

# The Independent.

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

VOLUME XLIII.

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## The Independent.

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### IMMORTALITY.

BY JOHN H. BONER.

THERE is a hope of Heaven  
In every human breast—  
A hope of life supernal  
In some far region blest,—  
Of an immortal vesture,  
Of an eternal rest.

There is a hope undying  
That life's inglorious span  
The travail strange and painful,  
And death's un pitying ban,  
May not complete the miracle,  
May not be all of man.

There is a hope unfounded  
In myth or creed or lore  
That recompense for mortals  
Awaits them at the door  
Where they lay down their burdens  
And pass and are no more.

There is a hope inspiring  
The spirits of the brave  
Who conquer legions evils  
And death's lethean wave  
With fortitude undaunted  
By darkness of the grave.

There is a hope whose radiance  
Unto the weak appears  
A light upon their pathway  
Throughout the dolorous years,  
And promises deliverance  
Beyond their vale of tears.

There is a hope uplifting  
The weary head of pain  
Which, crowned with thorns and bruises,  
In agony has lain,—  
That tho' man die and vanish,  
Yet shall he live again.

This hope imperishable,  
Coeval with the race,  
Makes epochal existence  
In this abiding-place—  
A date of incarnation  
In spiritual space.

No psychic evolution  
Contributed this trust  
In conscious resurrection  
To him whose body must  
As ashes go to ashes,  
As dust return to dust.

He who first saw the myriad  
Of stars in order roll,  
Or marked the tide of ocean,  
Or the divine control  
Of universal beauty,  
Proclaimed himself a soul.

On what primordial mountain  
He hailed a rising sun,  
Or in what vale ambrosial  
Walked when the day was done,  
Or what his certain feature,  
Or what his course to run—

He who first sang in gladness  
Of spirit to the sky,  
Or who with lamentation  
First closed a tearful eye,  
Conceived the faith which teaches  
That man shall never die.

No fabulist had painted  
The vision of a dream  
Pretiguring existence  
Beyond the mystic stream  
Whose melancholy darkness  
Became a happy theme.

No oracle had given  
To man a secret deep,—  
No gracious mediator  
Had promised those who weep  
A jubilant revival  
After the dreaded sleep.

No altar had been builded,  
No sacrifice been laid,  
No homage had been offered,  
No adoration paid,  
No prayer and no thanksgiving  
To deity been made.

And yet man felt assurance  
Of supramortal bliss;  
Faith symbolized survival  
Beyond his grave's abyss,  
And for his holy spirit  
An apotheosis—

That noble faith, that credence  
Which gives existence worth  
And, with a sense exultant  
Of a celestial birth,  
Entablatures with triumph  
The sepulchers of earth.

Through cycles cataclysmic  
The changing world has sped;  
Through cosmical translation  
Its beauty has been shed;  
Through marvelous transition  
Man's destiny has led.

From rites and mounds barbaric  
The primal altar came,  
Whose garlanded inscription  
Declared a higher name  
To devotees whose incense  
Hallowed a finer flame.

The colonnaded temple  
In vales Arcadian rose,  
And Pagan art, for emblems  
Of a divine repose,  
Types of majestic beauty  
Interpreted and chose.

The simply tuneful timbre  
Of sylvan oar and lyre—  
Sweet solace of the prophet  
Whose lips were touched with fire—  
Prelude the rich organ  
And the symphonic choir.

The poesy that numbered  
A madrigal refrain  
For nomad of the desert  
Or shepherd of the plain  
Molded a lovelier language,  
Inspired a loftier strain.

So quickened the florescence  
Of manhood, and man stood  
An archetype of glory  
And herald of the good  
Prestidestined to develop  
The human saintlihood.

From boreal aurora  
To Southern Cross a chime  
Of ringing bells pealed starward  
A harmony sublime—  
A musical concordance  
Significant in time.

These bells attune the ages,  
And arts divining-rod  
Reveals a heavenly vista,  
And science, lightning-shod,  
Blazons upon the future  
Man's destiny is God.

NEW YORK CITY.

