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REVIEW SECTION.

I.—CHRIST'S VIEW OF THE DIVINE FATHERHOOD.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES M. MEAD, D.D., NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN REVISION COMMITTEE ON THE
OLD TESTAMENT.

THE doctrine of the Fatherhood of God is, it may perhaps be said, the popular doctrine of the day. It is proclaimed by almost all schools of theology. It is sometimes declared to be virtually a new discovery of the last half century. It is set over against previous doctrinal systems as being so different as to constitute a revolution in religious thought. Especially is it contrasted with the Calvinistic tenet of the sovereignty of God, according to which God is to be regarded primarily as Creator and Ruler, rather than as Father and Friend.

The doctrine of the divine Fatherhood is a true and wholesome one. It is well to emphasize, more than was formerly done, the genuine personality and love of God. Many theologians of the past have been so jealous of the immutability of God that they made Him practically incapable of real feeling; and tho they could not be so untrue to the Bible as to deny the reality of God's love, yet their conception of it was so dominated by that of His immutable justice that the love came to occupy a limited place, and indeed was often so conceived that it was divested of practical power.

Let, then, the doctrine of God's Fatherhood be welcomed, defended, and enforced. But let it be also carefully and wisely defined. There is danger, in reacting from one extreme, of going over to the opposite extreme. The paternal love may be so conceived as to leave no room for sovereignty and justice. Sin may indeed be made to seem all the more exceeding sinful when it assumes the character of indifference or defiance toward the yearning love of the heavenly Father; but while it is this, it is also transgression of divine law. God in being a

NOTE.—This periodical adopts the Orthography of the following Rule, recommended by the joint action of the American Philological Association and the Philological Society of England:—Change *d* or *ed* final to *t* when so pronounced, except when the *e* affects a preceding sound.—PUBLISHERS.

sands upon thousands of them, with all the living creatures, take up the song and render back the chorus: "Glory and honor and blessing and power and might and dominion be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and forever." We, redeemed from sin, struggling through our several conflicts, working out in our soul the one nature which is to be perfectly conformed at last to the image of grace, made the body-guard of our ascended and glorified King forever, and teaching the angels, those elder sons of God, that higher note of joy, when God, through the unfolding of His grace, has revealed to the whole creation the infinite fullness of His grace and of His love.

God prepare us for a place in that throng, and give to us such an experience of the preciousness and power of this grace that each of us may add an individual note in that mighty anthem which shall swell forever, and make the arches of heaven ring with the praises of our King!

WOMAN'S GOOD INFLUENCE HANDED DOWN.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,
(NORTHERN PRESBYTERIAN), WASHINGTON, D. C.

The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois.—2 Tim. i. 5.

IN his pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction."

The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed

for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine, but a little. If the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnin as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any. But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of to-day, a godly influence, and then, in response to prayer, lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The world is wofully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants furnish for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost our country for their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed; but will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough and heart warm enough and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You can not get

very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have reticence and a non-committalism which make me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if we put them on the witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago, the silence becomes oppressive. The celebrated Frenchman, Volney, visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse one hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our Revolutionary War wrote, in 1782, in his "Book of American Women," saying: "They are tall and well proportioned; their features are generally regular; their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty-nine years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book, entitled "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women one hundred years ago and their style of dress, makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail-train is no more an improvement on the old canal-boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddlebags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours,

there was a glorious race of godly women seventy and one hundred years ago, who held the world from sin and lifted it toward virtue; and without their exalted and sanctified influence, before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over the land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren downstairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold, it hangs on them longer than it used to. They can not bear to have the grandchildren punished, even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency.

These old folks are the resort when too great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life, and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which they most enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half-way between. We hail them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round, and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian summer.

Is it not time that you and I do two things—swing open a picture-gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks; and

then to persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed, and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children. I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year 2,000, upon the year 4,000, if the world lasts so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came. It is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin; four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population, in a century your descendants will be over three hundred, and by two centuries over fifty thousand; and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance?

Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day, in the person of their descendants, in the senates, the parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been

thinking about the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well; but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I can not stop at one cradle. I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time. I am not talking of Mother Eunice. I am talking of Grandmother Lois. The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing upstream, or the force of an ocean wave by running the ship up against it. Running along with it, we can not appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the full force. Let us come up to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest.

