have shuddered in contrasting the awful end of his own father with the tranquil end of the righteous. The difference now between the triumphant or at least peaceful departure of Christians, and the stolid if not despairing and sometimes tragic exit from this world of the unregenerate, must make upon us its impression.

4. In considering, as we have just been doing, the contrasting ends of human lives, we might seem here to have come to a natural conclusion, but we have not, for there is one more thing which adds to the dramatic nature of our religious appeal, and that is, as stated in Holy Writ, "after death is the judgment." Equalling the scene of Paul before Agrippa is that of the same apostle before Felix and Drusilla, to whom "he reasoned of righteousness, self-control, and the judgment to come." These two were closely linked

together, but not in a holy wedlock. Quite reverse was the case, and the judgment, of which there were thunderings on that memorable occasion, came in part to the former in that he was made to tremble, in that, as we are expressly informed, he was terrified, having by no means in his experience the *felicity* which his name signifies. To his fair but guilty paramour, it came in a more tragic way a few years afterward, when together with a son she had bourne to the unhappy Felix she perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, that catastrophe which in 79 A. D. covered Herculaneum with lava that has hardened to be like rock, and which buried Pompeii in ashes that are being gradually removed. To the witnesses of that tragedy, it seemed as if the dread day had come, when the heavens were passing away with a great noise and the elements were melting with fervent heat, as Scripture had predicted they would, giving us at least a most vivid picture of the judgment, which Drusilla did not escape, at any rate in its historic forerunner.

To lead her out of the preternatural darkness, she had no blind Nydia, whom Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii" introduced with such fine effect into his romance. The latter by her very infirmity of sightlessness had been prepared to grope her way through the Stygian blackness which so suddenly came, and she did guide unerringly Glaucus and his sweetheart to the sea and to safety. There was no one thus to conduct Drusilla through a murky and sulphurous gloom, which was much greater than that of a natural night. The distinguished romancer, who says his portrayal of the event was "very little assisted by invention," gives facts which must have been stranger than fiction, and which must have been terribly realistic to the former companion of Felix. Selecting two or three snatches of description, she must have

heard "the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waters of the tortured sea," and "the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain." From time to time she must have been sickened at heart to faintness by "the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion." She must have been among the bewildered fugitives struggling along, "the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet." But at last she could go no farther, and sank to be suffocated.

Merely pictorial this *may* be of that which Paul preached to the lovely but guilty creature, who, however, must have felt that what he said in solemn warning was essentially true. There may be at present on the part of the light-hearted an attempt to get away from representations of what is serious in the consideration of human destiny, but sometimes all this should be faced. The book of Ecclesiastes well says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; *but* know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

What makes the solemn appeal the most dramatic is that it can be resisted. Many a one has said with Felix, "Go thy way for this time, and when I have a convenient reason, I will call thee unto me." But this more opportune moment never comes, and at any rate any given rejection may have in it the element of finality. Sooner or later in every one's career, the will acquires a permanent bent. There comes a fixedness of character, a trend of life, from which it is morally certain there will never be a change. One person at the age of twenty, another at thirty, becomes substantially what he will always remain, with a steadily decreasing prospect for the

better as the years advance. This is not only a Scriptural but a psychological truth, as demonstrated by observation, and one can note it for himself. Sin is voluntary, it is lodged in the imperial will, which even Omnipotence can not forcibly subdue, for even to *Him* all things are not, strictly speaking, possible. He can not make five of two and two, nor a square circle. As there are these arithmetrical and geometrical so there are for the very Almighty spiritual impossibilities. He could not coerce the human will. Every man has in his soul a Gibraltar, absolutely impregnable from without. He alone holds the key to the inner citadel of his heart. He can and does shut out therefrom his Lord and Maker. With superlative importance has he thus been endowed. He has been made the architect of his own fortune, the master of his destiny. He is conscious of this power. He knows that he can, if he will, successfully resist the omnipotent God. An immediate response, therefore, to the appeal of the cross becomes imperative in order to safety. Archimedes, the great mathematical genius of more than 200 years before the Christian era, requested his friends, after his decease, to "place over his tomb a sphere containing a cylinder, inscribing it with the ratio which the containing solid bears to the contained." To mark the last resting-place at Mt. Auburn of the eminent naturalist, Agassiz, there was brought from his native Switzerland a boulder. The stone, says his wife, was "so monumental in form that not a touch of the hammer was needed to make it fit for its purpose." Very fitting monuments are both of these for the mathematical Archimedes and the scientific Agassiz. But the Christian can desire to have erected over his remains nothing more suitable than the cross, with an

inscription of the relation there is between this emblem of salvation and the eternity of happiness for which he hopes in the name of the great Redeemer whom he has consciously accepted.

CHAPTER XII

Damascus Blades

WHEN we think of human weakness in relation to the moral order, there is perhaps a disposition to feel discouraged. But there is recuperative power in man. He is capable of rebound and recovery.

It is said that a genuine Damascus Blade can be bent double without harm. When the pressure is removed, it springs back straight as ever. That is true steel, so keen as to cut clean and smooth gauze of such fineness as can scarcely be seen when floating lightly in the atmosphere. Every reader of "The Talisman" by Sir Walter Scott will recall a scene in that historical romance. When Richard of England, the Lion-hearted Crusader, and Saladin the illustrious Saracen met at a sparkling fountain in the valley of the Dead Sea, felicitously called "The Diamond of the Desert," the latter wanted to see an exhibition of the reputed strength of the English King. Thereupon his "glittering broadsword" of gigantic size was brought down upon a steel mace resting on a block of wood with Titanic force that was like the blow of a sledge-hammer or even of our own steam piledriver, and the bar of iron was severed as though it had been a tender twig. When Saladin was challenged to show what he could do with his slender, easily-bending Damascus Blade, he dexteriously drew it across a yielding "cushion of silk and down," which fell apart clean cloven. That this exploit was not a juggler's trick appeared when a filmy veil in midair was

divided by the same finely-tempered weapon into two fluffy pieces that were softly wafted in opposite directions with no sign of frayed edges.

The Indian does not choose a brittle piece of timber for his bow. He wants something elastic, so that when he pulls the string at arm's length and then loosens his hold, the arrow may be sent right to the mark. Draw a weak willow, and the feathered weapon feels its way along, deflected by every breeze, till it falls upon the ground with a sort of feeble flutter. But when there is that which Homer describes as

"Fearful was the twang of the silver bow,"

the arrow cleaves the air like a bullet, and stands upright in whatever it pierces. We recall how Ulysses, who devised the stratagem of the wooden horse whereby Troy was finally taken, how the hero of the Odyssey, the immortal Odysseus, which was the Greek for the Latin Ulysses,— how he after ten years of wandering at the close of the Trojan war (which had lasted ten years) returned to his island home in Ithaca. Though recognized after an absence of two decades by his faithful Argus, he yet was suspected of being a fraud by the suitors of his wife Penelope, till she proposed a sure test. His old bow, which had been left behind, had defied the strength of everybody to bend it, but Odysseus grasped it as an old friend, and easily strung it, and let fly an arrow with the power and accuracy of former days. How that bow must have resounded, as it sprung back to its position of rest. There must have been the Homeric "twang." What is it that makes the Damascus Blade and the bow admirable? It is the elasticity. What sort of character is best? that which has some rebound. The strongest men are those, who

though crushed by some terrific blow spring up again. To express this quality in Biblical phrase, there is Paul's "Smitten down, yet not destroyed." That takes square issue with our familiar expression, "Down and out," which is not true of those who have grit and grace.

1. First, with the human the question is one of breaking or bending. Not infrequently it is the former, as persons are smitten down *and* destroyed. Here is one who has been embittered by contact with the rough, hard world. He has had sad experiences, numerous disappointments, and he concludes that all mankind are deceitful. In his opinion, most people are hypocrites, snakes in the grass, to be trusted no sooner than the devil. He goes through life snarling and snapping, so to speak; independent, because he can be as mean as any. He is ready to take a hand in a business that will bring him money, no matter how. He sneers at honesty and honor, and says flippantly, that all men have their price, and can be bought for more or less; money enough will buy the soul of every Christian even. What is the cause of this contemptuous spirit? The person with such sentiments has had trouble, and his manhood collapsed under the strain. He lacked nerve. Religion is needed to give hopefulness and generosity of spirit, to keep one sweet and gracious. The divine is needed to give spring to the human.

Sometimes again, one loses confidence in humanity, and concludes to make the most of life by smooth ways and oily words. He steals softly around, and is velvety in all his methods. He never disagrees with any one; it is always, Yes, yes, just so. He is like Pollonius in Shakespeare. When Hamlet called attention to a cloud, "almost in shape of a camel," Pollonius assented, "'tis like a camel, indeed." When Hamlet proceeded, "Methinks, it is like a *weasel*,"

there came the echo, "It *is backed* like a weasel." Then as Hamlet added interrogatively, "Or, like a whale?" the obsequious lord chamberlain said solemnly, "Very like a whale." He was bound to be agreeable if he did have to say that a cloud looked like a camel, a weasel, and a whale. Such a person is the very ideal of politeness. Nevertheless, with one arm around your neck in the most affectionate manner, with the other he may be trying to give you a slanderous, deadly thrust. Roused into suspicion, you may endeavor to get a hold on him, but to no purpose, for he is too slippery. You never know in what garb you will find him, for he will slip on any cloak, even that of religion, if any thing can be gained thereby. A poet has said,

> "He was a man
> Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
> To serve the devil in."

He thinks all are dishonorable, only it is best to *appear* honorable for one's own advantage. What has induced in him such an unfortunate state of mind? He has been deceived at some time under fair pretenses, and he has not recovered from the blow. Faith in God would have saved his faith in humanity. Religion would have given him a healthful rebound, would have put in him recuperative force.

There are those who *have* this resiliency, and they are much nobler characters. We all recognize it as a sign of weakness, when difficulties come sweeping over us, to break right down, and to let them carry us into bitterness, open or concealed. A strong person does not give way so easily. He has a conquering faith, which is essentially religious. Never discouraged, he presses on to the goal. A formidable ob-

stacle rolls down in his path and over top of him, perhaps, but though hurled momentarily down, he springs to his feet, and with compressed lips and an iron will and a serene upward look, he moves on to success. William of Orange could calmly survey all Europe arrayed against him, and then believing thoroughly in his cause and hoping in his God, with a steady hand he controlled every opposing force, while he marched to England and took the throne. With the same kind of spirit Nelson at a crisis cried, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" and it was the former and the latter also, while in a conspicuous London Square is a massive monument to the illustrious naval hero.

