

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

A Family Paper

Volume 45

For Week ending 18 June, 1892

Number 25



The Outlook



THE Republican National Convention had hardly met in Minneapolis before it was evident that Mr. Blaine's letter of resignation had not only come too late, but had seriously dampened the enthusiasm of all but his most devoted followers. Mr. Fassett, of New York, a protégé of ex-Senator Platt, was made the temporary Chairman of the Convention, but this choice was without significance, inasmuch as it had been arranged before Mr. Platt had written the letter declaring that the President's only support came from office-holders of his appointment, and fiercely antagonizing the renomination of the President. Mr. Fassett's address on calling the Convention to order was colorless, except for the paragraph in which he said that the duty of the Convention was clear in case there was any candidate "whose figure seemed larger, whose structure larger, whose fame more commanding, whose name more inspiring, than any other." In naming the leaders of the Republican party Mr. Fassett dexterously joined the names of Harrison and Blaine, in order that the applause of the one might mingle with the applause of the other, and a competitive exhibition of lung power be avoided. This precaution was, unfortunately, greatly needed, for the worst feature of the Minneapolis Convention, in the hall, in the streets, and in the hotel lobbies, was the attempt of each faction to boom its candidates by the machinery of brass bands and brazen throats. The proceedings of the first day revealed the fact that the Blaine managers—Clarkson, Quay, and Platt—were conducting a movement which did not so much mean Blaine as "anybody to beat Harrison." Mr. McKinley began to be spoken of as the dark horse whose name should stampede the Convention. The second day, however, Mr. McKinley, as permanent Chairman, made an address which fell a little flat, and betrayed the inability of its author to kindle an enthusiasm which could sweep the Convention before it. That this speech should have failed to stir the deeper and better emotions of the Convention is easily understood when one considers the ethics of the paragraph in which the orator summed up the essence of protectionism: "We propose to raise our money to pay public expenses by taxing the products of other nations, rather than by taxing the products of our own. The Democratic party believes in direct taxation; that is, in taxing ourselves. We don't believe in that proposition so long as there is anybody else to tax."

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During the second day the anti-Harrison managers tentatively started booms for Reed, of Maine, Sherman, of Ohio, and several other candidates by whom it was hoped that the Harrison forces could be divided. Everybody knew that if a vote was taken at once Harrison would win, and his opponents pursued a policy of delay. Their control of the Committee on Credentials enabled them to do this with great ease. On the third day, however, the Harrison leaders, with Chauncey M. Depew at their head,

assembled the Harrison supporters in caucus, where they could stand up and be counted. Four hundred and sixty-three delegates, or thirteen more than half the Convention, responded to the call. On the same day the strength of the two factions was tested by a vote on a report of the Credentials Committee, and the Harrison wing again polled four hundred and sixty-three votes. On Friday the nominations were made. Mr. Blaine's name was first presented by Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, whose able speech was warmly applauded for three full minutes. Mr. Eustis, of Minnesota, seconded the nomination in a weak speech, which ended with a hurrah. This called forth a certain amount of applause, which was dying out before a minute was over, when a woman in a box over the platform rose in full sight of all the delegates, and with her white parasol waved the Convention to renew its cheering. Soon the whole body was on its feet, cheering frantically, while the mad leader of the wild orchestra swung aloft her baton, which soon changed from a parasol to a flag, and finally to a great Blaine banner. For twenty-six minutes the cheering was continued before the hand of the Moses of the Blaine boom was lowered. When Mr. Harrison had been nominated by Mr. Depew, the Convention again set up a cheer, which this time lasted for twenty-two minutes. Finally the balloting began. The anti-Harrison forces divided their vote between Blaine and McKinley. Harrison had won when Tennessee had voted. There was a great cheer, and Major McKinley, turning over the gavel to Colonel Shepard, moved that the nomination be made unanimous. The Harrison opponents refused to accede, and the roll-call was continued. Mr. Harrison received 535 votes, against 369 for the opposition. In the evening the Vice-President was nominated. For some reason not explained, Mr. Morton was not renominated. The New York delegation was allowed to name the man, and, inasmuch as Mr. Platt did not care to have Mr. Fassett nominated, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the "Tribune," was made the candidate. Mr. Reid is a man of marked ability and wide reputation, and the chief objection to his candidacy was his former difficulties with trade-unions. Before he was nominated a message was received from the leaders of the printers' union saying that their trouble with the "Tribune" was adjusted. Both of the candidates of the Convention were born in Ohio villages, and it is a curious coincidence that both are graduates of the same college, Miami University.

