

# The Independent.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WITH OUR HEARTS."

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## Beyond the Tops of Time.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

How long it was I did not know,  
That I had waited, watched and feared;  
It seemed a thousand years ago  
The last pale lights had disappeared.  
I knew the place was a narrow room  
Up, up beyond the reach of doom.

Then came a light more red than flame;—  
No sun-down, but the soul laid bare  
Of earth and sky and sea became  
A presence burning everywhere;  
And I was glad my narrow room  
Was high above the reach of doom.

Windows there were in either wall,  
Deep cleft, and set with radiant glass,  
Wherethrough I watched the mountains fall,  
The ages wither up and pass.  
I knew their doom could never climb  
My tower beyond the tops of Time.

A sea of faces then I saw,  
Of men who had been, men long dead.  
Figured with dreams of joy and awe  
The heavens unrolled in lambent red;  
While far below the faces cried:  
"Give us the dream for which we died!"

Ever the woven shapes rolled by  
Above the faces hungering,  
With quiet and incurious eye  
I noted many a wondrous thing,—  
Seas of clear glass, and singing streams,  
In that high pageantry of dreams;

Cities of sard and chrysopease  
Where choired hosannas never cease;  
Valhallas of celestial frays;  
And lotus-pools of endless peace;  
But still the faces gaped, and cried:  
"Give us the dream for which we died!"

At length my quiet heart was stirred,  
Hearing them cry so long in vain;  
But while I listened for a word  
That should translate them from their pain,  
I saw that here and there a face  
Shone, and was lifted from its place,

And flashed into the moving dome  
An ecstasy of prised fire.  
And then, said I: "A soul has come  
To the deep zenith of desire!"  
But still I wondered if it knew  
The dream for which it died was true.

I wondered—who shall say how long?  
(One heartbeat?—thrice ten thousand years?)  
Till suddenly there was no throng  
Of faces to arraign the spheres,—  
No more white faces there to cry  
To those great pageants of the sky.

Then quietly I grew aware  
Of one who came with eyes of bliss  
And brow of calm and lips of prayer.  
Said I: "How wonderful is this!  
Where are the faces once that cried:  
'Give us the dream for which we died?'"

The answer fell as soft as sleep:  
"I am of those who, having cried  
So long in that tumultuous deep,  
Have won the dream for which we died."  
And then said I: "Which dream was true?  
For many were revealed to you!"

He answered: "To the soul made wise  
All true, all beautiful they seem;  
But the white peace that fills our eyes  
Outdoes desire, outreaches dream.  
For we are come unto the place  
Where always we behold God's face!"

FREDRICKTON, N. B.

## More About Jonah.

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

I AM not gladder for having said anything in a long while than I am for my recent words about Jonah. They have been quoted far and wide and stirred up as great a tempest as that in the Mediterranean Sea. But I never said what is charged against me, that if you throw the story of Jonah out of the Bible you throw God out of it. What I did say was that if you deny the story of Jonah and the whale you must deny the resurrection of Jesus Christ, because he said: "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." If you make the one to be a parable or a myth, I don't see how you can claim anything more for the other. And I believe the great and overwhelming majority of the common people with their English Bible in their hands will stand with me in that judgment.

But my critics keep talking about the scholars, the great men who make a business of criticising the Bible, and who think differently from me. Well, all the scholars don't think differently by any means. There are lots of scholars on my side, or rather on the side of the old Bible. I suppose that Dr. Philip Schaff would be classed as a scholar, but he stands by the story of Jonah on the same ground that I do. So does Professor Townsend who has been connected with the Boston University for twenty-five years, and so does President Harper, of the Chicago University, who said at Northfield, in the presence of five or six hundred students: "I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah." Hundreds of the best and ablest preachers in this country and Great Britain stand on this question just where our fathers stood, and its present agitation is bringing their testimony to the front in a way that is strengthening faith in the Word of God.

But I shouldn't care so very much if scholars were not on my side. There's a false notion of authority associated with much that we hear in these days about the science of biblical criticism, as it is called. A man may have great knowledge of the languages and literature of the Bible; but does that prove that he has great judgment, or great spiritual sense in drawing conclusions from his knowledge? Are those words of Jesus Christ about Jonah correctly translated? Is there any doubt of the historical accuracy of that text? I am willing to listen to the science of biblical criticism on either of those questions, because it can teach me there. But do I, or does any one of average common sense, need its help after that? Can't we read our mother tongue, and aren't we as well able to form a judgment as to the sense of our Savior's words in such a case as the most learned man on earth? Come, if we deny that, then we must go a step further and take the Bible away from the common people altogether. I believe there are a good many scholars in these days, as there were when Paul lived, "who professing themselves to be wise, have become fools"; but I don't think they are those who hold to the inspiration and infallibility of the whole Bible.