One needs to learn to bear up under the weight of what for the time being may bend him low, and looking away from self to the help that comes from above he can say with Pauline triumph, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me," while he rises grandly up all the stronger for the trial. A plant in the shelter of a cellar, with no sunshine, no wind, is puny. Its leaves are pale, and its stalk trembles at the least jar, and it is readily broken off. The oak, standing in the hot sun, exposed to the sweep of thunder storms, swayed to and fro by winter's blizzards, grows up a mighty tree, with an enormous trunk and wide-spreading branches, strong *because* weather-beaten. It is the same with character, which is strengthened *by* hardiness, when religion enters into its making. The being struck to the ground occasionally does no harm, if there is grace in the heart to prevent utter prostration of spirit, and to give rebound, so that one can say with Milton,

> "He led me on to mightiest deeds,
> Above the nerve of mortal man."

Whatever the discipline, let the spiritual enter into the experience, and though the human may be prostrated, the divine gives rebound, and hope springs Phoenix-like out of the very ashes of despair, and there is given "a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Again and again does a beautiful Christian spirit rise triumphant over every obstacle. If one is rightly tempered he may bend, but he will never break, anymore than a fine Damascus Blade.

Those who have been tried and tested, who under discipline have become genuine steel, are the persons of real worth in every sphere of life. Along the military line, old soldiers are better for the battle than raw recruits. The latter may be pretty enough in a general review at some country town a thousand miles from the field of conflict. They go through the different evolutions handsomely. They present a splendid appearance standing in rank, while officers in brilliant uniform gallop up and down in the front. The colonel on a fine horse shouts, "Attention, battalion!" and the regiment is sublimely silent, while spectators hold their breath in awe. "Order arms!" down go a thousand guns with one tremendous thud, and the onlookers are thrilled with the perfection of the movement. "Present arms!" and there is an immediate response with a military precision that is altogether admirable. "Shoulder arms!" and up go the thousand guns as if by magic, and so finely, that cheers break out spontaneously from the whole assembled multitude. That is all very nice, when no enemy is near; but veterans, who have seen regular service and who have not been out simply for dress parade, are what the General wants, when he marches straight upon the foe against drawn bayonets and amid flying bullets and bursting shells. The sturdy warriors hear the

command, Forward! and they move steadily on, if need be, "into the jaws of death." The veteran is better than the young soldier because of the trial and discipline which have been his. Similarly if we wanted a friend for some emergency, we would not choose an inexperienced one, who had never seen a dark day. We would desire one, who had trodden some of the thorny paths of life, who had been "smitten down, yet not destroyed," and who, therefore, would know just how to help us rise up and shake off the load which might be taxing our strength. He has been through the fire, he has been refined like gold, until he is master of every situation. What if the battle does rage? He stands cool and collected amid the thickest smoke of the conflict. What if the tempest does gather with flash of lightning and roll of thunder? He can almost ride the storm. He has been so tempered that he does not break, he only bends like the Damascus Blade. His *mettle* has been tried till he shows the true *metal,* which is none other than highly tempered steel, and he is then in fine *fettle* to be serviceable to his fellows.

2. We come thus more positively to the divine, where there is always the utmost resiliency. Never did another have the range of experience which Christ had. He left heaven above, he came down to the earth below. Who can picture the Father's house of many mansions, upon which he turned his back? The Moorish princes of Granada had a palace, whose beauties have been the wonder of the world, and whose ruins are, after the lapse of five hundred years, the one spot in Spain like a charm attracting all travellers. We read of the Alhambra's "slender columns rivalling the taper palm-tree; walls whose stones were cut and pierced into a trellis-work, resembling in its exquisite delicacy lace or fine ivory carving; domes honey-combed with azure and vermilion cells,

and bright with stalactites of dropping gold; groves of orange and myrtle, clustering round the marble basins in which cool, silver fountains plashed their merry music." But this fairy splendor, which it was mine to see in 1905, is surpassed by the glory of the "house not made with hands," that the Lord left behind. The temple of Diana, expressly to view the site of which a considerable journey was taken by me from Smyrna to Ephesus, contained one hundred and twenty-seven marble columns sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king. There is a temple wherein every choice spirit is a sculptured pillar, and these polished stones are a hundred and forty and four thousand, a great multitude which can not be numbered, and this all was sacrificed, and other glory ineffable. Did Babylon have bronze gates? Every gate in the jasper walls is a solid pearl. Did Antioch have a street paved with blocks of white marble? The city above has streets of gold. Is the green earth attractive? There is a better country, a very Beulah land. Is a lofty mountain, lifting itself in serenity and purity into the blue sky, sublime? It is not so majestic as Mount Zion rising from the heavenly plains into an atmosphere of celestial sweetness and clearness. Are the prismatic colors painted on the storm-cloud to be admired? They do not begin to compare with the rainbow that is a complete circle, "round about the throne, like an emerald." Is a river flowing through a valley a delight to the eyes? It does not equal the river of life "bright as crystal," winding through the sweet fields of Eden. Does one love to sit by a lake or on the beach of old ocean? Better than either is the shining shore of the shimmering sea of glass. Is one enraptured as he contemplates the starry worlds sweeping round in their orbits? "The Father of lights," with whom the Son was, is at the very center of all these glorious orbs, which

circle round and round him in infinite variety of color. Such were the transcendent splendors which the Lord abandoned.

To what did he come in assuming the garb of mortals? He took "the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men." He put off his royal habiliments, he laid aside his crown. He abdicated his throne; not like the Roman emperor Diocletian, who was tired of the intrigues of the court, and was glad to retire to the farm, where he says he found more satisfaction in raising garden vegetables than in ruling an empire; not like Charles the Fifth, who weary of constant war gave the reins of government into the hands of his son, and hastened to hide himself in a Spanish monastery, where, says the historian, he was "quite content to listen to the hum of the restless world as to the roar of a far-off sea." The King of kings did not search out in his wide realm of the universe this solitary little globe, whereon to find freedom from care and anxiety. Unlike the other monarchs, to whom reference has been made, he came hither to assume new responsibilities. The earth for him was no quiet, pleasant retreat. He was like Alfred the Great, who in peasant's raiment, stripped of the ensigns of royalty, wandered among his subjects, his life in continual jeopardy; like this English monarch, who disguised as a harper entered the very ranks of his enemies, that he might learn how to subdue them to good government. Peter the Great is praised for the humiliation to which he submitted for the good of Russia. That he might have a navy to protect and defend his country, he went to Amsterdam as a common laborer to learn ship-building. He toiled as an ordinary workman, receiving his wages every Saturday night. He cooked his own dinner, he lodged in a garret; it was royalty in the habit of him who serves. With far higher motives the Lord exchanged his kingdom for the

life of a menial. His condescension was amazing. He was born in a stable, he was cradled in a manger. His infant life was saved only by flight. He grew up in obscure Nazareth. He was a carpenter, making plows and yokes. He was poor, not having where to lay his head. He washed his disciples' feet. He was tempted in all points like as we are, that he might be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Was Alfred of England in his humiliation Great? Christ was greater. Was Peter of Russia in his lowly service Great? Behold, a greater than he is here in him whose condescension was so much more wonderful.

Never did another bend so low down, from the sky above to the lowest depths. He was the finest of steel tested to the uttermost, a Damascus Blade tempered to perfection, and he never broke under the severest pressure. To him every broken spirit is commended for "grace sufficient" in every time of stress and strain. Was he *not* "smitten down?" Prostrate on the ground in Gethsemane he prayed, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me." Yet he was not destroyed; "nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." *There* is infinite capability of rebound. Smitten down: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—yet not destroyed: "It is finished." *There* were alternations of feeling from despair almost to culminating victory. Smitten down: "He was buried;" yet not destroyed: "raised on the third day." Here were boundless resources. This is the friend and helper whom we need and must have. Human nature alone has not stamina enough to stand up under the burden of sin and sorrow. It must bend and even break under the disciplinary, unless strength from above is ministered in weakness.

Then trial and temptation only mature character, which

has in it the right kind of material. "Out of great tribulation" came those whom John in his Revelation saw before the throne. Grace in the heart is like iron in the blood, it makes men strong, able to endure. When a rain-cloud which amounts to anything appears in the horizon, it straightway has to encounter the wind. Its growth is slow, because it has to contend against a steady gale. It goes on enlarging, gathering force, while the deepening blackness, the low mutterings in the distance, and the lurid flashes of light show how fearful is the struggle, until the electric power, increased by the very compression caused by the continuous blowing of the opposing *wind, breaks* out with all the grandeur and terrific majesty of the thunder-storm, sweeping the earth with whirlwind and rain, and shaking the very heavens. The electric cloud could not *be* confined, and the more it was resisted and thus compacted, the less likely was it to be dissipated into thin air by an over-rapid expansion, and the more probable was it to accumulate power sufficient to make a genuine storm. Let there be the right elements in a *person,* let there be in him thunder and lightning as in the "sons of thunder" anciently, let there be the iron or steel that gathers the electricity, let him have religion enough, and opposition and difficulty, so far from destroying, will only hold him in healthful check, condensing his energies, until he has that reserved power which "can do all things." The very battling with the adverse will only develope him, and bring out in him all that is best. He will be a Damascus Blade, bending but never breaking

CHAPTER XIII

The Marathon Run

TO accomodate ourselves to the moral order, there must be strenuousness. There must be training and discipline and practice of the athlete. There must be an earnest pressing to the goal. The athletic is perhaps the dominant spirit of our age. Young men often go to college, not for the sake of attainments in scholarship, but for the sake of feats in physical prowess. They would rather be captain of the rowing crew, than valedictorian of the class. They would rather shine on the football team than on the literary magazine. Any bodily contest will always be more largely reported than a debate between students of different institutions. Indeed for most persons the page of sports will attract attention sooner than a column descriptive of some scientific meeting. With the success or failure of the manly arts, colleges rise or fall in the estimation of many of the young. The minister finds it advantageous to take cognizance of this fact. He preaches on the bicycle or the automobile from the "whirling wheels" of Ezekiel. He conveys instruction from baseball, and thinks he is Scriptural, because the Bible has so much to say about the *Hitt*-ites. We can even appreciate the enthusiasm of the young lady who, with confused ideas about quarterback and halfback and fullback, said with a glow of pride that she had a particular friend who was the greatest *draw*back ever on the Yale team. Never since the days of ancient Greece have athletics bulked so large in the public

mind as at present, and this is specially true of the Olympian Games.