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The most important measure, morally, that has been acted upon by the present Congress is the Anti Option Bill introduced into the Senate by Mr. Washburn, of Minnesota, and into the House by Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, and passed by the latter body last week by a vote of 167 to 46. In our issue of March 12 we outlined the provisions of this bill, pointing out that it did not in any way hinder farmers from selling their products for future delivery, nor manufacturers or merchants from buying them. Its prohibitory taxes are simply levied upon speculation or gambling in farm products where the seller does not own what he sells, and the buyer

old woman and the pig, and he found that there really was a legend—it can hardly be called more than that—that for some fifty years a woman did live in those caves, and that the latter years of her life she had as a companion a very beautiful black pig.

That night one of the party said, "Oh, I am so thirsty! I feel like eating one of those oranges." The leader of the party took one down and began peeling it. In some way, either from the odor or out of curiosity, he tasted one of the quarters before he offered the orange. With a perfectly straight face he divided it up until there was a piece for each member of the party. He made no comment on what he had discovered, and so, sitting about the room, each one tasted his small piece of orange, wondering why he had not been offered a whole one; but when we tasted it, there was a chorus of screams. They were the bitterest things that you can imagine, and, in addition to being bitter, had what one might term a very raw taste. It was after this experience that we learned that oranges that grow in Bermuda are used to make lemonade and marmalade, and are never eaten as picked.



The Traveler visited a school. It was a small building standing at the side of a road, with no attempt at a playground. Evidently it was intended that the children should play in the road at recess, as the water came up almost to the foundation of the building on the other side. The teacher was an old colored man, and the pupils were all colored children. Such a display of white teeth the Traveler never saw as when he stepped inside of that room door. He was asked to hear a reading-class, which he did with great pleasure. The children read with very good pronunciation and with apparent understanding. Another class recited poetry, and a class displayed their writing-books. There were sixteen in this class, and each one stood holding his book open, and there was not one blot. The Traveler is very fond of children, and he never misses an opportunity of visiting schools, and he tries to know just as much about them as he can, but he never saw such perfectly clean, well-kept writing-books as those shown by this little class in Bermuda. The teacher put on the desk a paper-covered book, with the request that we should register our names. After this was done he brought out another and pointed to the word "Louise," at the bottom of the page, with the most reverent expression that you can imagine, and we knew then that to that schoolmaster that little room was sacred, the book something to be viewed with awe. Turning toward a chair in the room, he said, "She sat in that." The Princess Louise had visited this school, and the book on which she had inscribed her name was too sacred to allow any one to touch after her, and the schoolmaster had opened a new register. The chair was also kept from vulgar contact, a thing apart from the rest.



The Traveler left Bermuda impressed with the politeness of the children, black and white. No adult, white or colored, is ever passed on the road without a bow and almost always a sweet "good-day." They love their island, and are greatly pleased with the appreciation of visitors. They are intelligent about the natural beauties and curiosities of the island. It was a bare-footed negro boy who answered, with a look of mild surprise, the question as to how the natural arches at Tucker's Town were formed. "Why, by the action of the water on the rocks. That's what has made all our caves," he continued. These natural arches are formed on the shore, and are very impressive. The arches are a soft pink, with a covering of a close-growing lichen of dark green. The blue water dashes through these arches at high tide, making a beautiful picture as it breaks on a shore of pink sand. The sand when held in the hand shows distinct grains of white and pink.



The Traveler sailed out over these waters one day, dragging an uncovered box about eighteen inches deep, with a pane of window-glass in the bottom.

The Traveler has dim recollections of the time when he believed in fairies. Then he remembers when he thought it was very childish and he would not believe in them any more. But what