### A CONTRAST.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

HE loved her, having felt his love begin  
With that first look, as lover oft avers.  
He made pale flowers his pleading messengers,  
Impressed sweet music, drew the springtime in  
To serve his suit; but when he could not win,  
Forgot her face and those gray eyes of hers;  
And at her name his pulse no longer stirs,  
And life goes on as tho' she had not been.

She never loved him; but she loved Love so,  
So revered Love, that all her being shook  
At his demand, whose entrance she denied.  
Her thoughts of him such tender color took  
As western skies that keep the afterglow.  
The words he spoke were with her till she died.

NEW YORK CITY.

## A HUNDRED BISHOPS IN COUNCIL

ON THE QUESTION,

SHOULD THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION BE  
OPEN ON SUNDAY?

OPINIONS EPISCOPAL AND ARCHIEPISCOPAL,  
REPRESENTING VARIOUS CHURCHES, PROTES-  
TANT AND CATHOLIC.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ARRAY OF ADVOCATES FOR THE  
SABBATH.

VIEWS OF ARCHBISHOPS OF THE ROMAN  
CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SUNDAY THE ONE OASIS FOR THE WORKING-  
MAN.

BY THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.,  
Archbishop of St. Paul.

Replying to your note of inquiry, I beg leave to say that I maintain very decided opinions as regards the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. I believe the doors should be closed the entire day. The Sunday, the sacred symbol of our Christianity, the honor of our civil institutions, is already too seriously attacked, whether from the greed of capital or the aggressiveness of irreligion. To yield, even in a lesser degree, to its adversaries during solemn national occurrences is putting the seal of public national approval upon the war that is waged against it. Among other considerations I have in my mind the interests of labor. The Sunday is the one oasis for the workingman along life's toilsome journey. Eliminate Sunday rest—and diminishing its inviolability is hastening its elimination—the perpetual yoke of servitude weighs upon the shoulders of the workingman. Our accustomed observance of Sunday is the glory of America. Let us hold it intact in the eyes of the nations. Foreign visitors to the Fair will depart from our shores with a higher estimate of our people.

St. Paul, Minn.

COMMON SENSE VS. UNREASONING SENTIMEN-  
TALITY.

BY THE MOST REV. P. J. RYAN, D.D.,  
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

I am entirely in favor of having the gates of the Chicago Exposition opened on Sunday afternoons. I would except, however, departments like that of machinery, requiring much manual labor for their exhibition. I believe the great Discoverer of this New World, tho' a profoundly religious man, would favor this concession to the thousands of working people who cannot conveniently visit the Exposition at other times. I see no violation of the Sabbath in permitting the public to walk through the grounds and admire the products of human industry and the fine arts, which tend to improve and refine the mind.

I have great respect for religious public sentiment when founded on religious truth, but mere unreasoning sentimentality must give way to common sense which has come from God as well as Revelation.

Philadelphia, Penn.

WOULD PROMOTE THE PROFANATION OF THE  
SABBATH.

BY THE MOST REV. WM. H. GROSS, D.D.,  
Archbishop of Oregon.

There is, more particularly on the Pacific slope, a great tendency to do away entirely with the religious observance of the Sunday, and to convert it into one of carousing and toil. The theaters and liquor saloons are all open here, and do a thriving business on the Sunday; and many continue their usual avocations on that day, which should be devoted to the interests of holy religion. In my humble opinion the keeping open of the gates of the National Columbus Exposition at Chicago on a Sunday would do very much to promote this deplorable profanation of the Lord's Day in our country.

Portland, Ore.