These continued from 776 B. C. to 394 A. D., nearly twelve hundred years. They were the glory of the country in which they originated, being announced by heralds who were crowned with flowers, and who traversed the whole land with their proclamations of what was coming. Thousands responded and even kings entered as contestants. The victors were crowned with a chaplet of wild olive cut with a golden knife, and no higher honor in the nation could be gained than to secure such a wreath. The games occurred at the end of every four years, and the national reckoning of time was in terms of the Olympiad. An event was said to have taken place in the first or second or third or fourth year of a specified Olympiad, the fifteenth or the twentieth or thirtieth, as the case might be. Where we say, in the year of our Lord, the Greeks said, In the year of a certain Olympiad. It is the Olympian Games which with the approval of college professors have been revived in our day, after having slumbered for fifteen centuries.

These are more worthy of a resuscitation than the Roman exhibitions which partook more of the sanguinary, as we call to mind, for instance, the brutal gladiatorial shows. Every visitor to Rome, as he goes to the Collosseum, not only recalls Byron's well-known lines,

> "I stood within the Collosseum's wall,
> Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome,"

but he also shudders at the scenes that there rise from the past. He ascends the Capitoline Hill, and gazing at the marvelous piece of sculpture, the Dying Gladiator, which can be seen

there, and which has come down from antiquity, he repeats the same poet's equally familiar lines:

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low, —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims, swims around him — he is gone,
. . . . . .
Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Unlike the Roman, the Grecian exhibitions were in the main wholesome and healthful and morally uncontaminating, and from them the New Testament writers often illustrate.

When the Lord said, "Strive to enter in by the narrow door," the strait gate, the original Greek is, *Agonize* to enter, struggle as in a race. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? Even so run that ye may attain. And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." And as to the crowning, Peter in his first epistle said, "Ye shall receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away." The chief of the apostles in his letter to Timothy said, "If also a man contend in the games, he is not crowned, except he have contended lawfully." To the Philippians he penned these words, "One thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press toward the goal unto the prize of the

high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'' All these are illustrations from the Grecian games. The references are particularly to running, and there the Greeks excelled, as they did in the restored Stadium of Athens, where in 1896 there was among other things a celebration of the historic run of the messenger from the battle-field of Marathon, 490 B. C., to the Grecian capital in order to announce the glorious victory of 10,000 Athenians over 100,000 and perhaps 200,000 Persians, to the saving of civilization. The distance of the original 26 miles was covered again, and contestants at that renewal of the Olympian games entered the race. Bostonians and athletes from all nations were there. Who won? Ninety thousand thronged the Stadium, and many more covered the surrounding hills constituting a still larger amphitheater, and the excitement was at its height, when there arrived, one after another, three native Greeks, who lost in other contests but not here, and there was a roar of applause, and the news was instantly wired round the globe, and everywhere the same enthusiasm was manifested.

In Massachusetts on Patriots' Day each Spring, when memories of Lexington and Concord and of Paul Revere's ride are revived, the Marathon run of classic times is reproduced in making the distance from Wellesley or other suburb to Boston center. Columns in the daily papers are devoted to it, and thousands of spectators line the course from beginning to end, and toward the finish the crowds stand two to six deep on the streets, while at certain favored points there is a perfect jam. What was of such ancient and is of such modern interest can properly color our thoughts, as we draw successive religious lessons under the guidance of the inspired writer who said, ''Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay

aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

1. First, we are to "lay aside every weight." The runner of antiquity got rid of all superfluous flesh; this he did by dieting. A two hundred pounder would never have won the prize. When former Bishop Peck of Methodist fame, whose corpulency was immense, once came from California and addressed some eastern ministers, he innocently but very significantly clasped his hands over his capacious bodily presence, his vast rotundity, as he said, "The Pacific slopes greet you." Such a person could never have run the ancient race. The Greeks would have hissed him, wheezing and out of breath, off the course. But let one reduce his weight, lay it aside, and he could run to some purpose.

The discipline of old was ethical as well as physical. Plato speaks of those who lived lives of the strictest morality, and who scrupulously shunned all sinful excesses, for the sake of winning an Olympic triumph. People can not to any advantage enter upon the Christian course, weighted down with the fleshly. They, for example, pamper their bodily wants, till they can make but little progress religiously. They devote an excess of time, we will say, to pleasure, or to accumulating. It is their meat and drink to make money. They swell with earthly gains, but how are they prospering spiritually? They have no relish for anything except their business, every duty comes like a dead weight. When Christian service becomes burdensome, something is wrong. Many are rightly jeered at. "Hefty Christians they are!" is the common phrase of the world, and the characterization is eminently Scriptural, for it is the heft which is the trouble with such. They are too weighty with worldliness, and pathetic figures they cut, try-

ing to run the Christian race. They go laboring along. They need a different diet, they need to live more on prayer. That is the gospel regime for putting Christian racers in good trim. If one wants to become a Christian or a more earnest disciple, he should begin a life of prayer, he should enter his closet in secret, he should set up the family altar, he should attend the devotional meeting of his church. By this diet of a greater and greater prayerfulness, he will gradually lay aside every weight which makes him go heavily in the religious life, and henceforth there will increasingly be gladness of heart, and spontaneity of service, and he will make rapid progress toward the goal.

2. In the second place, we are to lay aside "the sin which doth so easily beset us," or, as the margin reads, "doth closely cling to us." When the runner in the Grecian games had by dieting lost all corporeal unwieldliness, he next threw off any garment which by clinging about him might trip his feet. He entered the stadium with spirit, as he flung aside all cumbersome clothing. Imagine some high-toned professor of Corinth taking his position at the starting-point, with his elegant, classical robe reaching to his ankles, and wrapped closely around his shoulders. He never could have run, with his arms confined and with his lower limbs impeded by clinging raiment. That was not the Greek way. The racer appeared with splendid abandon, as he stripped and left behind all clothing that was superfluous, ready for the contest.

So we are to lay aside "the sin which doth so easily beset us," which "doth closely cling to us;" we are to free ourselves of any entangling alliance of the world. If we want to be the sport of others, if we want to make a farce of religion, we need only to hold on to sinful associations, to continue our spiritual tumbling, our ups and downs; it is all

rare fun for the world to see such running. But if we mean business, if we are after the victor's crown, we must break away from worldly surroundings, which, thrown about us, act like a loose garment to beset the feet. Here is the difficulty with many. They think they can be good Christians, and still let the old habits cling to them, but it is impossible for them really to run, to make actual progress, unless they cut loose from all the besetting evil influences of the past.

Some delay starting till they can be thorough. They have seen those whose every tangled mis-step was laughed at by the gaping world, and they do not care to be such Christians, and they are right in that respect. But they are wrong in only hovering about the starting point, boasting what they would do, if they did anything. Wherein they criticise others, they themselves are culpable. *They* have not come out of the world, shaking off the robe of worldliness which is around them as a besetting influence. They, so to speak, go around in their old mantle, saying whenever occasion offers, that if they ever do start, they are going at it in good earnest, they do intend to be like some of whom they know. Picture to yourself an ancient Greek, forever fussing about the stadium, in his long flowing robe, and telling this and that one, that if he ever entered the race, he would not be caught at it like so many others, with his mantle on, while at the same time he drew it all the closer about his person. The very boys of antiquity would have seen the ridiculousness of such a position, and to the inquiry, "Who is that trotting here and there in his long dangling tunic?" they would have had their ready reply, "That? That is Hipposocrates, who says that if he ever does, he is just *going* to." If any religiously would not behave after that fashion, they should come out and be separate from sinners, they should throw off the old surroundings,

and enter the race unentangled. They should not keep saying, that if they ever do become Christions, they are going to be good ones, they are not going to be as inconsistent as others, they are not going to make so many mis-steps, they are not going to retain any old robe of worldliness to trip their feet. They should not always be drawing comparisons between what others do, and what they propose to do, if they do anything, if they ever do start. They should act without regard to the inconsistencies of others. "Know ye not," says Paul, "that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize?" Each should resolve to be that one, who amid the failings of others is determined himself, divine grace assisting him, to obtain the promised crown.

3. Again, the Grecian racer, having dieted till he lost all flabbiness, and having discarded all clinging raiment, next bent to the contest with his eyes fixed on the goal, never relaxing his effort till he had reached the end of the course. In like manner, we are to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Some lack in patient endurance, in the plodding quality, in perseverance. They make a beginning in revival meetings or by signing decision cards, but they do not press on to membership in the church of Christ, assuming full responsibilities there. Or one does go forward to that extent, but he soon wearies of a life of constant Christian activity. He falls out of the number of the runners. Once a loyal church-member, he ceases to be identified in any vital way with God's people. Like the Galatians he ran well for a while. He attended prayer-meeting, he was interested in Sunday-school work, he rarely failed to be in his place at public worship. But by degrees he grew negligent of this and that duty. He dropped out occasionally, and then oftener, 'till he became very irregular,

and was no longer a standby. Formerly an earnest Christian, he is such no more, and he ought to be startled at such a decadence in his religious life. He ought to spring to the race again. He ought to get his eyes on the goal once more. He ought to be stimulated to gain the crown which the Lord holds out to the faithful. This is no wreath of wild olives such as crowned the Olympic victor, no chaplet of green ivy such as constituted the prize for the Isthmian runner, no such fading garland as rewarded a Marathon triumph, but fadeless immortelles will circle the Christian's brow at last, a "crown of glory," says Peter, "that fadeth not away." If the Greeks strained every nerve to obtain the prize, much more should we, for they did it, says Paul, "to receive a corruptible crown; but we are incorruptible."

4. Finally, the inspiring circumstance is yet to be mentioned, as indicated by the words, "we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Any one, who has been in the Harvard Stadium or the Yale Bowl during the occurrence of college athletic contests, can readily picture the scene, when the Stadium of Athens, for instance, was crowded with thousands of spectators to witness the Grecian games. Filling the successive tiers of seats rising upward in regular gradation is a vast assembly in filmy gowns and floating draperies, looking for all the world like a fleecy cloud encircling the contestants, who catch the pulsating sympathy of their multitudinous admirers seeming fairly to hang over the arena as they bend eagerly forward to note any indication of a coming triumph. Racers on the Christian course have about *them* the same magnetic hosts for enthusing them to make their utmost efforts to win the celestial prize. All the galleries of heaven are filled with those who have already run the race,

and with thrilling interest they are looking to see how those still below are running.