he saw through that box made him a child again. Here were fairy grottoes, tiny trees, little caves, beautiful flowers, mountains of diamonds, mosques with great domes—that is, great for fairy-land—tents of sea-fans in beautiful purples. How can he give you any idea of that wonderful land under the sea! There a beautiful blue fish, with a most graceful tail, in fact two, glided out from an arch, the entrance to a wonderful cave, with columns of crystals, deep fringes of wonderful flowers hanging like a screen in front and swinging softly to and fro. Was it a fish that with almost a bow came gracefully into sight? Blue, then red, then green, then yellow, was the beautiful dress of this fish. Why, if a manufacturer could succeed in dyeing silk that would change its colors as did the scales of this fish, the whole artistic world would be his debtor. Then there were giants down in this sea world. Great, clumsy, lazy fellows they appeared to be, but one who knows them well said they were the terror of the fish children, who hid safely in the woods or rocks when they saw one of these fellows lying in the road. The Traveler had a curious feeling that lobsters were sentinels for these beautiful homes; they swayed their horns in the most threatening manner if any fish approached the entrance of the cave that appeared to be under their protection. Such a busy, happy world under the sea! And the wonders of crystals, of flowers, of trees, of stones, are as great as in that of which we know much more.

The Traveler stayed until the sun had sunk down into the ocean to light the wonderful world of Japan.



Sunday Afternoon

Cornell University Sermons

The Inner Man

By the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.—2 Cor. iv., 16.

So far as our bodies are concerned, we are twelve months older than we were on this day a year ago; how is it with the rest of us, the part that the Apostle says here need not grow white-haired, nor have wrinkles furrowed in it, but that is entitled to have a little freshening up done for it every day, and start new and green every time the sun rises? There are some things that do not admit of being dated; that keep no diary; are never thought of as standing in any relation to days and years. Perhaps you have never thought of it in that light, but it is a view that easily commends itself to you after once it is fairly stated. The sunshine that comes into your window you would not ask the age of, because the only impression it leaves upon you is as of something which, from however far it may have come, and however wide a track it may have made beamy by its passage, is so agile and clean, and so evidently unspent and unworn, that it seems rather to have been born in your own eye and to have flowered out of the instant.

What, after all, is this being young—this keeping young? Much in the same way in this respect that the mind is affected toward the current of light that we call sunshine, it is also affected toward a flowing river. We want to handle two or three of these illustrations, thinking that perhaps by that means we shall get on to the inside of our matter, and be able better to appreciate the import and secret of the perpetually renewed and always young life the Apostle puts forward so confidently and cheerily in our verse. The flowing river, then, I say, is a kind of liquid picture of life that is steadily renewed, of childhood that is abiding. The maps never state, never think of stating, how old a river is, how long it is since it began to run. Nor does our observation of the river readily start such an inquiry in our own minds. If the river has contracted, if there are reeds growing along the margin where evidently the current once swept in the fullness of its tide; if bare spots are shown in mid-current, which were, to appearance,

once wetted and covered by the river in the abundance of its volume, but which have emerged into view as the supplies from its tributaries or from the hillsides have, for whatever cause, become a diminished and a diminishing quantity—then it would not be strange if some feeling of the antiquity of the river should steal into your general impression of it. It might not come out to the point of a distinct thought, but there would be a little of a tired and stagnant look about it all, that would be suggestive of time and the slipping away of a good many years. But if the channel is full, and if there is that onrush that seems to mean that the water that is between the banks now has got to get out of the way to make room for immense quantities of the same that are on the way down from the uplands, then no surmise of time, no conception of period, during which the river's life has been lived and its work done, will even begin to suggest itself. It will be felt and surrendered to as something that no more has the quality of age inhering in it than has the daytime under whose canopy it channels its way to the sea; no more the subject of corruption than are the twinkling smiles with which the same river laughs back into the face of the moon in the night-time.

Quite in the same attitude, also, our mind stands toward truth. We could never easily bring ourselves to associate truth with any period of generation or of centuries through which truth has survived. We should never detect ourselves wondering how old truth is or how long it is likely to endure. That is not at all to be confounded with the fact that there are certain forms under which men at one time and another have attempted to phrase the truth, that grow old, and that are full of symptoms of decrepitude, and that we should consider it as no act of impropriety to put a date upon, or even to commence the preparation of an obituary record; just as from the river, which is always fresh and young, you can nevertheless bale out a quantity of water, isolate it from the river, cut it off from its source of celestial supply, and it will begin to grow old very soon and commence to smell bad almost immediately. There is a good deal in this matter of a thing keeping young because it continues in touch with the fountain of supply. The perfume of a blossom will not begin to suggest antiquity and to be odorous of yesterday till it has been nipped from the bush. Take a bit of truth, case it in, wall it up, cover it over so that it is not going to get rained on, canvas it around so that it will not get blown upon and ventilated, build subterranean masonry around it so that hidden springs will have no chance to vitalize it and the great heart of all the waters find no opportunity to pulse within it, and it will begin to grow old inside of twenty-four hours. So that when we say that we can never easily bring ourselves to associate truth with any thought of the generations or centuries through which it has survived, we mean truth in the living completeness of its divine entirety, before men have commenced to saw it into lengths and split it into kindling-wood; while the water still forms part of the current, and the fragrant blossom yet keeps touch with the stalk.

