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A D D R E S S E S O N N O T A B L E O C C A S I O N S

By

BISHOP CHARLES H. FOWLER

With an Introduction

By

R. J. COOKE, D. D.,

Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON AND MAINS

1908
F. E. ?

1908

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ABRIDGED
EDITION
OF
THE
HISTORY OF THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
BY
JENNINGS AND GRAHAM

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INTRODUCTION.

TO THE last word said or the last thing done by one whose memory we revere, there is attached for us ever after a peculiar and indefinable interest. In solemn detachment it stands alone, sacred, impressive, silently expressing to heart and mind the final thought or deed of him who has passed into that life where "above these voices there is peace."

The papers and addresses by Bishop Fowler contained in this volume possess such interest. Mortally stricken, and knowing that the end was near, he began to put his house in order, and among the chief things which engaged his attention to within a few days of his death was the revision and arrangement of these papers. They are printed just as he left them. We would have arranged them differently; arranged them in an order corresponding to his development, for each address indicates the high reaches he attained

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at that time in his intellectual growth and spiritual outlook. Dante, awaking in a dark forest, saw far above him a hill on which the sun was shining, and, attempting to climb it, failed. Bishop Fowler was always climbing, and when he died he fell asleep on the slopes of the Delectable Mountains which Bunyan also saw from afar. It is not permissible, however, for us to change the final form he gave this volume, and these addresses, which so mightily stirred vast multitudes, quickened the Church, and contributed in so many ways to the expansion of the Redeemer's Kingdom, are presented to the Christian public just as he left them on the day of his departure.

Charles Henry Fowler was born in Ontario, Canada, August, 1837. His early life was spent on a farm. In 1859 he graduated from Genesee College, at Lima, N. Y., at the head of his class, and delivered the valedictory address. During his college days, inspired by the love of his mother and an eager desire for knowledge, he was noted for his proficiency and gave ample evidence, both of his

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intellectual ability and of his magnetic power as a public speaker. It is not surprising, therefore, that, possessing such gifts, he should be drawn to the study of law, but the Spirit which had once spoken to him in conversion spoke again, and now, thoroughly convinced that he should enter the Christian ministry, the possible lawyer abandoned all thoughts of the legal profession and entered Garrett Biblical Institute, from which institution he graduated in 1861, with distinguished honor.

For the twelve years succeeding this event Dr. Fowler served as pastor of important Churches in the city of Chicago. In 1872 he was elected President of the Northwestern University. In his excellent "Life of Gladstone" Justin McCarthy says: "Nobody can possibly be called a statesman who starts in life with a pack of political nostrums which he proposes to apply inveterately to the cure of every constitutional malady in the State." And this observation is just as true with respect to men who are called to administer the affairs of the Church. A mind like that

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of Dr. Fowler's, however, open to all points of the compass, could not but feel the need of a radical change in the academic atmosphere of the institution to which he was called. He was what Emerson would call a perpetual force. Built on a large scale, he was ever seeing large things. The college of which he became President was too small; its scope and intellectual sympathies too narrow—and forthwith he began its enlargement and its future.

In 1872 Dr. Fowler, then thirty-five years of age, was elected to the General Conference and was nominated for the editorship of the *Christian Advocate*, of which Dr. Daniel Curry was then the incumbent. Dr. Curry was re-elected, but four years later, at the General Conference in Baltimore, Charles H. Fowler was elected editor of that influential journal on the first ballot. In 1880 he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, a providential election for the Society, which at that time demanded a leader who combined in himself business

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capacity of high order and the power to arouse the enthusiasm of the Church. In 1872 Dr. Fowler received eighty-four votes for the episcopacy; and in 1880 he was again prominently mentioned for the same office, but was not elected. No strong force ever operates without strong opposition. During these years, however, he was becoming more widely known. The whole Church had come to recognize his worth and fitness, and in 1884 he was elected to the episcopal office, where he found ample scope for his pre-eminent abilities, both as a preacher of the Word and an administrator in the Church of God. But "it is appointed unto all men once to die," and after twenty-four years of laborious service as a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and after long, weary years of ever-losing struggle with death, he finished his earthly course in the triumph of faith, March 20, 1908, comforted by the loving ministry of his devoted wife and only son.

In a character-sketch of the departed Bishop in the *Christian Advocate* of March

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26, 1908, the editor, Dr. James M. Buckley, wrote: "If great force, imagination, mathematical power, memory, will-power, friendship, and great deeds make a great man, Bishop Fowler must be adjudged a place among the number who rise high above the mass of mankind." Bishop Fowler was not only a great force, he was an arsenal of forces. His mathematical power to recite whole tables of logarithms as easily as one might the multiplication table; his vivid imagination, on which as on eagles' wings his congregations often rose; his keen logic, his power to will, the utter lack of which is such a plaintive cry in the *Journal Intime* of Amiel, the warmth of his friendship, the tenderness of his spirit, and, above all, his mighty faith in the reality of God, each was in itself a radiating energy, and they all suggest the number and rare combinations of the intellectual and moral potencies which found expression in the life of this extraordinary man.

In any public calling Bishop Fowler would

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have been a conspicuous figure. But as Dr. Charles J. Little, President of Garrett Biblical Institute, said in his memoir of the Bishop at the recent General Conference in Baltimore, "the pulpit and the platform were the places of his power." The addresses contained in this volume will justify that observation as regards his unsurpassed ability as a platform speaker, and the volume of sermons which is yet to be published will sustain the conclusion as regards his power as a preacher, although we shall miss the flash of his eye, and the music of his voice is forever gone. These addresses will also show that the secret of his power was not, after all, in his splendid eloquence, nor in his intellectual strength, nor in his virile personality, nor in his world-wide scope of thought and experience, but in his all-dominating conviction of the reality of God and his faith in the revelation of Him in Christ Jesus, the world's Redeemer. Without such belief, which was not with him mere intellectual hospitality to a philosophical conception, but a profound

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feeling, Bishop Fowler could never have been the man he was.

Some men may be able, perhaps, to shuffle along through life without any particular thought of God, and even brilliant genius, as in the case of Shelley and, for a while, Romanes, may successfully assert its unbelief, but to Bishop Fowler belief in God was a necessity. Hence, it is not strange that he saw God everywhere, saw Him in all world-movements, and with prophetic glance mapped out the probable purposes of God in human history. In all literature possibly there is not a more thought-halting sentence than that of John Henry Newman's in his *Apologia*, where, having declared his belief in the existence of God and yet having expressed doubt as to the evidence in the world of that existence, he says: "If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living world and see no reflection of its Creator." To Bishop Fowler the whole

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world, notwithstanding its discords, and human history, in spite of its sinfulness, was filled with the presence of God, who, back of all Ministerial Cabinets and Parliaments, Revolutions and Programs of Progress, is working out his sovereign will, the redemption of the race in Jesus Christ, and the establishment on earth of the Kingdom of God. This belief underlies all his addresses, this faith inspired his eloquence, and it is therefore with intelligent interest that we may turn these pages, for in this volume "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "R. J. Cooke". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

PROBLEMS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Delivered on the thirty-eighth anniversary of the San
Francisco Young Men's Christian Associa-
tion, Sunday, January 25, 1891.

PROBLEMS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

‘But can ye not discern the Signs of the Times?’

—*Matt. xvi, 3.*

LIKE a belated traveler tarrying in an inn for a time, the Nineteenth Century tarryes in this decade on its journey into history. The Twentieth Century is at the door. We must go forth to meet it. When a royal guest is expected with greetings and gifts, everything is put in order for his proper reception. Roads are repaired, bridges are built, palaces are perfected; everything that wealth can command and genius conceive and art prepare is made ready, that the distinguished visitor may be honored, and that his visit may bless both lands. So it becomes us to treat the coming century, which towers above all preceding centuries, and brings blessings which all past ages have toiled to prepare.

The supreme scientific idea of this age, by which this age will be distinguished in the history of thought, is *Evolution*; not in its distorted and exaggerated form as a **Deicide**,

but in its Theistic form, having a divine initial impulse to help it up the ascending types of life, such an evolution as can be traced in the luminous teachings of Agassiz. This great order of nature holds over the unfolding of human history. The ages behind us have been perfecting the types of our life and maturing results which shall soon greet us with their song and gladness. We start forth, then, with new environments, in the midst of unprecedented advantage, surrounded and served, like the royal heirs "of all the ages," with vast, multiplied and obedient energies, forces and powers. The race never undertook the work of a new century with such allies and prophecies.

REVIEW OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We need but a hurried glance at the *Uplift of the Nineteenth Century*. Physical and social conditions a hundred years ago, taken as the standard, would compel the classification of their most civilized communities or groups of population, as of a lower order. The oyster is lower than the bird; it lacks the higher modes of locomotion. The serf is lower than the freeman; he is fast to the soil; circumscribed by his *habitat*. In the

beginning of this century, unpaved and unkept roads delayed much of the year, even in England, the tardy, infrequent and creeping coach. Mounted guards splashed and scrambled over the treacherous turnpikes; but few, and they the wealthy, ventured away from home. To visit another county, made a traveler as famous as the circuit of the globe does to-day. The poor walked, strangers were enemies, and dogs were set on a wanderer from another town. Dim, smoking oil-lamps lighted our great cities, heaps of garbage blockaded the sewerless streets, and accumulated filth perpetuated fever, plagues, and pestilence.

Wages were low. After Waterloo a stout Saxon could earn 4s. 6d. per week, when he could find work. Children six years old were worked sixteen hours a day in the mines. English women clambered up unsafe stairs and ladders on all fours, with excessive burdens of coal on their backs. Food was most costly; a little meal once a week was a luxury; meat—never. The law forbade the cutting of bread till it was twenty-four hours old, in order not to make crumbs. This tatter which we call society, this remnant which we call humanity, was pursued by the tax-gatherer as

a starving coyote is pursued by a hungry Sioux warrior over the deserts of Arizona. Five-eighths of the products of labor were taken by law before the unjust exactions of power began the search for booty. Newspapers were taxed 4d. (equal to 8 cents), equal to eighty cents in our times. Salt was taxed forty times its value. The government collected a revenue equal to £6 (equal to \$30), per inhabitant, equal to about \$300 in these times. Not long before this, weaving of calico was prevented by statute, and the weaving of cotton goods was punished with imprisonment.

This century began with nearly all the Christian nations engaged in war. War is the golden opportunity of crime. Sometimes "Liberty gets on in a powder cart," yet the Christian graces find little room there. When stealing and murder are virtues, the ordinary virtues do not thrive. The fierce passions and lower appetites usurp authority, and society becomes coarse and cruel, bloody and brutal. The long wars that preceded and rushed well up the first quarter of this century left the *temper of the people fierce and vindictive.*

In refined society guests were expected to drink to heavy drunkenness. Neither host

nor guest had showed proper respect to hospitality unless they rolled together under the table. The few Bibles offered for sale at high prices were crowded on the same shelves with obscene books, illustrated with most obscene pictures, which books were the delight of mixed gatherings of elegant society. Profanity was nearly as universal, if not as constant, as breathing. Chaplains swore at the sailors to make them attentive to divine service. Great orators swore for emphasis. Erskine, the model of his age, swore at the bar. Judges swore on the bench. Lord Thurlow spiced his opinions with oaths. Such courts could easily be bloody. The Georges added one hundred and fifty-seven new capital offenses to the calendar, and sent two hundred and twenty-three capital crimes to the jurists and statesmen of this century. In that cruel time, if a poor man stole five shillings' worth, even to secure food for his starving children, he was hanged. If a peasant shot a rabbit he was hanged, sometimes before his family could eat the game. Jailors bought the privilege of robbing the prisoners. At Northampton it cost £40 per year. In the days of Henry VIII sturdy beggars were flogged for the "first asking," had their ears bored for the

second, and their necks stretched for the third. Charles Wesley writes: "Have just attended a company of twenty men who were hung. Think most of them were prepared. There are to be twenty more next week." In the first decade of this century a mob jeered at the body of Lord Castlereagh, and another mob bombarded with dead cats the coffin of Lord Chancellor Clare. Trial by combat was practiced in England as late as 1827. Surely we are coming out of a dark and bloody century. When I saw in Stockholm that wonderful work of sculpture showing the Tolke-knife fight, wherein two nude men, bound closely together by ropes around their waists, and armed with a short stout knife, fought to the finish, and then remembered that in those heroic days of Sweden wives accompanied their husbands to social gatherings, and, because their fights were so frequent, carried their husbands' shrouds with them, then I thought that that was a rugged and bloody time. But the records of our English sires in the first of this century are not much better.

The great societies called *nations* were all in the iron grip of despotism. England alone had a stable charter to her liberties, but

this was chiefly on parchment. What the government granted by wholesale in the charter, extorted by patriots and heroes, was pilfered away in piecemeal by rotten boroughs and unscrupulous bribery. Two-thirds of the House of Commons were appointed by peers or nobles. The Duke of Norfolk owned eleven members. Seventy members were returned by thirty-five places where there were hardly as many voters. Three hundred members were returned to the House of Commons by one hundred and sixty persons, while Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester were unrepresented. Julius Cæsar awes us by the magnificence of his schemes, when, in the open market, he pays \$2,700,000 for a single vote. That vote makes him Consul and gives him the provinces to rob. But George III inspires our pity when, eighteen hundred years later, he publicly dickers for seats and votes to maintain his petty policies. But with the exception of the infant republic in America, founded on a compromise with slavery—a government which could not be classed above a doubtful and untested experiment—this rotten-boroughed England was the only constitutional government known among men. All the rest of the world was under the abso-

lutism of despots. Rulers taxed, robbed, conscripted, butchered, imprisoned, executed their subjects according to their caprices.

Over most of Europe no man could pray without the consent of the Pope. Not long ago the thumb-screw and the wheel and the iron virgin were the conservators of public morals, and the Inquisition kept the public conscience. We are startled when we remember that these fierce times for nations and desperate times for liberties, times of slow coaches, bad roads, dark cities, filthy streets, pestilent homes, sparse food, vulgar habits and brutal purposes, cruel laws and bloody administrations,—that these times of accumulated horrors were in the full tide of their power and malice in the memory of men still living and active. A single human life has pontooned this gulf between them and us.

Over this chasm the race has *struggled on at the hardest*. Poverty, ignorance, despotism, oppression, persecution, bigotry, the fierce and yelping litter of Perdition, have not retired from the control of human affairs voluntarily. They have disputed every inch of the field. They have gone because they must. They have met a foe too great for them. They have retreated before that awakened

something which we call the human mind. In this presence they are as powerless as the hosts of Sennacherib before the awakened wrath of Almighty God. The awakened mind has kinship with God. It can not be captured or crushed by the forces of evil against its will. It is as unapproachable as the sun and imperishable as the throne of the Almighty. You may come with the forces of despotism and assail the homes of awakened mind and "rob to the last vault, burn to the last hearth, desecrate to the last altar, and desolate to the last hamlet, and you have done nothing." There will still remain the human mind, the force writing all books and fighting all battles, planting all republics and founding all civilizations. This awakened thought has produced the great uplift of this nineteenth century.

MIGHTY ADVANCING STRIDES.

See with what mighty strides it is marching down through these years. It is most difficult to even count the marvelous strides. Watt and Fulton have turned all the currents in all rivers to run according to the wish of every pilot, and have bidden ocean's tempests and angry waves be still, while the peaceful

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

argosies of commerce float safely into all the harbors of the world. Hargraves and Whitney have gone into the almost worthless cotton field, covered with the unmelting snow of the tropics, and at one gesture with their enchanted wand all the marts, all the homes of the earth, are blessed with raiment from king's palaces. The great deposits of coal, the vast stores of the condensed sunbeams of millions of ages, catch the inspiration of human thought, and now they lift themselves to the surface above the mines, and, harnessed by inventive genius, they make one ounce pull a ton to the distant market, and send the weary women and haggard little children away to quiet homes. Franklin and Morse have made the lightning our newsboy, who brings to our table every morning fresh greetings from every family on earth.

There are now no foreign lands. The dogs no longer have strangers to worry. We sit down with remotest peoples and chat over our morning meal and visit in our evening leisure. We are one neighborhood, one family, all the world over; so much one family that famine hunts in vain for an entrance into our circle. Want anywhere is filled by the world's fullness. Hungry Ire-

land eats the wheat of California and the meat of the Argentine Republic. In central Missouri, the center of the valley of the Mississippi, I have eaten Scotch potatoes, and in Pekin and Constantinople Norwegian butter. So much are all lands flowing together that want can make a vacuum no more than you can dig a hole in the sea. The world's fullness rushes in to fill it. There are more comforts in the poor man's cottage than there were in the palace of good King Arthur, and the dinner of the day laborer has luxuries from more lands and climes than great Cæsar ever saw.

THIS UPLIFT HAS REACHED THE GREAT NATIONS AND GOVERNMENTS.

It began with the old Napoleon, who came, as Carlyle said, on a "Providential errand, to teach Europe that the tools belong to those who can use them." His code taught equality. His victories begat contempt for princes. He suggested unity for Germany and the consolidation of Italy. He gave constitutions to Spain, Westphalia, and Naples. He broke the charm that sanctioned the temporal power of the Pope. He trampled down the privileges of Feudalism. Though he was a practical despot, he scattered the seeds of

liberty over Europe, and made France the Continental Mother of Constitutional Governments. He gave Spain a Constitution, but he held her in his iron grip till all her South American possessions burst from her paralyzed hand and sprang into republics.

The first efforts of Europe were beaten back by military powers after Waterloo. A French Bourbon crushed liberty in Spain, an Austrian Bourbon trampled it down in Italy. Prussia over-rode the German States. Russia devoured Poland and subdued Hungary. Yet the uplift of the peoples was insured. In the last thirty years all Europe has become constitutional. Prussia has an authority above Bismarck and above William II. Austria, staggering from Magenta and Solferino, purchased loyalty by a constitution. The republic of Sardinia and the battle of Sadowa gave Italy unity and liberty. Spain dismissed her queen and seated the new king on a constitution. France sits a free maiden, rejoicing in her beauty and liberty, and Great Britain—I like to say Great Britain—has purged her governments from prerogatives offensive to the people. Civil and religious liberty walk over Europe as if they owned every inch of it. The cells of the Inquisition are sealed, and

Leo XIII, relieved of temporal power, with a princely salary from the Italian government, poses on the steps of St. Peter's as a prisoner.

In one short lifetime men have sprung from being the toy for the amusement of princes, and tools for the use of kings, to the front rank of power. The common man plows his field and plays with his babe, not because the king or president graciously permits him to do so, but because that is his own wish, because he has a mind to. And the king or president sits on his throne or chair of state, not because of any fiction of a Divine right, but because the common man wants him to sit there, because the common man thinks such a scheme best for the present times.

We have leaped, in this one century, from a race of princes, on the one hand, and, on the other, materials for the use of governments—food for powder—to the Brotherhood of Man. All the great industries grow in all congenial soils. Every civilization borrows from every other. Primarily we receive our calico printing from India, our silk and glass from Italy, our paper and cotton printing and some silk-weaving from France, our potteries and cloth-dyeing and windmills from the

Dutch, our linen-weaving from Tuscany, and our ship-building from the Genoese and the Danes, with now and then a monitor thrown in at a critical moment. We receive our pride and impudence, and pluck and patrimony, and our swing of conquest, from Mother England. We pay them all back in wheat, and beef, and pork, and gold, and globe-trotters, and sturdy love of liberty, and generous definitions of our rights, and manly courage to defend them.

We have leaped forward into most marvelous, almost millennial times. We now have rich and rare nutriments for our bodies, remedies and nursing for our diseases, sympathies and fellowships for our sorrows, safe and enjoyable gatherings for our sociabilities, and for our citizens open doors and open paths from the poor man's cabin to the palaces of wealth and power, open seas and open lands through every zone and under all stars.

For our minds we have such facts and feats as beckoned to scholars never before. We send the living voice to our friends a thousand miles as easily as our mother's voice spanned the nursery of childhood. We speak round the globe, and catch the click and clatter of the copper hoofs of the returning light-

ning, before our breath that uttered the word has faded on the frosty air. More than this, we now call back the voices of the dead and hear from our cunning machine the same accents that charmed us before the loved bodies crumbled back to dust. We have stretched our measuring-tape along the diameter of the known universe so far that it would take our fastest express train, running a mile a minute, twenty-four hours a day, without stopping or resting, on and on, one hundred and fifty trillions of centuries, to pass the length of that tape-line. We sweep round after yonder planets in their wide orbits, with such careful and certain step that we can tell, centuries in advance, the time of the crossing a given line within the twentieth part of a second. We can measure distances down to the millionth of an inch, and with the spectroscope catch and analyze the materials that melted on distant stars thirty thousand years ago. We can almost smell the steaks the demi-gods cooked in those distant spheres three hundred centuries since.

It is impossible to look from the poverty, want, narrowness, coarseness, slowness, brutality, of the first quarter of this last century, to the light, and speed, and swift mails, and

cheap postage, and sulphur matches, and elevators, and multiplied newspapers, and telegraphs, and telephones, and steam presses, and ocean greyhounds, and vast Bible societies, and unbounded missionary societies, and countless organized charities, and common schools, and uncommon colleges, and most uncommon universities, and vast fortunes, and great armies of millionaires, and unprecedented comforts for the common people, and unexampled luxuries for the rich; it is impossible to sweep up this uplift of this century and not feel that we are being propelled up and out into the twentieth century with agencies, and appliances, and forces, and opportunities, and responsibilities, such as never environed the race before. Running down the line of these accumulating, accelerating forces of this century, on to the spring-board of the present achievements, it is most difficult to tell to what point we will leap in the twentieth century, to forecast what the twentieth century will bring forth. Geometrical ratios are required for this problem. This much must be evident, that the old methods and plans can not be revived and continued. The wooden frigate must go into dry-dock and leave the seas open to steel cruisers. We

are in a new age, with new conditions and gigantic energies. We must think, and plan, and give, in keeping with our time.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT MUST
REMAIN.

Some people fancy that in the pressure of modern activity and of modified agencies, we shall shed all the claims and means of the gospel; that the Old Testament with its decalogue, and the New Testament with its atonement, must yield to the speed of this age, and leave men to assimilate from the common atmosphere whatever suits them—that a literary club or amusement circle will supersede the regularity and sacrifices of the Church—that a good-natured humanitarian socialism that depends upon good digestion will meet all the requirements of the coming time. But in all this the calculations and conclusions are confined only to a few appearances. It is like sailing a ship on the foam from its own prow. There must remain the great depth of the living, restless, untamed sea, and the resistless blows of the propeller. The foam is an incident of the friction. Our speed must not deceive us. It seems almost a mean thing for these clubs to pilfer from the common

atmosphere the vitality and fragrance of the gospel, use them under the protecting shield of Christian obligation for selfish and rebellious purposes through a whole lifetime by the patient mercy of their authors, and then flatly deny the debt.

SOME THINGS MUST REMAIN.

We may be sure of this, that as Nature contains all that our bodies can require or profit by in this life, provided we only have the patience and skill to find and appropriate it, so the gospel contains the supply of every spiritual want, provided only we have the patience to study and appropriate it. The gospel itself, the Good News, Peace on Earth and Good Will toward men, must abide as long as there is a man needing Good Will and the Peace of God. The human heart is about the same in all ages, needing the same *cure for its deep malady, sin*. Whatever else fails, this foundation of all religions, the need of a remedy for sin, will remain. Any system of religion that omits or makes light of sin, can not suit our case. The blind man scaling the divide, following a dangerous trail, has one supreme want, a guide. Flowers will not satisfy him. Music is not enough. Invisible

scenery of the rarest beauty will not suffice. He must have a guide; without this nothing avails. Flowers but deck his way to death; music only allures him to destruction; scenery but mocks his helplessness; cost what it may, he must have a guide. So humanity must have some cure for sin. No system has helped and long held humanity, without this. We can count on this as permanent in spite of all possible changes of methods and machinery.