being a man of striking appearance and of remarkable intellect and eloquence. He possessed, tho very old, a goodly company of wives, and tho poor, a fine stud of ponies. The latter were all sacrificed at his place of burial—sent to overtake him on the trail to "the happy hunting ground"; and the former, when they go to visit his grave, will have to tramp—as they usually did, for that matter, in all their journeyings. Colorow was heroic, but he was hard, his Ute name, *Tis-pe-weets*, signifying "a rock," tho it does not sound much like it; and he was hardly an indulgent husband to any of his eight wives, for he was an octogamist, and probably regarded marriage in the *Utite* rather than in the *dulce* sense. He must have been a peculiarly impressive, patriarchal, old pagan, for practical men as well as poetical women seemed to feel in his presence a something strangely somber and august; a mute reproach, too powerless for a menace, too sad for a malediction, the shadow of a great past. I believe he was long regarded as a friend, almost as a protector, by settlers and miners, tho his heart was broken by the white man's encroachments. When he and his people saw their mountain fastnesses stormed by fierce treasure-seekers, when their wild Mother-Earth betrayed them by sheltering their enemies in her gold-veined bosom, he had the prescience to perceive that all struggle was useless; that it was folly to oppose the incoming tide behind which was the force of an ocean. Even such stern officials as U. S. commissioners and agents were impressed by the simple dignity of "Old Colorow"; found it difficult to be lordly toward him, impossible to be condescending. I think it was in connection with a special embassy to him and his band, that a certain agent once related to me a singular incident, which I commend to psychical researchers. On arriving at the little Indian village, or camp, in one of the mountain parks, he found the Utes mourning over the sudden death of a young brave, whom they had held in especial respect and affection, and it was in grief and dejection that the chiefs and medicine men assembled in the large lodge in which they were to hear the communication from "the great father" at Washington. It was night. The Indians were seated in a circle—silent, solemn, attentive, each with his pipe. A large dog which had belonged to the dead brave was passing from one to another, giving out now and then a low, plaintive whine. The interpreter stood by the agent, holding a candle, and the reading of the official paper had begun, when, with quick, simultaneous cries, or grunts, the Utes sprang up and rushed out of the lodge, the interpreter, also, bearing the light, and followed by the amazed agent, who at once demanded the reason for that disrespectful dispersion. The interpreter, with signs of awe and fear, explained that the dead brave had entered the lodge, and been recognized by them all, and said that the council must be adjourned till daylight. While he and the chiefs stood aloof the agent looked into the lodge. Moonlight filled the place. He saw nothing then, except the dead man's dog, careering wildly about, or leaping up with yelps of delight, ramping and fawning on the empty air.

Two or three questions: Are the Indians being nearer to Nature, nearer also to the spirit world than we? Do animals "see visions," as well as "dream dreams"? Have they spiritual sight? Murillo seems to have thought so, for in his "Nativity of the Virgin," near an adoring group of women, about the lovely haloed child an angel stands, evidently invisible to their eyes. Even Saint Anna, who is smiling, in a sweet surcease of dread and pain, her soul floating in new mother joy, about as near Heaven as a woman ever gets in this mortal life, fails to see the heavenly guest, whose presence makes a glory in her humble home. But Saint Anna's little dog evidently beholds the radiant shape, beholds and is not afraid, for he is sniffing, in a curious but amicable way, at the trailing white wing of the celestial family-friend.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE WESTMINSTER DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION.

BY B. B. WARFIELD, D.D., Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary.

THE question, What is the Doctrine of Inspiration taught by the Westminster Confession? is a purely historical one and should be investigated in a purely historical spirit. Whether we agree with it or not, after it is ascertained, may indicate our conception of the truth; but in the process of ascertaining it, we ought certainly to exhibit our loyalty to truth. We must be tolerant enough, whatever we believe, to allow the Westminster divines also their belief. And we must be sufficiently imbued with the historical spirit to be able to apprehend and state the doctrine of the Westminster Confession as a pure question of scientific symbolics, without coloring derived from our own point of view. Certain indications that these obvious principles may be partially lost sight of in discussions now in progress, render it desirable that attention should be called to what the Westminster doctrine of inspiration really is, as stated from the purely historical point of view, that the truth of fact at least may be preserved amid the conflict of opinion as to what is the truth of doctrine.

(1.) The most outstanding fact concerning the mode in

which the Westminster Confession deals with inspiration, is that while it formally and emphatically asserts the fact of inspiration it does not equally formally define the nature of the inspiration thus asserted. After having expounded the necessity of Scripture in the first section of the chapter, "Of the Holy Scripture," it is led naturally to define, in the second section, what this Holy Scripture or "Word of God written" is, which has been declared to be so necessary. The definition is given both extensively and intensively. Extensively, Holy Scripture consists of "all the books of the Old and New Testament," which are then enumerated by name. Intensively, all these books "are given by inspiration of God, to be the rule of faith and life." Here there is no definition of inspiration; but Scripture is defined by means of inspiration. Or, in other words, the term "inspiration" is treated as a term of settled and well-known connotation, and is employed to define the nature of Scripture, already defined as to its extent by the preceding list of books. This advises us that the Westminster divines did not look upon the nature of inspiration as in dispute, but conceived that the assertion of the fact carried with it, in the very term employed, also the definition of the thing. They do not define because they are not conscious of the need of definition; and in asserting the fact they are to be understood as asserting the thing which the terminology employed conveyed to the minds of those making use of it.