The illustrations so far employed, then, all of them squint in the direction of this one fact—that being young as a permanency is a matter of consecutive replenishment, of keeping in open connection with ample reservoirs of supply, so that our individual life shall not be a self-contained and a self-maintained one, but a blossom from out the stock of the general life, an inlet that prolongs landward the throb communicated to it from out the width and fullness of all the sea.

It will be a step in the direction of the object we have in view if we commence by saying that even on the plane of ordinary human existence, saying nothing about the divine just yet, if a man wants to succeed, in the best, broadest sense of the term, he has to be part of the continent of his kind, not an island off in mid-Pacific. He must proceed on the basis of the solidarity of the race, and not simply be an occupant of the times in which he lives, but have his roots thrust down deeply into the soil of the general life that fills and animates those times. Each blossom is a quotation from the entire tree. A man is not

perfect in himself till he is organized by his times as well as contributes to organize his times. "It is not well for a man to be alone" is a dictum that ought not to be interpreted in exclusive reference to connubial relations. A man may grow old, but man does not, and a man will not, to the degree that he is a realized part of man, and vitally knit into man. Keep the water in the current if you want it to retain its freshness and to preserve the sparkle it had while trickling down the side of the hill. A man cannot go off into a corner and think things out. What he merely thinks out will be likely to get out of date before it gets through the printer's hands. Thought always requires the rectification of life, and the individual must be checked by the universal. Moss has great affinity for opinions that are hatched in a corner. The collective mind of the race is wondrous wise. Individual judgment is pretty nearly infallible when the individual is simply the organ and mouthpiece of the general wisdom. We may try to be an inspiration to the times we live in, but a good and necessary way in which to prepare ourselves for that is to let the times we live in be an inspiration to us. Nothing will keep life going but life. Life is the food that goes to the production of life-blood. One reason why the preacher's pulpit is so far from the people on Sunday is because the preacher's study is so far from the people on week-days. Even a closet in which piety holds its devotions needs to be aired out. Two men are more than twice as wise as one. It is quite as necessary for preacher as for people that people and preacher should know each other. Keeping young is a matter of keeping abreast with the times you are in—getting out a new edition of yourself every day; and in order to do that you have got to keep out in the open. Perpetual youth is the art of keeping up, living in such vital connection with the thinking and the doing and the endeavoring that are in this world that all your moving is in the pace of the world's moving. A man's age is the distance between himself and his times reduced to figures. But the main point we want to accentuate just here is, that in order to keep up with the world we have got to live a life that is a part of the world's life. We must keep to the organic idea of mankind; not try to be a man all by ourselves. Just as soon as the branch undertakes to set up in business for itself, to cut the cords that bind it into the general life of the tree, to dam the currents that struggle into it from out the great volume of the tree's collective vitality, the branch withers. The tree goes on, the branch stops. The branch gets left behind. There is a life in the times. There is a life in our kind. The race is a great deal more than the numerical sum of all the individual men and women that happen on any instant to be alive on the earth. And cloister culture is the process of closing up the sluiceways through which the currents of that universal fullness are attempting to flush us and to become a realized factor in our being, feeling, thinking, purposing, and working.

If now we have that aspect of the matter well in hand, we can go on to consider certain features of it that are more distinctively of a religious type. It goes without saying that when St. Paul is talking in our verse about being inwardly renewed and being made a fresh child again every morning, he is not thinking of that perennial rebirth as anything that is to be wrought in a man by any fullness of life that is comprised in the grand human total of his times, or of any times. St. Paul, like other great actors in Hebrew history, was a man who had lived out among men, and who had doubtless derived somewhat of his personal intensity from personal contacts, and who had gained something of his power of appreciating human necessities and possibilities by the intimacy with which he had adhered to the organized whole of that race in which he was himself a vigorous and sensitive organ. But he is thinking here of supplies that transcend in attitude those which slip down the slopes of the hills, and that make ever fresh and young the river that flows at their base. And he is thinking of a reservoir of personal infilling that outreaches in vastness and profundity that volume of quickening and replenishing that is comprised in the combined energy and intensity that is at any time humanly present in the world.