Fathers and mothers are there, with breathless anxiety watching the course of sons and daughters. Sisters are there, robed in white and eager to see brothers run manfully. Wives are there, in the bridal attire of celestials waving their encouragements to husbands who have promised to meet them at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Angelic children are there, fluttering their "snowy wings" as if in Chautauqua salutes to stimulate parents to make sure of joining them in the sweet by and by. *All* the saints are there to cheer onward those who have not completed their running. Eyes are holden so as not to see the heavenly hosts, who, however, like a vibrant cloud surround the runners, their invisible presence electrifying the very air. This should be a stimulus to all to complete the Marathon run on the Christian course, till it is finished with joy, amid ringing plaudits even of angels.

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way."

CHAPTER XIV

Say So or Christian Expression

THE RIGHT moral order requires primarily the inner experience of the religious life, and thereafter a suitable expression thereof. The first essential is not what is outward. Christianity must be tested from the inside rather than from the outside. "Standing on the pavement before the great cathedral," says another, "and looking at the lofty window in its front, you wonder that any thing so dull, so unattractive, should be the glory of the city. Standing outside you see no beauty that you should desire it. But come inside and look at the window. It is aflame with light, and shines and burns like the sea of glass mingled with fire." After a similar fashion Kenyon, the sculptor in Hawthorne's Marble Faun, is made to speak: "Christian faith is a great cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor." This is all true, and yet the outward is not without importance. Experience must culminate in expression. The life within must have its culmination in a flowering out. In a sense the root is not so attractive as the blossom. At any rate, this chapter is to take into consideration that which can be seen, that which has an outward manifestation.

Expression is a law of life and growth everywhere. Nature does not come to its best, so long as there is only the

hidden life of the Winter, so long as the ground is mantled with snow in New England, so long as the hills are perfectly brown in California. The trees seems lifeless while they are leafless. In both cases there may be living currents within, but in order to beauty and utility these must have expression in green grass and unfolding flowers, in fresh foliage and maturing fruit. Music is of value only as it is brought out. All the harmonies and symphonies surging in the heart of a master, of a Handel or Mendelssohn or Beethoven, are useless unless given to the world. Art is the result of noble ideals in the soul wrought out on canvas. Raphael would never have produced that culminating work of his life, the matchless Transfiguration which adorns the Vatican gallery, if he had not given constant expression to the images floating before his mind. The renowned in literature have acquired their fine style only by repeated efforts to express their thoughts.

Even in oratory, the talent is not inborn so much as acquired. Demosthenes, that prince of orators, is an example. He overcame inarticulate and stammering speech, according to tradition, by speaking with pebbles in his mouth. He strengthened his voice by declaiming while out of breath after running, or by testing his lungs in making himself heard above the roar of the sea, on whose beach he stood with the breakers for an audience. He had an underground abode, where he would remain and practice for two and three months at a time, shaving half his head, that he might be compelled for very shame to stay in retirement for the necessary developing of his powers of eloquence. "Hence it was," says Plutarch the ancient historian, "that he was looked upon as a person of no great natural genius, but one who owed all the power and ability he had in speaking to labor

and industry.'' This is contrary to the popular impression of how an orator is made, but it is in accordance with the fact. There must be frequent expression in order to the highest oratory.

Domestic love is subject to the same law of life and growth. Let no word of praise ever be spoken, and the child becomes discouraged at trying to do well, and perhaps becomes estranged from the home. Dickens in Bleak House has a character, who is represented as making a very common mistake, when he said of his wife, ''She is like a fine day, which grows finer as it advances. I never knew her equal. But I never tell her so.'' This undemonstrativeness is supposed to be an exclusively Scotch trait, and the writer having inherited a good measure of this reserve is not disposed to enter much of a demurrer, except to express his conviction that no nationality is faultless in this respect. Most need the exhortation, that if the members of a family love one another, they should say so. Love dies, or at least languishes without expression, and however cold some may be constitutionally, they like to see the demonstrative, and the pulse quickens at the experience of some endearment.

When Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States, there was one thing which struck all, and which, flashed round the globe, awoke more of a response than all the pomp and display on that memorable national occasion. What was the single inaugural feature which made all hearts warm toward our second martyr President? It was the imprinting, in the midst of the impressive ceremonies, of a kiss on the furrowed brow of the aged mother who stood proudly by his side. The world applauded that expression of filial love. Firemen do not do their best, unless those whose houses they sometimes save indicate appreciа-

tion of their heroic efforts. They are stimulated to fight the flames with greater desperateness than ever, if occasionally they are commended. There is a well-known story of one of them ascending a ladder to rescue a young girl in an upper window, of his faltering when the fire shot out from the burning building almost into his face, of his hesitating to proceed till somebody in the crowd called out, "Cheer him!", of his being nerved by the applauding spectators on the ground, of his thereupon springing through the fiery element that seethed about him, of his catching the child in his arms and bearing her in triumph to the distracted mother below. He never could have accomplished the herculean task but for the clapping hands of the multitudes, who breathlessly watched and opportunely encouraged his perilous ascent.

We do not praise one another enough, until after death, and then eulogy abounds, but as has been quaintly and yet truthfully said, "One pound of taffy is worth a whole ton of epitaphy." When Chalmers was stricken down, Guthrie well said, "Men of his caliber are like mighty forest trees; we do not know their size till they are down." But we ought to gauge people better than we do during their life. Their success would be still greater, if only they knew how they were upborne by the sympathies of others. A preacher can be developed or dwarfed by his hearers, who perhaps have as much to do in the making of him as God himself from whom he receives his high calling. Those were characteristic prayers when a minister said, "O Lord, keep me poor and humble," while a deacon continued in supplication, "O Lord, keep him humble, and we will keep him poor." A clergyman can be kept poor not only pecuniarily, but also

intellectually and spiritually by a continuous silence as to any appreciation of his services.

Now in the distinctive sphere of religion, there is need of the outward manifestation of the inner feeling. Expression is a law of Christian life and growth, and therefore the Psalmist says, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness." We ought to praise the Lord as well as one another, for that is something which even he craves, and hence the command, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." We will notice some of the modes of giving expression to the religious.

1. First, as to public worship. Every church edifice is a reaching out after God by means of the visible. The patriarch Jacob long centuries ago saw the need of this, when he took the stone which had served for his pillow, and made it a pillar, and called it "God's house." It has been a question what became of the consecrated stone of Bethel. We read in Fisher's Universal History, that Edward the First of England, conqueror of William Wallace and of Scotland, carried off "the stone on which the Scottish kings had always been crowned. It is now in Westminister Abbey under the coronation chair of the sovereign of Great Britain." There it has been seen by me personally in the chapel of Edward the Confessor. "There was a legend," continues the Yale historian, "that on the same stone the patriarch Jacob laid his head when he beheld angels ascending and descending at Bethel. Where that stone was, it was believed that Scottish kings would reign. This was held to be verified when English kings of Scottish descent inherited the crown." That is a beautiful legend, but the stone of Bethel is rather in every ecclesiastical building, for it was a stone which at the very outset was identified with "God's house." It is

proper to erect the pillar, the house, for worship. This is a divinely authorized expression of the religious.

We should therefore frequent the sanctuary. God does not endorse the sentiment sometimes heard, that people can be Christians just as well at home, or in the fields and woods, or in art galleries. The Lord is specially in his holy temple. He loves the gates of Zion, he assures us in his Word, more than all the dwellings of Jacob. So that we should not be neglectful of the house of God, which furnishes a helpful opportunity for giving needful expression to the religious. The preaching may not be the best, but it would seem essential to Christian life and growth. The experience of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the British philanthropist of last century, is worth noting. He once said, "A man must preach very well indeed, before he conveys such a lesson of the greatness of God, and the unworthiness of man, as a view of the heaven discloses." And yet this same distinguished baronet, near the close of his noble career in the interest of the abolition of the slave trade, bore this testimony: "Whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler street Chapel." Our best development needs the help of the worshiping assembly, into the spirit of which we should enter more than we do. There should be more of public *worship*.

The sermon has come to have perhaps too much prominence, more certainly than it had in apostolic times, when indeed there was no set discourse, but when different ones spoke as they were moved upon from above. Then there was the audible response, there was in the congregation the Amen, which is so largely associated now with Methodist assemblies, and which is going out of vogue even there, but which is not out of place in any denomination. It has Old

Testament sanction, for in Deuteronomy we read, "And all the people shall answer and say, Amen;" and in Nehemiah, "Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with the lifting up of their hands." The custom was carried over into the New Testament church, for to the Corinthians Paul in his first epistle writes of those who "say the Amen at thy giving of thanks." This incidental allusion indicates what the practice was. Justin Martyr shows what the usage in the second century of the Christian era was in that he said, "When the president has finished the prayers and the thanksgiving, the whole people present give assent, saying, Amen." We need more of the responsive in worship to-day, we need a more general participation in religious services. If we do not have the spoken Amen, for that can become merely mechanical, we at least should have something that is its equivalent. There should be more of congregational singing, when the opportunity for that is offered. No one, who can take an audible part in the music, should sit silent. "The tongue of the dumb," says Isaiah, "shall sing." The responsive reading of Scripture, the uniting in the Lord's Prayer, the reciting in concert of the Apostles' Creed, the Amen at the close of each hymn,—all this is to be commended in order to have more of expression in religion.

2. In addition to this participation in public worship, there is needed more of the distinctly personal expression, such as can be had in religious conversation with individuals, and also in the meeting for prayer and conference. Frequent taking part in the latter is promotive of spiritual progress. Let any cease to make their voices heard, let them relapse into a continuous silence, and their religious life is apt to decline. They are likely to lose their Christian enjoyment, while their

hope grows dim. In proportion to their activity, to their personal participation in the work of the church, do they have the satisfying sense of the divine presence, and the approval of a good conscience. If there is no expression of love in the family, the reality will die out. It is the same in the household of faith. A persistent reserve religiously is baneful. To counteract this peril to the soul, there has been established the Christian Endeavor movement, whose essential feature is the iron-clad pledge to take some part in every meeting. The aim is to cultivate religious expression in order to Christian life and growth.