I have said that ministers of the Gospel who are cutting up the Bible in this way, denying Moses today and Isaiah to-morrow, and Daniel the next day and Jonah the next, are doing the Devil's work; and I stand by what I have said. I don't say they are devils; I don't say they are bad men; they may be good men, but that makes the results of their work all the worse. Do they think they will recommend the Bible to the finite and fallen reason of men by taking the supernatural out of it? They are doing just the opposite to that. They are emptying their churches and driving the young men of this generation into infidelity. Here is an extract from the letter of a pastor that I received yesterday; it is only one of scores and

even hundreds of the same kind that I am receiving right along, and it tells what this treatment of God's Word is doing for our land:

"Dear Mr. Moody:—This is one of the most wicked cities I know of, and we have the coldest, most worldly churches I have ever seen. I have labored and prayed for a revival and for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and it seems to do but little good. Can't you come and help us, provided our ministers and churches will unite? This is a Macedonian call if ever you had one."

I tell you, my friends, Christian ministers and laymen, the cause of this state of things is in neglecting and apologizing to the natural man for the Word of God. Hear Jehovah as he himself testifies of the work of such prophets, in Jeremiah 23: 22:

"But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings."

I pray God we may end controversy now, and go to work in earnest for souls. All over this country there are seekers after Christ, and we can't afford to lose time and strength in disputing about the sword of the Spirit. What we want to do is to thrust it into men in such a way that by the power of God it may slay the old and give life to the new nature in Christ Jesus.

NEW YORK CITY.

## Exalt the Cross of Jesus Christ!

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A CERTAIN creed has recently been promulgated by an eminent and genial minister who is more distinguished for his brilliant and fascinating Scotch stories than for the depth and clearness of his theology. This amorphous production is presented as an ethical creed for the promotion of Christian living; it is very good as far as it goes; but its author should bear in mind that true Christian living comes from a Christian heart that has been renewed by the Holy Spirit. While his new creed affirms the Fatherhood of God, it utterly ignores the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and does not even mention the Holy Spirit; worst of all, it maintains a deadly silence in regard to the glorious central truth of revelation, the *cross of Calvary!* Brief as is the so-called "Apostles' Creed," it is dear to all Christendom, because it contains the core-truths which this new formula strangely ignores.

The New Testament does present a beautiful and sublime system of ethics, it also presents a beautiful and heaven-born fabric of theology; and they are interdependent. The Christ is a perfect model for pure and holy living; he is the divine Teacher who reveals the thoughts of God to us. But he is more than our model, he is more than our Master; he is our *Savior*. "Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins." He came to earth to seek and to save the lost, and this only could be accomplished by the Cross of Calvary. No example that he has set for us, however faultless, no teachings that fall from his lips, however sublime, could save the meanest soul that lies under the condemnation of sin. As I am a sinner, I must suffer as a sinner the punishment due to my guilt. But my compassionate Savior—all glory to his name! took my place, and suffered for me. He was bruised for my iniquities. He satisfied the claims of God's broken law. He made it possible that God might be just, and yet justify us when we lay our hands in faith on the head of our atoning Redeemer, and there confess our sins. He made it certain that we can be saved when our guilt is hidden in his wounds, and our souls are cleansed by His blood. The creed of all true Christians, of whatever name, was condensed by our own Dr. Ray Palmer into just three lines:

"My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary  
Savior divine!"