(2.) What the Confession means, therefore, in asserting that "all the books of the Old and New Testament" "are given by inspiration of God" is to be determined by a historical inquiry into what these words expressed at the time they were written. We are not entitled to attribute to the word "inspiration" a nineteenth century sense—much less a sense current in any one school of nineteenth century thought; and to say that that is what is affirmed by the Confession. We are not entitled, for example, to say that by "inspiration" we mean "no inspiration," and that therefore in affirming that all the books of the Bible are inspired by God, the Confession only affirms that there is no inspiration in the case. We must deal with the Confession just as we would deal with Paul, when he says that "All Scripture is *theopneustos*." As in the one case we go to our Greek Lexicons, the transcript of Greek usage, and seek to discover what "*theopneustos*" meant to Paul by ascertaining what it meant in contemporary speech; so in the other we must go to the contemporary usage to determine what the Confession meant to affirm when it affirmed that all Scripture is "given by inspiration of God." In other words we are to understand the Confession's assertion of inspiration for the Scriptures, in its sense of that word, not in any sense we have chosen to make ours; and in the absence of contrary definition in the Confession itself we are obliged to take as its sense of the word the common current sense at the time it was composed—the sense in which its framers used the word in their most careful speech.

(3.) It cannot be doubtful, however, to any one familiar with the theological literature of the first half of the seventeenth century, whether Lutheran or Reformed, whether Continental or British, whether Anglican or Puritan, what doctrine was conveyed in the speech of the time by the emphatic asseveration that all Scripture is "given by inspiration of God." This was especially the age of high doctrine on the subject. It would be difficult to believe that there was a single member of the Westminster Assembly who did not attach the sense of verbal, inerrant inspiration to this phraseology. Certainly no one of them has been pointed out who in his published writings betrays doubt as to the truth of this doctrine. All through their writings we find such passages as the following, which we choose at mere random in order to convey a general idea of the state of consciousness out of which these divines affirmed the inspiration of the Scriptures:

"I answer, Although the pen-man did not, the inditer, viz., the Holy Ghost did exactly know whose names were written in the book of life and whose were not. Now he it was that in the history of the Acts suggested and dedicated to his secretary both matter and words." (Arrowsmith, "*Armilla Catechetica*," p. 299.)

"In the undoubted word of God there can be no error." —(Featley, "*The Dippers Dipt*," London, 1660, p. 1.)

"It is certain that all Scripture is of *Divine Inspiration*, and that the *holy men of God spake as they were guided by the Holy Ghost*. . . . It transcribes the mind and heart of God. A true Saint seeth the *Name, Authority, Power, Wisdom and goodness of God* in every letter of it, and therefore cannot but take pleasure in it. It is an Epistle sent down to him from the God, of Heaven." "The Word of God hath God for its Author. . . . There is not a word in it but breathes out God, and is breathed out by God. It is (as Irenæus saith) *κανὼν τῆς πίστεως ἀλλοτρίως*, an invariable rule of Faith, an unerring and infallible guide to Heaven." "Therefore, let us bless God for the written Word, which is surer and safer (as to us) than an immediate Revelation. . . . For it is the same God that speaks by his written Word, and by a voice from Heaven. The difference is only in the outer clothing; and therefore if God's speaking by writing will not amend us, no more will God's speaking by a voice" (Calamy, "*The Godly Man's Ark*," Ed. 7, 1672, pp. 55, 80, 93.)

"If Solomon mistooke not (and how could he mistake in that, which the Spirit himself dictated unto him)" (C. Burges, "*Baptismal Regeneration of Elect Infants*," 1629, p. 277.)