We can also count upon the *authority of the Bible as the Book of God*. Reduced to the level of mere human productions, it will lose its hold upon man and society. Philosophy is only shifting sand. No scholar follows the dictum of any other. It is every man for his own judgment. Then there would be no standard, no authority, no supreme court of final appeal. A religion without an authoritative Word would be no better than a religion without a God. Such is the constitution of the human mind that it must find some being towering above the level plane of its finite capacities. And it must have the dictum of such a Being to guide its wanderings in the untried beyond. The issues even between the priest and the sexton, between the philosopher and the porter, between the sci-

entist and his scullion, would be irreconcilable in questions of destiny, were there no supreme authority above all, saying: "Thus saith the Lord." While mortals journey over the sea of probation, this divine Book will be their chart.

This book has been much assailed. Every weapon known to man has been used against it. Persecution has kindled its fires on almost every page. Everywhere through it you can see where stakes have been driven and fagots lighted. Bigotry has even broken the tablets of the Decalogue for weapons with which to wound it. For almost every verse some heroic soul has dared to die. Every new science has snapped at it. As the offspring of the bloodhound, before its eyes are open, may announce its advent into the world by snapping at its mother, and later, with open eyes follow her in filial obedience, so a new science is wont to make known its existence by snarling and snapping at this Word; yet when its eyes are open and its vision is clarified, then it always follows gladly and renders valuable and filial service.

Go down to the harbor yonder. There is the *City of Peking*, a stately ocean craft. Go on board of her. She carries a respectable

little city, and embodies the practical knowledge of a whole civilization. Her head is set out for the Golden Gate. She means to pass that, and pass the Great Sea, and go to the docks of populous Asia. But down here at the wharf, while she lingers in the quiet waters by the pier, a little barnacle, without known use or comeliness, attaches to the *Peking* and sticks fast. That is all it does, to stick and hinder a little. The great steamer pushes out through the Gate yonder, and plows through the sea for days, till by and by she comes up to the dock in Hong Kong, with her great cargo of wealth and life. She has borne the products of a great civilization to the shores of heathenism. She has transported the teachers of the living God into the bosom of paganism. She has done something. She has a right to unfurl a Christian flag above her decks. But there, too, under the water, in the filth by a heathen dock, is the barnacle, and it says: "See me. I have navigated the great sea—crossed the great Pacific. All this talk about the *Peking* and its power is vain boasting." Here is this stately old Book of God, freighted with life and immortality, navigating the sea of the centuries, carrying peaceful men, gentle women, happy

children, all that is dear to the race. She makes safe landing on our shores, and discharges into our bosoms the peace and joys of this life and the hopes and glory of the life to come. Surely she has a right to float the radiant banner of King Immanuel. But down there, fast to her keel, hindering her speed and trying to scuttle her, is the poor skeptic, saying: "See me. I have made this great voyage. The Bible has not done more." Brothers, be not deceived. This old Book, with divine authority, will remain. About once in a generation thoughtful men go down and knock off the barnacles, and find that she is always seaworthy and able to sail swifter than ever. With God's cure for sin, and with divine authority in the Book of God, we can sail over any sea and into any storm, without the slightest peril or fear. Narrower creeds may be changed for wider ones, slower methods for swifter ones, the tithing of mint and anise and cummin may be concealed by the weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy; yet we shall take up the work before us with larger success than in the past. We can take up the twentieth century with the full assurance of faith.

MANY PROBLEMS.

It is impossible to stand here this day with the accumulated forces of the past about us, and not see much that is demanded of us. We are *confronted by a multitude of problems*. They stand before us with grim faces and knotted features. They block the way into the future. They must be met and answered. Look at them. Some of these problems we can only catalogue and briefly touch.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The intense and ever waxing contest between labor and capital towers above us. With its swinging weapons it casts shadowy interrogation marks upon the sky which make fair-minded men meditate. We cry out, "Commune!" and conjure up the cruel and brutal scenes in Paris from the days of Robespierre to the fall of Louis Napoleon. We repeat the misnomer of the Russian authorities, "Nihilist!" and find ourselves bracing in our minds against a mob of maniacs who have declared war against order, and law, and religion, and morals, and all the established rights of men. Clothing our fears in these fearful uniforms, we resort to the

means that insure only failure; viz., deceiving ourselves and multiplying our enemies. Stripped of all these opprobrious epithets, and calmly clothed upon with the facts, the strife between labor and capital is a real strife, with real rights and forces on both sides.

Here is a great multitude of fairly educated men, well read in their several departments of industry, engaged in enterprises too vast for a single hand. They are caught up by that immense machine called a corporation. They are pushed back to do some particular part of the work. They find themselves polishing a pin-head, or threading a screw, or balancing a wheel, or cutting a cog; that is all. All put together, the work of all secures a complete result. That result is not theirs. It belongs to some one else; to the corporation; to the man controlling the corporation. Their wages are small, enough to keep life and furnish a few cheap papers that discuss their wrongs. They do not see why they should work ten hours, live on coarse fare, wear rough clothing, have no vacation for themselves, no fair chance for their children, no adornments for their homes, no carriages for their families, no outlook of little journeys; have nothing but drudgery and nar-

rowness, and almost want. They have as much brain, themselves being judges, and as much manhood, and as high honor, and as much domestic loyalty, as have the men who, by some turn of fortune, secure all the great salaries, all the multiplied comforts, and all the leisure. These men, in their one-sided way, look thus at life, and they must ask, Why? They must wonder if it must always be so with them and with their children. Wondering, they think. Thinking, they talk. Talking, they become excited and decided, and we confront the uprising of Labor demanding in some awakened way, yet demanding a fair chance, a new divide. No matter that a divide would only aggravate their need in a few weeks. No matter that all strikes always hurt the strikers. There they stand, filling the highway into the future. There is no going round them. There is no cutting a canal back of this Vicksburg with some labor-saving machine. There they stand. It is not possible to legislate them out of existence without first removing their ground of complaint, if they have any. You might as well legislate on the thermometer. There they are, and we must in some way let the light into their darkness.

There is room enough on the earth for all

of us, with proper surveys. But if one now has property larger in value than four States, and another owns the equivalent of three more, and then a few hundred seize upon a large per cent of what is left, that survey does not leave room enough for the rest of the people. Crowded on the remnant of the island they are sure to crowd somebody. Then the few must have help to keep what they have. The republic can not help them. For a government of the people and by the people must be *for* the people, not against the people. Then the few must yield or call for the *man on horseback*. Somebody must solve this great problem.

POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

The solution of such a problem can not be found on the surface or in distant regions. It must be found in the elements themselves. It must come from the parties interested. This means thoughtfulness and careful brotherly consideration of all the interests involved. The method of settlement adopted by the Iron Molders' Union and the Stove Manufacturers' Protective Society (or some name like this) approximates success. It centers about the principle of arbitration without an outside

arbitrator. Experience has demonstrated that the middleman, the arbitrator, can not avoid the gravitation that comes from large numbers in a community where votes settle public questions. This element of weakness is eliminated by referring differences to a commission of five from each interested party and keeping them together till they agree. Contact and personal acquaintance lead to fuller consideration of all the interests involved. So far, success has crowned these conferences. It catches inspiration from the brotherly side—the heavenly side.

I can see but one direction in which to look for a solution. That is where the root of the evil lies; viz., in finding a true standard of values. The remedy must reach the seat of the disease. The spirit of that kingdom which is not of this world, set at liberty in the bosoms of men, will find the brothers' way through it. Nothing less will. The outcome of the lives of Dives and Lazarus, carefully studied, will close this yawning chasm here, and close "the great gulf fixed" on the other side. Let Capital lay up treasures in heaven, and make for itself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and let Labor seek the contentment that, with godliness, is great gain;

seek that divine charity, that divine love, that seeketh not her own. Capital and Labor must secure a Sabbath for rest and spiritual growth, must give the gospel a fair chance; then six days will be worth more than seven. The sense of eternal obligation will make men free, and capital safe. But who can bring us to this wisdom? It seems too high for us. Hear me, O ye worldly, genial, fairly liberal men; ye self-complacent men, hear me! The gospel of the Son of God, given a fair chance, will solve this problem. Nothing else can. In forgetting God's claims and alienating Christianity, you drive out the only efficient police. Nobody but God can protect from assassination, and nobody but God can make both life and property safe. Without God we are utterly hopeless in the presence of this problem that must be solved. In Ruskin's figure we find our helplessness and God's power. I take up a handful of slime. There is nothing I can make of it except filth, which I fain would wash from my hand. It contains clay, sand, soot, and water, but all I can make of them is slime. Not so with God. He touches them. Behold the transformation! The clay is pressed into its closest compass, its particles brought together become a

sapphire; the sand turns over an opal; the soot sparkles in all the beauty and power of the diamond, and the moisture becomes a dew-drop. I can make nothing of these but loathsome slime. God has only to touch them, and we have jewels fit to adorn the brow of a royal bride. So it is with these confused elements making up the conflict between capital and labor. The best I can do with them is to make that fearful thing which we call "a strike." But God needs only to breathe upon them, and see, what miracles of power and grace! Each member and element of society finds its rightful place, and together they make up a royal crown worthy of the Redeemer's brow. Give the gospel a fair chance, and it will settle all these great social problems.

CHILDHOOD.

Another problem standing in the door of the twentieth century is *Childhood*. It is full of charms and loveliness. But it is also full of interrogation points. Why is it flung into existence among the Hostiles, as if it were sent here only to be scalped? Is it only a tatter to rot in the gutter? Has it not a right to at least a fair start? Is it an enemy that it

must be attacked with whole packs of diseases, even before it arrives here? If it comes to the service of the State and into the bosom of the Church, born into a Kingdom of relief, no choice of the door by which it shall enter, is not some one under obligations to see that it is not enslaved before it breathes? The Church, the Sunday-school, the Common School, the Kindergarten, do much for it. But they come too late to do the best for childhood. The twentieth century will develop a perfect manhood by better care for childhood, and by sweetening and purifying the springs of life. The wisdom and care that makes the horses of California the pride of the nation, can make the Sons and Daughters of the Golden West and of the great North American Republic the pride and glory of mankind.

CARE OF THE BODIES OF MEN.

Another problem at the door of the twentieth century is *care for the bodies of men*. This is pre-eminently a Protestant Problem. The demand of the age in education is for *applied science*. The institutions that meet this demand have the right of way. So in religion and sociology there is a demand for *applied theology*. That system of faith that

meets this demand the best will have the right of way. With cities full of unfed, unwashed, unemployed, untaught Americans, there must be less struggling about the infinitely little and the infinitely remote, and more attention to the weightier matters of a *chance*—not a fair chance—but a chance for this life, and the life to come. The world cares more for what we *live* than for what we *profess*. The Mayor of Nagoya, the second or third city of Japan, a solid old heathen, a man of substantial character, who had been mayor for thirteen years, called the “Grant of Japan”—this man said to me: “I have watched your people, your converts, and if all my people were Christians I would have little to do as mayor—my work would be light.”

We have in our midst a strong Church, with little to commend her in her false and foolish dogmas, in constant antagonism to the educated mind of the age and in mortal combat with our free institutions, the old and sworn enemy of liberty, and handicapped with the worst, most cruel, and most bloody history known among men, a Church that has blighted every people she has touched, robbed and ruined every country she has mastered, dwarfed and deformed every race she has

taught; yet in spite of her bigotry, and blasphemy, and hostility to liberty, and bloody history, and boast that she never changes, by the power there is in her apparent works of charity, her care for children, and for the sick, she is tolerated in this free land, and aspires to dominion over the Republic.

Protestantism must learn wisdom from her; and, remembering that Jesus went into soul-saving through body-saving, she must multiply her agencies for the care of the sick, for the relief of the poor, for the employment of the unemployed, for the care of the orphans, so there shall be no legitimate want unmet by the Christian Church. Our Protestantism of the twentieth century must create these material and merciful agencies, and fill them with sisters and deaconesses, till all men shall see the faith of the New Testament shining in every open door of want.

CITIES.

Foremost stands the *Problem of the Salvation of Our Cities*. This is the great practical problem which the twentieth century must solve. It is vast. It is complex. It is vital. It is fundamental. It is strategical. It is ubiquitous. It is at hand. Our fathers

never confronted it. It did not exist in their day. They were here a century ago to tame a wilderness, not to govern cities. They sought fortunes and power in the country, not in the city. The dominant characters were country gentlemen, not city millionaires. The men eminent for evil were highwaymen, not "slummers." Washington surrendered New York to the British, but he held the country, and saved the cause. Then only one in thirty of our population lived in cities and large towns of eight thousand and upwards, and there were only six of those centers, even as late as 1800. That thirtieth man could be captured or shot, and leave the country free and self-reliant. To-day things are changed. The country has moved into the city. It has been a steady migration, steady gravitation toward centers. Now more than one-fourth of all our people live in cities, and we have four hundred and thirty-seven of these nerve centers, ganglions of peril. The population has increased twenty-fold. But these storm-centers have multiplied seventy-two-fold. The great German statesman Bismarck has described cities as "ulcers, cancers on the body politic." He made some reputation by recommending that they be disbanded and scat-

tered. This was radical; yet the perils are imminent.

Cities are the forts, strategical strongholds. Whoever gets in holds the future. They are the objective point to which the great invading army, the army of invasion and occupation, is marching. These foreign forces are marching into these citadels every hour in the day and night, and every day in the year. Since we came from Appomattox, three times as great an army as all the armies of the South have filed in and taken possession; more than five times as many as all the hordes of Goths and Vandals that over-ran and trampled down Rome. They have come with no idea of self-government, no practice in free institutions, no habit of self-control. They bring all the peculiarities and disabilities that uncounted generations of ignorance and oppression could engender. They form political muck on which grow large crops of demagogism. They are social swamps exhaling miasma, generating fevers, distempers, plagues, and pestilences.

See what our cities are! You can hardly walk a single block on Market Street at certain hours without walking through the capitals of all the great nations. You can hear the

babble or brogue of many languages. While only one-third of our entire population is foreign by birth or parentage, the proportion in our cities is much greater. Cincinnati has sixty-two per cent of her population foreign, by birth or parentage. Boston, great, patriotic, revolutionary, historical Boston, has sixty-three; Cleveland has sixty-nine; New York, great cosmopolitan New York, has eighty-eight per cent; and Chicago, young, aggressive, Western Chicago, has ninety-one per cent; and to judge by the gibberings and brogues of the street, San Francisco must have two hundred per cent. Argument, in the presence of these figures, is unnecessary.

There was in 1880 one evangelical Church to every five hundred and sixteen of the population of the United States. But in these great centers of life the Church accommodation is much less. In Boston it is one to sixteen hundred; in Chicago, one to two thousand and eighty-one; in New York, one to two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight; in St. Louis, one to two thousand eight hundred. While the population in the United States increased in ten years thirty per cent, criminals increased eighty-two per cent. The forces are liberated that will largely multiply this in-

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crease. In the great section east of the Mississippi there was, in 1880, one saloon to every four hundred and thirty-eight of the population; in Boston, one to three hundred and twenty-nine; in Cleveland, one to one hundred and ninety-two; in Chicago, one to one hundred and seventy-one; in Cincinnati, one to one hundred and twenty-four; in San Francisco, one to less than one hundred.

It is impossible for a thoughtful man to contemplate these prodigious figures and not see that these cities present the problem of the destiny of the Republic, and of our civilization. These cities are the passes between the present and the future. These great, undigested, un-Americanized multitudes, pressed with evil habits, disqualified with alien prejudices, burdened with alcoholism, herded and driven with Bossism and armed with ballots, and largely directed by the old man on the banks of the Tiber, form a double peril to our institutions; first a thunderbolt from heaven that shatters the altars of religion, and, second, an earthquake from beneath, upheaving the foundations of patriotism itself.

THESE CITIES ARE DICTATORS.

Whatever these cities dictate, the country must accept. As go the great cities, so goes the State and so goes the Nation. Cities without religion mean States without a Sabbath, and States without a Sabbath mean a nation without a God. History reveals but one exit, one road and gate for such a people, and that is the broad road with the wide gate that leads to destruction. When we see a man falling from the roof of a ten-story building toward the pavement, we instinctively and truthfully cry out: "O, he is killed! He is a dead man!" and that long before he strikes the pavement. We know that the forces are liberated which will kill him, unless some power intervenes in his behalf. So when we look at the evil forces accumulated in these great and rapidly growing cities, we know that destruction is only a question of time, unless some almighty remedial agency intervenes. The great, the all-important problem which we want to solve is, "*How shall we save these cities?*" Brothers, are we comprehending our task? Are we accurately measuring its difficulties? Are we equal to the hour of our time? Are we going up to the judgment-seat of Al-

mighty God with a report that we stood in our places like men, and answered all the obligations that we met in life? For one, I tremble when I step into the shadow of that Throne.

THE DOOMED.

There is a great and increasing multitude in these cities, and in this city, and in every great city, that are wedged away from past restraints, fenced out of present opportunities for life, shut up to companionship and courses that have no light from above, that are guided only by glaring bull's eyes in the sidewalk beneath their feet. Their steps take hold on hell. There are young but well-matured Darkest Americas in our great cities, as certainly as there is a Darkest England in London. There are men who, by bad inheritance, or bad management, or bad purpose, are starved into the fellowship of thieves, and women, who, by forces which they can not now mend, are shut down to the companionship and practices of prostitutes. They darken and degrade every great city. We do not count them in as any part of the problem, except so far as the police and the undertaker may take them out of our calculations. But

that treatment does not meet the case. True, there is little hope for them. They may properly be called the doomed and despairing class. Yet we can not rid ourselves of them by so simple a classification and so final a treatment. The cobra crawling among your children is not neglected till age or his own venom removes him. A mad dog loose in the street is not passed with the consoling remark that he is past cure, and soon will exhaust himself. These figures are not overstatements. Hardly a week passes without some horror that would shock an inexperienced community. This week will hardly pass without the cry of murder on the startled air. Who will the victim be? We are in this vast accumulation of human wreckage. Ought we not to save some of it? Are we saving it? Are we reducing its awful bulk?

There are many people in our cities—in our city—whose greatest comforts are found in prisons. Some of them would gladly give honest work if they knew how to find it, and how to do it. It seems too bad that a high Christian civilization can not treat honest industry as well as it treats thievery and prostitution. It is one shame of heathenism that it

treats *dogs* with cruel neglect. It is the shame of Christendom that we treat *men* with cruel neglect. Booth says a horse has food and shelter, and a *chance to earn both*. Yet there are many people in every great city who would be happy to have the same blessings. These doomed classes must come into our calculations, and we can not save these cities till we can reach them.

It is in this city problem that I see the large place for the activities of this Young Men's Christian Association. The cities give me faith in the continued existence of this association. The *great* reformatory and saving work in the cities is to be done by the churches. They must take the children of Christian homes and keep them in the way. They must capture the unsaved families that can be found by hunting. The Churches make up the great army with the heavy artillery and constant supplies. But there is a host of young men who live on too narrow a margin of resources, and too narrow a margin of morals, to be followed by the army. They must have work and society before they can digest the simplest sermon. They must receive their theology of a brotherly hand before they can receive the theology of the pul-

pits. This work can be well done by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Single churches are not strong enough to grapple with this work. They are doing a vastly more important work than curing drunkards and outcasts. They are keeping the substantial part of the community from becoming such. They are the great physicians who keep men from rheumatism and fever and diphtheria, by keeping them warm and dry, housed and clothed, keeping them out of infected malarious air. The Churches send out the men and the supplies for the advancing work. They are doing the greatest work in the world.

THE LAMB'S BRIDE.

The Church is the Lamb's Bride. Some people think she is not of much dignity of character. They seem to think they can do just as well without her. Some people think they can insult her and treat her as if she were a common street woman. They can not thus treat her without perilous sin. She is the Lamb's Bride. He cherishes her above everything else. He is proud of her. He will do everything for her. You remember how you felt toward your bride. You looked at her

with joyous, loving eyes. You were glad of opportunities to show your love. She seemed so brave, so heroic, to you. She had given herself to you—had left home, parents, companions, all, for you. She committed all her future to your keeping. She dropped her own name and took yours. She weighed the world against you and found it as nothing, and took you and your destiny. How proud you were of her! Woe betide the man that would harm her! She was your bride. The Church is the Lamb's Bride. The great place and the great work in the world are hers. While God is God, and truth is truth, the Church will be like the apple of the eye to God.

Let no man imagine that any mere organization, mere society, mere association, created by mere human power, and fashioned by mere human skill, with no sacraments, no divine ordinances, no divine authority, can come in and usurp the place of the Church. But the Young Men's Christian Association can do some very important work in the saving of the cities. It can go out as a picket line and develop the position and strength of the enemy. It can scour the woods and bring in the guerillas. It can reach the unhomed multitudes

who need help and sympathy and direction. It is a picket line, a skirmish line. It is not intended for more. In one of the considerable battles of the war, one of the regiments from Vermont was sent forward as a line of skirmishers. They picked their way through a piece of woods and encountered the enemy. They closed with him. With shouts and cat-calls and all manner of hooting, they drove the enemy from his works and finished the work of the day. The general in command praised their courage, but reprimanded their disobedience of orders. There may be instances in which this association may overleap its character as a picket line, and think that it is an army, and do the work of an army. But in every such case they show their courage at the expense of their obedience. This is the picket line, and behind it are the solid squares of the Church of the Living God, disciplined in the victories of eighteen centuries. This picket line may sometimes be driven in, but it can never be driven from the field.

While cities continue to attract and consume the best products of the country, from beeves to men, while these centers of power, like an engulfing maelstrom, carry down men and women by the thousand, so long there

will be large room for this society, and so long as it does a genuine work, so long God will raise it up friends to help it to success.

DIVINE AUTHORITY.

As we stand here girding ourselves for the work of the twentieth century, we can not overlook the *Problems of Authority in Religion*. Schools, and colleges, and libraries, and newspapers, and periodicals, and lecture platforms, and political constitutions, and absolute liberty, have thrust the world forward into the fiercest and freest conflict of ideas and opinions that has ever marked any age. The last great battle seems already ordered. Armageddon is located. It is in the American skull. Helmets, venerable by antiquity, are cleft like paper caps. Time now sanctifies no wrongs. Both parties have thrown away their scabbards, and are set for strife to the finish. Relics, charms, pretended miracles of saints, utterances of councils, the authority of organizations, are all useless in the field of evidence. If they ever seemed to have any evidential value, that time is past. This thoughtful and practical age demands evidence suited to its habit.

This age is either practical in business or expert in science. The first class, the great class, the steady common-sense class, making up the overwhelming majority of our times, demands *practical proofs* of the claims of Christianity. They demand the fruit. Does it do what it promises? Christ is set forward as the Great Physician. Where are the victims of sin Christ has cured? These business men know that Christianity is not a theorem to be demonstrated, but a fact to rest on testimony. Jesus is a fact, if He is anything. Pardon is a fact. Salvation is a fact. What is the proof? Where are the witnesses? The world has a right to ask these questions. We have a right to answer.

WELCOME THE STRIFE.