The difference between that mother's influence on her children now and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi River away up at the top of the continent, starting from the little Lake Itasca, seven miles long and one mile wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride. Between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea, the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and White and Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Alleghany and Rocky mountains make contribution. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we will find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down.

But it is, after all, one great river of

power rolling on and rolling forever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off planet? In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel with robes spun with zephyrs is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the granite, and when by that attrition the column is worn away, they say time will end. But by that process that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give way.

If a mother tell a child if he is not good some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and have expired. If a mother promise a child a reward for good behavior, and after the good behavior forget to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years farther on. If a mother cultivate a child's vanity, and eulogize his curls, and extol the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes, and call out in his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. If a mother express doubt

about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed and the gates of another era have opened the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer. But, on the other hand, if a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and say, "My child, give that ten-cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Müller building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle-bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Savior's love and a Savior's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone and the child has gone, and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing as a result of those trundle-bed lessons flaming evangelists, world-moving reformers, seraphic Summerfields, weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefields, emancipating Washingtons.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second and speaks of the third and fourth generation—"visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Parental influence, right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further on as sure as you sit there and I stand here. Timothy's ministry was projected by his grandmother Lois. There are men and women here, the sons and daughters of the Christian Church, who are such as a result of the consecration of great-great-grandmothers. Why, who do you think the Lord is? You talk as

the His memory was weak. He can as easily remember a prayer offered five centuries ago as a prayer offered five minutes ago. This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for penuriousness; or you see some young man or woman with a bad father and a hard mother come out gloriously for Christ, and make the church sob and shout and stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over matters, and say: "How is this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look with me clear upon the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old-fashioned name of Jemima or Betsey or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother, or great-grandmother, who had enough religion to saturate a century. There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois.

In beautiful Greenwood Cemetery there is the resting-place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among the intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the grandson when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longings for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blest:

"NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.

"This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart. He is again launcht on the ocean—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my house, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with

me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son, 'the only son of his mother.'

"I ask nothing in this world for him; I repeat my petition, 'Save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin.' It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I can not discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I can not discern the new birth nor its fruits, but every symptom of captivity of Satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me, and in connection with his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians. Shut up with those who forget God, profane His name, and break His Sabbaths. Men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought, and action. O Lord, many wonders hast Thou shown me; Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate, and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee. Glorify Thy Son and extend His kingdom by sea and land. Take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation. Only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which Thou causest me to hope in the day when Thou saidst to me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.' Only let this life be a spiritual life, and put a blank in Thy hand as to all temporal things.

"I await for Thy salvation. Amen."

With such a grandmother would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? And all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers! We must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the result of their influence. Among our first questions in heaven will be: "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once, and there so straight; so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears, and now her

eye as clear as heaven ; so full of aches and pains once, and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and then there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early part of the nineteenth century and those of the eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare to-day. God bless all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands. What a happy thing for Pomponius Atticus to say when making the funeral address of his mother : "Tho I have resided with her sixty-seven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation."

Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the folks. Find the place for them in the hymn-book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel which are a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh my, how you will miss her when she is gone! How much would I give to see my mother! I have so many things I would like to tell her—things that have happened in the thirty years since she went away. Morning, noon, and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your mother, Eunice, and don't

forget your grandmother, Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Mothers, consecrate yourselves to God, and you will help consecrate all the ages following. Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying : "Don't take on so, wife. Remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say it is a hard world for women. Aye, I go further and say it is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ, the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up! You are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

CHRIST AND HUMANITY.

BY REV. ALFRED HALL, F.R.C.I.,
PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA,
EDITOR OF "THE SOUTH AFRICAN
BAPTIST."

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.
—Matt. xi. 28.

THIS is perhaps the best-known and most oft-repeated of the Savior's sayings. Pause to recall the memories it stirs of childhood's dawning conceptions of Him who talkt like this. It is the triumph of Christian culture to preserve that *naïveté*. To faith Jesus looms ever larger, both in history and experience, as the Friend of man.

The passage is most frequently quoted as detached from any setting of time or place. This is not always a