Good advice for every convert is to begin at once letting the voice be heard, and that, too, though the initial testimonies and petitions be very broken. God appreciates the feeble attempt of his children to express their love and joy and peace and satisfaction. The struggling emotions may sometimes prevent any coherent utterance, but the honest endeavor is approvingly noted in heaven. When the Speaker of the House of Burgesses in colonial days, upon the return of Washington from one of the latter's successful expeditions against the French, thanked him, so we read, "for the military services he had rendered his country, taken by surprise Washington rose to reply, but words were wanting, he faltered and blushed. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' kindly said the Speaker, 'your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language.' " Washington was then inexperienced and diffident, and he could not express himself, but he made the effort, and his then superior accepted the manifest will for the deed. No attempt at a response would have been inexcusable. When any endeavor to give expression to their religious feelings (and no effort in this direction would seem to be unpardonable), when they do the best they

can, if they practically break down, make a failure so far as connected words are concerned, they nevertheless may be pleasing God. The chief of the apostles said, "We know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered." That is, when persons struggle to express their spiritual desires, and when they sigh over their inability to say at all what they want to say, sometimes indeed saying the very opposite of what they had intended, their very groanings of dissatisfaction and of humiliation, their confessedly imperfect utterances find acceptance with the Lord. He has infinitely more consideration for the timid, halting Christian than was felt for the young general of subsequent Revolutionary fame. He recognizes that with experience will come an increasing command of the powers of expression.

3. There is a third application which can be made of the truth under consideration. In every community are those who seem to be Christians in all respects save one. They make light of the idea of a personal experience of religion, and of its expression in the church of Christ. They talk about practical, every-day religion, and they have a diminishing use for what they designate as organized Christianity. They are fond of being classed as outside Christians, whereas they should be inside. They apparently believe with the heart unto righteousness, but they do not meet the other Pauline condition of admission to the kingdom, they do not confess with the mouth unto salvation. Like the model young man of the gospel story they keep the commandments, but they lack one thing needful, the self-surrender implied in taking up the cross which carries with it the open espousal of the good cause. They are consistent, and sometimes because of being naturally better they are more exemplary than some

already in the church. But to the wonder of many they do not commit themselves religiously. They are not altogether without the Christian hope, they secretly believe on the Lord Jesus, and in their inner heart they feel that they are essentially disciples. If they are, they should "say so."

Marvelous is the manifestation of the love of God in the redemptive work wrought by his Son, and shall there be no outward response? The divine condescension is more amazing than anything of the kind witnessed on earth. At the time of the decease of Henry Ward Beecher, the papers were full of accounts of his unequalled eloquence in the cause of human freedom, and of God and humanity. In view of his universally admitted greatness, there is something touching in an incident connected with his last appearance in Plymouth church. After the evening service the wearied preacher tarried, and hung upon the words of a hymn which the choir was rehearsing, "I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto me and rest." Then, so it was said in a memorial discourse at his funeral, "Two street urchins were prompted to wander into the building, and one of them was standing in the position of the boy whom Raphael has immortalized, gazing up at the organ. The old man, laying his hand upon the boy's head, turned his face upward and kissed him, and with his arms about the two left the scene of his triumph, his trials and successes forever. It was a fitting close to a grand life, the old man of genius shielding the little wanderers." That will go down in history with Garfield's kiss of his mother, and hearts will never cease to be moved by such a demonstration of a great loving nature.

But nineteen centuries ago there was the kiss of the father bestowed upon the prodigal, as expressive of God's feeling toward the sinner. Redemption through Christ is his kiss of love upon the brow of every penitent, and it would

seem that there should be some response, some grateful acknowledgment of the divine compassion. The condescension of Garfield and of Beecher does not begin to compare with that of God, who craves some expression in return for his graciousness. What is needed in the home, in society, in religion, is less of the self contained and secretive life, and more of the demonstrative. Christ himself is not above desiring some manifestation of the deep devotion that may be burning in the human heart. The greatest of earth never outgrow a yearning for the affectionate. This is illustrated in the case of Lord Nelson, the great English admiral. When he received his mortal wound at Trafalgar, and when he was carried by marines down below to die, though he knew that he had triumphed, and had thus justified the naming of his flagship "The Victory," which still swings in Portsmouth harbor, he yet wanted to see Hardy, his chief subordinate, who for a while could not leave the deck where under his direction the historic seafight was being fought to a finish, and England's supremacy on the ocean was being fully established. But at last the dying hero was permitted to see the beloved Hardy, to hear from him of the victory completed, and then, ere his spirit took its flight, with a touch of nature which makes the whole world kin he made that pathetic request at which many eyes have since moistened, namely, "Kiss me, Hardy." Amid a flood of emotions which the sturdy mariner could not repress, the coveted caress of the lips was bestowed on the cheek and also upon the forehead of the illustrious naval commander, who thereupon sank to his final rest like a child falling asleep after a mother's loving "good-night!" The Captain of our salvation doubtless desires to receive from us some token of what our inner feeling toward him may be. *Im*pression should always be followed by *ex*pression.

There is no occasion for delay. Themistocles, who gained the famous naval battle of Salamis, waited for the land breeze which began to blow at nine o'clock in the morning. That was all very well before the days of steam or electric power, but it would not be wise now. If any are waiting for favoring breezes from Beulah Land, for gales of inspiration, for deeper convictions and stronger impulses, they are making a mistake. The first disciples did have to tarry for the bestowal of the Spirit, for his coming as a rushing, mighty wind, but this Pentecostal power from on high was then granted once for all, and the Spirit now is always present with sufficient influence to carry a soul into the kingdom and to waft it over life's tempestuous ocean into the desired haven on the sea of glass and of glory before the throne in heaven.

CHAPTER XV

Scriptural Sticks

THE main difficulty in getting men to assume responsibility in the moral order is its vastness and their littleness. The individual does not seem to count, and yet he does, even as the small cog-wheel is essential to the workings of an immense machine. The aim of this chapter will be to emphasize, that the combination of the units is what makes for the solidarity and strength of the whole. It was John Marshall, who became Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1801, and who served in that capacity for thirty-four years, it was he who gave to his country that fine political maxim, "In Union there is strength." It is as true religiously as it is politically that "United we stand, divided we fall." This lesson was conveyed long ago by Aesop in his fable of the bundle of rods. An aged man, according to the classic story, in order to impress the necessity of union upon his divided sons, produced a bundle of rods, and bade them each to test his strength in breaking the same. Each tried and failed, and then the bundle was separated, and the single rods were easily snapped asunder. Thereupon the father said, "O my sons, behold the power of unity."

Ezekiel teaches the same thing in a passage which we will here reproduce from his prophecy. "The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying, And thou, son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for

the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: and join them for thee one to another into one stick, that they may become one in thine hand. And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanst by these? say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his companions: and I will put them with it, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand. And the sticks whereon thou writest shall be in thine hand before their eyes."

Symbols have frequently been used for the more forcible expression of thought. We read of an eastern emperor declaring war against the Saracen power by throwing down before the Emir a sheaf of swords. There is the familiar incident related by Longfellow in Miles Standish:

"The skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled like a quiver with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance."

Of the brave Captain it is added:

"Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage."

Ezekiel gave another example of symbolic teaching. He put two sticks together, not in a figure, but in reality. It was

something enacted in the sight of all, "the sticks whereon thou writest shall be in thine hand before their eyes." The imagery gave a most vivid representation of a truth; it pictured most graphically the situation.

The Jewish nation was split in twain, the ten tribes taking the name of the most prominent member, Ephraim; and the southern kingdom, which formed the other division, being called on the same principle, Judah. Two sticks, inscribed respectively with these titles, were held up together by the prophet, to show the increased strength of such a union. It was the lesson so constantly enforced by those, who urged the union of the Colonies in Revolutionary times, in order to anything like a free and independent nation. To the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Benjamin Franklin said laconically, "We must hang together, or hang separately." If the Jews were to continue as a nation, and the chosen people of God, they must be united, not broken and dishonored fragments, but strong because of national and spiritual unity.

Dispersed as they have been, they have been a mighty instrument in the hands of Providence for working out his great plan on the earth. If as scattered sticks they have been such a power, what might not have been accomplished through them, if they had remained the theocratic kingdom which God designed them to be! They would have constituted a sceptre beneath which before this all mankind would probably have been subdued. The joined sticks, the united tribes, would have resulted in the divine authority being far more widely recognized than it is, more extended than ever was the Roman sway with its famous fasces, with its historic bundle of rods which the lictor used to carry before the imperial magistrate. When Attila the Hun was ravaging Europe with

the proud boast, that where his horse's feet struck grass nevermore grew, he was called "The Scourge of God," but not thus does the Master triumph, who uses rather only "a scourge of small cords." The fasces which he has carried before him, the bundle of rods with which he strikes his effective blows, his scourge of small cords, is none other than the gospel combination of Christian lives. If religious sticks are only joined, they make a powerful instrumentality in the hand of God for subduing humanity unto himself. It is desired to have efficient Christian work done in a community. How can the greatest success be obtained?

1. For one thing, all the members of a church or a congregation should do their part pecuniarily. Each should assume some responsibility, as he systematically contributes to missionary objects, and also takes his pew or sitting, or otherwise very definitely by some stated amount helps to support the organization to which he belongs. To attain this, there is the "every-member canvass," which increasingly is becoming a feature of church activity. It is by combining the mickles that we get the muckle. The sticks when joined in a bundle tell a different story from what they do when taken singly. Though a society be largely made up of poor sticks financially, of persons whose means are slender, of those who are only in moderate circumstances, united small pledges and gifts aggregate surprisingly well. The difficulty is, that often the littles are not given with sufficient conscientiousness, and are not gathered with any system.

Catholic churches are in this respect wiser because more systematic than Protestant, for though they confessedly have a poorer constituency, they raise more proportionately, because, such is the unworthy sneer, every domestic and every day laborer are required to give. And why should they not?