For one, we welcome the inquiry. If we can not give a reason for the hope within us, we must give up this hope. Christianity is not a cunningly devised fable to be thrust upon us by authority. If it will not stand investigation, let it go to the wall. If you have any dynamite that can shatter the Rock of Ages, I beseech you strike it off. If you have any telescope that can dissolve the Star of Bethlehem, we pray you bring it forward.

We are in for the future. We can not let go. We must go to sea for eternity. If Christianity is only an old raft invented by priests as a ferry that simply collects toll and takes us nowhere, then I want it torn to pieces. You can do nothing against the truth. All I want is truth.

WITNESSES.

The world has a right to ask for the witnesses. The gospel means good news. We are to tell it. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Now, this is such a statement that, if it be true, it does not matter whatever else is false, and if it be false it does not matter whatever else is true. The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin. Where are the witnesses? This rests on testimony. Every Christian becomes a witness, and the accumulated evidence from the warm hearts of saved men will melt its way into all hearts.

LECTURESHIP ON EVIDENCES.

There is another class of opponents hanging about our schools devoted to science, and they want other evidence because they do not

hear the testimony of the witnesses. For these we need to go into the field with additional forces. There should be established in every city a lectureship on Christian evidences. We need some great guns to defend our Golden Gate, but not many. A few will keep off the pirates. So one lectureship in a city is enough for this department of Christian work. The pulpits can not do this to profit. Their hearers believe. It seems to them useless to keep the Savior and apostles forever on trial for perjury. It seems better to send them about doing good. But in a city there could be found enough interested in this vital question to justify one series a year, at some central hall. These could stay up the hands of the discouraged and keep many of the young from being carried away into doubt and skepticism. This course of lectures could be set forth by this Young Men's Christian Association. With this sling Goliath could be felled to the earth. Then, with the sword of the Spirit and the word of testimony his head can be removed, and Israel can go forth rejoicing, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

INDIVIDUALISM.

We are in a time of individualism. Nations are no longer baptized in their kings. The old centuries recognized no one but the Monarch in the Empire, and the General in the Army. There was no one else in the world. Great nobles went regularly to see Louis XIV dress and undress. It was the only thing worth seeing in France. The ease and comfort and wishes of the nobles were the supreme law in the country. Orders were issued forbidding the hoeing and weeding of crops lest the young partridges should be frightened. Fertilizers were modified by law so as not to flavor the game. If my lady were sick, peasants were made to beat the swamp all night to prevent the frogs from croaking. All this is gone. Now we read histories of the people. The individual has come to the front. We live in a *manhood age*. Who can measure the responsibilities of such opportunities as come to individuals in these times? Who can measure what one man can do? In 1806 a Prussian boy, Johann Nikolaus von Dreyse, nineteen years old, bred a blacksmith, wandered over the field of Jena, just after the battle. He frequently examined the locks of

the dead soldiers' guns, and finally said: "My countrymen have been slaughtered by Napoleon because they had inferior guns. I will remedy this evil." He went to Paris, hired to a Swiss gun-maker, Pauli, in Napoleon's employ. One day Napoleon came to the shop, and said to Pauli: "Make for yourself a great fortune, and make for me a gun that will load at the breach. With such a weapon I can conquer the world." They went at the task. Pauli produced a breach-loader, but it was too complicated. Dreyse continued his search for the weapon. By and by, years after the Emperor slept under the willows at St. Helena, he found his secret and carried it to Prussia. Soon the Prussian army was armed with it, and at Sadowa the needle-gun made Prussia master of Austria, prepared the consolidated German Empire, gave Venetia to Sardinia, and secured the Unity of Italy, and avenged the slaughter at Jena. There may be some lad wandering through the streets of this city whom this society may anchor in an industrious life, whose fortune of genius shall turn the tide of battle for righteousness in the hotly contested days of the twentieth century.

USE AND NEED OF MONEY.

The question of saving these cities is reduced to one of dollars and cents. Give me the great fortunes to use and I will take the contract to make this a Christian city in twenty years. I will make the world a Christian world before the death of some children now born. We have the light, we have the Bible, we have the presses, we have the theology, we have the experience, we have the men and women. All we lack is the money. That is coming. I begin to think God is getting us ready for some great movement in this land, and in all the earth. He seems to make elaborate and far-reaching preparations for great forward movements. He wanted a new Church in the sixteenth century. He could not endure the desolation and corruption of the old Scarlet Church. So He made ready for a new life. He whispers to a boy in Metz, playing with his blocks, and he catches an idea; he sees movable types, and we have this thing which we call the press, this demi-god above all governments, above all armies, above all kings; *Public Opinion*. Yonder He whispers to another man, and he catches the inner soul of the magnetic needle. It was

not much to see that bit of steel point to the North Pole, but it opened the bosom of all the oceans. All ships left the shore and struck boldly across the ocean. He sent His Spirit to Columbus, wandering on the shores of the Mediterranean, and he dreamed—and laid down in the lap of Europe a new world. Why all this? I will tell you. God was making ready for the great German Monk, with his new Evangel, that His idea might be received by a new race of Bible readers, and in a new world in which they might read and be free.

In this nineteenth century we have had the outcome of another of God's plans. He awakened the idea of freedom in the mind of an orthodox preacher and scholar in Massachusetts, and combined it with the speculative gifts of Massachusetts capitalists and with the financial stress of the Federal Treasury in Jefferson's care, and with the spirit of the South, which wanted to sell the territory belonging to Virginia, rather than the territory of Maine, belonging to Massachusetts. Out of this combination and the stubborn purpose of the Massachusetts parson to have free soil or none, came the ordinance of 1787, which consecrated the great Northwest to Freedom, and

pushed the line of the free States down to the border of the tobacco and cotton States, by a compact older than the Constitution, and so, irrevocable.

The same great plan worked over all Northern Europe till those hardy sons of Protestant and heroic sires filled those regions with unorganized forces that only awaited the first tap of the war-drum. But this was not all. In yonder Southland there was a great black force of toil and economy that had supported the real South in the luxuries of home for two centuries, and could easily support the dominant race in the frugalities of camp-life for two centuries more. This must be matched. So, wonderfully, one man came forward with a sewing machine, by which a girl could clothe a regiment; another man with a reaper and farm utensils, by which the girls in the country could feed themselves and their aged parents, and their brothers and lovers at the front. Thus God made ready all the necessary agencies for the great uplift of Freedom in our lifetime. So it seems to me that we are in a wonderful time; that God is making ready for magnificent achievements. When I look down the century now tarrying for a decade, and see what has come to us—

free constitutions to all Europe; swift and secure passage of all seas; flight over all continents; talking round all the world; general diffusion of knowledge among the people; steam presses that throw off printed pages at the rate of thirty miles an hour; Scripture reduced to the wage-earning value of ten minutes of the mechanic's time; the multiplication of the tireless and faithful servants of steel and steam, so that, as in Massachusetts, each man, woman, and child has the service of more than fifty men; the miraculous ability by machinery to multiply the loaves and fishes till one-tenth of the population can feed and clothe the other nine-tenths; thus making it possible to relieve them for purposes of war as in the past, or for the high purposes of God—when I see the millions of members of all Churches instructed in righteousness, and able to tell the Good News, and that all the doors of the world are open; when I see that we have turned out by our school system millions of scholars better trained than the sages of former generations, tempered in our Sunday-schools and inspired in our Churches; and see the millions of heroic Christian women coming forward as did the Carthaginian women in the time of Hannibal, saying,

“Count on us for any service in any field,” and then see that by some chance wealth is multiplying as never before; that it is a poor town that has not men of fortune, a poor city that has no scores of millionaires; that single men in this free land have made in a decade or a generation fortunes larger than the Roman emperors ever commanded;—when I look over these marvelous signs, I can not free myself from the conviction that God is making ready for some vast forward movement in His moral empire among men.

Already I catch glimpses of the banners of the coming hosts. Great institutions are being founded and great enterprises are being put forward. They rise round us on every side. There rises a home for the aged; yonder another. Yonder are the homes for homeless children; and not far away rises that great university that shall carry the name of its author for twenty centuries, and make the soil of California as classical as that of Greece. Godly women of wealth in some of our cities are taking charge of a number of blocks in destitute or crowded sections, and seeing that the gospel has a chance. Churches and every sort of school to meet the needs of the section are provided; scores of workers

are employed, in the name of Jesus, to bring the light into these dark places, and great congregations are now worshiping where, a little while ago, sin had open dominion. It must be, it seems to me, that this spirit will be kindled in other bosoms. It may become contagious, till great buildings for the use of such societies will be multiplied, till all can have an open chance for heaven.

All this seems great to me, but my faith stretches a little farther. I see a few great nations and new civilizations rising on the bosom of the twentieth century. There is great, stern Russia, looking into Europe through St. Petersburg, the window created by Peter the Great. Just behind her is the vast empire of China, asking for the gospel; and back of her, cowering in the darkness, is the Dark Continent. While I look the ages roll together at my feet, and I see the great plan unfold before me. There are men of fortune who shall seize upon these cities and give them to the Son of God. There are boys in America to-day, some of whom this association will yet rescue, whose fortunes will spread the agencies of the Church and the light of the gospel over these great empires.

And I utter the conviction of my soul,—

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

before the end of the twentieth century all the cities and all the kingdoms of the world will be given to our God and His Christ. For our God is marching on!

THE BIBLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Delivered in the Wabash Avenue M. E. Church, Chicago,
January 30, 1870, and by special request re-
delivered in Farwell Hall, Sabbath
afternoon, February 6th.

THE BIBLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes.

And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

That your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, in the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers to give them, as the days of heaven upon the earth.—*Deut. xi, 18-21.*

I AM here to-day to plead for the poor man's child. I well remember how, in the winters of my childhood, my father, because he was too poor to buy shoes for me, used to take me up in his arms and carry me to the district school, where, warming and studying by the fire the district furnished, I received a start toward manhood.

That athlete in the Greek games yonder, goes forth to meet his antagonist on the public arena with every sign of caution and care. Hope has stimulated his patient preparation.

Honorable zeal for the repute of his native village has crowded him into the lists as a competitor. Now, in the presence of his foe, in the very hour of destiny, his confidence is concealed and he walked forth anxious for the issue. Every muscle is hardened, every joint is set, every fiber of his being is summoned into service. His eye glistens, his nostrils dilate, his lips close down, and his will is keyed to its highest purpose. He is the picture of resolution in extremity. If I could show you my thought, you would see that I am that athlete. He is but a shadow of the anxiety I feel as I enter into this conflict. The struggle for the life of our public schools is the conflict of all the ages. We are in the forefront of the field. Every movement in this campaign concerns mankind, and shall thrill with the intensity of its interests the remotest island and the last man. As a people, we are at headquarters. Nothing transpires in the world to which we are indifferent. The election of some interior borough in England transpires to-day. We count the votes in our evening papers, and light our bonfires in a thousand cities. A patriot in the Corps Legislatif defies the National Guard, and denounces the reticent emperor, and the tri-

color of France is unfurled and carried at the head of processions through our commercial cities. Bismarck goes over to the people's party, and secures the unity of Germany; and all our hills and valleys echo the songs of the Fatherland. A bountiful harvest finds its way to the seaboard of China, and this continent feels the joyous thrill. We are related by blood and marriage to all mankind, and nothing is beyond our sympathies or our interest; and nothing transpires here that does not tell upon all peoples. The struggles of this Republic are the struggles of the race, and any question involving our liberties affects the world. Now, bring upon this stage, to which all eyes are turned, an enemy of vast proportions, deep as the sea, subtle as sin, unscrupulous as the arch-fiend, malignant, bloody and blood-thirsty, sleepless as a spirit and persistent as death, and let him swear eternal enmity to all our institutions, our popular education, our Holy Bible, our free press, our free speech, our free thought, our free conscience, our sciences, our gospel—in short, all that distinguishes us among the nations of the earth; put us down before such a foe, in the very act of blasting America with the blight and mildew of Italy, of blotting from

our heavens the Sun of Righteousness, of smothering in our bosoms the faith that works by love, purifying the heart, of eclipsing in our brain the light of activity; compel us to contend for our faith, for our intelligence, for our liberties, for our country, for our lives; in short, for absolutely everything a freeman prizes, even including his honor, and you have this question as it presses upon my thought to-day. Many of you do not see it as thus comprehensive; some of you regard it simply as a trifling question, concerning an indifferent matter. But I ask you to listen patiently to me. It may grow on your thought till you realize that the battle is actually commenced, for the forces are marshaled; the vast legions are in motion; the hour is come; the one war of all time is in progress, and the common school is the point of attack. Here we must take our final stand. Here we must be crowned or martyred. If we can not hold this fortress, we can not hold the open country back of it without this fortress. If we surrender this, we make our final subjugation and extirpation only a question of time. In these words I have not overstated by the smallest syllable my solemn convictions. Let us advance to the consideration of

the facts in the case upon which this conviction rests, praying always that He whose wisdom is incapable of mistake or surprise may guide us into all truth.

I need not argue the *importance of the common school*. It would be almost an insult upon your intelligence. You understand that popular government is not possible save in the embrace of general intelligence. You may mass a tribe under a chief, and drive them along the warpath to vengeance, without their being intelligent. You may found a despotism upon the muscle of a nation, while its brain sleeps. You may marshal an army that shall stand, a living wall of flesh, without a letter of the alphabet outside of the commander's skull. But you can not maintain a free government without the general diffusion of knowledge and the spread of intelligence. It is a question susceptible of simple demonstration. A man, to govern himself, must understand his needs and possibilities. To see he must have eyes. In our own land it was the fruitful source of our Civil War, and is now the palliation demanding charity that, under the shadow of the domestic institution, a large per cent of the people were unable to read. They were thus in

the hands of their ambitious leaders the ready tools of despotism. It is so everywhere. Just in proportion as a people comes up in intelligence, it comes up in power. The actual power is with the people, and when they think despotisms disappear and constitutions come forward. The activity of the New England brain, the migrating, ubiquitous Yankee schoolmarm, coupled with her moral and religious strength, made freedom a necessity. It is a simple fact of history, that in the war for national independence Massachusetts furnished more men than all the Southern States combined, and it required the presence of New England soldiers to keep down the toryism of the South. Two elements in society composed this state of things, the religious thought of the Pilgrims, making their religion and themselves a protest against despotism; and then their intelligence, making liberty the only state of repose. England is another illustration of this principle. The queen is a figure-head. The people are the power. Year by year, as their intelligence widens and deepens, the old limitations and fetters give way. So that now England may almost be called a republic with a permanent senate and an hereditary president. France

is no exception. Spread Paris over the empire, and even the priesthood could not hold the throne together a single day. But I need not argue this point. We all do understand that intelligence is a necessity to a free government. Other things may also be needed, but this is a prime necessity.

The next question that arises is, *How can this intelligence be secured?* History answers, *By the common school.* The school reports of the State of New York show that for every child instructed in seminaries, academies and colleges, more than fifty are trained in the common school. The great mass of the people are unable to reach any other school. Close the door of the common school, and you doom our people to inevitable ignorance. Only a small per cent of the people are wealthy. The millions live from hand to mouth. They depend upon their industry for their bread. The day laborer, the mechanic, the great body of the nation, where the power actually slumbers, could not educate his children but for the public school. These are our hopes for general intelligence, and this is a prerequisite to our freedom. Therefore our common school must be defended at all hazards. Let come what will, every lover of

liberty and friend of freedom must guard with the sleepless eye of eternal vigilance this palladium of our power, and strike, if need be, with sword and fagot for its defense.

I wish now to consider *the withdrawal of the Bible from our Public Schools*. As we shall see, this means the destruction of the whole public school system. Let me say here that I make no reference to the President of the Board of Education, who puts in his report a recommendation for the withdrawal of the Bible from the schools of Chicago. *He is nobody, absolutely nobody, in this struggle*. Indeed no man is to be counted. The great forces that come to the deadly embrace in this question are the parties with whom we have to do. The instruments, the tools, the *cat's-paws*, are only the accidents of the hour, and if the present president had not made that suggestion, somebody else would. "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto him by whom they come." The issue is upon us. This problem must be solved. Let us state some facts that indicate this. I am told by a sharp politician who has canvassed the question that the present Board of Education are equally divided on this subject, ten favoring the change, ten preferring the present

rule. But mark you, five of this Board expire this year. Their successors are to be elected by the Common Council. What will that Council do? Whom will they elect? According to my best information they stand—nineteen Roman Catholics, fourteen Protestants, and seven infidels. This is not absolute, but approximate. Another politician states the number of Romanists at fifteen. The discrepancy comes from the fact that the second man counts as Romanists only those who are actual members, while the first man added those who associate with and always vote for the Romanists. This does not change the issue. We ask, then, Can there be any doubt of the result? If there is, it must be dissipated when we remember that some mind has been at work preparing this combination of circumstances. It is not by accident that your attention was drawn toward a side issue at the last election and you were unwittingly led to elect several Irish Catholics in strong American and Protestant wards, where you had it all your own way and could have elected any good and honest men you might have nominated. Supplant these by your true representatives on this question and your majority is clear. This deep and far-reaching

plan has not been matured by accident nor in vain. It has not been brought to this point to be abandoned in the hour of triumph. No, it will go on, in my judgment, to its consummation unless the public sentiment shall be so aroused as to make it too dangerous for these public officers to tamper with our present system. This brings us face to face with the question of throwing the Bible out of our public schools. The grounds on which the act is defended are these:

1. That the State has nothing to do with religious education. 2. That the Bible is a sectarian Book. 3. That reading the Bible in our public schools violates the rights of conscience which are secured by the fundamental principle of our government, universal freedom.

These are the essential points. The objection of the inutility of the exercise is not worth mentioning. To put the whole case, then, in its strongest possible light, let us turn it about. Let these aldermen elect their own Board of Education. Let this Board appoint their own teachers, make their own regulations, as in San Francisco, where no book can get into the schools without the consent of the Romish Bishop. Let these ordain prayer

to the Virgin Mary, and the celebration of mass as the opening exercises, then let us see how we would like that, whether we would not cry against it as an outrage. Of course, we would cry out against it. But this putting is fallacious. If the Bible was as sectarian as the idolatrous worship of the Virgin or the Romish mass, the case would be even. This is the core of the fallacy, the assumption that the Bible is sectarian. We shall come to this point soon. These considerations have induced some leading Protestants to favor the removal of the Bible. Chiefest among these are Greeley and Beecher, though Greeley may be quoted on both sides. These are strong men. But we have known them too long to believe that they are infallible. We recall with too great relief the advice for compromise and the blunders concerning reconstruction to accept their opinions as final. Let us rather examine the question for ourselves and expose the fallacies in the argument. The first statement that the State has nothing to do with religious education overlooks the nature of education and the character of the State. The general idea of education is, "to lead out" the powers. It comes from a Latin word, "educō," "to lead out."

That is, lead out a man's powers, all his powers. Horace Mann gives the definition accepted by the American people. He says: "All intelligent thinkers upon the subject now utterly discard and repudiate the idea that reading and writing, with a knowledge of accounts, constitute education. . . . Its domain extends over the three-fold nature of man, over his body, . . . over his intellect, . . . and over his moral and religious susceptibilities." This is what is meant by education. And when the State ordains a system of education, it is to see that the child has a chance for this symmetrical development. Mark you, there is nothing like a union of Church and State in this. The statement that the State has nothing to do with religious education, overlooks the true character of the State. For religion is necessary to good government. By religion is meant "virtue, as founded upon reverence of God, and expectations of future rewards and punishments," a definition in which Dr. Johnson is substantially followed by many lexicographers. This proposition concerning the necessity of religion is so patent that it is affirmed by nearly all our State constitutions, usually in these words: "Religion, morality,

and knowledge being necessary to a good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

The statement also assumes that we are an infidel nation. On no other theory could it be true that the State has nothing to do with religious education. We are indeed secured from any established Church by the highest authority of the land. No power can compel our attendance upon public worship or our contribution for its support. Yet we are not an infidel nation. Mark this, the recognition of the authority of religion and the enthronement of a sect are two distinct and almost antagonistic propositions. In the very article securing our freedom of conscience one is acknowledged, the other is condemned. Look at the proof that we are a Christian nation.

We were born out of the struggle of conscience, and came here for religious liberty. The Pilgrims were exiles for conscience.

The Declaration of Independence recognizes our inalienable rights as from God.

The President annually proclaims a day of thanksgiving to God.

All public officers take a solemn oath in the name of God.

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

The convention for framing the first constitution was opened with prayer.

Each house of the government has its chaplain.

The army and the navy are supplied with chaplains as regularly commissioned officers.

Churches and property used exclusively for religious purposes are exempt from taxation.

The old preamble to our State constitution, again adopted by the Constitutional Convention now in session in Springfield, acknowledges God in the first sentence: "We, the people of the State of Illinois, grateful to Almighty God for the civil, political, and religious liberty which He hath so long permitted us to enjoy, and looking to Him for a blessing," etc. So much does the State acknowledge God that any man may be punished for profaning the name of God. And the courts hold profanity as useless and only hurtful.

The State protects the sanctity of the Sabbath and the peace of public worship.

The State ordains that licensed ministers of the gospel shall be competent to celebrate the marriage ceremony.

So much are we a Christian people, that

convicts in our penitentiaries and youths in our reform schools have chaplains and religious instruction. "Must our children become convicts before they can hear the Bible?" More than this, in the case of the poor orphan whom infidelity casts to the jungle, or exposes on the barren moor, or abandons to the slow death by famine, the State appoints a home and requires that the apprentice or servant be taught to read and write, and the general rules of arithmetic, and at the expiration of such term of service the "master or mistress shall give the apprentice or servant a new Bible, and two complete suits of new wearing apparel." Is this the action of an infidel nation? No. The State can not exact penalties for the violation of the Golden Rule, but it does act like a Christian State and acknowledges the claims of religion.

Blackstone says that "Christianity is a part of the common law of England." Our State law enacts the common law of England as our law, so that Illinois holds Christianity to be a part of the law of the State. Daniel Webster, in his argument in the Girard Will case, said: "Christianity is the law of the land." These are high authorities; surely no more proof of our being a Christian nation

can be needed. If it is, it is at hand. Judge Sharswood, Chief Justice of the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania, one of the ablest jurists of this age, has recently decided against the validity of a bequest for the foundation of an "Infidel Society." The supreme tribunal will not allow a man to institute a perpetual attack upon Christianity. He says of such a society: "It would prove a nursery of vice, a school of preparation to qualify young men for the gallows, and young women for the brothel; and there is no skeptic of decent manners and good morals who would not consider such a debating club as a common nuisance and disgrace to the city." Does that sound as if we were an infidel nation having nothing to do with religious education? The Girard Will, excluding clergymen from the grounds of the college, was allowed to stand by the court because it did not prevent religious instruction by Christian laymen in the college. From all this we are driven to the conclusion that the Constitution, the law, and the courts teach that the State has to do with religious education. It does not establish a sect by law, but it relies upon the great truths of religion. It does not seek maintenance of religion as an end of government, but as a

means to another end, the maintenance of liberty. The fundamental law prevents religion from leaning on the State. But that is not this case. Here the State leans on religion. Mr. Webster said: "A Republican government must have some religion. It must use religion and appeals to conscience and future retribution, or it can not attain its end in the conservation of the freedom of the people." All this settles the question concerning the relations of the State to religious education.