"The Word of God written, is surer than that voyce which they heard in the Mount. . . . More sure is the Word written than that voyce of Revelation; not *ratione veritatis*, not in regard of the Truth uttered, for that Voyce was as true as any word in the Scripture; but more sure *ratione manifestationis*, more certain, settled, established." "Observe, keep, and hold fast the Letter of it; for though the Letter of the Scripture be not the Word alone, yet the Letter with the true sense and meaning of it, is the Word. . . . If ye destroy the Body, ye destroy the Man; so if ye destroy the Letter of the Scripture, you do destroy the Scripture; and if you deny the Letter, how is it possible that you should attain to the true sense thereof, when the sense lies wrapped up in the Letters, and the words thereof?" (William Bridge, "*Scripture Light the Most Sure Light*," 1656, pp. 1, 46.)

These passages we repeat are chosen at random; they might be multiplied without other limit than that imposed by the amount written by the Westminster men on the subject. And if we are to interpret their words in the Confession historically, we cannot do otherwise than say that they meant by the emphasis they lay on inspiration, to assert an all-pervasive divine character for Scripture as the product of inspiration, extending to the words and securing inerrancy. Thus only can we read their words in their sense.

(4.) But altho we could, as historical students, only interpret the expression in which the Westminster divines declare the inspiration of Scripture, in the sense which they certainly attached to the terms they used, we are not left merely to this line of investigation in order to determine their doctrine. They felt no need of formally defining the meaning of a term used by them only in one settled sense; but as they wrote out of a clearly conceived doctrine of inspiration, they have not failed so to express themselves throughout this chapter and the whole Confession, as not only to imply but to assert the high doctrine which they intended to inculcate. We thus learn not only from their private writings, but also from the face of the Confession itself, what doctrine they teach when they declare the books of the Bible to be one and all "given by inspiration of God." Let us note what they teach, from section to section, of the nature of inspiration, its mode and its effects.

(a) The Confession teaches that by their inspiration the Scriptures are made not only to contain but to be the *Word of God*. In I, ii, the alternative name of Holy Scripture is "the Word of God written." In I, iv, it is declared that Holy Scripture "is the Word of God"; in I, v, it is pointed out how it evidences itself "to be the Word of God." This phraseology pervades the whole document (cf. III, xiii; X, i, iv; XIII, i; XIV, i, ii; XVI, i; XX, ii; XXI, v, vi, vii; XXII, vii; XXIV, iv; XXX, ii; Shorter Catechism, Q. 2, 99; Larger Catechism, Q. 3, 4, 67, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, etc.) The Holy Scripture which is thus declared to be the Word of God, is defined to be itself "all the books of the Old and New Testament;" and cannot, therefore, be thought to be only selected passages in those books. It is called the "Word of God written" to distinguish it by its accidents from the spoken Word of God, as given to the prophets aforetime, in the sense of I, i, and as explained above in the citation from Calamy. Finally, when we read in the Shorter Catechism of "the Word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments," we are not reading of a distinction within the limits of the Scriptures between a word of God and a word not of God, as if it were only asserted that the former is to be found indeed within the Scriptures; but we are reading an anti-Romish and anti-Mystic declaration that the only Word of God that is recognized is that contained in the Scriptures. This, every one acquainted with the literature of the times will perceive at once; it may be sufficiently demonstrated for our present purpose by adducing the wording of the original catechism undertaken by the Assembly and set aside when it was determined to frame two catechisms instead of one. The answer there runs: "The only rule of faith and obedience is the written Word of God, contained in the Bible or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament." As simple historical students, we must admit that the Westminster Confession is committed to the position that the Bible not only contains but is the Word of God.

(b) Accordingly, we observe that the Confession explicitly teaches that the nature of inspiration is such as that thereby "*God (who is truth itself) becomes 'the author thereof'*." Nor is this conception of the divine authorship of Scripture a mere phrase with its writers—once used somewhat carelessly and forgotten; it is the exact expression of their innermost conviction as to the nature of inspiration as attributed to the written word. Accordingly, in I, x, they speak of the Scriptures as in such a sense God's word that, when we appeal to them, we are really appealing to the Holy Ghost who speaks in them. For that this clause does not mean merely that the Holy Ghost speaks somewhere in the Scripture, but that all Scripture is his speaking, is sufficiently plain from the expression itself and the known opinions of its authors, and is placed beyond doubt by the parallel phrase in XIV, ii. There we read that "a Christian believeth to be true, *whatsoever* is revealed in the word, for the authority of God himself speaking therein." According to which, God speaks *whatsoever* is in the word; and all

that stands written is true because, as our third section has it: "God (who is truth itself) is the author thereof." As simple historical students, then, we must hold that the Confession teaches that God is in such a sense the author of Scripture that he speaks all that stands written in it; and all that stands written in it is, therefore, true.