Is there any aristocracy in what Paul calls the *grace* of giving? Are those in limited circumstances exempt from some religious duties? The obligation is to contribute statedly to the Lord's treasury according to the prosperity of the individual. "Let *each one* of you lay by him in store, as he may prosper," says the apostle, who makes no exception. What is needed, therefore, is the uniting of the small sticks, down to the widows' mites. This does not mean, that the well-to-do should give the mites, as they sometimes do. A rich old bachelor once handed to a church collector a merest trifle with the sanctimonious remark, that he presumed the widow's mite would be acceptable, to which there was the sensible reply, that he was not a widow, much less a poor one, casting in "all she had." If any are to give as the Biblical woman did, let them remember that she gave her *all*. A Sunday-school boy estimated properly the Pharisees, when he charged them with being "a mean lot." He had a dim and vague recollection of their bringing to Christ a penny with the stamp of Caesar, while the Lord asked, "Whose superscription is this?" The lad got the incident somewhat mixed, when he went on to explain why he had characterized the Pharisees as he did. He said that in their stinginess they once brought only a penny to Christ, who held it up in disdain, as was evident from his question, "Whose *sub*scription is this?" A penny from those who can afford more *is* indicative of a penuriousness which is the farthest move from a proper Christian generosity. There are too many of the class of "Alexander the *copper*-smith," whom Paul condemned, and too many of the New Testament sect of the *Nicol*aitans. Out of poverty, *pennies* and *coppers* and *nickels* may be acceptable, but not otherwise. All should share to the extent of their *ability* in the monetary responsibilities of a church. Every one, who is earning something, or

who has any income, ought sacredly to devote part of it to the cause of Christianity. Every clerk in our stores, every teacher in our schools, every working man and sewing woman, — all should recognize the claim upon them of the gospel. A retail merchant would soon fail, if he negotiated only the exceptional large sales, if he did not have a multitude of small purchasers. A church is on a strong financial basis, not when it has simply a few large and liberal contributors, for they may die, but when it has also many faithful small givers, for such a general and conscientious support never fails, habits of benevolence being handed down from generation to generation. The pecuniary responsibility should be so divided as to rest easily upon all, those with one talent being as responsible according to their means as those with five and ten talents. Let every attendant upon worship do his financial duty, let every stick even be added to the bundle, and there will be a strength which is cheering, as all obligations are met with promptitude.

2. The truth under consideration applies also to a support not only pecuniary but likewise religious. A hearty co-operation of all even in little things is what brings success. A metropolitan church and a star preacher are not so dependent perhaps upon the simple faithfulness of all for prosperity. A rich society opens its treasury, takes out five or ten thousand dollars, casts a sweeping glance over the country's galaxy of ministers, selects one of the most brilliant, a star of the first magnitude, and holds out to him a salary large enough to act like gravity in drawing him from his present charge. Such a church and such a preacher may each be a tower of strength, at least for the time being, both mighty pillars, because of solid wealth in the one and striking ability in the other. It is not to this favorable and necessarily exceptional condition of things, that the lesson of the united sticks

is most fittingly applied; but to the average church and to the average minister, neither of them a strong pillar, each of them rather a weak stick, for ordinarily it is a stick of a preacher who fills the pulpit, and a stick of a congregation that occupies the pews, as respects the real good which either alone can accomplish. We might as well be frank enough to acknowledge, that religiously we are all poor sticks. There was wisdom as well as wit in what Sydney Smith once said to his brethren who were discussing the paving of the floor of St. Paul's in London with *wood*. He suggested that they "should put their *heads* together and it would soon be done." We are all of a wooden type so far as real Christian efficiency is concerned. Nevertheless, let the sticks be joined, let pastor and people together be engaged earnestly in the work, and their united strength is by no means insignificant. They form an instrument, with which the Almighty can deal sin heavy and effective blows. The point is, that an ordinary church and an average pastor can by joining hand to hand and heart to heart do valiant service. The result of their united efforts will be a stick still, but the strength and efficiency will certainly be materially increased. Two sticks together are stronger than when apart. Get a bundle of them, and the heart of every modern Aesop is rejoiced.

There is power in the mere presence of a multitude; there is inspiration, as is so often said, in numbers, in a large congregation. Many, who in their own estimation can not do much, can help here by invariably being present. Even children can assist in enlarging the bundle. Nor is this too much to expect of them, for the morning service and Sunday-school both last only two hours and a half, and they are confined twice as long as that on week days for educational purposes, and the saving of the soul is at least as important as

the culture of the mind. Parents should feel some responsibility and exercise some authority in this matter (as they do elsewhere), if they would not see their children soon joining the great mass of non-churchgoers because of having never formed the *habit* of public worship. There is significance in Jacob's sticks, which partially stripped of their bark were at the generating season exposed to the flocks, whose young as a consequence, in accordance with the working of a well-known physiological law, were spotted. Many fathers and mothers, in the lack of a good example and of faithful training, display so much of the peeled rod in their character, so much of the whitened and deadened stick, that their offspring, like the patriarch's lambs and kids, become "ringstreaked, speckled, and grizzled" religiously. Let parents and children both be regularly found in the house of God, and the effect will be most salutary. If they can do nothing more, they can form part of the great congregation, they can help to enlarge the bundle.

There are other respects in which even poor sticks can be useful. They can do their utmost to keep up the minor religious societies to which they belong. They can do well the duties of the separate committees on which they serve. They can be faithful in these humbler spheres, and when each organization and group thus does its own simple work, there is progress all along the line. They can as adults be present at the Bible school to encourage the superintendent, enabling him better to retain the larger pupils, who are quick to discern the absence of grown people, and who soon follow the example of those who are older. All, too, can be loyal in attending devotional and missionary meetings. They can greatly assist by social calling. These things should not be left to the few, but should be taken up by the many. None of us may amount

to a great deal, but when we all do our respective parts, the result is noticeable. If each merely contributes his presence here and there, if he simply helps to swell the numbers, if he unites his feeble efforts with the equally humble endeavors of others, an increased stimulus and impetus will be given to the various church activities. The prophet's appeal is to the persons of single talents and moderate endowments, is to the religious sticks that they unite in the bundle, that they each be faithful in that which is least.

Even then one thing more will be needful. "When ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you," we read in Holy Writ, "say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do." We shall still feel that we have no merit, we shall still recognize our inefficiency and insufficiency, and we shall be inclined to pray that upon all our perfunctory efforts, upon all our bare performances of duty, may be breathed life from above. The Spirit needs to move, not only upon the dry bones of which we read in Ezekiel, but also upon his deadened sticks. We need to get into close touch and sympathy with the working elements of a church, and into vital contact and communion with that Vine of which we are the branches, and we then shall be more than the sticks of Ephraim and Judah, more than the lifeless rods upon which the names of the twelve tribes were written. We shall each be like Aaron's rod which, says the inspired writer, "put forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and bare ripe almonds." All of us, who in comparison with what we should be are consciously dead sticks religiously, "unprofitable servants," may under the divine blessing become budding, and blossoming, and fruitful branches. Thus shall be fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, "In that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious," and with other

redeemed souls that have constituted a bundle of sticks, an imperfect organization, down here below,— with these we shall by and by be forever "bound in the bundle of life" above, where indeed the united lives shall be "beautiful and glorious."

3. Once more, there is encouragement even when we fix our eyes upon the mighty enemy we have to combat. However strong may be the foe, he must succumb to the combined efforts of a thoroughly organized Christianity. Fluidity itself, if the units are all joined, is resistless. "Little drops of water make the mighty ocean," is what we have long been familiarly taught. A single aqueous globule seems unimportant, but get this small unit in sufficient numbers, and you have a tremendous force, which the Bible has recognized in the phrase, "The waters wear the stones." The opposition may be adamant, which, however, must yield to united efforts that separately would have no efficacy, for even naturally unstable waters wear the stones. When Lincoln was asked what he would do if the rebellion was not subdued after three or four years of war, he replied, "There is no alternative but to keep pegging away." That is what the waters do, they keep pegging away, until hard rock itself has to yield.

We have this illustrated in Niagara, as Byron says of the Fall of Terni,

> "Shaking the abyss;
> The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
> And boil in endless torture."

How were the American and the Canadian or Horseshoe Falls made, those cataracts that are respectively 167 and 158 feet in height? They were made by a river whose old bed had

been filled with the drift of the glacial epoch, while a new passage had to be cut by the waters. At Lewiston the flood began to dig that gorge which is now seven miles long, and which with its perpendicular walls can be reached at its bottom only by considerable stairways. Little by little the edge of the precipice has receded, at the rate of one foot a year according to some, while 31,000 years have thus been required for the grand work of nature; or at the rate of one *inch* a year according to others who count 380,000 years for the digging out of the rock-bound channel. Suppose that the time was much less than either of these estimates, and we can readily see that it *might* be from the existing condition of things. We see a precipice consisting of 80 to 90 feet of limestone, while below is a softer formation which is more easily washed away. In this way there has been formed the "Cave of the Winds," a pathway behind the falling waters. We can conceive of the roof of this cave some day suddenly collapsing, and causing a recession of many feet in a moment. But even on this supposition, thousands of years have been required to make that seven-mile gorge, with its wonderful whirlpool sucking down immense trees and shooting them up again, and whirling them round and round sometimes for a month or more before sending them on down the channel. We can hardly understand how pliant fluidity could dig such a tremendous gorge with any *amount* of time, with whole milleniums in which to operate. But the feature of impossibility disappears, when we bear in mind that "the waters wear the stones," that while one drop could effect nothing, the numberless drops, which constitute the two million tons of water thrown every minute over the ledge of the rock, are next to omnipotent, and we do not wonder that the Indians called the Falls Niagara, which in their tongue meant

"thunder of water." We ourselves have been so impressed, that standing near the scene we could only think of the sublime apostrophe of Scripture,

"Hast thou an arm like God?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?"

If Niagara is *not* Omnipotence speaking of "the thunder of his power," it surely is a demonstration of the almost irresistible strength of combined littles that never cease their activity. He who works in and through us teaches, that a process thus begun shall be carried forward to completion, if only we faint not, if only we remember that "the waters wear the stones" through the millenial days of a thousand years each.

CHAPTER XVI

The Complete Armor: Religious Preparedness

WE HAVE been outlining in these pages a course of conduct that means a lifelong conflict, and that requires manhood of the greatest virility. Whichever way we turn, we have to face a foe of uncommon ingenuity and strength. The wiles of the Prince of the air are by no means to be despised, "for our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." To stand successfully against such forces of evil, and to make progress against them, to take our proper part in maintaining the moral order which has been divinely established, we must be ready for every eventuality, we must, as Paul says in a famous passage, "put on the whole armor of God." Whatever may be said as to the exalting of the military in order to national security, no one can question the necessity of religious preparedness. What that is, is indicated in the various accouterments mentioned by the apostle and used in ancient warfare, which was quite different from that of to-day, which was carried on with no modern paraphernalia, ranging from airplane to submarine.