He is thinking of a divine infilling and of what will come of it. He is thinking of Christianity as an open conduit through which the spiritual fullness that is in God may empty itself into us, flush us, and make us young again, and issue a new edition of us, and bring us down to date every twenty-four hours. It is a doctrine of current faith that a man must be born again once; it is the doctrine of St. Paul's faith that a man must be born again seven times a week and three hundred and sixty-five times a year. Even divine gifts grow rancid if they are not renewed. Water will not keep; Holy Ghost will not keep. We are not playing with words here, but are stating facts that are substantial and searching. The children of Israel, before they had learned better, tried the experiment once of keeping manna twenty-five hours, and "It bred worms and stank," the record tells us. That is a parable; it is a long, object-lesson teaching us that there is nothing so good, even though of divine conferment, as not to require replacing and being given over again. It is one of the supreme mistakes of the Church, even as it is of Christians individually, that a good thing divinely accomplished is guarantee of the certainty that it will never have to be repeated. Now, on the contrary, the inference I draw from a good thing divinely accomplished is exactly the reverse of that. I argue that, for the very reason that it is so good and so divine, it will need to be reduplicated. The original outpouring of the Holy Spirit is an instance of that. People reason that that event was so great, and that there was so much of Almighty God in it, that history needs such an event but once. It was, on the contrary, so great an event, and with so much of Almighty God in it, that history needs it a good many times—keeps needing it. That is why the Church ages, and grows antiquated and putrescent; a new edition is not being continually gotten out, and the whole thing daily brought down to date.

But what we want to consider just now is not the Church at large, but individuals in particular. This Pauline truth of a daily divine renewal, this doctrine that a man needs to be divinely done over every day he lives, is just simply of a piece with what everywhere occurs in other ranges of being and on material ground, and brims with meaning to the heart and to the intelligence of every man who is keen to see and hungry to get down into the strenuous reality of things. This sort of divine replenishing we are here talking about will keep a young man in his conversion. This idea that a man needs to be converted but once is a comfortable one, but it is one that, judging both from observation and experience, does not work well in practice. However much of his heart a man may give to the Lord, even if he thinks he has given the whole of it, he will find twenty-four hours later that he has still a little of it on hand. Now, whether that squares exactly with the phraseology of the theological text-books I am not so concerned to know. At any rate, it touches a fact that is true to experience. Each of us needs diurnally a new version of his conversion. The working of the Holy Spirit, Christ teaches us, is like leaven, and that holds of the individual heart as well as of society at large. The yeast does not strike through the whole lump of dough at a flash. We keep finding unsuspected lumps of meal that the yeast has not yet seized upon. We surrender to God in installments. We may not mean it, but we do it. We give our hearts to the Lord, experience religion, as we call it, go on awhile, and find after a little that there are scattered stretches of interior territory that we are still holding the unsundered deed of. But, supposing conversion to be a "once for all" affair, we keep the deed, thank the Lord that the converting business has all been transacted, and utilize our evangelical history to the end of keeping ourselves in good spirits. Now, that is not thorough. The man who stands in this pulpit and the men and women who sit in these pews need conversion now as much as ever they did. There are deeds we do, there are ambitions we cherish, there are feelings we indulge, that are not according to the mind of God, and we know they are not. Now, any conversion that has so far been accomplished in us does not touch those. Conversion has got to be brought down to date. We need to stand in perennial touch with the striv-

ing Spirit of God, and let him rip out the sins that are still there. We must have some conversion that is as new as this morning, and as young as the light that sparkles in the sunrise dewdrop. A young convert is a delightful creature; an old convert is liable to be like that Israelitish manna twenty-five hours old; like water from a receding river that has been lodged in a pool, and hung there till it has lost its sparkle, and become malodorous and scummy.