The next affirmation that the Bible is a sectarian book is easily disposed of. To which sects does it belong? What are its distinctive sectarian features? I know of no Protestant Bible. King James' translation, the English Bible, for those who use the language, is not Protestant. Dr. Clark, of Albany, says: "It was begun by Wickliffe in the Romish Church. It was reviewed and continued by Tyndale, Coverdale, and other Romanists. It was printed, published, and circulated by the authority of a Romish king. It is not a Protestant, but an English Bible, pronounced by Dr. Alexander Geddes, an ecclesiastic of the Romish Church, 'of all versions the most excellent for accuracy, fidelity,

and the strictest attention to the letter of the text.'” King, of Cincinnati, asks, “If the Bible is sectarian, to which of the sects did Jesus belong?” I like Plymouth Bartlett’s putting of the case when he says: “The bigotry and narrowness are with those who would cast the Bible out of the public schools for liberality’s sake. They seem to think that God and the Bible belong to their sects and must be condemned as sectarian.” (Not quoted literally.) No, the Bible is not the property of any sect. It belongs to mankind. Like the air and the sunlight, it is incapable of being monopolized; and will sooner or later blast and desolate any sect practicing the crime. The charge is groundless. The State acknowledging religion, and God and the gospel, acknowledges the religion of the Bible, the God of the Bible, and the gospel of the Bible.

The third affirmation, that reading the Bible in our public schools violates the rights of conscience, which are secured by the fundamental principle of the land, universal freedom, needs careful consideration. In the first place, a law may not be so interpreted as to make it fatal to the State. Self-preservation is the highest law. Therefore, individ-

ual conscience must give way to this law of self-preservation. Yesterday thirteen millions of people felt bound in conscience to pray for the Confederacy. But the government said you shall not do it, and shut up their churches and their mouths. They were conscientiously bound to support Davis; but the government said: "Stop it!" and they stopped it. This was no violation of the principle of freedom of conscience, because it did not pursue them for their conscience, but because their convictions contravened the good and peace of the Republic. It demonstrates that the principle of freedom of conscience is not the highest law in the land. That is, as the courts have repeatedly held: "If the State, in exercising a necessary power for the good of the public, makes a requirement, without the direct effect of persecuting, punishing, restraining, or hurting any one for his religious opinions, though his religious belief indirectly is the occasion of his being abridged in his civil rights of conscience, it does not infringe upon his rights of conscience as they are recognized in our Constitution."

Chief Justice Shaw holds that this right of conscience is not an absolute but a common right, to be enjoyed subject to restrictions

and conditions made for the good of all. The Supreme Court of Maine says, "that the maxim, *Salus populi suprema lex*, 'the safety of the people is the supreme law,' is a maxim of universal application." The right of conscience must give way in certain cases; the man must endure the loss on account of his conscience, as in resisting the Fugitive Slave Law. The law sets apart Sunday as a day of rest, and compels the Jew to respect it by refraining from ordinary work or amusement. His conscience claims Saturday as a holy day, so he is robbed of one-seventh of his time. This is no violation of the principle of freedom of conscience. Quakers are disqualified by law and restrained from all judicial positions because their conscience will not allow them to administer an oath. If Brigham Young should come with his sixty or a hundred wives and settle in this State, neither his crying conscience, nor his crying wives, nor his crying infants, would keep him from Joliet. His only hope would be in the governor. The highest law is not freedom of individual conscience. It is the good of the State.

The question thus reduces to one of utility. Is it a fact that a free government can exist only where the people are virtuous and in-

telligent? Then the good of the State forbids this change in our present system, and the individual conscience must make room for the general weal.

Taking as the standard intellectual activity and power, advancement in the varied fields of science, progress in philosophy, material prosperity, the comforts and Christian adornments of the home and character, the forward and upward movements in civilization, taking these as the standard, who can point out a single item in which reading the Bible has ever harmed any one? The best philosophy, the most natural characters, the sublimest song, the truest history, the richest literature, the purest morals, the highest precepts that can be found in any language—we can not shut this vast library, this gallery of characters, against our children without committing a crime against them whose penalty will be the downfall of our civil institutions. Nothing that is worth keeping will suffer by retaining the Bible. Only that which is harmful, whose deeds are evil, shuns the light. So we may know, as in the light of all history, that whatever dreads and denounces this light is dangerous to the Republic.

This brings us to another general prin-

inciple of unqualified and universal application. The Republic, living only in the day and dying in the darkness, is bound by the highest law of self-preservation to tear away everything that obscures the light, and may never under any pretext legislate to conceal and protect that which shuns the light. Agitation is our life. Free discussion, the constant testing of every dogma and opinion in the boiling cauldron of unrestrained thought, this is the condition of our perpetuity. If we have any errors in our religion that will not stand the test of investigation, the State has no right under the supreme law of the public safety to allow the cry of the individual conscience to shield such errors from logical doom. Applied to the case in hand, it does not persecute or punish a man on account of his conscience. It only brings, in the interest of liberty, a sickly conscience to the light where it may recover its health, if it will, or be confirmed in its old convictions, if they prove correct. Thus the reading of the Bible can do no harm. The point of conscience can not be maintained in presence of the public good.

On the other hand, to remove the Bible from our public schools will alienate many of

the old friends of our system. The present foes will not be appeased, but present friends will be alienated. Thus our system weakened will totter to its fall, and beneath its ruins you will find the fragments of the Republic, and on its ruins will be planted the thrones of despotism or of anarchy—the seat of an unscrupulous priesthood, or of a godless infidelity.

But there is another side to this conscience plea. Protestantism has a conscience as well as Romanism. It does not relieve the case to offend the conviction of thirty-five millions for the appeasement of five millions. This is not liberty, but despotism. The change is not to neutrality, but to the enemy, to infidelity.

Again, the thing is impossible. It is not the Bible only, but it is everything religious that must fall beneath this blow. In Cincinnati the school readers are expelled or expurgated. Think of the end of this massacre! Everything that touches on religion, all valuable history, must be sealed up. The best and purest literature of the world must perish. Newton and Addison die under this rule. There would be left only the multiplication table and the alphabet. Further, this principle is suicidal and incapable of application.

If this loose and false definition of freedom or right of conscience is to obtain, there is absolutely no limit. The Jew's conscience suppresses every mention of Jesus. The Romanist says, your Churches are dangerous to our conscience. Build your churches like other buildings, so our people will not be troubled when they walk in processions through your cities. The Mormon in conscience demands the respect of the laws concerning bigamy and polygamy. The Atheist says, change the names in your astronomy. They reveal a Bible which I reject, and a God whom I deny. John Chinaman is taught in his religion that the earth is flat and has a mountain in it six thousand miles high. So your astronomy and geography must be expurgated. No more oaths for witnesses or for installation of public officers. No more chaplains to accompany our sons and comfort them when dying in the army or navy for the defense of the country. No more prayer in the halls of Congress or in the State Assemblies. No more religious instruction for the convicts, or reformatory efforts in the houses of correction. The principle can not be applied, and must be abandoned. With this fails the last objection to our present system.

THE BIBLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

We now affirm another proposition that must settle all trouble on this question in every candid mind. ROME DOES NOT WANT THE REMOVAL OF THE BIBLE FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. SHE WANTS AND IS SEEKING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE SYSTEM OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS. I take her on her history and at her words. She claims the exclusive training of children. In his allocution, the Pope denounces the fact that "the young are nearly everywhere withdrawn from the clergy." The Pope's bull of June 22, 1868, denounces the laws for free schools (not under Romish control), and free speech as "damnable heresies," in "flagrant contradiction with the doctrines of the Catholic religion." A recent trial in Ireland brought out the testimony of a priest, "that he had positive orders from Archbishop McHale to refuse all the sacraments, even at the hour of death, to those who sent their children to the free schools." In New York City Protestants offered to read the Douay Bible, but the Romanists refused to do that. Mr. Hurlbut writes to the *New York Tribune* from Hungary, where schools have been taken out of the priests' hands. He says "they rioted the city and mobbed the teachers and Jewish children." It was

no Bible question. It was the simple fact of a public school. The Bible once out of the school, then the cry will ring in the ears of all Romanists, "These are godless schools and must not be touched." Listen to their words of warning.

The *Western Watchman*, the Romish organ of St. Louis, says:

"The much vexed question of Bible reading in the public schools of Cincinnati is at length settled. . . . Not only is the Bible excluded, but whatever else savors of religion. . . . No vestige of religious truth can be allowed to disgrace the hallowed precincts of the school-room. . . . If the name of the author of Christianity is mentioned at all, He must be spoken of as we would speak of Mohammed, Julius Cæsar, or Napoleon. Under no circumstances may we hint to the child that the great Teacher and Preacher was God. We may not even tell him that he has a soul."

Now tell me, can you furnish the priest with a stronger leverage with which to overturn our school system? Read the Romish papers.

The *Western Watchman* says:

“All we have to do is to break down the irresponsible oligarchy of general school boards, and substitute local boards with power to select teachers, text-books and mode of instruction. Then by proper combination and co-operation, Catholic boards might be secured in many schools, and they, to all intents and purposes, be turned into Catholic schools.”

The *Tablet*, December 25, 1869, says:

“We demand of the State, as our right, either such schools as our Church will accept, or exemption from the school tax. If it will support schools by the general tax, we demand that it provide or give us our portion of the public funds, and leave us to provide schools in which we can educate our children in our own religion, under the supervision of our Church.

“We hold education to be a function of the Church, not of the State; and in our case we do not, and will not, accept the State as an educator.”

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

The *Freeman's Journal*, November 20, 1869, says:

“We tell our respected contemporary, therefore, that if the Catholic translation of the Books of Holy Writ, which is to be found in the homes of all our better educated Catholics, were to be dissected by the ablest Catholic theologians in the land, and merely lessons to be taken from it—such as Catholic mothers read to their children; and with all the notes and comments, in the popular edition, and others added, with the highest Catholic endorsement—and if these admirable Bible lessons, and these alone, were to be ruled as to be read in all public schools, this would not diminish, in any substantial degree, the objection we Catholics have to letting Catholic children attend the public schools.

“This declaration is very sweeping, but we will prove its correctness.

“First—We will not subject our Catholic children to your teachers! You ought to know why, in a multitude of cases.

“Second—*We will not expose our Catholic children to association with all the children who have a right to attend the public schools!* Do you know why?

“There is no possible program of common school instruction that the Catholic Church can permit her children to accept. The Catholic Church claims no power to force her instruction on the children of people not Catholic. But she resists the assumption of whomsoever to force on the little ones of the Catholic fold any system of instruction that ignores her teaching, according to which the whole of this life is to fit children, and older people, for an eternal life.

“It is not that we declare so. It is the Catholic Church. In the famous ‘syllabus’ of modern errors, condemned by the Catholic Church, and which neither Bishop nor layman can dispute, without the reproach of rebellion against the Church, is the following condemned as against the faith.

“The Catholics may approve the man for teaching youth in schools apart from the inculcation of the Catholic faith, and from the control of the Catholic Church; while such teaching regards only, or at least, chiefly, the mere knowledge of natural things and purposes of our social life here on earth.

“This proposition is condemned by the Catholic Church, and no *Catholic is at liberty to hold it*. The *Express*, therefore, may un-

derstand how impossible it is for Catholics ever to come to an agreement with persons not attached to any religion, in regard to schools that *she requires to be positively and continually dominated by the Catholic religion.*”

The *Freeman's Journal*, December 11, 1869, says:

“The Catholic solution of this muddle about the Bible or no Bible school is—‘hands off!’ No State taxation or donations for any schools. You look to your children, and we will look to ours. We do not want to be taxed for Catholic schools. We do not want to be taxed for Protestant, or for godless schools. Let the public school system go to where it came from—the devil. We want Christian schools, and the State can not tell us what Christianity is.”

The Catholic *Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, organ of Bishop Purcell, says:

“The secular school system is a social cancer; the sooner it is destroyed, the better.”

Again:

“It will be a glorious day for Catholics in this country when, under the blows of jus-

tice and morality, our school system will be shivered to pieces; until then modern Paganism will triumph."

There can remain no doubt that all the cry against the Bible is a hypocritical pretext on the part of the priests. Let alone, the people would not object to the Bible. Let us cry on this with old Charles Pinckney: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Thus clearly warned, is it not madness to surrender to them with the hope of appeasing them, unless we do actually calculate to renounce our faith, our liberties, and our institutions, and embrace Romanism with her infallible despot? Shall we be such slaves as to deny the heroisms of the last two hundred and fifty years, and saddle ourselves that the Roman hierarchy may ride us with whip and spur? Shall we be such fools as to cut our own throats that we may fatten greedy Rome on our best blood? She has stood for twelve centuries the personified spirit of greed and cruelty. She can never be satiated till she or the Republic is swept from the earth.

Take a bit of school history. In Cincinnati she made her first objection in 1842 because her children were obliged to read the

Bible. Then they were excused. Did that satisfy her? All she asked was granted, but she doubled her demands. In 1864 a conclave of Romish Bishops was held in Baltimore, in which our school system was considered, and immediately there was a general attack upon our school system from Maine to California. It is no war with the accident of a version, but with our institutions, that occupies her mind, and we may as well accept the issue as it is.

Before the *coup d'etat* of Napoleon, Rome sent a nuncio to Napoleon offering to make him emperor on these conditions: First, he must maintain an army in Rome for the defense of the Pope; second, he must appoint as minister of education the nominee of the Jesuits; third, he must suppress the study of philosophy in the University of France. These sworn to on the cross and the Bible, the confessionals over France were set at work, and the Republic sank beneath the empire. Contending with such a foe, shall we forget all history and surrender without a struggle? Shall we deliver into her hands the keys of the citadel? Or shall we learn a lesson from the tragic fate of the French Republic and

the melancholy and bloody story of the South American republics?

Rome wants to destroy our school system, but in the name of God she shall not do it. Freemen will stand about this ark of our inspiration, and *when* Rome gets her bloody hands upon it she can carry it away in peace, for *then* the freemen will be all dead. In peace, did I say? I recall it. Not in peace. For though every freeman swelter in his gore, even then the heroic dead, as when Christ was crucified, on this next crucifixion will leap from their graves and pursue the terrified mobs from this sacred soil of freedom. Rome wants our school money, and we must watch lest she seize it. She only uses it for dangerous purposes. Go to New York and study her temper. See how liberal she is when she has the power even in America.

Study the list of the public offices held in that city by Roman Catholics, and published in a late number of the *New York Herald*, *viz.:*

“The sheriff, register, comptroller, city chamberlain, corporation counsel, police commissioner, president of the Croton board, acting mayor, president of the board of alder-

men, president of the board of councilmen, clerk of the common council, clerk of the board of councilmen, president of the board of supervisors, five justices of the courts of record, all the civil justices, all but two of the police justices, all the police court clerks, three out of four coroners, two members of Congress, three out of five State Senators, eighteen out of twenty-one members of the Assembly, fourteen out of nineteen of the common council, and eight out of ten of the supervisors! The Papal Church thus controls in New York City, first, the taxation of city property, and, second, the appropriation of the millions of revenue received from taxation."

The *Christian World*, of January, 1870, says:

"And when Rome gets its hand on the public purse, does it show itself democratic in its administration, recognizing no difference of sects? In 1863, in New York, out of \$105,000 distributed, \$97,500 went to Romish institutions. One institution received \$50,000. In 1866, out of \$129,025 appropriated by the State of New York, \$124,174 were received by Roman Catholic establishments.

THE BIBLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

In 1867 the Legislature passed an act appropriating \$80,000 to the society for the protection of destitute Roman Catholic orphan children, or \$110 a head for its whole number of members. And the New York common council appropriations for Roman Catholics for that year amount to \$120,000 more, most of which was allotted to schools. In 1863 Catholic institutions in New York City received as donations from the city government \$105,000; in 1864, \$70,000; in 1865, \$100,000, and last winter an appropriation of over \$200,000 to Roman Catholic purposes was secured through the New York tax levy.”

Read Dr. Leiber’s report to the New York *Union League*:

“During the last year, out of a total State appropriation for the city of \$528,742.47, no less than \$412,062.26, or more than four-fifths of the whole, went to Roman Catholic schools, of which eighty are maintained chiefly by this means. The following are the figures showing the amount voted to each religious sect:

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|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Roman Catholic, | \$412,062.26 |
| Protestant Episcopal, | 29,335.09 |
| Hebrew, | 14,404.49 |

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

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| Reformed Dutch, | 12,630.86 |
| Presbyterian, | 8,363.44 |
| Baptist, | 2,760.34 |
| Methodist Episcopal, | 3,073.03 |
| German Evangelical, | 2,027.24 |
| Miscellaneous, | 44,085.12 |
| Total, | \$528,742.47 |

“The Catholic denomination had, in 1860, 24 churches out of 252, with seats for 33,576 persons, out of 234,730 furnished by all denominations, and a total number usually attending of 78,488, out of 222,550 of all denominations. Having one-ninth as many churches as the Protestants, seating one-sixth as many persons, and with but little more than one-third as many attendants upon their worship, they draw four times as much public money. This is thirty-six times their proportion according to the number of their churches, twenty-four times as much as their share on the basis of seats for worship, and at least ten times their quota according to the number of worshipers. Last year they inserted in the tax levy a clause giving the sum of \$2,000,000 per annum, to be distributed perpetually by ‘an officer to be appointed by the Board of Education’ among the schools ‘educating children gratuitously in said city

who are not provided for in the common schools.' Nine-tenths of this fund will thus go into special Catholic schools, although Roman Catholic officers have almost entire control of the public schools of the city as well, and the latter have 39,000 vacant seats, are better furnished, better lighted, and better taught than the private schools, and are free from Protestant religious instruction of any kind.

Besides this, the report alleges that in 1866, for one dollar a year, the city government gave to the Catholic Archbishop half a block of ground on Madison, toward Fourth Avenue, worth now \$200,000. In 1852 they gave him, in fee, the whole block lying between Fourth and Fifth Avenues and Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, by changing a lease into a fee, for the sum of \$83.32. Then, in 1864, they paid the same Archbishop \$24,000 for the privilege of extending Madison Avenue across this block, and donated him \$8,928 to pay all assessments on this block for the expense of opening the street. This gift is now worth \$1,500,000. In 1846 and 1857 they gave the Archbishop the block bounded by Fourth and Fifth Avenues and Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, now worth another

\$1,500,000. The city has thus given \$3,200,000 worth of real estate to the Roman Catholics.”

The question comes, shall we surrender everything to Rome? Is she a good foster-mother for liberty? Will she nourish our schools? Is she a good teacher?

Listen to the words of Victor Hugo to the priestly party:

“Ah, we know you! We know the clerical party. It is an old party. This is it which has found for the truth these two marvelous supporters, ignorance and error! This it is which forbids to science and genius the going beyond the missal and which wishes to cloister thought in dogmas. Every step which the intelligence of Europe has taken has been in spite of it. Its history is written in the history of human progress, but it is written on the back of the leaf. It is opposed to it all. This it is which caused Prinelli to be scourged for having said that the stars would not fall. This it is which put Campanella seven times to the torture for having affirmed that the number of worlds was infinite, and for having caught a glimpse at the secret of creation. This it is which persecuted

Harvey for having proved the circulation of the blood. In the name of Jesus, it shut up Galileo. In the name of St. Paul, it imprisoned Christopher Columbus. To discover a law of the heavens was an impiety. To find a world was a heresy. This it is which anathematized Pascal in the name of religion, Montesquieu in the name of morality, Moliere in the name of both morality and religion. . . . For a long time already the human conscience has revolted against you, and now demands of you, 'What is it that you wish of me?' For a long time already you have tried to put a gag on the human intellect. You wish to be the masters of education. And there is not a poet, nor an author, nor a philosopher, nor a thinker, that you accept. All that has been written, found, dreamed, deduced, inspired, imagined, invented by genius, the treasures of civilization, the venerable inheritance of generations, the common patrimony of knowledge, you reject.

"There is a book, a book which is, from one end to the other, an emanation from above—a book which is for the whole world what the Koran is for Islamism, what the Vedas are for India—a book which contains all human wisdom, illuminated by all divine

wisdom, a book which the veneration of the people call *The Book*, the Bible! Well your censure has reached even that. Unheard of thing! Popes have proscribed the Bible! How astonishing to wise spirits, how overpowering to simple hearts, to see the finger of Rome placed upon the Book of God!

“And you claim the liberty of teaching. Stop, be sincere; let us understand the liberty which you claim. It is the liberty of not teaching. You wish us to give you the people to instruct. Very well. Let me see your pupils! Let us see those whom you have produced. What have you done for Italy? What have you done for Spain? For centuries you have kept in your hand, at your discretion, at your school, these two great nations, illustrious among the illustrious. What have you done for them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy whose name no man who thinks can any longer pronounce without an inexpressible filial emotion; Italy, mother of genius and of nations, which has spread over the universe all the most brilliant marvels of poetry and the arts; Italy, which has taught mankind how to read, and knows not how to read! Yes, Italy is, of all the States of Europe, that where the smallest

number of natives know how to read. Spain, magnificently endowed; Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from the Arabs her second civilization, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world, America; Spain, thanks to you, to your yoke of stupor, which is a yoke of degradation and decay, Spain has lost this secret power, which it had from the Romans; this genius of art, which it had from God, and in exchange for all that you have made it lose, it has received from you the Inquisition. The Inquisition, which has burned on funeral pile millions of men; the Inquisition, which disinterred the dead to bury them as heretics; which declared the children of heretics, even to the second generation, infamous and incapable of any public honors, excepting only those who shall have denounced their fathers; the Inquisition, which, while I speak, still holds in the Papal library the manuscripts of Galileo, sealed under the Papal signet! These are your masterpieces. The fire, which we call Italy, you have extinguished. This colossus that we call Spain, you have undermined. The one in ashes, the other in ruins. This is what you have done for two great nations. What do you wish to do for France?

“Stop, you have just come from Rome! I can not congratulate you. You have had fine success there. You come from gagging the Roman people; now you wish to gag the French people, I understand. This attempt is still more fine; but take care, it is dangerous. France is a lion, and is alive!”

We catch the note. Protestantism is a lion, and is alive. She sleeps, but she may awaken. Beware! when she awakes and goes forth in her strength, the bulls of Popes, and the anathemas of Archbishops, and the whimpering of priests will be but as dust and ashes. Rome may exaggerate her numbers till she deceives herself into premature attempts at despotism, but that will only hasten her final overthrow. While I would counsel Rome to greater moderation, I still thank Father Hecker and the Paulus and the Jesuits, for revealing their designs. The gust of local success in New York city has lifted the silver veil of this prophet—this veiled Mokanna, and we have seen the hideous features of the monster, and with our fathers cry out of our hearts, forever and forever, “NO PEACE WITH THE PAPACY, AND NO COMPROMISE WITH ROME.”

APPEAL FOR TWENTY MILLIONS.

On motion of Bishop Fowler, the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church decided to make an appeal for the raising of a \$20,000,000 thank-offering fund throughout the Church. He was appointed by the Board of Bishops to write the appeal, which was done in January, 1899. More than \$21,000,000 was raised following the inspiration of this appeal.

APPEAL FOR TWENTY MILLIONS.

Put thy hands between the King's hands.

WHEN William the Conqueror undertook a campaign for the conquest of a new district in England, he would send for the earls and lords whose help he especially needed, and ask them to put their hands between his hands for the campaign. They would put their hands between his hands, saying: "We put our hands between your hands, to be your true men and loyal for this campaign."

The Board of Bishops has called upon the Methodist Episcopal Church to make a great forward movement for widening the kingdom of Jesus Christ in this world, to bring a great offering into His treasury as an expression of our gratitude—a "Twentieth Century Thank-offering" for the rich and unnumbered blessings He has poured upon us as a Church during this nineteenth century now closing. We are called from every plain and valley, from every hilltop and mountain-side, from every city and hamlet, from every home and hearth, to come up to the camp of our King and put

our hands between the King's hands, to be His true men and loyal for this campaign.