There were then no firearms. Fighting was hand to hand and foot to foot. The combatants accordingly protected themselves as completely as they could with armor, which

was improved from generation to generation, till in the reign of England's Henry the Seventh it was well-nigh perfect. The soldier was entirely covered by his strange suit of mail, even to the face. We read of a battle a few centuries ago in Italy where two armies fought from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, without a solitary person being killed or even wounded. Most of us would prefer that sort of harmless warfare to the present, where one is exposed to a storm of shot and shell, to missiles from the air above and from the sea below. Gunpowder particularly has so revolutionized things, that, unless the mind runs far back into the past, we do not get the apostle's idea, when he tells us to put on the whole armor of God. He meant that we should have religiously all the defenses employed in his day for a face to face conflict. There is one thing very noticeable about the various integuments which he recounts, there is no armor for the back. No Christian should ever receive the wound that the Grecian Achilles did, in the heel, for he should always be facing the foe. He is never supposed to flee from the enemy, and therefore needs to be protected only from the front.

He is engaged, too, in a struggle, where every man is to a certain extent alone, each standing or falling on his own responsibility. Of old it was not so much solid *columns* of men hurled the one against the other, as it was individual meeting individual in mortal combat. The battle in the seventh book of Homer's Iliad, for instance, was not between the Trojan and Grecian hosts, but between two single heroes. It was a very personal conflict, giving us a different conception of fighting from Tennyson, who has terrible artillery mowing down rank after rank of brave troops:

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered."

Josephus gives a thrilling description of a warrior fighting singlehanded the enemy. His name was Julian, and he drove before him a whole crowd of Jews, till he unfortunately slipped, and says the historian, "fell down upon his back with a very great noise, which was made by his armor. This made those that were running away to turn back," and gathering round the fallen soldier they "struck at him with their spears and with their swords on all sides. Now he received a great many of the strokes of these iron weapons upon his shield, and often attempted to get up again, but was thrown down by those that struck at him; yet did he, as he lay along, stab many of them with his sword. Nor was he soon killed, as being covered with his helmet and his breastplate in those parts of his body where he might be mortally wounded," but at last "he yielded to his fate."

This incident is all the more interesting, because it gives a picture of a soldier fighting in the very style of armor described in the epistle to the Ephesians. Moreover, the event occurred in the same century in which Paul lived, and the name, Julian, was kindred to that of the centurion Julius, who had the apostle in charge on the voyage to Rome. Besides, the soldier was a Roman, and Paul was chained to such a one, when he wrote his vivid words. As he dictated the successive sentences to his amanuensis, his eyes would rest upon the attending guard's girdle running round the waist, the breastplate covering the heart, the spiked sandals on the feet, the large oblong shield to hold in front of all,

the helmet on the head with its waving, triumphant plume, and the bright sword hanging at the side. All these are cited as belonging to "the whole armor of God," and the descriptive touches were given from actual sight at the time.

We are urged to put on this armor, and we ought to be eager and prompt to obey. When Vulcan prepared for Achilles his armor, "divinely wrought in every part," there was, according to the blind Greek bard, this maternal exhortation:

> "And now receive
> This sumptuous armor, forged by Vulcan's hand,
> Beautiful, such as no man ever wore."

The response was immediate:

> "He lifted up the god's magnificent gift
> Rejoicing, and, when long his eyes had dwelt
> Delighted on the marvelous workmanship,"

he said,

> "A god indeed, my mother, must have given
> These arms, the work of heavenly hands: no man
> Could forge them. Now I arm myself for war."

Such, for substance, should be the sentiment of every soldier of the cross, when there is presented to him the celestial panoply, of which we proceed to note the various parts.

1. First, "having girded your loins with truth." That speaks of genuineness, of consistency. Timothy was counseled to have among other things a "good conscience," and Paul

said he was careful always to maintain a "conscience void of offence." The obligation rests upon all, to be perfectly genuine. The thought seems to be that there is a good deal of shamming in religion. Some do not take hold of it frankly and heartily. They play fast and loose therewith. They do little things, which they know to be at least of doubtful propriety. They do not keep their skirts clear of the dust, there is sometimes a sweeping of the common pavement. The line of demarcation between them and others is not distinct enough. There is not a right-about-face in their manner of life. They live about the same as others do, they do not come out fairly and squarely on the right side, they do not become "separate from sinners." They claim that they want to be thorough Christians, but this is only about half true. If they were entirely sincere, determined to be unequivocal disciples, there would not be so many loose ends about their Christian character; there would not be so many places where even the world sees that the proper bounds are not kept. The loins should be girded up, if any would be good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Their robes, in what might be called a spirit of too great worldliness, should not be allowed to dangle about their feet, making them to trip and stumble. They are to draw the lines closer, they are to tighten the girdle, keeping themselves up trim and well-in-hand religiously. They are to avoid the little inconsistencies of a life frayed on the edges.

2. Next, there is to be "put on the breastplate of righteousness." That goes deeper than what has just been urged. It is a protest against graver wrongs than the small delinquencies that are merely compromising. It is an arraignment of the more serious shortcomings that are simply fatal to the exercising of any influence for good upon other lives. It emphasizes the ethical element, reaching to the very founda-

tions of character. There should be genuine moral worth. Uprightness, trustworthiness, with word as good as gold, is what counts for the kingdom. None should be vulnerable at such a vital point, as to be lacking in real rectitude of life. The very heart of religion is stabbed, if any are not straight in business, and honorable in all their dealings with their fellowmen. Here is where Christianity receives many a home thrust. "There's your church-member!" is the not infrequent sneer, as some discreditable deficiency is pointed out. One does not pay his bills, or he is anything but reliable. Such a person's deleterious influence injures a whole church. This of course should not be so, for profession does not by any means imply or insure the possession of the new life. And yet though the innocent should not suffer for the guilty, there can not be too great carefulness as to the daily conduct; we should be unassailable there, putting on the breastplate of righteousness. If all were equipped with that, with simple righteousness of life, against which could be made no charges of any gravity, and against which could be breathed no suspicions even, resistless would be such religions forces in advancing to the battle. They would not be hampered by weakening inuendoes whispered to their disadvantage.

3. What else? "Having shod your feet with the *preparation* of the gospel of peace." That is, we should be constantly prepared for service. We should ever have our sandals on, or, as we would say, hat in hand, ready to start. We should keep ourselves in readiness for marching, "instant in season and out of season," always alert. We should be quick to take up duties, to fall into line with the rest who are given to religious activity.

In olden times, it was not always soldier meeting soldier; it was sometimes army engaging army. While the Romans

could fight singly, they could also mass their forces, till, says Josephus, they seemed "one body, so well coupled together were their ranks, so sudden were their turnings about, so sharp their hearing as to what orders were given them, so quick their sight of the ensigns, and so nimble were their hands when they set to work." They would have their sandals all on, standing, so to speak, lined up and waiting for the word of command. "Then," to quote again from the Jewish historian, "does the crier stand at the general's right hand, and ask them thrice . . . whether they be now ready to go out to war or not? To which they reply as often, with a loud and cheerful voice, saying, We are ready. And this they do almost before the question is asked them: they do this as filled with a kind of martial fury, and at the same time they so cry out, they lift up their right hands also." We *are* ready, ready, ready! There should be this alacrity in Christian warfare. All should have their sandals on, prepared for action on the minute. When a pastor asks his people if they are ready for work, they should hold up *both* hands and answer, We *are* ready. Only thus can a church advance with the strength of unbroken ranks, and with the irresistible force of a Macedonian phalanx. That was a fine thing which Pompey declared he could say, namely, "Whenever I stamp with my foot in any part of Italy, there will rise up forces enough in an instant, both horse and foot." When the Captain of our salvation stamps with his foot, gives the signal for action, he should find the Christian to be at least equal to the Roman discipline, as his followers rally at once to the call. When Nehemiah said, "In what place soever ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us," they did respond to the summons without the slightest hesitation.

That sort of thing is what wins victories, on the religious field and everywhere.

4. Sill further, "taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one." This was that, upon which the arrows wrapped round with flaming tow were caught and extinguished, and thrown harmlessly off. There is to be an unfaltering faith, for God can not use those who are discouraged, any more than a General can. But his followers with an unwavering trust are well-nigh omnipotent, and like Alexander can conquer the world. Very significantly the crowning work of the great artist upon the shield of Achilles was, says the poet, when he "poured the ocean round; in living silver seemed the waves to roll . . . and bound the whole." This indicates the globe-encircling and world-conquering nature of faith. There must be confidence in order to success. The opposite of such a spirit is paralyzing. This was illustrated once in the Romans under Antony, when, says Plutarch, "They chanced upon an herb that was mortal, first taking away all sense and understanding. He that had eaten of it remembered nothing in the world, and employed himself only in moving great stones from one place to another, which he did with as much earnestness and industry as if it had been a business of the greatest consequence. Through all the camp there was nothing to be seen but men grubbing upon the ground at stones, which they carried from place to place." This might be supposed to be an apocryphal incident, did we not see substantially the same thing occurring repeatedly at present. People under the influence of the herb of discouragement imagine a great many insuperable obstacles in the way of any triumphing. They should not recognize any such thing as failure. They should be like England's great naval hero, the illustrious

Nelson, who at a crisis in British maritime affairs, when a superior officer of timid spirit gave the signal to discontinue the conflict, put the glass to his blind eye which he had lost in a terrific battle, as he said, "I really do not see the signal," and thereupon he waged the contest with renewed energy, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the Danish fleet scattered and destroyed. It was the same distinguished commander, who on the Mediterranean in the last victory he gained hoisted at a critical juncture the famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," and with that the British warships moved forward to a complete triumph over the combined French and Spanish fleets. That is what confidence will do.

Not that we are to be over-confident, trusting to our own strength, forgetting our dependence upon the Almighty. It is related of some German barbarians, in their passage of the snowy Alps into sunny Italy, that when they reached the top of the mountains, "placing their broad shields *under* their bodies, they let themselves slide from the precipices along those vast slippery descents." This they did, we read, in "contempt of their enemies," the Romans. Instead of marching in military array, holding up their shields, they *sat* on them, and went sliding along, helter-skelter. The disciplined Romans met and defeated the tumultuously-moving barbarians. The serried ranks of sin will rout careless Christians, who slide along on their shields of faith, who grow over-confident, who are off guard and do not hold steadily before them the thought of their dependence upon God, who do not keep before them their shields of faith. They should ever have on this part of the religious armor, they should constantly bear in mind that they can quench and repel the fiery darts of their spiritual foe only by trusting in God, and, as

Cromwell would say, by keeping their powder dry, by keeping their shields out of Alpine snows.