Good Christianity means cross-bearing for our Master; good preaching means cross-lifting before the eyes of all men. "And I," said the loving Redeemer, "if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." This does not refer to his final exaltation in Heaven, but to his sacrificial death on Calvary. When he told Nicodemus that the Son of Man must be lifted up, he predicted his own crucifixion, and defined the great single purpose of it to be this: "Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." How unwarranted is the assertion that Jesus preached chiefly a divine system of ethics, but did not make prominent the Atonement, or the salvation of sinners by his Cross! From the manger of Bethlehem, every footstep of Jesus moves straight toward that Cross; his whole earthly mission converges there. After the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, the only gospel that was preached was the gospel of atoning blood. It was the keynote of the mightiest human preacher that ever trod our globe. Whatever else Paul omitted, he never omitted the "faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." When recalling his ministry among the Corinthians he reminded them that he was determined not to know anything among them save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. In an ecstasy of self-forgetful adoration he cries out: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world!" Toward that Cross his finger constantly pointed; beside it he loved to linger. And the central theme of the great Apostle has been the central theme of the greatest preachers the world has ever known. No story has such power to move and melt and change the hearts of men as the story of the Cross. "No mother ever sang it over the pillow of her babe without tenderness; no child ever read it without a throbbing heart; no living man can peruse it with utter indifference; and no dying man ever listened to it without emotion. The Cross will be remembered when everything else in the history of this earth is forgotten." My dear reader, in that solemn hour when you and I stand between two worlds, and when we reach that unseen and eternal world, no object in the universe will be of such infinite importance to us as the Cross of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Good old Gilbert Tennent—a preacher once famous in New Jersey—was missed on a certain Sabbath morning after the close of the church service. His family went in search of him. They found him in a woods near the church, lying on the ground, and weeping like a child. They inquired the cause of his emotion. He told them that after preaching on the love of his crucified Saviour, he had gone out in the woods to meditate. He had got such views of the wondrous love of God in sending his Son into the world to die for sinners that he was completely overwhelmed. The glory of the Cross seemed to smite him down, and to break his very heart as it had melted the heart of Paul. He saw no one save Jesus only. A clear, distinct look at Jesus is what every sinner also needs to convict him of guilt, and to break him down. The preaching which melts hard hearts is Christ preaching—Cross preaching—it wounds, and it heals; it kills sin, and brings to the penitent soul new life. No other preaching so surely commands the blessing of the Holy Spirit. We ministers should find our highest duty and our holiest delight in simply lifting up the atoning Lamb of God before the eyes of our congregations. And nothing else can touch and fire the true believer like the vision of his crucified Savior.

This was the favorite theme of my beloved old friend Spurgeon, who was the most successful preacher of our times. In his racy and pungent way he once said to his divinity students: "When you see a preacher making the gospel of the Cross small by degrees, and miserably less until there is not enough of it left to make soup for a sick grasshopper—get you gone! As for me I believe in the colossal—a need as deep as Hell, and a grace as high as Heaven. I believe in an infinite God, and an infinite atonement—in an infinite love and mercy—and in an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, of which the substance and reality is an infinite Christ."

I am also fully persuaded that the most effectual antidote to the current skepticism, is to present the incarnate Son of God, and with the omnipotence of the Holy Spirit to press his claims. The crucified Savior is the only cure for infidelity. Brethren in the ministry! cut that truth as with the pen of a diamond on your heart, and on your sermons. No

skeptic can out-general you on that ground. If you can get him there, and hold him there, the Cross of Christ may conquer him. *Exalt the Cross!* God has hung the destiny of the race upon it. Other things we may do in the realm of ethics, and on the lines of philanthropic reforms; but our main duty converges into setting that one glorious beacon of salvation, *Calvary's Cross*, before the gaze of every immortal soul

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### Reminiscences of Robert Browning.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,  
DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

PROFOUNDLY as I revered and loved Lord Tennyson, I had equal regard for the other great poet of our time, Mr. Robert Browning, and esteemed it no less an honor to have known him, to have met him frequently, to have welcomed him often as my own guest, and to have had many a delightful conversation with him. "Give me a great thought that I may live on it," said Herder. How many great thoughts on which we may live—thoughts on the greatest and deepest of all subjects, and expressed in the loveliest and most perfect language—may we derive from the many volumes in which these two leading poets of our age gave us of their best! How much poorer would be the mental equipment of many of us in this generation if these two gifted souls had not so often, for our advantage,

"fed on thoughts which voluntarily move  
Harmonious numbers!"

How great, again, was the gain which we derived from the beauty and simplicity of their lives! How unlike they were to poets like Kit Marlow and Greene and others who

"stood around

The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy but unclean."

How free were their lives from the sordid circumstances which stained the careers of men like George Withers and Edmund Waller! how free from the bitter, jealous acrimonies of men like Pope; from the mental cloud which darkened the latter days of Cowper and of Southey; from the "ineffectual angelhood" of Shelley, the laxities of Tom Moore, or the wild passions and premature miseries of Byron! Both of them might have derived happiness from the thought which comforted Wordsworth in the days when he was neglected and ridiculed—that they had never written a line which could call a blush on a pure cheek; that their works would co-operate with every beneficent influence upon human nature; that they had ever been on the side of freedom, nobleness and love; that they had added sunlight to daylight by making the happy happier. In simplicity and dignity, alike in years of struggle—or at best of very modest competence—and in years of abundance, if not of wealth; alike in years of detraction and imperfect recognition and in years of secure and settled fame, in which they held an acknowledged supremacy among the literary circles of their day, they showed the high example of men who knew that

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—  
These three alone lead men to sovereign power,"

and that the self-possession of simple, righteous, native manhood is the most beautiful of all human attainments.