TWO MILLION CONVERTS AND TWENTY MILLIONS OF MONEY.

This is the call. Like an electric engine, it can run either end forward. With the converts the money will come. With the money the converts will come. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. iii, 10.)

Methodism came into this century few in numbers, poor in worldly possessions, and meager in scholarship, having only two hundred and eighty-eight ministers, sixty-four thousand eight hundred and ninety-four members, with but little Church property, and only the ashes of one college. She goes out of the century in sixteen great bands or denominations, having thirty-eight thousand three hundred and fifty-two traveling ministers, six million two hundred thirteen thousand four hundred and twenty-five members, with numberless universities, theological sem-

inaries and colleges, and over \$250,000,000 of church property. She came into this century strong in courage, rich in faith, and invincible in sacrifice. It behooves us to see to it that our particular denomination goes not out of this century weak in courage, poor in faith, or cowardly in sacrifice. As Paul boasted of being "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," good blood on both sides of the house, so we are the sons and daughters of double martyrs—martyrs for the Church they created and defended, and martyrs for the country they redeemed and delivered—heroic blood on both sides of the house. We have no moral right to be little or mean or timid. Sprung from a royal ancestry, we must bring royal gifts, like the wise men from the East, and lay them at the feet of our Redeemer.

GREAT FORCES.

We are in a great conflict, handling and handled by vast energies. Working with the limitless forces of steam, lightning, and light, and redeeming time down to the millionth part of a second, and measuring distances down to the millionth part of an inch, we can not loiter by the century with Methuselah, nor wander aimlessly in the desert with Abra-

ham. We are risen into divine times, when a day is as a thousand years. And our achievements must fit into our environment. May the God of our fathers put upon us a just measure of our responsibilities, and help us to put our hands between the King's hands!

OUR FAULT.

Great as have been our blessings during this century, the meagerness of the results of the last years calls us to thoughtfulness and prayer, and to humiliation. God never cools in love, nor lags in desire, nor weakens in power. His arm is not shortened that He can not save. We must candidly look to ourselves for the explanation of our failures. Even Jesus, in His own country, "did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." May not the Savior be standing in our midst, weeping and saying, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye may have life?"

REVIVALS.

Methodism has marched up to her present vantage ground on her knees, by the altar of prayer and by the mourners' bench. In scholarship, in wealth, and in social prestige, she

has been surpassed in each of these respects by some sister denomination. These elegant sisters, beautiful in their equipment, like the lithe hare, were well through the race when Methodism, like the clumsy tortoise, was trundling along on her knees. God gave her the secret of success in prayer. Her victory is from supernatural forces. If she exchanges the Word of authority for the rhetoric of the preacher, and the penitent's bench for the professor's desk, and the faith of the itinerant for the conceit of the higher critic, and the supernatural power of the Holy Ghost for the hesitating formulas of mere human reasoning, she must part company with impulsive Peter and resistless Paul, and drop back to sulk with doubting Thomas, or do worse with poor Judas Iscariot. She must persist in her time-honored and God-honored revivals, which have saved her own millions, chiefly captured as trophies from the enemy, and have saved a large per cent of the other millions of Protestantism. She must keep her penitent's altar quivering with divine power; for a Church, without saving power, will soon be a Church without a divine Savior. Back to your knees and to your altars, O Methodism! Send up the agonizing cry from every Church and

from every family altar. Two million converts in the two remaining years before the century closes. As John Knox stood all night on his calloused knees, crying, "Give me Scotland, or I die," so let us cry unto God mightily, "Give us two million converts before this century closes." "Put thy hands between the King's hands."

DOUBLE ABRASION.

Methodism is losing parts of her domain on each side. Like an island in a divided current, she must protect herself on both sides with piers and breakwaters. On one side workers in the submerged tenth are doing the work that once made Methodism rich in converts and saints. On the other side, in the upper tenth, many clever souls are satisfied with a system that seems to have but little of the cross in its Christianity, and are thus drifting from our altars. Some new baptism of power is needed for these souls, that would satisfy every want of the heart with the fullness of a perfect redemption and a perfect Redeemer. Some new baptism of labor is needed to so push our membership out into all fields that there would remain no unreached

submerged tenth. Methodism must not allow her candle to be burned at both ends.

What are the spirit and power of the main body of the Church itself? There are signs for anxiety at the top and at the bottom; is the trunk sound and well?

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The Epworth League, providentially created, is a great, energetic section of the Church. Full of labor and stirred with zeal, may it not be that a stronger bent toward spiritual results would make the results of this vast machine, in many places, more substantial and actual? In many chapters these much-to-be-desired literary and social forces await the touch of a higher life and the light of a more single eye. This vast force may be easily brought into magnificent shape to be used for higher designs. When God made man He fashioned him into beauty, molded the limbs, bored and filled the bones, rounded and stored the skull, stretched the arteries and veins, wove the nerves, spread the cuticle, formed the eye, and shaped the heart. But that was not man. That was only the most perfect form of lower animal life. God came

down to this shapely form, took it up in His hands, breathed into it the breath of life, and it became a living soul. The dull eyes opened and caught the light from the overbrooding Creator. The heavy heart began its ceaseless beating, and beat back the warm throbbings of the Infinite heart that fashioned it. The heavy brain, kindled by the presence of the Infinite mind, sent out its quick and quivering thoughts to run along God's great thoughts. Then man stood up erect on the plane of probation, a possible saint and child of God, with energies that could never waste. So it may be with this Epworth League. It has been fashioned into beauty and symmetry by the great artificer, the Church. But it can have the touch of the Infinite Father and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. If in answer to the prayer and faith of the Church it can be filled with the Holy Spirit, it will rise to its highest field of activity and lift the whole Church into a higher life, full of uncounted conquests for the coming century. Sons and daughters of the Church, hosts of the Epworth League, put your hands between the hands of the King, for a new, a spiritual campaign.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

Let me speak to the great hosts of the rank and file of our membership. Is it not true that many live on and on in the Church on a plane below their privilege? Are there not many who fail of the rich assurance of faith that comes from the witness of the Spirit? They plod on, hoping for a better experience, hungry in heart, yet never actually having a satisfactory experience. Many who would be glad to have the deep certainty of God's witnessing Spirit? The thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians makes this experience absolutely necessary. Hear me. This great doctrine and experience form the purpose for which Methodism was called into being. We are in the world to teach and illustrate a knowable religion. The world was full, in the days of Wesley, with Old Testament believers, who had only a hope of a hope. God wanted a Church with a knowable experience. So He called John Wesley to teach a conscious salvation. Wherever he and his followers went men rose up and said: "I feel that I am a sinner." Then they testified: "I feel that my sins are all forgiven;" "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins;"

“God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven my sins.” This is the mission of Methodism. And her power is in proportion to the clearness of the testimony of her witnesses. She teaches free agency. She teaches justification by faith. She teaches the necessity of both faith and works; but these are not the distinguishing doctrines of Methodism. The great doctrine of Methodism is the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit. This is that supernatural fire that strangely warmed John Wesley’s heart. This is that inborn sense, down deep in consciousness, deeper than logic, more certain than reasoning, that we are accepted of God, whereby we cry, “Abba, Father.” This enables one who is cast down and penitent, lying on his face and praying for pardon, suddenly to look up into the face of God as to a father. This is that power that banishes fear, and gives one that quiet, cuddling, home feeling down in the heart. This is the assurance of peace that endues with power. This is the supreme verdict which alone can face the judgment bar. Nothing less is safe. Have you this witness? Brother, ask yourself; sister, ask yourself, “Have I this all-satisfying witness?” I am on trial for my soul. My case is being made up. The jury will soon

go out. Its verdict is final. I must know beyond a doubt what their verdict will be. It will either set me free to walk with open face and glad heart about the city of God, with the good and great of all ages forever, or it will assign me to that lone land where mercy and hope never come. I can not trust my own judgment; I am little, ignorant, often and easily deceived, much prejudiced; I may be wrong; I must have an infallible testimony. This I may have in the witness of the Holy Spirit. Beloved, have you this witness of the Spirit? You may have. Pray mightily that this may come to you and be the rich endowment of power for the whole Church. With this clear witness all minor questions will be settled. It will settle all questions of grade in the ministry, except the grade of divine power. You will be led into all truth. Your path will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

This is the supreme gift. Jesus said: "It is expedient for you that I go away." What could make it expedient for the infant Church to have Jesus leave them? He had been all things unto them. He had been to them the Peasant of Nazareth, Prophet of God, Son of God, and God over all, blessed for evermore.

Yet it was expedient for them to have Him go away. For Jesus says: "If I go not away, the Holy Ghost will not come unto you." The Spirit is *the promise* of the Father. Let every Methodist, man, woman and child, pray for the personal witness of the Spirit and for the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon the whole Church. This will secure the power of the Church and the supreme and acceptable twentieth century thank-offering. Give yourself, then you will gladly give whatever God wants. Put your hand between the King's hands, and He will secure the rest.

HOW SECURED.

Shall I tell you how to secure this priceless treasure, the witness of the Spirit? I will, God helping me. Wherever you are, in probation between the gate of eternal death and the gate of eternal life, God's plan and promise can reach you. His promises reach every inch of the road. If you are so near doom that the ground is already hot beneath your feet, halt, turn, quit your flirting with evil. That is the start toward life. Cease to do evil, and learn to do good. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the

Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." If you are farther up, nearer life, but in coldness and heaviness, then take the word: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith." If you are still farther up the path, then secure that love, that true love, which changes the I, the me, the mine, into the Thou, the Thee, the Thine; that makes obedience spontaneous and service a delight. By surrender, prayer, fasting, if need be—for there is a kind that goeth not out but by prayer and fasting—secure that supreme love that loves God with all the heart, and thy neighbor as thyself; that love which the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians makes absolutely necessary to any hope of heaven, without which everything else is absolutely nothing; that love which suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil," beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things. Dear Methodist, have you this absolutely necessary love, so fine, so

high, so sweet, so divine? Without this love reaching out to your fellow-man and up to God, you are nothing, we are nothing, the Church is nothing.

THE LEADERS ARE RESPONSIBLE.

We must go out of this century as brave and believing and sacrificing as our fathers came into it. Brothers in our pulpits, a stream never rises above its source. Like preacher, like people. How we need to watch and pray, lest our lights should burn dim or go out.

GOD WAITS FOR US.

God waits on us for power among men. When we insist God answers with all the forces of His government. Moses stands on a projecting table-land of Sinai, overlooking the camp of Israel, in the presence of his angered God. God, pointing to Israel bowed before the golden calf, says to Moses: "Go, get thee down to thy people, for they have corrupted themselves." Moses, who the other day feared to stand before poor little Pharaoh, now, in the hour of trial and destiny, stands bravely before his angered God, and says: "Why is Thine anger kindled against *Thy*

people, whom *Thou* broughtest out of the land of bondage?" Moses clings, as it were, to the very vesture of the Lord, and will not let Him go. The Lord says: "Let Me alone, that Mine anger may wax hot against them." Moses says: "What will the heathen say, that *Thou* broughtest Thy people out into the wilderness to slay them?" Then the Lord, as if to buy off Moses, says: "I will make of thee a great people." Moses stands firm, and says: "Where is Thy promise to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob? If Thy word will not hold, then blot me out of Thy book, but spare Israel." This heroic man, offering himself and pleading the integrity and honor of God, prevailed and saved Israel. Brothers, we stand between God and our Methodism. If we hold on to God with believing, self-sacrificing purpose, He will save and baptize our Church with power, and swing us into the twentieth century for a mightier work than any we have ever seen or of which we have ever heard.

Hooper Crews was pastor of our Church at Springfield, Illinois. He was awakened one summer by his report to the Quarterly Conference to find that his Church was declining. He was sore distressed and prayed

much, fearing he had outlived his call. One summer Sabbath night, in the midst of the harvest time, he announced to a little congregation a prayer-meeting for Monday morning, at sunrise, for the revival of God's work and the conversion of sinners. Then he gave that night to agonizing prayer. A little before daylight his burden left him, and he fell asleep on a lounge in his study. He awoke to see the first beams of the morning sun. Looking down into the churchyard, he saw that it was full of people, and the church was full of people, and the street was full of teams. Men as far as nine miles away from the church had awakened in the middle of the night alarmed, fearing that the judgment day was coming, took their teams, and drove to the church with their families, to see if they could find God and mercy. Brother Crews said: "We went into the church and opened the prayer-meeting; we closed it that night at eleven o'clock with twenty-eight conversions, as the beginning of a sweeping revival." Brothers, if we will consecrate ourselves to God without reserve, and cling to God, taking no denial, He will honor our faith and bless our Methodism with a century of unprecedented achievements.

APPEAL FOR TWENTY MILLIONS

Brothers, sisters, Methodists, Bishops, presiding elders, pastors, class leaders, stewards, trustees, superintendents, teachers, and members, listen: Enter into the secret chamber of your own soul; answer to the divine Spirit who graciously meets you there and whispers to you. Tell him: "I will seek God till I find Him a satisfying portion, and serve Him in all things, great or small, till I die. I will ask for the witness of the Spirit till I receive it, and will keep it every hour forever." Let us put our hands between the King's hands.

WESLEYANIZING THE WORLD

Delivered at the Wesley Bi-centennial Celebration in
People's Temple, Boston, on Tuesday
evening, June 29, 1903.

WESLEYANIZING THE WORLD

IT takes a big stamp to impress the world. Most men do well to impress their own families. Few men leave their image and superscription upon their own nation. It is only once in five or ten centuries that a man comes our way big enough to make a bend in the stream of human history. To look back over the bulge of two centuries and see a man so filling the field of vision that thoughtful men soberly discuss the question of his being a recognized force in shaping the character of the human race, is to settle the question of his phenomenal greatness. He must be tall enough to be an epoch-maker. We may well be content to admire and imitate and run after him and wait for our obscure graves. Such a character calls us together at this time.

Rightly to measure the spaces between the fixed stars, we must take the wide orbit of the sun as our meter, our unit. Rightly to measure John Wesley, we must take some of the great characters that Time has only dug about, and the dust of oblivion has only fruc-

tified, as our standards and units of measure. The multitude of difficulties and antagonisms that hedged his way were only the scaffolding used in building his character. Where now is the scaffolding used in building the Parthenon? Gone and forgotten, twenty-three centuries ago. But there stands that marble temple on the summit of the Acropolis, a thing of beauty, as wonderful as when it came from the brain of Ictinus. Where is the scaffolding used in piling the Pyramids? Gone, forty centuries ago. But there tower the Pyramids over the sands of Egypt, as grim and grand as when they received the first royal mummy. The scaffolding is nothing. So the creatures and things that assailed and maltreated John Wesley are nothing. They are gone, forgotten. They only give us perspective. Where now is the guard that gambled at the foot of the cross? Gone. No historian has rescued a single name or uncovered a single footprint of their journey back to Gaul. The priests and their order, the military officers and the great Empire back of them all gone, faded from the memories of men, except as they lie like stained and decaying tatters about the site of that Cross. But the victim on that Cross rises into the love

and admiration of men everywhere and forever. So the mobs in Cornwall and the clergymen at Epworth and elsewhere that assaulted John Wesley have vanished, remembered only in their offenses. But this apostle of righteousness has seized that eighteenth century, leaving fragments of it for others, and now men are studying the fact that the world is being Wesleyanized.

There are three great figures in history with whom Wesley may be compared in the structure of his mind and the sweep of his work. They are, taking the one nearest to us in time, first, Napoleon Bonaparte, the man of destiny. Napoleon was a colossal figure sent into the world on an errand. Warrior, statesman, organizer, he reconstructed the map of Europe as if it were painted on his private blocks, for his personal amusement. Hostile armies melted in his breath like the host of Sennacherib before the Angel of Death. Thrones toppled at his touch, and kings trailed in the train of his triumph. Himself a despot, he crushed despotism, and gave to Europe constitutional government. But inspired only by selfish ambition, the star of his empire sank in a sea of blood, and he lived to see the utter failure of all his personal plans.

Wesley had his generalship and statesmanship, and had he been armed with a sword instead of the New Testament he could have built a temporal empire instead of a spiritual kingdom.

Second,—Ignatius Loyola, the wounded soldier of Pampeluna, the founder of the Order of Jesus, the Society of the Jesuits. This man, commencing with only the elements of knowledge, at the age of thirty-three rose to the control of the educational forces of the Roman Church. The Society he created and inspired, known as the Jesuits, is entrusted by Rome with the task of producing her best tools for her most critical work. They give discipline to the Roman Catholic institutions of learning and they swarm in the courts of kings and in the lobbies of the republics. The spirit of their founder seldom fails them. Starting two centuries later, John Wesley, the student of Oxford, is pursuing this worldly force with a spiritual force scarcely less organized and quite as well fitted to the spirit and requirements of the age. In heroism, in self-sacrifice, in discipline, in high qualities for commanding, in abilities for wide organization, in creative resources for emergencies, Wesley can well confront Loyola in the arena

of the world before the eyes of these and coming centuries. These are the chiefs of Armageddon, whose forces shall settle the battle of the Apocalypse.

Third,—Another stalwart figure towers yonder in New Testament times, that tent-maker of Tarsus, no mean city. This brown-haired, hook-nosed Jew, Saul, was especially trained for a great work. On the wharves of Cydnus he encountered the traders of many lands. At home, in a Hebrew family of the dispersion, he talked with his father in the language of Abraham and Moses; at school he rolled the rich language of Homer and Demosthenes. In the streets of Tarsus he saw the insignia of Roman power. These three great languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, united to make Paul the defender of Jesus, on whose Cross they would be again united. Languages were his alphabets. Civilizations were his text-books. Cities were his tutors. Races were his companions. Continents were his opportunities. The God of Abraham was his power. The Cross of Jesus was his inspiration. This man Paul, divinely commissioned, widened Judaism from being the religious cult of a subjugated province into the religion for all races and for all ages.

Wesley may properly be mentioned with Paul, in heroism, in consecration, in wide itinerating, in scholarship, in authorship, and in holy zeal.

Wesley surpassed Napoleon in generalship, for he never found his Waterloo or his St. Helena. He surpassed Loyola in organizing power, for he never needed the backing of the State or the army. He approaches St. Paul in scholarship, for he created his institutions amid the intellectual activities of the eighteenth century, and perpetuated them with a challenge to all comers. These men, taken in the order of their greatness, Paul, Wesley, Loyola, Bonaparte, stand four giants, holding up the four corners of the world.

Wesley came of *Puritan* ancestry, that blood that gave England her greatest ruler and her cleanest age. That was a stout moral stock that put conscience above everything else. They were slaves of duty which made them God's freemen. His blood sagged into High Churchism in his father and mother, but back of them were the men who were not afraid of stakes and fagots.

A necessary call to greatness is a divine call to be born of a great *mother*. Few men ever reach greatness without this divine call.

Julius Cæsar, the Gracchi, Washington, Bonaparte, Bacon, Lincoln, and McKinley were born of queenly mothers. Susannah Wesley was easily peer of any in the noble group. She was one of the most accomplished ladies of her time. Adam Clarke says he never saw her equal. Wesley started well.

He started in the right place, a *parsonage*. It is good soil that can grow such stalks as Lord Nelson and Henry Clay, Lord Tennyson and Thackeray, Macaulay and Froude, and Lowell and Goldsmith. Remember that Spurgeon and Beecher, Jonathan Edwards and James Martineau, also enrich the cradle roll of the parsonage. A great host of laymen sprang from the same nest. One-seventh of our over \$21,000,000 Twentieth Century Thank-offering came from a few babes in the parsonage. John Wesley had this royal start.

It was in his blood to *command*. His relative, the Duke of Wellington, carried no more authority in his soul than did he. It is easy to obey such men as Cæsar and Cromwell and Grant. That made the itinerancy and Methodism possible. Lord Macaulay said of Wesley: "He was a man whose eloquence and logical exactness might have rendered him eminent in literature; whose genius for gov-

ernment was not inferior to that of Richelieu; and who devoted all his powers in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered the highest good of his species."

Oxford was his natural home. Her classic halls, her libraries, her traditions, her memories, her atmosphere, fitted him as the water fits a fish. He rested, he sported, he throve, he grew in it. I went into his old room in Oxford. There was his old chair and desk and the walls and the windows, as they were in his time. I almost felt his presence. It seemed to me that he must be somewhere about, possibly out lecturing in his place. His scholarship was so deep and rich that he embodied the University. He must be campaigning somewhere, I thought, if he does not come home here to the University.

In his day Latin and Greek were *mastered*. Students handled them like English. Hebrew was a part of his work. Modern languages easily yielded their treasures to him. He knew the mathematics and logic and philosophy of the University. Science was pursued by him to the limit of the University's ability to furnish. He specialized in electricity. He was at home in the whole range of literature, reading the classics, pro-

fane and sacred and ecclesiastical, in their original tongues. History, biography, and poetry were attractive to him. He prepared a Christian library of fifty volumes, selecting with great care the best parts of the best authors. He was voluminous in his authorship. He prepared and published grammars in five languages, also four volumes of Church history and an English dictionary. He wrote two hundred and thirty-three works, and edited one hundred more.

His vast stores of knowledge were available for discussions, exhortations, and sermons. His sermons are of high order, solid, compact, orderly, Scriptural, luminous. His journal is pronounced among the best ever published. He stands in the first rank as a scholar and writer. He was the first actual University extension the world ever saw. He gave the results of his studying and wide reading to the common people with a most prodigal hand. He inspired a desire for knowledge throughout all his societies. As a scholar, as an author, as a preacher and inspirer of men, he must forever hold a high rank. Methodism must forever be grateful for his work and his scholarship, and for the work and scholarship of Adam Clarke, for

the reception of whose most charmed work Wesley prepared the way. Theodore Parker said: "Methodism has produced the greatest scholar and the greatest organizer of the last thousand years." We have a divine right to be proud of Wesley. I have heard of some Methodist fledglings in our pulpits who feign contempt for Wesley and Clarke. I venture they never heard of many of the old manuscripts which Clarke studied and compared letter by letter from end to end in his patient work. When I hear them lisping and see them drooling, I would like to send them back to Susannah Wesley for training. She would teach them better manners and more wisdom, or exhaust them in the attempt.

Wesley's great work was the liberation of spiritual forces among men. His massive, intellectual powers, his acumen, his logic, his scholarship, his wide knowledge, all these were only by-products. The purpose for which his plant was put up and run was the production of spiritual results in the transformation of individuals and in the purification and elevation of society. *Methodism was born in Aldersgate Street, London, May 24, 1738, when its founder "felt his heart strangely warmed, felt that he did trust in*

Christ alone for salvation," and had "an assurance given him that Christ had taken away his sin and saved him from the law of sin and death." He then knew that something had happened.

In January, 1885, I was walking through Aldersgate Street, London, with an old layman, George John Stevenson. He was my London correspondent when I edited the *New York Advocate*. He was Adam Clarke's literary executor. He knew more about early Methodist localities than any other man then living. He stopped and said: "When I was a boy there was a house where this cross street is now; when the street was cut through, the house was taken down. In the upper room of that house was held the meeting in which John Wesley was converted. That is where he felt his 'heart strangely warmed;' 'that was the birthplace of Methodism.'" I took off my hat.