(c) According to this conception, of course, the Scriptures are thought of as themselves a revelation of God's will. And this, the Confession not only assumes but asserts and even proves. It repeatedly assumes and asserts it, not only in such phrases as occur in I, vi; III, viii; XXI, i; Larger Catechism, Q. 3, but also in such striking combinations as occur in Larger Catechism, Q. 157, or in XIV, ii, where we have "whatsoever is revealed in the word" placed in the immediate mouth of God. But apart from such assertions we have the whole matter logically developed in I, i, where we read of God, and not man, committing the whole will of God to writing, "which maketh the Holy Scripture to be most necessary; those former ways of God's revealing his will unto his people being now ceased." The context and sense confine "those former ways of God's revealing his will," to the supernatural revelations added in the goodness of God to the natural revelation of his goodness, wisdom and power; so that the Scriptures, committed to writing by God, are paralleled (in the term "former ways," implying that they are a "later way") with the open revelations of God through his prophets, as, not less than they, a revelation, and differing from them only as another way of revelation, viz., by the written rather than the spoken word. According to the Confession, therefore, the Scriptures are not merely the record of God's revelation, but are themselves God's revelation, by virtue of the fact that God has himself committed them to writing, i. e., by virtue of the fact that he is in such a sense their author as that they are his Word, and he speaks whatever stands written in them.

(d) This understanding of the matter implies, of course, that God is not only mediately but immediately concerned in the production of Scripture. And this again the Confession affirms in the ordinary locution, asserting in I, viii, that "The Old Testament in Hebrew . . . and the New Testament in Greek . . . are immediately inspired by God." What this phrase means we may learn as well as elsewhere from the Puritan writer, John Ball. He asks in his Greater Catechism (we quote from the tenth edition, 1656, p. 7) the following questions:

"Q. What is it to be immediately inspired? A. To be immediately inspired is to be as it were breathed, and to come from the Father by the Holy Ghost, without all means. Q. Were the Scriptures thus inspired? A. Thus the holy Scriptures in the Originals were inspired both for matter and words."

In the use of this term the Confession only repeats its assurance that God's committing Scripture to writing made him in the highest sense the author of it, and made it his revelation, direct and immediate.

(e) The effects of this immediate inspiration are partly assumed and partly drawn out at length. We have already noted that the Confession teaches that since the author of Scripture is God (who is truth itself), therefore a Christian believeth as true whatsoever is contained in this revelation (XIV, ii). We note as marks of the same point of view that it speaks of the Scripture as "infallibly true" (I, v, cf. I, ix); "divinely authoritative" (I, v); and "entirely perfect" (I, v); and requires us to rest "in its sentence" as against all decrees of councils, opinions of ancient writers, doctrines of men and private spirits (I, x).

But in this paper we have in mind to draw out more the doctrine of the nature than of the effects of inspiration, as taught by the Confession. And doubtless enough has been said to show that the Confession teaches precisely the doctrine which is taught in the private writings of its framers, which was also the general Protestant doctrine of the time, and not of that time only or of the Protestants only; for, despite the contrary assertion that has recently become tolerably current essentially this doctrine of inspiration has been the doctrine of the Church of all ages and of all names.

### SARAH—MRS. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

BY GEORGE S. BISHOP, D.D.

SANCTIFICATION may be taken in a broader or in a more limited sense.

In the broader sense of the word, Sanctification includes: 1, separation; 2, cleansing; 3, a new life. Every believer has these; he is separated unto God by faith—he is cleansed by the washing of the Blood of Jesus—he is born again and indwelt of the Holy Ghost. In this broader sense of the word, Sanctification is therefore the same as salvation. Every believer is, from the instant of trusting in Christ, eternally saved.