5. "And," again, "take the helmet of salvation." This was an accouterment, which encased the head, and which elsewhere is designated by the same writer as "the hope of salvation." From the helmet imposingly and gracefully nodded the plume, waving, as it were, with glad victory. Ours is a religion of hopefulness and of assured triumph, and very attractive, therefore, should it be to the young especially. They may at first see in it something rather repelling, from which they instinctively shrink, but once familiarized with the idea of being religious in a normal way, they will see nothing forbidding therein.

When Hector took leave of his wife and child, on setting out for the battle-field, the lad was afraid of his helmeted father. The scene has been charmingly painted in the Iliad:

> "Hector stretched his arms
> To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back
> To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
> His father helmeted in glittering brass,
> And eyeing with affright the horse-hair plume
> That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
> At this both parents in their fondness laughed;
> And hastily the mighty Hector took
> The helmet from his brow and laid it down
> Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
> His darling son and tossed him up in play,
> Prayed."

The young *are* sometimes frightened, as we approach them with our religiousness waving solemnly like a plumed helmet

from the head, especially as the minister approaches them in the full regalia of his office, with an undue seriousness and stateliness, but we can do like Hector, put our helmet, our religion, where it will not be quite so conspicuous till they get a little used to it, and while we are playful with the children we can also be prayerful, as was the Grecian hero. Then the plumed Christian hope will gradually assume a most attractive appearance. Let the young be approached, not abruptly, while we are armed cap-a-pie from head to foot, while we are in full religious regalia, but let them be approached naturally and judiciously, and they will soon see that nothing about the Christian armor is so beautiful as the plumed helmet, as the hope element, which, adorning the head and possessing the mind, overtops every thing else. Religion is not something gloomy but hopeful, giving promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. Too great solemnity may operate against religious efficiency. An excessive seriousness may handicap the army of the Lord. Here is often involved the gaining or losing of the young folks. If we would win them, we can not be too grave. There must indeed be the stern bravery of the hardy soldier, who, however, on this particular part of the field must put "a cheerful courage on."

6. There is to be added "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." The charge to Timothy was, "Preach the word." Here is our mightiest instrumentality for the accomplishing of results. It particularly changes the defensive attitude into the offensive, into the aggressive. The Bible is a volume which we can not use and wield too much. It is a keen and double-edged sword, and what sturdy blows have been dealt by it for civilization and for the higher interests of mankind all down the ages! It, as every student

of history knows, is that which has shaped the destiny of the nations called Christian, and the reason Christendom is so far ahead of the pagan world is because of this powerful weapon of the Scriptures, which we are commanded to search, and with which we are to familiarize ourselves. It is a Book which has been subjected to the severest criticism, and yet has nobly stood the test. It has, so to speak, been bent double by the critics, only to spring back straight as ever in all that is essential and vital, like a genuine Damascus Blade, which it is. This is the weapon which we should grasp with the old victorious shout, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" while we move forward to the complete and final triumph. We see it flashing in the air, when Christ himself was tempted in the wilderness, as he resisted Satan with repeated quotation from God's own Word. *We* can gain the victory over every temptation by using the promises of Holy Writ, and with the same mighty sword we can overcome every opposing force. Thus equipped, from an armory like that of Bunyan's immortal allegory, we shall ever most gloriously triumph. Therefore it is that Wesley says,

"Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God."

7. Have we named all the pieces of the "full armor" necessary to religious preparedness? Most, from their recollection of the apostolic list, would probably answer in the affirmative. But perhaps the most important integument of all has so far been omitted. We reach the proper finale in this description as it closes, "with all prayer and supplication

praying at all seasons.'' We learn of this arrangement of the Roman army on a certain occasion: ''Those in the first rank knelt on one knee, holding their shields before them, the next rank holding theirs over the first, and so again others over these, much like the tiling of a house, ... the whole affording a sure defense against arrows, which glance upon them without doing any harm. The Parthians, seeing the Romans down upon their knees, could not imagine but that it must proceed from weariness; so that they laid down their bows, and, taking their spears, made a fierce onset, when the Romans, with a great cry, leapt upon their feet, striking hand to hand with their javelins, slew the foremost, and put the rest to flight.'' It is when disciples get down on their knees in prayer, with close interlocking of shields of faith, that they gain decisive victories for Christ. Cowper most truly says:

> ''Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
> Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
> And Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees.''

Queen Mary of Scotland said she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of soldiers. We must not, therefore, be weak at this strategic point. The far-flung battle line does not assure triumph, unless all advance upon their knees until they have received the promised enduement from on high, and then, springing to their feet for the culminating, brilliant charge, they always prove invincible.

DR. ARCHIBALD'S OTHER BOOKS

THE BIBLE VERIFIED

Four Editions, and Translations into Spanish and Japanese

PRES. J. J. K. McCLURE, D. D., McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago: "I have never found a book so suitable for size and contents to place in the hands of the ordinary inquirer who desires to know the preeminent value of the Bible in the literatures of the world as 'The Bible Verified'." $1.00

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS **Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia**

THE TREND OF THE CENTURIES

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THEOLOGY, Chicago University: "The matter is put in a fresh and fascinating way. The great epochs of history are so skilfully and vividly portrayed, that the reader becomes an interested and delighted spectator of the great and inspiring acts of God's providence." $1.00 net

THE PILGRIM PRESS **14 Beacon Street, Boston**

THE EASTER HOPE

Third and Revised Edition. A timely and heartening book for the present, when so many by the World War have been brought to face as never before the mysterious future

EX-PRES. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., LL. D., Yale University: "I read it twice with great interest. . . . A very able and helpful volume."

REV. CHARLES L. MORGAN, D. D.: "The most charming and at the same time convincing assembling of the facts and arguments that I have ever read. I truly believe the book will be a classic on this great theme." .....60 cents

THE JUDSON PRESS **1701-3 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia**

BIBLICAL NATURE STUDIES

PROF. WILLISTON WALKER, D. D., Yale University, in Divinity Quarterly: "He has given the fruits of his loving study of the Bible, his wide acquaintance with literature, and his extensive knowledge of nature in its various aspects through keen observation and far-reaching travel. The result is a little volume of much literary charm and keen sympatny with nature . . . . which we thoroughly commend. $1.00 Net

THE PILGRIM PRESS **14 Beacon Street, Boston**

THE MODERN MAN FACING THE OLD PROBLEMS

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD, Boston: "The witness of history, science, and poetry is skilfully used, and the force of the truths presented gains from the grace and attractiveness of the literary style."

UNION SEMINARY REVIEW, Richmond: "The book would be of decided value to preachers, both as furnishing a good supply of fresh and usable illustrations, and as suggesting how they might turn their own reading to a greater practical use in this direction." .....$1.00 Net

FLEMING H. REVELL CO. **158 Fifth Avenue, New York**

A CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

Four maps and 64 illustrations, including the Stadium at Athens, Jaffa Harbor, the Bosporus, etc. An introduction on the Dramatic Ending of the World War, and chapters on the great world cities of Rome, Athens, Cairo, Karnak or Old Thebes, Constantinople and Jerusalem, of which there are clearly etched word-pictures.

PROF. WILLISTON WALKER, D. D., in Yale Divinity News, New Haven: "Dr. Archibald is a very pleasant companion. The route is well traveled, but he has seen it in the light of the changes which the war has brought, and in his pleasant company one sees it as it appeals to a traveler interested in its literature and its religious and historical suggestions."

REV. PAUL L. REYNOLDS in Reporter, Walton, N. Y.: "There is an extended introduction covering nearly a hundred pages, an intelligent and highly informing review of the World War, in its beginnings, its crises and results. The clearest exposition of the Treaty of Versailles which the present writer remembers reading is here to be found. In brief space much important information is compacted. The book is worth possessing for the introduction alone. It is a book for the high school student and for the college man. It is a book for the every-day, ordinary citizen, who enjoys a well written, readable account of things outstandingly great. It is a book for the public or private library shelf."

WILLIAM J. KLINE, L. H. D., editor of Daily Recorder, Amsterdam: "The story of the World War is very interesting and covers the ground better than anything I have read along that line."

THE RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE, Dayton: "Multitudes of people have taken cruises to European and Asiatic countries every year, among them journalists and other literary men and women with a literary view in purpose. But few have written as charmingly and profitably of what they saw as has this author. The book contains an immense fund of classical, archeological and Biblical lore, made vital by the easy, dramatic style of the author."

THE CONGREGATIONALIST, Boston: "A richly illustrated and well written account of the author's journey. His fine scholarship is revealed through the pages. The 64 photographs give the book an exceptional value. Of many good books by Dr. Archibald, we think this is in some ways the best."

THE PRESBYTERIAN OF THE SOUTH, Richmond: "It gives a brief but very clear summary of the history of the late World War. We have seen nothing on this subject that puts as much that is important in so small a space. The author is gifted in picturing in a few words the objects he describes."

THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER, Pittsburg: "It is very readable on account of the attractive literary style. The volume will have a special interest for those who may be planning to go on such a cruise."

HERALD AND PRESBYTER, Cincinnati: "This is an elegantly written, printed and illustrated volume. It is of interest and value throughout."

DAILY GLOBE, Boston: "A beautifully written travel book. It not only contains vivid descriptions of the places visited, but much of historical and artistic interest."

DAILY OBSERVER, Utica: "Dr. Archibald is a graphic and most interesting writer. Not the least valuable feature of the book is the careful and complete index, so that the casual reader or the student has always a ready means of turning back and finding reference to any particular subject which may be wanted for fuller information."

DAILY ARGUS-LEADER, Sioux Falls: "Descriptions of travel to the Orient are as numerous as the proverbial leaves in Vallombrosa. Yet this is a book of Oriental travel that is different. Dr. Archibald is a keen observer and an interesting writer. He can describe vividly the places he visited and make you almost see them."

DAILY TRANSCRIPT, Boston: "Brimmed with historical, archaeological and Biblical allusions, with much data for reference purposes, and a full index, it would seem that a careful reading of the book must accomplish the wish behind his writing—'to stimulate the mobilization not of troops but of travellers for a peaceful penetration of the Near East under the new conditions.' "

DAILY COURIER, Buffalo: "A volume of peculiar charm and real value to those who do their travelling through books."

THE LUTHERAN, Philadelphia: "This is a very handsome book, with a fine cover, calendered paper, excellent illustrations and beautiful print."

Price $3.00 net. Postage 15c.

THE STRATFORD COMPANY, Publishers **Boston, Mass.**