

# THE HOMILETIC REVIEW

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Religious Thought, Sermonic Literature  
and Discussion of Practical Issues.

EDITORS

I. K. FUNK D. D.

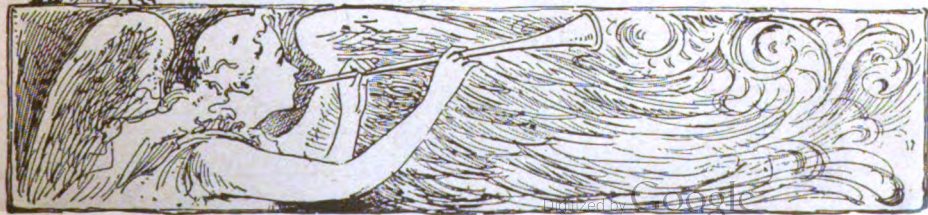
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# THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.

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## REVIEW SECTION.

### I.—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH AND HIS POETRY.

BY PROF. J. O. MURRAY, D.D., PRINCETON, N. J.

WHAT is commonly known as the Oxford Tractarian Movement left its traces as well upon the literary as on the ecclesiastical history of England. The more deeply it is studied, the more that comes to light as the biographies of its leaders and adherents are published, the more apparent become its deep-reaching and farspreading effects and influences. Names like those of Cardinal Newman and Dr. Pusey overshadow, perhaps, the names of Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough. Yet the latter have wielded influences in the world of literature as potent as those wielded by the former in the spheres of theology or Church polity, and it is safe to say that neither Arnold nor Clough would have affected English literature in the manner they did but for their residence at Oxford during the stirring years of Tract 90 and its fellows. The writings of both these men, the poetry of Clough, the poetry and essays of Arnold, are sure to live. They have elements of classical and enduring power; they have been and still are affecting deeply many thoughtful minds; and these writings bear the traces of the mental struggles of the severance from old beliefs which marked their Oxford days. Clough and Arnold were close friends. Both were scholars of the best English type. Both were men who had the courage of their opinions. Whatever we may think of their views, we must always do homage to their intellectual honesty. To maintain it, they both sacrificed worldly position. Clough died early, and his friend Arnold has embalmed the memory of their friendship in his *Thyrsis*, which has taken its place among the four or five great elegies of English poetry.

The life of Clough was an uneventful one; but it knew some experiences which shaped all his literary work, and which must therefore be reviewed in order to understand and appreciate it. He was born at Liverpool, January 1, 1819. When not quite four years old, his father removed to Charleston, S. C. There Clough's early childhood was spent. His mother seems to have had a large share in his mental

## RESURRECTION DAY.

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D. [PRESBYTERIAN], NEW YORK CITY.

*And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders roundabout, were made sure unto Abraham.*  
—Gen. xxiii. 17, 18.

HERE is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the king of terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region; and now that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person, who, at ninety years of age, had born to him the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached one hundred and twenty-seven years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—four hundred shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for and the transfer made in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque, and memorable Machpelah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk, and funeral-vase, and arched gateways, and columns, and parterres in honor of the inhumated.

The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs, and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations; and Paris has its Père la Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac, and David, and Marshal Ney, and Cuvier, and La Place, and Molière, and a mighty group of warriors and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification, and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred enclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion, as well as its art, in the manner in which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills, and its Evergreens, and its Calvary and Holy Cross cemeteries. All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about two hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes, embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

Among the preachers of the Gospel, Bethune, and Thomas DeWitt, and Bishop Janes, and Tyng, and Abeel the missionary, and Beecher, and Buddington, and McClintock, and Inskip, and Bangs, and Chapin, and Noah Schenck, and Samuel Hudson Cox. Among musicians the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Hastings. Among philanthro-

pists, Peter Cooper, and Isaac T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott, and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Carys, Alice and Phœbe; James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett, and Raymond, and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" Prof. Proctor and the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who through the sewing machine did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Prof. Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy; the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson, and Marion Sims, and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph, which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question; but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden; and when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that

there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed and put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far North, and others indigenous to the far South—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beirut you may see Dr. Post's collection of about one thousand eight hundred kinds of Holy-Land flowers; while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorne, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, His last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree-shaded! In June, Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed-up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but two words—'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charley'?" Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memoirs are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been

parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last roseleaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones, not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person, that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half-trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and tongue and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if He can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet, in one sense, each is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least half a dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it eleven

times. Then look at the seventeen-year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine-dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years, a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the Gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body, so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemetaries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience, and go around the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest is in this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lungs and heart that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

If a drummer-boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer-boy should be compelled to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum-beat for the march of life thirty, or forty, or sixty, or eighty years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or by night; and whether in conscious or comatose state it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the auscultator says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt!

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil, all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good, fresh, clean soil will wash off the last ache; and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in Paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? That original life-giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the Gowanus Heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body.

There will be no doorknob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves; but there is a door knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and, opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what a flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick, now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate! And, as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller

until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

Farewell, dissolving earth! But, on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to part! That is what resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards, from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To take Thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at Thy right hand?

Among Thy saints let me be found,  
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see Thy smiling face;  
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding arches ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

By REV. T. W. YOUNG, LOUISVILLE,  
KY.

*If a man die, shall he live again?*—Job  
xiv. 14.

*There shall be a resurrection of the dead,  
both of the just and unjust.*—Acts  
xxiv. 15.

THE only positive and satisfactory answer to the question of Job is given in the New-Testament teachings, in the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. The immortality of the soul is closely, though not essentially, connected with the resurrection of the body. Outside of Christian circles death has always been the king of ter-

rors. We find among the heathen a strong belief, in an abstract way, in the immortality of the soul, but no definite belief in the resurrection of the body. The nearest approach to the Christian doctrine of the resurrection is the popular philosophical notion of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. But their immortality was, even at the best, a sad and gloomy immortality, instead of which they would gladly have preferred the present life in the flesh. "Instead of a Paradise it was only an indefinite purgatory." In regard to the resurrection of the body, we must be content to know only in part. All human theories are mere guesses. We are shut up to the Bible. But in this book we find a stream of light reaching from the dawn of creation, growing brighter and brighter till it ends in the glory of the consummation of all things.

I. In the Old Testament the resurrection from the dead is evidently taught. In Ex. iii. 6, God's address to Moses at the burning bush, "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," the resurrection is taught. Moses, possibly, did not understand the full meaning of the words; but this is unmistakably their meaning, for the Saviour, in Matt. xxii. 31 and following, appeals to these words in proof of the resurrection. To the Jews this argument of Jesus had a convincing power that is hard for us to realize. It silenced the Sadducees, who denied the resurrection of the dead. The translation of Enoch and the rapture of Elijah strongly imply a belief among the Jews in the resurrection. The raising of the child by Elijah, and also the raising of one by Elisha, and again the dead man resuscitated by contact with Elisha's bones, are illustrations of the fact that a belief in the resurrection was common.

The Jews evidently believed in the activity of the soul after its separation from the body. This is seen in their tendency to the practise of necromancy. The calling up of the ghost