But there is another more limited sense of the word, in which the question is raised: "Now that I am saved, what shall I do with this my saved life? Is there nothing better for me, nothing richer, fuller than the commonplace experience of ordinary Christians? Is there no difference, for example, between Martha and Mary, between Obadiah and Elijah, between Abraham and Lot, between Paul caught up into the third heaven and Onesimus the runaway slave?"

There is a difference—real, palpable to others and conscious to the subject himself. There is an answer, plain, direct, affirmative, to this question. There is a contrast between the "upper room" where I am praying for power and Pentecost, when power has come down from on high.

There is a difference between being in the lower story of the Ark—down near the keel, a-swim with reptiles and with creeping things in the bilgewater of worldliness—and being in the upper story under the "window" and filled with the sunshine—the light and the joy and the glory of God.

In other words, there are lives which are saved, but so as by fire, which occupy themselves with wood and hay and stubble; and there are other lives which, on the same foundation, build up gold and silver, precious stones; which rejoice in hope of the glory of God and abound in all the riches of a full assurance.

There is a half life, a maimed life, an uncompleted life, like the thin rim of the crescent; and there is a life bright circled, rounded to the large effulgence of the full and silver moon.

Not a life of sinlessness—and yet a life which does not harbor conscious, willful acts of sin. A life confessing sin, yet dead to nature, and consciously abiding in God. A life in which God comes down into the soul—which is fellowship, joyous and uninterrupted communion—transcendent, rapturous at times, as if lost in the glory of God; a life which is simply but yet consciously "Christ in me the hope of glory."

I know that there is such a thing as this. I know it from the trance of Peter. I know it from Ezekiel's "Heavens opened." I know it from the rapture of St. Paul. I know it from the swoon of Daniel and the Patmos revelations of John.

I know it from the promise of our Saviour, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" I know it from his word to Christianity grown lukewarm—to self complacent Laodicea, "If any man open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me." I know it from the mighty rushing wind of Pentecost and cloven tongues of fire.

I know it from the lives of modern saints like this one who, by her holy walking, was brought near to God—as near, perhaps, as any mortal ever was who was not actually taken, in the body, from our earth to Heaven.

Miss Sarah Pierrepont was born in New Haven on the 9th day of January, 1710. Her father, the Rev. James Pierrepont, was one of the principal founders of Yale College; well known in all the churches of New England for his distinguished talents and his ardent piety.

The little Sarah grew up in circumstances of wealth and refinement, enjoying all the culture of a circle which combined the excellences of the European with the elasticity and freshness of Colonial life.

From her earliest years she wore the charm of lovely holiness. Even at five years of age she exhibited to a wonderful degree the life and the power of religion, and afterward confirmed the hopes of all her friends by the uniform and increasing excellence of her character.

So she grew up, and, having passed her seventeenth year, was united in marriage to that greatest of American divines, the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. She was at that time a young lady of surpassing beauty—her mind of a superior order and her feelings so warm and animated that they might have been regarded as enthusiastic had they not been under the control of maiden modesty and rare discretion. I speak of this last feature in the character of Mrs. Edwards to show that she was anything but a prim and cold blooded puritan.

The care of a great parish like that of Northampton, then as now a most considerable center in New England, was a severe test of the real qualities of a young girl not out of her teens, but trusting firmly in the arm of God she bore it nobly. Of the household of her husband—always an intense student—she took the entire superintendence. It is said that he knew nothing of what came into or went out of the house; that he did not even know his own cows. On his celestial observatory he remained fixed, undisturbed.

The life was, no doubt, a great discipline for one so young; but she early learned, like Madam Guyon, the prayer of silence, of recollection; i. e., to see God in all things and carry all things to God.

Fixed at the center, resting in the will of God, no disturbance at the circumference of such a life could unhinge it—more and more it withdrew into God and sank into God.

A few years after her marriage, in 1734, began the first of those tremendous revivals which, under her husband's preaching, shook not only their own town but all the Connecticut Valley, including the western part of New England. At that time the soul of Mrs. Edwards was so lifted as to affect all her bodily powers. For years succeeding the heavenly delights and unspeakable joys of her soul were such that Nature would often sink beneath the weight of the divine disclosures; her strength would be so taken away that she would fall as if in a swoon, her hands clenched and her flesh cold, and yet all her senses in their perfect exercise; her spirit swimming, as it were, upon a sea of blessedness, and ever and anon her soul so filled with a kind of omnipotent joy as to cause her to spring from the bed

or the chair where she was, up into the air, as if drawn bodily toward God and Heaven.