And it lies near by that to say that we must keep open avenue to our divine supplies if we will have a Christian experience that wakes up in us as a kind of fresh sunrise day by day. It is as tiresome living on an antiquated experience as it is trying to make a meal off of petrified corn. To attempt to believe that we are sons and daughters of God because of the joy that was shed abroad in our hearts ten years ago, is like trying to go to bed by the sunlight that streamed into your room week before last. There is, nothing in God's earth that grows rank and fetid sooner than an experience. Our hymn asks, "Where is the blessedness I knew when first I saw the Lord?" Don't know; and it wouldn't do you any good if you had it; blessedness doesn't keep. It is one of the all-pervading principles that the more delicate a thing is and the more finely organized, the more directly it will decay and fall to pieces when once it has been parted from the root it sprang from. The perfume will evaporate from the rose and the petals fall off very soon after it has left the stalk. Strayed or stolen—a religious experience! The hymn just quoted from is an advertisement for a lost joy that has jumped the fence and gone loose. It is like hunting after the blaze of a lamp that the oil is all burnt out of. Keep the wick trimmed and the lamp filled, and you will have blaze enough without advertising for last night's blaze—you do not know where that is, and could make nothing of it even if you did. No, there is a great lot of meaning in all this, and it lies right down at the level of our exigency. Good things have got to be made over and over, and everlastingly reduplicated. The fresh river must incessantly draw on the young rivulets that incessantly trickle from the hillside. Christian joy that does not bear the stamp of this very day and date is a Silurian deposit, an evangelical relic, piety fossilized.

But there is a good deal more in the same vein. We must have also, from day to day, a young, fresh theology. I am not saying that we want to revise our creed every day, understanding by creed the formulated convictions of the Church. But we do want a new theology every day, divine truth apprehended by a spiritual discernment and a Christian experience that has the morning dew upon it. We are sick nigh unto death of religious ideas and religious convictions that stop with being the embalmed products of old intelligence, either our own or some one's else; coffined convictions, old blood with the heat dead and the pulse out. This is no criticism upon statements of truth; we have got to have them; but we want, not a creed that shall stand to us merely as a portraiture of God and of divine things, but a creed that shall be to us so much God uncovering himself to us under forms of black and white. Not a congeries of verbal abstractions—that is not truth, that is holy lumber—but words that pulse with God as the seas do; words that are afire with God as the bush on Horeb was. Our creeds can be almost nothing to us, and do almost nothing for us, so long as they are merely the mummy of an extinct experience. The form of the words may be old; that is not what we are objecting to. So the vast California pine may be old, but in a truer sense it is new as the 18th of October day-dawn, for it is suffused with life, and life is never old. Supposing our creed is an old one; so the great mountains are old; but if ever you have stood up among them when the blossoming dawn was growing out of the east, and have seen their vast, solemn heights kindling at the touch of the on-coming sun, you had no thought of antiquity; you simply stood and struggled under the power of the ineffable splendor that was crammed and jammed into the moment. The mountains are not a million of years old, then; they are this morning's children; they are to day's edition of the supernal allmightiness of God.

It is a great art to make a creed, but it is a more difficult art to keep in such daily relation with it that it shall not curse you more than it will bless you. The creed will not help us into God unless God first helps us into the creed. Its truths must be so much fiber in which God's Spirit quivers. They must be realized in their condition of saturation with the divine life; soaked in that life. Truth taken apart from life is not truth any more; divine truth taken apart from divine life is not truth any more. Such truth is lumber, not forest; it is corpse, not body. Creedal truth two days old is stinking manna and a worm-bed. In repeating the Apostles' Creed we say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty." Now, if our utterance of that is simply the statement of an experience of the Almighty Fatherhood of God that some one else has had, or that we have at some other time had, then we are simply tricking our own hearts and fooling with the rattling and ghostly bones of reality. That expression is not part of my creed except as, in my utterance of it, it is the quick kodak flash of my feeling and experience of God's Almighty Fatherhood, filling and crowding and thrilling the instant. That, you see, do you not, is creed brought down to date. It may be old as the Church, but in the juster sense it is new as the moment.

But, my friends, this sermon would be as long as eternity if we should undertake to follow up all the game that this thought starts from the jungle. It is a great mistake to undertake to live on our history. That attempt is the very genius of all decay and decrepitude. We wanted to say something about having a new Bible every time the sun rises, but it would have taken all day even to have touched that. I have done all that I attempted to do if I have started, in any hungry, earnest mind and heart, the suspicion that there is a great deal here that I have not done, but only commenced to do. Our bodies are growing old. Well, let them. But we cannot afford to have our minds scum over, and our hearts coagulate, and our spirits petrify. Old conversion, old experience, old sympathies, old love, old thoughts, be they as true as Bible, are religious rot. God is as new as the youngest clover-blossom or the last star-twinkle. And we shall be so, too, if we will knit into him, let him flush us every day, and lean against his supplies, as the flowing river is born anew every morning of the limpid spirit that descends upon it from out the air by the way of the hill-tops and the grass-slopes.