For my own part, if I were to enumerate the many blessings of my life, among them would certainly be the fact that I had been permitted to hold familiar intercourse with two such poets as Alfred Lord Tennyson and Mr. Robert Browning. Once Lord Tennyson, knowing my reverence for Mr. Browning, on whose teaching I had been delivering a lecture, asked me, humorously, "whether I did not consider him almost the only poet of the age?" It was very far from being the case. Their respective spheres and gifts were very distinct; both supplemented, in various ways, the high teachings of the other. Nor was there a particle of rivalry between them. They were the best of friends; and Lord Tennyson dedicated his "Tiresias, and Other Poems," in the words—

"To my good friend  
ROBERT BROWNING,  
whose genius and geniality  
will best appreciate what may be best,  
and make most allowance for what may be worst,  
this volume  
is  
affectionately dedicated."

I am in no sense pretending to offer the slightest sketch of any biography, but only to record such general reminiscences as can pain or annoy nobody, and may be of passing interest to some,

It was at one of the delightful literary dinners—which at one time used to be given annually on "All Fools' Day," by the late publisher, Mr. Macmillan, in his house at Balham—that I first saw Mr. Browning. He was very fond of society and of dining out, so much so that Lord Tennyson, who was very much more of a recluse, used laughingly to say to him that he would die in an evening dress suit. But the reason of Browning's fondness for society was that he used to read in the minds of men as in a book. Human beings of every type were to him like manuscripts of infinite variety, and worth the most careful study. He could never be dull in human company.

Mr. Macmillan's guests met at the railway station, and Mr. Browning was pointed out to me as he was hurrying in to take his ticket. He was dressed, as always, with faultless neatness; and tho his figure was very short, his face was one of the most perfect symmetry, and it might even be said, of beauty. When you looked at him you felt at once that you were in the presence of no ordinary man.

I never again expect to take part in *réunions* so delightful as were some of these parties; and it would indeed be far from easy in these days to assemble a little gathering which could be enriched by such a mingling of genius and geniality as marked the characters of Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold and Dean Stanley. It may easily be understood that at such gatherings there was no lack of "heart-affluence in discursive talk"; of "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

Unlike Tennyson, Mr. Browning did not usually speak by choice in ordinary society on the deepest subjects of thought. I have, however, heard him do so, especially on one occasion at the Athenæum—where I very often met him—just before his publication of "*La Saisiaz*." He told me all the circumstances which had led him to write that poem, and how deeply he had been impressed with the awful suddenness of the death of the lady friend which had led him to the train of thought there expressed. "I have there," he said, "given utterance to some of my deepest convictions about this life and the life to come."

Mr. Browning was an admirable *raconteur*, and when one had heard him tell a story, whether it was serious or whether it was jocose, one never forgot it. Let me give an instance or two of both kinds.

He had been a considerable traveler, and we were talking about the peculiar sensations of sea-sickness. He was himself a good sailor, and did not suffer; but he told me that once at the very beginning of a stormy passage across the Channel, a crowd of ladies and others were gathered around a distinguished foreign physician, who in laborious English was telling them how they might secure *perfect* immunity from this trouble. "To be quite free from *mal de mer*," he said, just as the vessel was starting, "all that you have to do is to sit perfectly still; you must recline back in your chair on the deck; you must close your eyes; and then"—

Here a sudden rush of the speaker to the side of the vessel, and a violent access of the calamity from which he was promising certain deliverance, cut short his harangue and disturbed the confidence of his hearers in the promised panacea.

Mr. Browning's sense of humor was quick. I once asked him about "The Steed which brought Good News from Ghent," and whether the incident had any historic basis; for I told him that a friend of mine had taken very considerable trouble to search various histories and discover whether it was true or not. "No," he said; "the whole poem was purely imaginary. I had had a long voyage in a sailing vessel (I think it was from Messina to Naples), and being rather tired of the monotony, thought of a good horse of mine, and how much I should enjoy a quick ride. As I could not ride in reality, I thought that I would enjoy a ride in imagination;" and he then and there wrote that most popular of his lyrics.

He told me that during the same voyage he had asked the skipper to awake him when they sighted the island of Capri, if they should happen to pass it very early in the morning before he woke. "Why should you care to be awaked to see Capri?" asked the skipper. In reply, Browning sketched to him some of the facts and legends of the long residence of the Emperor Tiberius in the island, to which his auditor listened in silent astonishment. As they were passing Capri he came and awoke Mr. Browning, and pointing to the island, said laconically, to the poet's great amusement: "There's where *that Great Mogul* used to live!"