In the summer of 1741, after a new and more perfect dedication of herself to God, with greater fervency than ever, her views of the glory of God and of the excellency of Christ became still more clear and transporting, and in the following winter, after a similar but more entire resignation of herself and acceptance of God as the only portion and happiness of her soul, God shed upon her a degree of spiritual light and joy which seemed to be indeed a participation beforehand of the realities of Heaven.

So extraordinary and so striking was this state of mind that her husband requested her to write out a description of it, from which, space allows but one extract. She says:

"The night of Tuesday, January 28th, was the sweetest night of my life—I never before for so long a time together enjoyed so much of the light and rest, and sweetness of heaven in my soul, but without the least agitation of my body during the whole time. The greater part of the night I lay awake, sometimes asleep and sometimes between sleeping and waking. But all night I continued in a constant, clear and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ's excellent transcendent love—of his nearness to me and my dearness to him, with an inexpressibly sweet calmness of soul in an entire rest in him. I seemed to myself to perceive a glow of Divine love come down from the heart of Christ in Heaven into my heart, in a constant stream, like a stream or pencil of sweet light. At the same time my heart and soul all flowed out in love to Christ; so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and reflowing of heavenly and divine love from Christ's heart into mine, and I appeared to myself to float or swim in these bright sweet beams of the love of Christ like the motes swimming in the beams of the sun, or the streams of light which come in at the window. My soul remained in a kind of heavenly elysium. So far as I am capable of making a comparison, I think that what I felt each minute during the continuance of the whole time, was worth more than all the outward comfort and pleasure which I had enjoyed in my whole life put together. It was a pure delight which fed and satisfied the soul. It was pleasure without the sting of any interruption. It was a sweetness which my soul was lost in. It seemed to be all that my feeble frame could sustain of that fullness of joy which is felt by those who behold the face of Christ and share his love in the heavenly world. There was but little difference whether I was asleep or awake, so deep was the impression on my soul; but if there was any difference, the sweetness was greatest and most uninterrupted while I was sleeping. I knew," she adds, "that the foretaste of glory which I then had in my soul, came from God, and that I should certainly go to him, and should, as it were, drop into the Divine Being and be swallowed up in God."

Four things remain to be said about this experience:

1. It is a fact historic; well known at the time and which has not been called into question for 150 years.
2. It is attested and indorsed by Edwards himself, one of the calmest and coolest thinkers who ever lived, and who says:

"If these things are enthusiasm and the offspring of a distempered brain, let my brain be forevermore possessed of that happy distemper; and what notions shall we have of religion if these things be not true religion?"

3. This experience lay at the base of that great religious upheaval and awakening of the last century which affects this country yet. It was not more Edwards's sanctified brain than it was his wife's holy heart that promoted it. Sarah was the soul of his work.

4. It was a tremendous power and flow for conviction and conversion all around her. And that is what we want in these days—not pumped up energy, but life unconscious, spontaneous.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

### SOCIALISM AND THE GENERAL WELFARE.\*

XI.

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ANOTHER service which socialism has rendered is this: It has helped to concentrate attention upon the question, How can the public welfare be promoted? Not how can A, B, C and D be lifted out of one industrial class into a higher, but how can their life in the various industrial classes to which they belong be rendered a richer and fuller life, a more wholesome life? Socialism is teaching men to look at questions and measures from the standpoint of the general welfare, and not from the standpoint of individual gain. Even upon its most bitter opponents it has often had this effect, and in this respect, as in some others, it may be said that the indirect effects of socialism have been better than its immediate consequences.

It seems to me that the service which socialism has rendered in teaching us to look at questions of public policy from a public rather than an individual standpoint, is one of the highest order, precisely because individual and general interests are so frequently not harmonious but diverse. That which benefits the individual by no means always benefits the public, and it is essential that the public interests should have advocates. The individual looks out for his individual gains, but the millions who may be affected by his special privi-

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