Before this Wesley had been very High Church, and an extreme stickler for the order of the Church. On March 31, 1738, in Bristol, a little time before his conversion, Mr. Whitefield showed him how to preach in the fields. He says: "I could hardly reconcile myself to this strange way of preaching, hav-

ing been all my life, till very lately, so strenuous of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a Church." In a most earnest way he was seeking God through all the services of the Church, but all the time failing to find peace and comfort. He said after his return from America: "One thing have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I, who went to America to convert the Indians, was never converted myself." Later he described his way of living in those struggling days as "a refined way of trusting to his own works and his own righteousness;" that he "dragged on heavily, finding no help or comfort therein." He learned on the sea that the Moravians had some religious experience that "removed the fear of death." By the help of Peter Böhler he was led to the truth and held that "when we renounce everything but faith and get into Christ, then, and not till then, have we any reason to believe that we are Christians." Thus he struggled and prayed and fasted and clung to the Church ordinances and sacraments, till at last he let go of everything else and rested down upon Jesus Christ by faith only. Then he *"felt his heart strangely*

warmed" and knew by the witness of the Holy Spirit with his spirit that his sins were forgiven and that he was accepted of God. This is what the early Methodist called the "germ cell" of Methodism. The Church was quickened into *conscious* life, spiritual life. It is the common experience of converted people that they *feel* that they are sinners. That they *feel* that their sins are forgiven. It is a life of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. It matures into life and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. This was proof to the individual deeper than his logic, deeper than his reasoning, bubbling up out of the very depths of his consciousness, saying itself within him, "Abba, Father." This is the way they know that something has happened.

This enables us to understand the statement that the Word is spirit and spiritually discerned. The exercise of saving faith is in the spiritual and voluntary nature. This furnishes the foundation for that Scriptural doctrine taught in the New Testament and taught and experienced by Methodists and known as the witness of the Spirit. It is that operation of the Holy Spirit upon the believer testifying to the state of salvation and bringing peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Thus the

believer knows that something has happened. This is the purpose for which Methodism was called into being. Philosophical and theological teaching had so deadened the power of the gospel that it had no fair opportunity to manifest its power. The world was submerged in doubt. Christianity was dismissed as a worn-out cult.

Methodism is a new life, and so is an experience. It has God's testimony that something has happened. It is love and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. A preacher approaching his new appointment, asked a boy: "Do people at Millbrook enjoy religion?" The boy struck the central power of Methodism when he said: "Them that has it does."

John Wesley was driven from the communion table and shut out of the churches as a fanatic being consumed by zeal, because he preached this doctrine of salvation by faith only and the witness of the Holy Spirit; he proclaimed a knowable religion. It was sometimes necessary to check zeal without knowledge. But that peril has long since passed. In this age, when nearly every street might be carpeted with newspapers, this age of magazines and high schools and colleges and universities and lectures, our peril is

from the opposite direction. We are in no danger of too much emotion in religion. When the president of a university not distinguished for religious emotions, admonishes Methodism about too much emotion, I am persuaded of his kindly intent, but that he misses our present perils. And when any one is reported as saying that "the statement that we must have an experience in order to be Christians is a religious *falsism*," I am compelled to think that he is misrepresented. At all events an effort to protect our Methodism from too much emotion is a work of supererogation. It is no wiser than the man who spent his fortune in making a steel umbrella to protect his head from falling meteors. It is conceivable that a man might be killed by a falling meteor, but our heads are in greater danger from other causes. It would be quite as wise to build coffer-dams in the midst of the Sahara desert to keep back the sea. As a Church, our peril is greater from the loss of the strange warming of the heart.

In my early ministry I constructed a doctrine which I called the geology of character. By it I meant that a man might by faithfulness and obedience and prayerfulness so round up his character that by and by he would

come into a religious life and that God would save him. I did not preach my doctrine of geology of character, because I could not support it by the Scriptures, and I was not commissioned to preach my own speculations, but the Good News. One day a man came into my home and asked me to come and hold a funeral service over his little girl. I said I would go. As he went out he said to me: "Do n't waste any words on me. I have outgrown my superstitions. My wife has not. She was a Wesleyan in Canada and has not outgrown it. It is on her account I want the service." I went and said what I thought I ought to. About three weeks after that the cholera plague struck our city. Several hundred died each day. Nearly every person that took the plague died. Early in the time of the trouble a little girl came into my home and said: "My papa has got the cholera and three doctors have given him up, and he wants you to see him. Will you come?" I was in a tight corner. I instantly thought my geology of character can not reach him. I was also afraid of the cholera. But I thought that any minister that would not go to such a call ought to take the cholera and die. I asked, "Who is your papa?" She said: "O, you

know my papa. You buried my little sister three weeks ago," at such a number, a little over a block away. I said: "I will go." The cold perspiration started over me. As I went I prayed for help. It came to me in this Scripture, "Preach My gospel." I said: "That is it. I will give him only the word of God and leave the responsibility with God." As I went into the house the woman fell down and caught me about my feet, saying: "O, sir, you must save him." I said, as I lifted her up: "I can not save him." As I went up by the side of the bed, the man sprang up and threw the stump of his arm about my neck and said: "O, sir, what shall I do? It is so dark and everything whirls so. I can't die this way." I laid him back on the bed and said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He sprang up and shook his hand and the stump of his arm at me and said: "Do n't you tell me that. Here I am fifty years old, crystallized in sin, and have only an hour or two to live. You can't make me over in an hour." There was my geology of character, face to face with me. I waited. Another spasm took him and he cried out again: "What shall I do? I can't

die this way." I said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Again he said: "Do n't you tell me that;" and I waited. We teetered over that single passage for nearly two hours. I gave him nothing else. At last, fearing he would go soon, I said: "Believe, and do n't you dare to tell me no. You will be dead in an hour. All the people that have gone up to God have gone by this way of faith." Then he began to moan and pray: "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me." Soon he was praying with all his might. Then I repeated the promises to him. I repeated that wonderful promise, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." He said: "Say that again, say that again." I repeated it. He said: "I believe it, I believe it. Glory to God, I can die now. I am not afraid to die now. Hallelujah, I can die now!" He begged his wife's pardon for having been so mean to her. He talked about his business, often breaking out, "I can die now." He knew that something had happened. I left him. Toward morning I returned. He was gone. He went, shouting, "Glory to God, I can die now." He was saved by faith, just as that thief on the cross was saved, just as every man who is saved is saved by faith.

Two people were cured of the geology of character that night.

God made us, and He can remake us in a second, when we believe. We do not do the work. God does it, and He can save at the last moment. That is the power of the gospel. That is the power of Methodism. It has a real gospel, real Good News, that God can save to the uttermost, and even at the last, if only we believe. If I did not believe that that poor creature dying yonder in the alley, scuttled in every virtue, unloved and unmothered, slipping from the crumbling verge of time into the vortex of perdition, if only she would send one believing cry to Jesus, could be saved, I would never dare to preach again. He saves by faith. He does it. I would to God that we might as a Church to the last member take hold of His Almighty and merciful hand and appropriate by only simple faith all that we need, and hold onto Him by faith till He sends His witnessing Spirit, giving us love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. This is Methodism.

This great truth is *Wesleyanizing* the world. I bless God for that fact. I have large charity, large love, for all the Churches that hold to the Bible. I could work in any

of them and be happy if I could preach and enjoy these great Methodist New Testament truths. Their prayer and testimony meetings are as clear and definite as our own. You could hardly tell by the experiences that they are not Methodist meetings. But it was not always so. Young as I am, I have heard a preacher in an orthodox pulpit denounce "the damnable doctrine that a man might know his sins forgiven." In the high days of hard Calvinism men under the reign of the secret decree could not know whether they were of the elect or not. The decree was secret. The witness of the Spirit to adoption put an end to the secret decree and to all the other decrees.

The Established Church in England was no gentler on this matter. As soon as Wesley experienced and preached this doctrine he was thrust out of the churches and from the communion table, and was mobbed in the streets and in the fields at the instigation of Churchmen, ministers and laymen, as a fanatic. That was the state of Christian Churches and of the world when God spoke the Methodist Church into being. We were sent out on a special errand. We were called up into being, to preach a knowable religion. Our fathers heard the Divine call and saw

God's beckoning hand, and were obedient to the heavenly vision. Men heard their testimony. They wanted their experience. They wanted to know a God that could be found. They came in throngs. The truths reached the multitudes. Earnest souls of all classes found peace in believing. The old Churches, some of which had not had a revival or a conversion for a whole generation, caught the revival spirit and experience. The long silent heart began to beat. New life currents coursed through the veins. The dormant bodies roused to activity, and songs of life were heard on every side.

Multitudes born at Methodist altars went into the Churches where their parents worshipped. While Methodism would have been glad to house them, yet she rejoiced to see them carry their new life and testimony with them into their old Churches. If all our converts had stayed with us we would have more than doubled our membership, but other Churches would not have awakened. The glad life of Methodism, incarnated in John Wesley, May 24, 1738, when he felt his heart strangely warmed, flowed over the brim of Methodism, ran into and through the other Churches, making glad the

City of our God. It took a century to warm the old altars and hearts, but I thank God that they are being strangely warmed. Our converts have not been lost. They have been scattered into good soil as "germ cells." Salvation by faith only, and the witness of the Spirit with our spirits that we are adopted, wherever preached and experienced, is Methodism, no matter what name it bears.

The Established Church which drove John Wesley from her altars and pulpits has felt the power of his distinctive doctrines. Blackstone said that he had heard the ablest preachers of the Church and you could not tell by their sermons whether they were Pagan or Mohammedan or Christian. I need not uncap that abyss. It is enough to say with the great secular historian that much of the good wrought by Wesley and his followers was found in their quickening of the Established Church. It is now enough to say that not a small percentage of the evangelical preaching in England and in the world is now heard in non-Methodist pulpits. The world is being Wesleyanized.

A Christian lady, a little while ago, brought her two sons, young men in their teens, to one of our Churches where a blessed

revival was in progress, and said to our pastor, whom I know: "I have brought my sons to your services. They are to be confirmed in a few weeks, and I want them converted before they are confirmed."

A hundred years ago, before the Churches had been Wesleyanized, there were but about a dozen missionary societies. The lifeless forms of Christianity were hardly able to propagate themselves. But now, since these great bodies have felt the new life, these missionary societies are numbered by the hundred. This revived and revival doctrine is running throughout all the great masses of Heathenism. Here and there over all the pagan continents you can see the flames of the new life burning on Christian altars, and hear the glad songs of hearts strangely warmed by the love of God consciously shed abroad in the soul. Thus, in this wider range and mightier sweep, the world is being Wesleyanized.

We are only on the crest of the mountains where the endless plains stretch away into an ever-widening future. This power of a new life spread so widely that it reached the great masses of the English nation, giving the people a new moral sense, an exalted sense of

honor, and a resistless patriotism. It rose so high that it bore English statesmanship up to levels it had never approached before.

Lecky, the philosophical historian of much weight and authority, says:

“Although the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II, they must yield, I think, in real importance, to that religious revolution which shortly before had been begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield. The creation of a large, powerful and active set, extending over both hemispheres and numbering many millions of souls, was but one of its consequences. It also exercised a profound and lasting influence upon the spirit of the Established Church, upon the amount and distribution of the moral forces of the nation, and even upon the course of its political history.”

This swelling tide has necessarily reached our country and has become identified with our free institutions.

Touched in this last century and a half with the spirit of personal kinship and fellowship with God, these English-speaking peo-

ples have risen to the highest civilization known among men, and marching with the swing of conquest they walk over the earth as if they owned it. Like chivalrous knights of high heaven, they feel called upon to right the great wrongs, to defend the helpless, lift up the poor, and establish prosperous peace, or know the reason why.

The Anglo-Saxon integrity, which is stronger than Anglo-Saxon greed of land, and the Anglo-Saxon moral sense, which is deeper than Anglo-Saxon passion for power, is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, in which the God of Providence dwells, that is guiding the fugitives from all despotisms to the promised land.

Brothers, I see more in this federation of English-speaking peoples than the strutting of our proud police of the seas and the barking of our war-dogs. I see, rather, the better chance for perpetual peace and the growth of the gentler virtues. I hate war.

The time is coming when these two flags, floating together, will make it impossible for a gun to throw a bullet beyond its muzzle or for a soldier to lift his foot unless the order is given in the English tongue.

Brothers, I am not outside the facts of his-

tory when I say that the spirit which God poured into the world through the lips, labor, and life of John Wesley has quickened this Anglo-Saxon people into power. The Anglo-Saxon stock is the engine, and Methodism is the man in the cab with his hand on the lever. This is the secret why these people are so free, fearless, and loyal.

Who can measure our responsibility? Our only safety is in close personal work with God, in walking with God as our fathers did, keeping ourselves personally in such fellowship that we can detect the least approach of sin, and hear the slightest prompting of the Spirit, and receive constantly new supplies of spiritual power. The same heroic devotion that made our fathers win in the nineteenth century will make us win in the twentieth. God help us, that we may have not only "the arduous greatness of things achieved," but also the heroic greatness that can do all things through the strengthening grace of Jesus Christ.

The field for Methodism is wider than ever in the past. Its great need is the old fire, the strange warming of the heart.

John Wesley grew in a godly family. He went into the Church by the proper cere-

monies. He prayed and fasted and worked and watched. He took the vows of the Church and devoted himself to her ceremonies and sacraments. As John Dempster went to South America as a missionary into the perils of Roman Catholic persecution, chiefly to be sure that he was thoroughly and absolutely consecrated to God, so John Wesley went into the wilds among the savages of America, as a missionary. But none of these things gave him satisfying peace and comfort. He styles all these things, a "refined way of trusting to his own works and his own righteousness," "that he dragged on heavily, finding no help or comfort therein." But he renounced all these things, saying, "When we renounce everything but faith and get into Christ, then, and not till then, have we any reason to believe that we are Christians." Under the guidance of a Moravian Christian and led by the Spirit, he settled down upon Christ only; then he felt his heart strangely warmed and knew that his sins were forgiven. Then he came to his Kingdom.

Brothers, I will call another great witness, a man of the same rugged, logical, mental structure, only greater, possibly the greatest of all the sons of Adam, possibly the greatest

man the great God ever made—none other than Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles. Hear his testimony concerning his labors and sufferings:

Seeing that many glory after the flesh, I will glory also.

Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I.

Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool,) I am more; in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft.

Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one.

Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep;

In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.

In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

Besides those things that are without, that

which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.—(2 Cor. xi, 18, 22-28.)

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—(Romans viii, 35-39.)

Hear his summation of his claims to self-righteousness: “If any man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more;

“Circumcised the eighth day”—all there could be in early admission to the Church—“of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin.” Royal blood, the blood of the patriarchs, Israel’s bluest blood flowed in his veins,

and the especial favor of Benjamin, with his double portion. "An Hebrew of the Hebrews." No alien mixtures, good blood on both sides of the house. "As touching the law, a Pharisee." Orthodox, no materializing Sadducee. "Concerning zeal, persecuting the Church." No limp and lazy liberal, but an inquisitor keyed to the highest and hardest duties. "Touching the righteousness which is in the law, *blameless*." Nothing could be higher than this; yet hear this witness. It is Paul, the aged. The fires and fancies of youth have long ago died out of him. He is in the ripe maturity of his faculties and powers, at the very summit of his great manhood, tested and enriched on every side. He has tested every weapon and tried every torture. He has confronted the mob in the temple and the inquisitor in the dungeon. He has stood against the bigotry of Jerusalem, against the philosophy of Athens, against the corruption of Corinth, against the rashness of Philippi, against the idolatry of Ephesus, and against the persecutions of Rome. He fled from the mob in Jerusalem to the prison in Cæsarea, from the wrath of Derbe to the stoning in Lystra, from the vengeance of Corinth to struggle with wild beasts in Ephesus.

He struggled out of the surf of the Ægean to stand alone at Nero's bar. Surely if any man ever had whereof to trust in the flesh, this man can well say "I more." Yet, hear his testimony: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things *but loss* for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ. And be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." (Phil. iii, 4-9.)

These two greatest men in the Christian Church, Paul and Wesley, come back to the same sure foundation, faith in Jesus Christ.

Brothers, this old truth, this simple experience, by which Wesley felt his heart strangely warmed, will warm all our hearts. It has made the nineteenth century the greatest of all centuries, and it will make the twentieth century even infinitely greater. For the world is being rapidly Wesleyanized.

FIRST FRATERNAL ADDRESS TO THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH

This was the first exchange of fraternal greetings between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, since the Church South was organized after the controversy of 1844. The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1872 authorized and directed the Bishops to appoint a Commission of three fraternal delegates to visit the General Conference of the Church South which met at Louisville, Kentucky, in May, 1874. The fraternal delegates were appointed by the Bishops. They were Rev. Albert S. Hunt, D. D., Rev. Charles H. Fowler, D. D., and Gen. Clinton B. Fisk.

FRATERNAL ADDRESS
TO THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, SOUTH

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN :

I need not tell you that I am thankful that in the providence of God I am permitted to stand before you at this hour. It seems to me, that in a clearer and sharper way than ever before, I stand in the presence of the Methodist Church, represented in the delegates which you have received and in the great body which is before me to-day.

Business, like breathing, cares for itself. Friendships have to be protected and fostered. The legislation of this great body may, like the mills of the gods, seem to grind slowly, but it must grind right on. The imperative command of the host behind you is, "Forward." The hard thing is to tarry a season and give voice and opportunity to our more genial and more distinctly religious experiences. It would not be lost time for Baron Rothschild to pause long enough, in the midst of his calculations, to find the pearl of great

price. It is not altogether lost time for us to pause, in the hurrying tides of life, long enough to exchange greetings and benedictions; and I comfort myself, in accepting the honor of your attention, that it is no inconsiderate part of a delegate's duty to endure the speeches of his brethren.

You take Vanderbilt's check in your hand. It is not very heavy nor very large, but it is worth something. There are a stout old commodore and fifteen hundred miles of railroad back of it, and a great university in it. The speeches we make this day may not be very great or very weighty, but I hope they are worth something. There are a Church and fifteen hundred thousand believers back of them, and peace and good-will in them. In receiving us, you receive not us but them that sent us. A people holding the seal of the Highest, standing to-day in their doors and looking this way, will say, Inasmuch as you have received the least of these our little ones, you have received us.

I am glad that I am permitted to present to you the fraternal regard of this multitude. There are many reasons why we should find this flow of friendly feeling full of faith and truth.

There are three essential elements in Church life; namely, The creed, the form of government, and the usages. Let us look over our patrimony and see how many of these are common to us as substantial reasons for fraternal relations.

In creed we are one. I know these are days in which it is popular to say: "Creeds are nothing. Men have outgrown creeds. Religion is a life, not some marks on an old black-letter parchment, which few living men can read and fewer care to preserve." But I have not grown to such liberty and looseness. I believe in a creed just as much as I believe in a skeleton. A Church without a creed would be about as helpless as a man without a skeleton. Nothing but a mass of jelly, which the nauseated swine might trample in loathing. While I believe in skeletons with good spinal columns, like that of Andrew Jackson, yet I can not say that I care to meet naked skeletons on the street or be embraced by them in the house. I prefer them well covered and cushioned, padded out into rounded manhood; so I want a creed covered with the muscle, and fiber, and cuticle, and beauty of a holy, benignant, loving, working, Christian life. A Church must have the elasticity of youth in

her step, the fullness of maturity in her form, the grace of liberty in her motion, the blush of the morning on her cheek, the light of eternity in her eye, and the glory of heaven on her head. She must be like the bow of the archer, an embodiment of beauty and strength. She must be central about some great dominating conviction. This means a creed. To my thinking it is no small bond between two societies when they have the same creed.

We are distinguished by a conviction of the universality of the atonement. Methodists, and hardly any other people, can stand in the world's hospital and cry into every ear, "There is none so sick that they must die." We can offer hope to the most wayward, to the poor victim nearest perdition. If I believed that there was anywhere a soul on the soil of probation to whom I could not say, Christ died for you and you may live—He that is for you is more than all they that can be against you—I would never open my mouth again in the pulpit. But this great central truth we have in common: "By the grace of God, Jesus Christ tasted death for every man."

Not only do we hold this, but, coming over to the human side of the problem of des-

tiny, we are liberated into fellowship by our conviction of man's freedom. We see him a monarch. In our view of man's will we are separated from nearly all others and wedded to each other. I wish I could give you some due conception of what it seems to me to be a man, a moral agent. This kingdom of freedom is separated from every other view of man by the length and breadth of the moral government of this universe, by all the altitude of the great white throne. Intrenched behind, cased about by our freedom, there is absolutely no power in the universe that can crush or suborn us. Even God can not compel us. He may, for all I know, though I do not believe it, drop me out of being, but He can not suborn me. Every time I sin I demonstrate that I can stand out against His great will and resist His almighty power. Incased by my freedom, I can defy His worst. In spite of His awakened wrath, in spite of all His enkindled hells, in spite of the fiery tempests of hot displeasure, I can plunge on through the eternities mocking alike the mercy that saves and the wrath that torments. This is royalty, this is kingship. No brief authority with which we have been clothed by the consent of our

fellows or by the incidents of a moment, but actual power, woven into the very texture of our being; a scepter that no power in the universe can bend. We meet on the high plane of freedom and of moral character. I hail you as fellow-princes and potentates, worthy companions of the thrones and dominions and powers of eternity. Such we are distinctively by our common creed.

We also hold in common the vital truth of salvation by faith; not by works, not by individual merit enhanced by long and faithful service, but by simple faith. This was the theory of the Reformation and the dream of Protestantism. Methodism has made it a resistless reality in the world.

We also rejoice in the witness of the Spirit to every state and work of grace. This is peculiarly Methodistic—old as the New Testament, in fact. All our truths are of great antiquity, but the dust of oblivion had gathered a yard deep on many of them, and our fathers exhumed them and breathed the life into them. I heard of a Christian brother who in a union service testified, saying, "I almost hope that God may partly forgive my sins." Methodism says, "We have peace with God" and "joy in the Holy Ghost."

I find in our common patrimony not only a universal atonement, and free grace and free-will, and a witnessing Spirit, but also full salvation. Salvation to the uttermost, by which we are enabled to walk in the light, even as He is in the light. With such a body of truth held in common it is not difficult to find field for the largest sympathies. Meeting you in the vineyard toiling for my Lord, and declaring these great truths from my inmost heart, I say God bless you, and may the voice of your Gospel reach uncounted thousands.

Besides these gifts, I find also in our common patrimony some wonderful devices and inventions. Here is our form of government, general and particular oversight. In government Methodism is a vast system of superintendencies. There is not a single inch of the whole field of our activity, from the infant class in the Sunday-school to the most difficult work of administration, that is not covered by a watchful eye. There is some one at every point, whose business it is to see that the work is done. A Church, like any great business, must be handled on business principles, and it will succeed best when these are adhered to most faithfully. You must so manage a great

plantation, or a great dry-goods house, or a great Church. The most profitable and productive money the Church expends is that which she invests for superintendency, that which is paid first to the Bishops, next to the Presiding Elders, all up and down the land. This secures Church authority for any needed adjustment at any given point. Change is secured without revolution. This superintendency involves two momentous results:

1. The government is thus made most pliable. It fits down into all the hollows and up around all the knolls. Like the farmer's old sled that broke all the new sleds, there is just give enough to it to avoid the strain. It is in the very nature of the organization itself to constitutionally adjust itself to the new conditions of society. We meet statedly every four years for this very purpose. That is what you are here for. It is your business to see that the Church has the best adjustment to the changes in circumstances, whatever those changes may be. Methodist polity is the best agency for to-day. Something else for to-morrow, if something else will do better. Methodism is sent into the world to save sinners from their sins, and in the spirit of the New Testament she is to become all

things to all men, that by all means she may save some.