May we, O God, be full of nerve for thy touch, full of waiting for thy coming; green fields lying beneath the dropping of the rain; children with flushed faces expecting thy nod and smile.



The Seventy-second Psalm¹

By Lyman Abbott

This Psalm is entitled A Psalm for Solomon. He was not the kind of king here described. History does not make good the prophet's optimism. Nevertheless, the prophet gives an inspiring account of what an ideal ruler ought to be. So this Psalm suggests some reflections in the kind of characteristics a Christian voter should look for in the candidate of his choice, in the United States, in this year of grace 1892. We certainly ought not to be content with less than served as the Hebrew ideal so many centuries before Christ.

The Christian's candidate should be a lover of righteousness. He should care for conscience. He should rather be right than be President. The conscienceless man, however shrewd, has no right to a Christian's vote.

He should care for the poor, the needy, the oppressed. What does he think of the Indian kept in barbarism by barbaric treatment? Of the negro, half emancipated and with the shackles still galling his hands and feet? Of the Chinaman, ostracized, outcast, hated, mobbed? Of

¹ International Sunday-School Lesson and Y. P. S. C. E. Paper for June 26, 1892.—Psalm lxxii., 1-10

the widows and orphans robbed of their means and their natural protector by the saloon? These questions are quite as important as the question, What does he think of the tariff? or the silver question?

And they are a great deal more important than the question, What will he do with the spoils?

The Christian's candidate is a peace-lover and a peace-maker. Armies and navies are only to keep the peace. Diplomacy is to pursue peace and insure it. "If it be possible, as far as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men," will be the law of all international intercourse under his administration.

He will stand for that policy, or those policies, which, by quiet and unostentatious methods, promote universal prosperity. Not brilliant like the lightning, not noisy like the thunder, but nurturing and edifying, as the dew and the gentle rain, will be the spirit and method which he advocates and represents.

He will give the Nation glory; but it will be the glory of a democracy. Not of palace, not of millionaire, not of extravagance of luxury, but the glory of a diffused, not a concentrated, wealth; the glory of being the refuge of the oppressed of all lands. Thus under his influence American ideas, democratic ideas, Christian ideas—that is, the idea of universal brotherhood—shall go forth and win dominion—world-wide dominion. And nations shall respect the American flag, not because of a navy which is ready to enforce respect, but because it represents a justice and liberty and righteousness which win respect.

Does the reader think this is a trivial use of Scripture? It is the primary interpretation of this Psalm—"a Psalm for Solomon." It is originally a portrayal of a great king and a great kingdom. It is only by accommodation that a spiritual meaning is given to it, and it becomes the fitting prophecy of the Messiah's kingdom.

That kingdom is, however, not only hastened to its consummation by every kingdom of righteousness and justice and liberty, but every such kingdom—whether existing in historic fact or only in prophetic fancy—is a type of the final and perfected ideal, the Kingdom of God. The end of all missionary effort is to establish such a kingdom upon the earth—a kingdom present, earthly, sociological, and organic.

This kingdom of God will be:

A kingdom of righteousness.

A kingdom of peace.

A kingdom for the poor and the needy.

A kingdom whose King will be always and everywhere honored and revered.

A kingdom of universal and gracious dominion.

A kingdom to which all kings shall be subject, and in which all kingdoms shall be incorporate.

A kingdom glorifying the hero and the martyr dying for the King's sake and the kingdom's sake.

A kingdom whose glory shall fill the whole earth.

What will your vote and your work in the coming Presidential campaign do to build up such a kingdom in the United States of America?

What are you doing day by day to build up this kingdom on the earth? Or are you doing something to hinder it and tear it down?

Daily Readings for Christian Endeavor Topics: June 27—Christ is risen (Acts ii., 22-28); June 28—Glorified on earth (John xvii., 1-8); June 29—Lord of all (Rom. xiv., 1-9); June 30—Our Redeemer (Heb. ix., 1-12); July 1—Our Intercessor (Heb. viii., 22-28); July 2—Our Friend (John xv., 13-20); July 3—Topic. Our ascended Lord (Acts i., 1-12; Heb. vi., 13-20).