2. Her system of superintendency gives her a numerous officary. This raises up a great multitude under the conviction of responsibility. They feel that they are of some account to somebody. It is something to feel that somebody expects something of us. This pliable system, resting upon the great mass of the Church, and adapting itself to the exigencies of the times, was not an invention, but a growth in the order of Providence.

No man sat down and thought out Methodism, or evolved it from his inner consciousness, as the German philosopher did the camel. It is a growth in things. Believers seeking the way of life met to counsel one another and make their weekly contributions for benevolence; and, before they were aware of it, there were the class-meetings, with their songs and shouts encircling the world. Men relieved from the load of their guilt, having the peace of God that passeth knowledge, told the wonderful story to their shop-mates, and then to their neighbors. The young disciple thus became a witness, then an exhorter, and then the societies awoke to the fact that they had a great system of lay-helpers, preachers

that staid at home, anchored to the cobbler's bench or the blacksmith's forge — local preachers, supplying the work in vast districts, and preparing the multitudes for the more stately movements of the Church. The preachers met to consult, and pray, and profit by one another's experience, and plan the work for the future, when shortly there was born the vast system of Conferences that finds its consummation of wisdom and of authority in that body. Thus Methodism is a growth, and so is exactly fitted to its place and work. This great system of government, fitted to us, in the order of Providence, as neatly as the lion's skin is fitted to the lion, is our common inheritance. This is a part of our patrimony. As I believe, and as you believe, it is one of God's favored instrumentalities for the capture of a lost race.

Then there are certain usages we have in common. Methodism has been the champion of congregational singing. Her voice has made village, hamlet, and wilderness joyous with praise and melody.

Then, too, I find in our patrimony a wonderful use of the gifts and talents of women. Methodism first broke loose from the bonds of heathenism, and gave woman an exalted

place among her agencies, not merely to do mission work, and bear the burdens, and do the drudgery, but also to exercise her gifts in public prayer, and testimony, and exhortation. The Church could not do less. For, looking to her origin, then away back in the dark vortex of formalism and practical skepticism, standing out at the very head of her human influences, and shining down through all her experiences, she saw the mother of the Wesleys. And after her a goodly company, like the women of the New Testament, waiting upon the cause of the Lord, and speaking for His defense in all times of peril.

Thus, brothers, I find coming up to the very surface, so as to be patent to all, that we have a common heritage in Church life. All the essential elements of such a life are in both of our Churches identical. The foundation of our fellowship is as deep as the foundation of our religion. On this tide of convictions we are borne along together; like wrestlers in a floating skiff, we may struggle, but we are borne along on the great tide. Blasts of passion may sweep our seas for a season, and bear us up into the eye of the gale to shiver under bare poles. But the great undertides of conviction sweep steadily on

one way. The blast soon spends its fury, the muttering darkness breaks at the coming of the dawn, peace settles upon the troubled waters, the gladsome sunlight pours in upon us, we unfurl our sails to the laughing breeze, and, headed toward the eternal port, make our way together in the joy of our substantial fellowship.

Beyond all this, I find in our common patrimony a vast overflow of actual Methodism into all the Churches of the land. They have received our spirit and truth, and adopted our usages and forms, till now they are almost Methodists. We have received something from other Churches, and we have imparted to them of our treasures. I would not check the largest charity, nevertheless I can see special beauties in my own mother. Methodism is to me among the Churches what my mother is among women. She may be old and wrinkled, and bowed, and feeble, but she is more to me than any other mother. A man may think well of all women, but he must love his own wife more than he does other men's wives, or he is not worthy of a wife. So you will allow me to put Methodism above all rivals. There is hardly a doctrine or a usage of our Church that has not

provoked the scorn of the older Churches. Frequently missiles, often mobs, generally ostracism, and always ridicule and contempt, greeted the doctrines, and practices, and usages, and very virtues, of Methodism. But our fathers held right on. The good news was what sorrowing men wanted. God was in the work, and it could not come to naught. It took hold upon the common want. It found a mart everywhere. This is its condensed history; first, a truth uttered among threats and missiles, then attention, then desire, next a want, then a conviction, after that a purpose, next a contagion, then a revolution, and, finally, a new civilization with the new evangel of peace. Nothing succeeds in this life like success. This has demonstrated the powers of our doctrines and usages, till now a new generation in nearly all the communions about us have adopted our tactics, use our hymns to a great extent, and preach our doctrines. Men who twenty-five years ago could hardly say that they had even hope of a hope, now testify that on such or such a day God, for Christ's sake, forgave their sins and converted their souls. Frequently the new experience or new doctrine is coated over with an old term, but it is the new truth and new power

in the world. It is a "conference meeting;" but they talk and sing like a class-meeting. It is some new-ornamented word; but it has the saving truth and the quickstep of activity in the music. It is not a local preacher; but it is a lay preacher, an unordained man declaring his experience, and the truth as it is in Jesus. Still old Scotland, hallowed by the memory of grand old John Knox, who on his calloused knees cried all night, "Give me Scotland or I die!"—stiff old psalm-singing Scotland, has at last received the Methodist fire from a Congregational layman, who a dozen years ago was a poor shoe clerk in Chicago, and learned to work and talk in a Methodist mission school, and so well has he learned it that Spurgeon wrote him the other day, saying: "Come up hither, for thou canst do it better than I." Call it lay preacher or local preacher—call it Congregationalism or Methodism, or what you will—it is the same living, burning, resistless, almighty power for which your fathers were mocked and mobbed, ostracized and outraged. This is the great overflow of the work of the heroes of Methodism. It is in the nature of the case such men must build larger than they know. No man or woman can rise up toward God and

not draw others up a little out of their depths. Flash a sunbeam into a rat-hole, and you have spoiled it as a rat-hole forever. The rats must either move out or be transformed. That itinerant preacher declaring that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, and backing it with the clear testimony, "My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear," has answered all the doubts of that poor formalist who is mourning and doubting as in constant fear and condemnation. It will not take an honest seeker long to tell where to ask for instruction. The half-witted boy who year by year sat on the pulpit steps in an old kirk in Scotland, when by and by there was an inquiry about the way to God, stood up before the seekers and said, "Do n't seek Deacon McCool's God, for he has been seeking Him for forty years and has not found Him yet," has sense enough to state a fact. Facts are God's arguments. The great fact of God's saving power among sinners is always sure to make its way. So the sturdy old itinerants going in the face of prejudice must have a hearing, and their work must overflow the narrow rim of their own little congregations. Turn such a man as Paul loose in Asia, and idols will fall by the thousands, and Churches will

start up like dreams of a night. Turn such as John Wesley loose in Great Britain or Georgia, and his footprints will impregnate the earth with Methodism so that you can follow the trail of his wanderings guided by the light of the Churches and the songs of the saints. The overflow of these labors, quickening all communions into life, is the common heritage of Methodism. This honor rests equally on our Churches.

Brethren, this brings me to speak of another common heritage—the heritage of heroism. How shall I speak of this theme? I approach the monuments of the mighty dead with unsandaled feet and uncovered head. I read the histories of the fathers of Methodism, and their sufferings move my pity, their labors bewilder my computation, their sacrifices stagger my credulity, their courage inspires my purpose, and their heroism challenges my admiration. Theirs was the age of heroes.

Hercules performing his twelve labors, and Samson twisting out the pillars of Dagon's temple, were babes compared with Asbury. The courage of Leonidas, by which he won liberty for Greece at the pass of Thermopylæ, was a mere shadow compared with the courage of the old itinerants. There are Ther-

mopylæs and Marathons in almost every old kitchen, and ancient barn, and swamp, and desert of this land. There is hardly a square yard of this civilized continent that has not been consecrated by their tears, and perils, and prayers. Think of such a kingly soul as Asbury, the mightiest organizer this country has ever had, working for sixty dollars a year, and never receiving more than eighty dollars a year. What shall we say of the commanding Soule hunting sinners from the lakes to the gulf for the privilege of suffering with his Master? What shall we say of Hedding working ten years for forty-five dollars a year? Estimated by the arithmetic of this world, that is swimming rivers filled with floating ice and sleeping in the wilderness with wolves to howl him to sleep, and panthers to watch his repose, and all this for about twelve and a half cents a day. O God! that hero's work should be so cheap, and the trials of the saints so abundant. But this now is our common patrimony.

Such leaders begat a worthy people. They drew around them kindred souls. In the society of Napoleon we are not surprised to meet warriors. With these leaders even women were not one whit behind the bravest. Yon-

der, in the forest of Georgia, just after the close of the war of the Revolution, two heroic women, living six miles apart, comprised the believers of the entire region. They met stately for prayer under a tree half way between their cabins, and God heard their prayer. And so did a hunter. That was not the game he was hunting, but somehow he found his way regularly into ambush near that consecrated spot. Soon he was convicted. Good enough for him. He might have expected it, hiding in such a presence. Then he invited them and their meeting into his cabin near by. They went to find it filled with all the people of the region, gotten together for a prayer-meeting. The word of these brave women took hold. As we might expect, the ubiquitous itinerant was soon there. The Church thus begotten has had almost a century of prosperity. This land is full of holy memories. Its streams and its mountain passes, its ancient forests, and its lonely defiles, its barren rivers and its dangerous morasses, are all luminous with the journeyings of these wandering saints.

I like to look at these old worthies. Take the average man among them, with his wardrobe and his library balanced on his arm.

I wish I could give you a good picture of the early itinerant. Some of you have seen him. He is tall as the sons of Kentucky; spare, but neither lank nor flabby. His occasional meals do not insure corpulence, and his long journeys toughen his frame and temper his muscles into cords of steel. His step is quick, and his stride is long, like the gait of a messenger; for the imperious "Go" of the Galilean is sounding behind him, and the King's business requireth haste. His head is large, and is carried straight up like the head of a prince. He is a son of the Highest. His lips are compressed. He means conquest; he expects victory. His eye blazes with the light of unseen worlds. His face is bronzed a little with southern suns and northern blasts, but it is set one way, and that way is toward the future. He is going through the world to heaven. Circumstances are his servants. A stump, a kitchen table, or a manger serve him for a pulpit as well as a box on the shoulders of carved apostles, and better, too; for he has far better use for his apostles than standing in speechless groups in vacant temples. He does not wait for stately cathedrals; a cleared space in the forest or a barn will serve him for an auditorium. A chance companion of the

highway, the border family around the rude fireplace, the trapper before his camp-fire; any of these is an audience. Indeed, wherever he can get space to stand and an ear to hear, he has the conditions for answering the purposes of his calling. He works from an inner impulse, and so is superior to disadvantages. His resources are within. He is self-reliant; he is in the path of duty, and is in league with events. Alone, he can grapple with fate. With his empty hands he can strangle destiny. Turned into a community, he creates a society and a following. Having nothing to lose of this world's goods, he abandons himself to the one idea of his mission. His voice breaks in upon the public ear like the trump of God. His notes of warning are caught from the lips of inspiration. His weapons are forged on the holy altar. He hastens round the circuit of duties, a messenger from God with warnings for the heedless, perils for the obdurate, courage for the timid, arguments for the doubting, peace for the troubled, comfort for the sorrowing, mercy for the penitent, and salvation for the believing.

Toiling amid the scenes of childhood, he is watched like a stranger. Meeting all the duties of a citizen, he endures privations like

a foreigner. Rising above the boundary lines of human geographies, he finds his fatherland everywhere. Poor, he has the pearl of great price, and enriches many. Maligned, he lifts up the fallen, and clothes with righteousness the outcast. Cursed, he changes the maledictions of enemies into blessings by the meekness of his endurance and the heroism of his faith. Persecuted, he returns mercy for missiles, and answers the shouts of the mob with prayers and pardon. He is too full of his immortal idea to be killed, and too intimate with God to be hurt. Wearing Elijah's cloak, he rebukes sin; riding in Elijah's chariot, he escapes it. He is to the first century of Methodism what Paul was to the first century of Christianity.

Behold our vast army of enemies, rationalism and rum, and a horrid host. Here I meet another enemy—greed of gain, the madness of men for wealth; not so much to hoard it, like old-fashioned misers, but to lavish it on themselves and on their passions, like old-fashioned prodigals. This ungodly greed must be slain in the Church and constantly rebuked out of the Church.

Where can we find forces to mass against corruption in office and out of it? Where shall we find a tonic that will tone up the pub-

lic conscience, and make it fatal to steal from the public treasury or betray the public confidence?

What guard shall we post about the sanctity of virtue? With what legions shall we trample out the social evil? By what power shall we shut off the flood of foolish and ruinous literature? How can the hosts of Israel be made to check the mighty onrushing tide of worldliness? Surely we are not only born from heroic stock, but we are also born into heroic work. Sometimes, when I look over my appointments, such as are common in these days, with good Church edifice and furnished parsonage, and organized society, and responsible trustees, and certain support, and see these as the fruit of the labors of heroic, kingly, and godly-anointed souls, who had such kinship with the Almighty that they could speak light out of darkness, call order out of chaos, and create a Church out of nothing, I have felt not a little humiliated at not being counted worthy of some more perilous post. Two years ago I stood in the ashes of one of our desolated cities, and saw our Church enterprises prostrate and our brethren pensioners upon public benevolence. I stood there in the little council, surrounded by some

of the old veterans who had camped there by the old fort before there was any city; who had toiled on through all hardships for the Church; who had prayed at the planting of every charge, and watered each new sprout with anxious tears. I looked upon them—old, bowed, and trembling—and saw the sparkle of the old fire in their weeping eyes. I never felt more grateful for anything than I did that hour for the vigor of early life, and for the privilege of trying to repeat the work of the worn heroes about me. Standing where I do this hour, surrounded by the princes of Israel, before this host of skilled and valiant warriors, it seems a poor test of a man's metal to be a saint in these days. But when I look forth upon the enemy, see his hosts moving down upon the Church from all quarters and with all weapons, open infidels charging in solid squares, scoffers over-awing the recruits, scientists trying to cut off supplies, naturalists sapping and mining the foundations, liberalists spiking the guns, and worldlings poisoning the rations, then it seems to me no mean degree of strife. John Wesley or Francis Asbury might turn over in their coffins, and be glad to rise from their graves to scourge Darwin back to his ancestors. Adam Clarke or

Jesse Lee might count it all joy to cross lances with Huxley. The sainted Fletcher or the saintly Cookman could well afford to be translated over again for the privilege of clasping the arms of their prayer about Tyndall and his prayer-gauge. We are in no mean encounter. The enemies of God in these days must be met foot to foot and hand to hand, as of old. The hosts of Israel, like the squares of Britons on the field of Waterloo, must stand shoulder to shoulder, heeding only the voice of the great Commander.

Brothers, the one conflict of the ages culminates about us. Methodism is in the breach. Around the head of our column rally the moral forces of the universe. The shades of the mighty dead are watching every forward step. Hell trembles as we crowd together in the contest. The redeemed shout new victory as we forget self and all but the great cause in the hour of peril. As I stand in this presence—I do not mean this company of itinerants, I mean this cloud of witnesses, these contending hosts, this one imperiled cause of my dying Master—as I stand in this presence I am compelled to ask, What am I? What are you? What is any man, in such an hour, that sufferings and persecutions should

be considered for one moment? The other day in Congress, Lamar, the honored son of Mississippi, said: "All occasion for strife and distrust between the North and the South has passed away, and there no longer remains any cause for continued estrangement. My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another." Forgiveness and charity must never find better examples and more living embodiments in political parties than in the Methodist Church. Our Redeemer, in whom we are freely pardoned, says, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Brothers, I look at you with straight, honest northern eyes, and out of my inmost heart, in the name of our common Lord, our common faith, our common polity, our common usages, our common experience, our common heritage of heroism, our common inheritance of labor, our common commission from God, in the name of all that a Christian holds sacred, on behalf of the fifteen hundred thousand members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I bid you God-speed. One in every essential element of our Church life, let us also be one in heart.

Leaving organic union as a question of the future, let us make the union of our hearts the question of to-day, and make holy cove-

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

nant that, from this hour, one in sympathy and one in purpose, we will toil on, shoulder to shoulder, waiting patiently for that near tomorrow, when there shall be one Methodism for mankind.

FRATERNAL ADDRESS TO BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

By the appointment of the Board of Bishops this address
was delivered as the quadrennial greeting of the
Methodist Episcopal Church to the British
Wesleyan Conference held at Hull,
England, in July, 1898.

FRATERNAL ADDRESS TO BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

“MR. WHATISNAME” had it as his solitary honor that in their school days he was whipped by the Duke of Wellington. It is more glory than is often achieved by men to have lost Waterloo. So I stand in this presence to-day, content though anxious. Heads I win, points you lose. This is one of the foci of the world’s spiritual ellipse. The other is West of the Sea. Fifteen million members and adherents are standing in their doors looking this way to see how you receive their representative. Trusting the Mother-heart of Methodism, they are confident. As a mother easily forgives a daughter for loving her, so you will be patient with my assurance of our affection.

In the old days when there were foreign nations, before all nations had moved into one dooryard, a king wishing to visit another king would send messengers to that king to express his good will and affection, and to tell him that at such a time, and with so many ships

and forces, he would land on his shores to pay him a visit. The king and people to be thus honored would carefully study the bearing and character and culture and utterances of those messengers, that they might judge somewhat of the character of the king who was to become their guest. It has pleased your noble body to send messengers from time to time to our far-off shores to express your good will and affection for us and in their person to visit us. We have carefully studied their bearings and character and culture and utterances. I can but poorly tell you what an exalted character you have in our eyes. I can only, I need only, mention the names, and so call to your own quick memories the forms of some of the splendid messengers that represented you and honored us. We have not yet ceased smiling and rejoicing over Dr. Watkinson and Dr. Johnson, his companion from this side, beautifully matched, as fine a brace as any hunter need ever hope to bag. I am sure they will pardon *me* that figure. I hardly remember how Dr. Watkinson looked; I think he did straighten up and tower up above us. But I remember the wit and wisdom and brilliant utterances that gushed and flashed from every feature and pore while he took us through the

laboratory and on into the inner treasury and exhibited to our enraptured gaze the Kohinoor and Crown Jewels of your wisdom. We are still watching and expecting that through some half-open door or around some corner he will thrust up his head and cheer us all again. He pervades the air; we hope he will materialize again.

Brothers, I have repeatedly looked about in these honored places for another form, stout, compact, a picture of kindness. He sat in our midst yonder beyond the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, half a dozen years ago, and he seems to sit with us still. In my school-boy days I wandered with him all over Attica digging Greek roots, and all up and down the Promised Land hunting for Greek particles. No young Athenian ever followed Socrates about Athens with greater delight than that with which I followed dear, gentle, scholarly, world-renowned William Fiddian Moulton. He has passed up to be a prince in that land to which earthly pilgrims carry only what they know and what they are. I am sorry that we shall not see him again in these parts, but we shall remember him as long as scholars study the original text or the

common people read the Revised English Bible.

We have not forgotten another prince, William Arthur, who came to us nearly a score of years ago, a citizen of all lands, a herald able to pray in half a dozen languages, and able to preach with a "tongue of fire" in half a hundred more, and able to hold his own tongue in them all. A scholar, a preacher, a sage, a saint lingering a little outside the golden gate, in order to show *us* what kind of people they have inside and to show *them* what kind of people we can produce outside.

Time forbids my lingering with Kelly and Young, and Pope and Rigg, noble workers who left in our land only blessed memories.

Pardon me, I know you will bear with me a moment while I mention one other name, the first that came our way in my day. It was a generation ago. It seems but yesterday, the vision was so bright and the memory is so vivid. He came to us the Orator of English Methodism, the Orator of the English pulpit, with less than half a score of peers, the Orator of the English tongue, a preacher with a style that would crowd all the streets about Exeter Hall with carriages, bearing crests, coronets, and coats of arms, and with a simplicity that

lifted the thatch of the poor man's cabin above the stars and let in the light that is brighter than the noonday's sun, over the altar of whose service the angels of thought and of voice touched their golden wings, William Morley Punshon, yours and ours and God's. He belonged to three Hemispheres, the Eastern and the Western and the Eternal. As he stood among us we hung upon his lips and wept and wondered. We followed him from city to city, and blessed the land and the Church that had sent us such an inspiration.

Brothers, with such specimens to study and such memories to cherish, you must not be surprised that we reverence your venerable body and esteem it a high privilege to stand in this presence. I bring to you the hearty and most ardent greetings from a Church that rejoices in being your offspring. It is woven into the very constitution of the human mind that we must love those whom we have helped. So we count with certainty upon your loving us. You may want to chasten, "whom God loveth He chasteneth," but you must love us.

If I were hung on the highest hill,
 I know whose love would follow me still,
 O, mother o' mine. O, mother o' mine.

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
O, mother o' mine. O, mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
O, mother o' mine. O, mother o' mine.

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ we open our hearts and report our stewardship.

Strangers among us may think we say too much about ourselves and our achievements. Perhaps we will, but that is our errand. This is our review day. We know more about our defects and needs than any enemy could possibly tell us. But we are not mendicants standing on the highway exhibiting our deformities, making profit out of our distresses. We are mustering for a continued campaign, and we can win no battles with the flag at half-mast. Please expect chiefly achievements; we will avoid boasting. A modest girl went to the confessional and told the priest she had kissed her intended. He asked: "How many times, Bridget?" She replied: "Holy Father, I am here to confess, not to boast." Holy Fathers, we are here to confess, not to boast.

In this time of strife and general anxiety, among the nations of the earth, there are spe-

cial reasons adding interest to our expressions of fraternal feeling. As believers in God we rejoice that our most sensitive spirit of reverence is never shocked by the purposes of our governments nor by the most private personal characters of our rulers. I utter the conviction of the people whom I represent when I say that we regard it as God's richest blessing to England that He has prolonged the glorious life of the noble woman whose exalted Christian character has made her reign the most illustrious in the annals of time. God bless Victoria, England's magnificent queen!

We are sure that you will rejoice to have me say from personal knowledge that an exemplary Christian and a Methodist communicant occupies the White House, a man who is more anxious to please God than to please any other being in the universe. We know his integrity and honor; we believe in his personal religious experience. God bless William McKinley, the honored President of the United States of America!

We are of one Blood.

Brothers must stand together. "Blood is thicker than water." You will remember when this fact counted for something. Lying for a week once off the mouth of the Peiho,

waiting for a sea breeze to help us over the bar, an old English mariner pointed out to me a spot where he learned this truth. He said: "It was during the war between England and China; our ship, a British man-of-war, was decoyed by misplaced buoys out of the channel and left by a receding tide helpless under the guns of a Chinese battery. An American man-of-war lying near saw the situation, and the captain said to his men: 'Blood is thicker than water; clear the ship for action.' Swinging into place, he opened a broadside on the Chinese battery, silencing it, till the returning tide enabled us to take care of ourselves." He added: "I shall never forget that blood is thicker than water." The times may not be far off when we can help keep Saxon blood from being spilled. I know not "the mysteries and reticences" of diplomacy, but I come from among the people beyond the sea, and I know that Secretary Chamberlain's plain statement, made in Birmingham, May 13th, is "understood of the people." Yonder now we are one people, no North, no South. The grandson of General Grant and the grand-nephew of General Lee are marching side by side under the Stars and Stripes fighting a foreign foe, a foe in whose

captured warships of the broken Armada your sires found all the appointments of the Spanish Inquisition, racks, wheels, thumb-screws, and every known instrument of torture shipped and brought along to torture the life out of Protestantism in these islands. I know the temper of the men whom you bred for battle. If we put four millions of Saxon soldiers into the Civil War thirty years ago, we can more than double that number, we can make it ten millions to-day, if Anglo-Saxon rights need defending.

We have one Religion.

In these Christian countries, where the Ten Commandments are law, where the Sermon on the Mount is authority, where Deism is tintured with the gospel, and where even Agnosticism is illumined by the Sun of Righteousness, it is easier to criticise than to appreciate God's eternal purpose of redeeming love. But go away to the Far East, where idolatry infects the air, where hate and fear are the supreme motives, where corruption is chin deep to the tallest souls, and where the dragon reigns without a rival, there you find that even a Christianity that is only formal is separated from every other religion by the wide diameter of the moral government. Pagan and

Mohammedan sink together in the hopeless abyss. A few months ago an English merchantman was in the harbor at Smyrna loaded with figs intended for New York, waiting for his clearance papers, when some fugitive Armenians, pursued by a band of Turks bent on slaughter and rapine came on board begging for protection. The merchantman refused to let the fugitives be taken from his ship. The Turks said: "We will bring more soldiers, and take you, too." The Briton asked an Italian warship to protect them. The Italian captain coldly replied: "The soldiers of the King of Italy are here to protect only the subjects of the King of Italy." An American warship pushed into the harbor. The English captain appealed to the American captain. The American shoved his war-vessel in behind the merchantman and quietly pushed him safely out to sea, saying: "Get your clearance papers in New York." The authorities in New York remitted the fine, and commended the decision of both Saxons. The bond of religion is stronger all the world over than even the fabled serpent that once encircled the globe.

Again, we are *one in Faith, the Faith of Protestantism*. No argument is needed for this in England, where nearly every great

family has sometime learned by personal suffering what the faith cost, and where the ashes from Smithfield has sifted into nearly every home in the United Kingdom, and where the whole history, from the courage of Henry VIII to the stupidity of James II, and to the wisdom of Victoria, has made it forever possible for every Englishman to worship as he pleases.

Again, *we are one in Denomination.*

This knits us, and knits us in the circle of the family. We understand each other's language, the language of Israel; we know the accent. The spiritual brogue is music in our ears. We recognize the swing of conquest and the shout of victory. It is hard to find a Church in America that has not a good sprinkling of salt from fair Albion. Once to know a man as a true Methodist is to make assurance doubly sure. Well do I remember once being down in a mining shaft in the far West, when it was necessary for me to climb a perpendicular ladder two hundred feet high. It seemed utterly impossible. Just then a stout Yorkshire man said: "I will help you." I asked: "Who are you?" He said: "Brother, I am a local preacher in the Methodist Church. I will follow up after you, and

if you should faint you can not fall past me." I believed him. His faith kindled mine, and I went up without fear and without nervous strain, but not without weariness. Our very fellowship bonds bind us together.

One in Blood, one in Religion, one in Faith, and one in Denominational experiences. We are woven together by all the strong threads that make up the warp and woof of that wonderful garment which we call civilization. Your literature, your history, your achievements, are ours. Art, science, commerce, and trade pontoon the sea. American dramatists measure by English standards. Irving and Kipling have the freedom of every American city. The harvest waves in the valley of the Mississippi, and the bin is in Liverpool. The Pennsylvania Railroad is an English company. The great Cable Company is owned in New York. English jurists listen to the opinion of our judges, and we study English precedents. At the beginning of this century we were a stormy month apart. To-day our borders touch. We talk to each other in our offices, from opposite sides of the ocean, as easily as our mothers chatted in one sitting-room. We are less than forty seconds apart to-day.

Carlyle said England would sooner lose her Indian Empire than her Shakespeare. I am sure we could not spare Shakespeare or our English libraries. Take away that literature and we would feel unravelled. Had Bonaparte seen our literature, our trade, and "ocean greyhounds" and ocean cables, he would not have prophesied that "the end of this century would see Europe all Republican or all Cossack." He would have said, "Asia may be Cossack, but Europe must be constitutional, recognizing the dominance of the English-speaking people." This flowing into one channel is deeper than any after-dinner speech. It is the resistless intermingling of common convictions, common faiths, common mental habits, and common interests, and the working out of a common destiny.

There are great and resistless rivers, gulf-streams flowing through the bosom of the oceans age after age, carrying the tropics toward the poles, changing the climate of great zones, and molding the forms of the continents. I have drifted in one of these streams up into the North Pacific, almost up to the Arctic circle, and have found the tropics so borne along that even on the shores of Puget Sound roses would bloom out of doors eleven

months in the year, and potatoes, unprotected, could lie out on top of the ground all winter and not freeze the under half. And away north in Sitka, in Alaska, the thermometer has been so crippled as to be unable to drop below zero more than four times in forty years, and only once as low as eight degrees below zero in all that time. So there are great gulf streams sweeping through all zones of human history, and the business of the political and ecclesiastical statesman is to know the sweep of these streams and mark their influences upon the people and by them mold his policies.

The power of the after-dinner speech in Birmingham that so shook all Europe consists in the fact that the statesman, with the vision of the prophet, has discovered one of the great gulf-streams and has committed himself to the current of events. Interests and ambitions may spur these English-speaking groups to struggle for the front, but, like wrestlers in a floating canoe, we struggle but we go forward on the resistless current. The most and the best we can do is to take the Son of God as our Pilot and accept the inevitable joyfully.

I suppose I must report some statistics. I am glad of it, for I like statistics. But I am not here to give you our Year Book. I could

have sent that by mail. Statistics tell what has been done. I prefer to tell you of the tide of our feeling toward you, the deep current that underlies all our statistics, that causes our statistics to come to pass.

We are interpreting our errand, trying to find out why God sent Methodism into the world.

Let me state, or rather intimate, the substances of our faith. I think I could show you my intellectual grip by squeezing the juice all out of my statements, so that if you bored a gimlet hole into it the sawdust would run out, but I am not writing a work on systematic theology; I wish simply to indicate our working theology, so you can judge a little what we are up to.

We believe in a real Divine, Personal God, able to do things, able to hear and answer, and deliver and save. We believe in a Divine Savior, able to forgive sin and regenerate our natures, save to the uttermost; a God that can make us, can remake us. We believe in a Divine Holy Spirit, able to convict of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, to witness to pardon and purity, to call to the ministry and to the mission field, but who can not be used as an errand boy for indolent saints. We

believe in a Supernatural Book, and are not afraid of science. We take religion to preside in the home, and science to work in the culinary department.

When Wesley came the world was full up to the rafters with old smoke-dried churches, that barely at their best cherished a hope of a hope. Sir William Blackstone, the great jurist, after hearing all the noted and popular preachers of his time, the middle of the eighteenth century, said: "There is no more gospel in their sermons than in the writings of Cicero. One can not tell by their statements whether they are followers of Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ." We are told that "six under-graduates of Oxford were expelled because they prayed extempore and read the Scriptures in private houses." I have heard of no law against extempore profanity in private or public houses. John Wesley was sent out to preach a knowable religion, that a man might know that his sins are forgiven. There is only one way for him to learn that. Pardon is a change in the divine mind concerning the sinner, whereas God regarded him as a guilty sinner, He now regards him as a pardoned sinner. No one but God knows this change till He tells it. This is the old doctrine of

the witness of the Spirit. When we get a sinner down before the altar we do not tell him that his sins are forgiven. We do not know. We simply hold him to it till God tells him; then the sinner knows it. This is the power of Methodism. It made the cobbler and the tinker mightier than all philosophers. Butler uttered his analogy, and men read it and laughed and scoffed religion out of polite society. But the cobbler said: "I know that God for Christ's sake has forgiven my sins. His Spirit witnesseth with my spirit, saying, Abba, Father," and this upheaved all classes. There was no gainsaying the testimony. Our great effort is to hold to this doctrine that called us into being, and see to it that our people keep the witness of the Spirit. If we could only do this with all our members, we would settle all questions about the second blessing, and nearly all questions as to where our converts would hold their membership, and we would double our membership every three years, if not every year.

We believe much more, which time forbids my repeating, such as the brotherhood of man without reference to color, and that there are no hard cases with God. We believe that a man has a right to be fairly tried before he

is shot, hung, or burned. We believe in a government that can protect its citizens in the swamps of Louisiana, or in the Havana Harbor, or in the streets of Madrid, or anywhere on the earth, even at all costs. We also believe in ourselves; we do not need to have any one tell us that we are respectable before we can be happy. We are so much like our English ancestors that we believe that we are the lads that can turn the world right side up.

Our membership is 2,851,531, and our Sunday-school force is 3,160,000. We have missions on every continent except Australia. We were never so pressed and embarrassed as now by our successes in all fields. I wish your venerable body could have met with us in the last meeting of our Board of Bishops, a few days before I sailed. I am sure you would have wept and shouted with us, as my colleagues, just gathered in from all quarters of the earth, told what their eyes had seen and their ears heard. From the center of the continent, from the far West, from Alaska, from the South, from everywhere, came shouts of victory and calls for help; Bishop FitzGerald, from Mexico, showing most inviting fields where the natives, unsatisfied by a dead Romanism, are asking for the gospel. Bishop

Hartzell gave us an inspiring view of Africa, of the old fields and the new, of his journeyings on the trail of Bishop Taylor, that most widely traveling missionary in the whole history of the Christian Church, and of the fields opened under the British flag, where the ground is black for the seed, and where every effort can be conserved. Bishop Joyce, just in from a two-years' visitation to our missions in Japan, Corea, and China, reported the triumphs of the gospel. He applied the old-fashioned methods of revival work and found that in all the fields where the Word had been spoken, even in far-away Sechuen, eight weeks' journey up the Yangtze beyond Hankow, there was abundant opportunity for the mourners' bench, and hundreds sought and found pardon shouting and weeping and rejoicing in the new life. Bishop Foss came in with the news from India. It is difficult to conceive this field, men and women seeking God by the hundreds, by the thousands, by the village full, by the hundred villages full. Amazed at their numbers, he was more amazed at the thoroughness and depth of their experience. One presiding elder stood up and begged for "holders up," men to instruct the converts, to read the Scriptures to them

and work like old-style class leaders. This elder said: "I have over thirteen hundred villages on my district. We have canvassed the families that want to be received and baptized, but I can not take them, I have no 'holders up.' Give me these 'holders up,' and in twelve months I can have over forty-eight thousand converts by actual count on my single district." When we remembered that two or three dollars a month would support one of these "holders up," we could only weep and ask God to raise us up converted money. One brother, Rev. Dr. Goucher, to whom God has entrusted a fortune, planted one hundred and thirty schools years ago in India and has been maintaining them with small outlay for each. Now the missionaries trace to the teachers and readers and helpers and pupils raised in those schools over twenty-seven thousand conversions. Brothers, tell me, did money ever before bring so high a price, and was grace ever so cheap? If only our well-to-do members could see this. The common day laborer could bring more jewels for the Redeemer's crown than the prayerful, earnest labors of our great metropolitan preachers. God stands in the world's market offering one hundred per cent per month for consecrated

money. While we were weeping and praying over these fields, in came letters from Bishop Walden in Europe and from Bishop Warren in South America, reporting success and new fields, pleading for men and money. Brothers, it seemed as if all the great lands of the earth were gathering about us, lifting their lofty fronts and waving their snowy plumes to catch our attention; FitzGerald calling from the Cordilleras; Hartzell calling from the Mountains of the Moon; Joyce from the Snow Mountains of Sechuen of far-off West China; Thoburn far from the towering summits of the Himalayas; Walden from the peaks of the Alps, and Warren from the lofty passes of the Andes, pleading for the vast continents with their teeming millions. As I had personally toiled and traveled over all these fields except Africa, the conviction put on personal form as it did once at Troas with Paul, when Europe stood by him in the visions of the night, saying: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." I wish all our Methodism could see these fields and hear their calls for help. I am sure we would arise and put on our strength and go forth for the speedy conquest of the world for our Redeemer. For opportunity is God's promise of power, and an

open door is God's command to advance and enter.

I fear I will not get back to those statistics. As the New Testament Church was strengthened and served by twelve apostles, so our Methodist Episcopal Church is strengthened and served by twelve apostles. I do not mean the Bishops; we are only errand boys, permitted to run on errands for our Redeemer. I mean our twelve great societies or defined lines of work. I will name them. I know this is dry, but do not shiver. I must name them. I would not dare go home if I should omit these important auxiliaries.

1. There is the *Sunday-school*, which is *the Artist* of the Church, putting the impress upon the clay before it is burned. It has 3,160,000 lumps of susceptibilities now receiving the Master's image and superscription.

2. *The Missionary Society*, which is the gymnasium of the Church, hardening her spiritual muscles. She can now lift an annual collection of \$1,131,940.

3. *The Book Concern*, which is *the Body* incarnating the Church, giving it form and local habitation. It has published and sold during the last fifty years, since the division

caused by slavery, over \$60,000,000 worth of cheap books and cheap periodicals.

4. *The Church Extension Society*, which is *the Hand*, open and pointing out which way we are going. Old Maximus, a Roman emperor, was captured by a Goth chief and held for seven years. This chief used his prisoner as a horse block, making him stand on his hands and knees for him to stand on when mounting his horse. He would teeter up and down, saying: "This will tell which way the battle went, better than all the pictures the Roman artists can paint." The Church Extension Society, having given over \$3,000,000, loaned and reloaned \$16,000,000, aided 10,000 Churches, and now building three churches a day, shows which way the battle is going better than all the pictures which the skeptics and destructive critics and agnostics can paint.

5. *The Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society*, whose eloquent secretary will soon address you. This Society is *the nurse of the Church*, having her hands now full caring for 9,000,000 of wards, and in one century hence, at present rate of increase, she will have 150,000,000 colored people on the present soil of the Republic. She will need to multiply her 47 colleges and schools, her

500 teachers, her 10,000 pupils, her annual gift of over \$100,000, and her \$2,000,000 worth of working property. This nurse, like other nurses, may yet tyrannize the household.

6. *The Educational Society*, which is *the Tutor*, is as important to a growing heir as commas and pronouns are to civilized language. It has 203 colleges and theological seminaries—47,830 students, \$28,526,889 in property and endowments.

7. *The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, which is *the Intelligence Office*, planted in our midst by the Court of Heaven, to keep the men informed concerning God's campaign, and to consecrate their money "unbeknownst" to them. The five senses of the Society are intelligence, economy, industry, consecration, and holy zeal. Like most women, it has a sixth sense, the sense of getting there, so testifies the \$313,937 raised and the 60,000 women helped in all lands last year.

8. *The Woman's Home Missionary Society*, which, as usual, is the wisest, the best, the most Christ-like of all the family, *the Daughter selected to remain at home*, who orders the servants, cares for the aged parents, disciplines the grand-children, and maintains the dignities and proprieties of the family.

She is the one character without whom no family ever achieves much place in life. She raised last year \$182,216.

9. *The Deaconess Society*, which is *the Woman's Exchange*, where the brain and heart and muscle of the unemployed are coined into the circulating medium of heaven. Let me emphasize the brain, for these deaconesses are nearly all educated. They are not waiting girls. It has 559 deaconesses and owns \$257,775 worth of property.

10. *The Hospital Board*, which is *the New Testament Evangelist*, going, like the Master, into soul-healing through body-healing.

11. *Homes for Orphans and for the Aged*, which are *the Divine Baskets*, gathering up the fragments on great feast days that nothing may be lost.

12. *The Epworth League*, which is *the Volunteer Army*, where raw recruits, by much drilling and some skirmishing, are matured into regular soldiers and veterans, who ask not for the number of the enemy, but for a chance to meet them. The League, with its 1,650,000 members, is to the Church what the hind legs are to the kangaroo. They make the kangaroo jump, but remember always it is the kangaroo

that jumps. The League makes the Church go, but it is the Church that goes. The League is the last apostle in the company, somewhat like Paul, not made by the chance of casting lots or flipping a penny, but makes its own way, defends its own apostleship, and, like Paul, if we can get the scales from its eyes, will be the mightiest apostle in the company.

We must glance at the *Overflow of Methodism*. The bungling statistics above do not measure Methodism, any more than putting a man's brains onto the scales would measure the man. These figures only indicate Methodism. As we come to your great Church for our experimental religion, so we come to your great Church and land for units of measure. Green, your great historian of the English people, tells us of Pitt's defects, distresses, and source of power. In one decade by the sword of Clive he recaptured India; with money poured into the coffers of Frederick and soldiers poured into his legions he checked the game in Europe, saving Germany, and by the sword of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham he took the dominion of the St. Lawrence for England and drove the French out of the valley of the Mississippi, saving that continent for better uses. *Now* Green tells us that, but

for the moral reformation wrought by John Wesley and his followers, Pitt would have had nothing upon which to stand and would have been helpless in the great strife of modern times. But the moral conviction of the English people made a sure foundation for Pitt and enabled him to save the three hundred millions of India, making the Indian Empire English instead of French, Protestant instead of Catholic, also to protect Frederick the Great and make possible the German Empire, and to keep the Continent of North America for a Free Republic. These three Protestant nations are magnificent trophies for the little man of Epworth. These indicate some of the overflow of Methodism beyond the statistics in this country and in the world.

So with us Methodism has a vast residuum of power never gathered in her statistics. She has fought a winning battle against the five points of Calvinism till now those tenets are being trundled out of the back door as rapidly as possible and the communicants of all the orthodox Churches talk of the day when God for Christ's sake forgave their sins. That is Methodism, no secret decree about that; it has run over out of the Methodist cup into other cups, but it is Methodism. It is not too

much to say that a large per cent of the communicants in other orthodox Churches were converted at Methodist altars, and but for this reinforcement of life and power most of those Churches would have been dead and plucked up by the roots. I sat one day in the pulpit of the leading, the most widely known and honored preacher in America. I had supplied his pulpit two summers and knew his people well, though of another denomination. He received that day nine persons by letter and five of the letters were from Methodist Churches. He turned round to me and said: "You see what we are doing." I said: "*No, sir, you see what we are doing.* You do not know whether you have gained a horse or lost a buggy. You dare not read your old Westminster Catechism here. It would blow the roof off from your church." A little shimmer of approval and a wave of applause went over the congregation. Methodism has given new life to all the Churches, and I thank God that they have been so blessed.

Methodism born with the Republic has taken the State by the hand and has kept even step with her. Mr. Lincoln said: "It was not the fault of the other Churches that the Methodist Church sent more soldiers to the

field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other." We remember with sad and grateful pride that every fifth grave that made the Southland billowy like the sea was filled with a communicant of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Those low green tents whose curtains never outward swing," represent Methodist patriotism and valor. So it seems to us only natural that we should send families to the White House, Grant and Hayes, and that we have to-day a Methodist communicant in President McKinley. We have no anxiety about his forgetting God.

We keep out of politics, but our members take all phases of the disease and belong to all parties. The Arab says, "Give a horse two sweats, then ask anything of him in the third sweat." We have the third sweat now in politics. The first that would fire a Methodist Conference was Romanism. The second was Slavery. The third is Temperance. We are teetotalers in practice, and prohibitionists in conviction. The General Conference expressed the sentiment of the people on this subject, and every man seeks his own way of applying the doctrine. The overflow of Metho-

dism in our land is felt everywhere, from the school-room to the White House.

It is no insignificant part of the work of Methodism that it furnishes the most vital and crowning element in building a nation and a civilization. Many elements are involved, but the development and dissemination of personal kinship and fellowship with God are absolutely essential to the widest liberty and most exalted character. Study the processes by which the Anglo-Saxon race has been brought on and up to power. Away back in traditional ages the Gaels occupied these lands. Then there came over the Cambrians from the eastern extremities of Europe, and drove the Gaels back into the mountains of Scotland and over into green Erin, and made for themselves homes. About five hundred years later came the Logrians from the southwestern coast of Gaul, drove back the Cambrians and the remnants of the Gaels, made a landing in the south and west of the island, and established themselves. Five hundred years later came the Britons from the banks of the Seine and the Loire, drove back the Logrians and the Cambrians and the Gaels, and mingling with them, made a landing. Five hundred years later came the Romans, under

Cæsar, and drove back the Britons and the Cambrians and Logrians and the Gaels, and overran these lands. Five hundred years later came the Saxons, "men with long knives," from the marshes of the Elbe, and slowly and certainly made their way. About one hundred years later came the Angles from the shores of the Baltic, and struggled fiercely for their standing on the island. Four or five hundred years later came the Normans under William the Conqueror, and fought their way up to dominion. Thus there has come one people after another, one layer after another, warring, struggling, surging, fighting, sweeping over the land from shore to shore, with sword and fagot, baptizing every blade of grass with the blood of their heroes, paving the island with the bodies of their warriors, mingling their blood in their streams and in their veins, till there has been produced the most virile race on the earth. Touched in this last century and a half with the spirit of personal kinship and fellowship with God, these English-speaking peoples have arisen to the highest civilization known among men, and marching with the swing of conquest they walk over the earth as if they owned it. Like chivalrous knights of High Heaven they feel

called upon to right the great wrongs, to defend the helpless, lift up the poor and establish prosperous peace or know the reason why.

Sometimes this elevating work seems so slow and so long that men doubt whether the Anglo-Saxon is helping or robbing. But the Anglo-Saxon seldom, if ever, turns back when once he has set himself at a task, no matter how poor or how dark the clay. If the poor fellow will live and not die, work and not faint, the Saxon will put him on his feet, strengthen his knees, lift up his chin, open his eyes, give him a family, a home, a castle, a flag, and a country for this world, and set him up in business for the next world, with a faith, a soul, and a God. The biped is worth more in commerce when he is thus enlarged and set up. As a lump of pagan mud his trade is worth one dollar a year; when the Saxon has set him up in business he is worth fifty dollars a year. It may be the Saxon sees this; nevertheless the poor man is elevated and endowed, is set up.

Kipling caught the spirit when he wrote:

“Said England unto Pharaoh, ‘I must make a man of you:
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do,’
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.

TO BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

“ Said England unto Pharoah, ‘ Tho’ at present singing
small,

You shall have a proper tune before it ends,’
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once
for all,

And left them in the desert making friends.

It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral,
It was not a public house of common fame,
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

“ It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from
the first)

There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,
There were vipers, flies and sandstorms, there was
cholera and thirst,

But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.

“ Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
’Tween the cloud o’ dust and fire to the land of his
desire,
And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatisname!”

The Anglo-Saxon integrity, which is stronger than Anglo-Saxon greed of land, and the Anglo-Saxon moral sense, which is deeper than Anglo-Saxon passion for power, is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, in which the God of Providence dwells, that is guiding the fugitives from all despotisms to the Promised Land.

Wandering over the Far East, nothing comforted me more than the sight of the English flag. I felt the grip of Anglo-Saxon integrity. The flag represented the most stable government and most varied administration ever yet tested by history. It represented that astute statesmanship that keeps the end sought always superior to the means used, and varies the fashion of the administration to fit down upon the human topography of every island and peninsula. It seems sometimes like a world-embracing octopus, with its head upon the cliffs of England and its long arms reaching everywhere, drawing the peoples and races up out of heathenism and out of slavery and out of poverty, up into prosperity and into liberty and into civilization. I felt, while under the Union Jack, absolutely safe. If any one harmed a hair of my head a British warship would push an interrogation mark under their eyes, and they must answer or do worse. I am looking at you out of straight, honest, American eyes, and talking out of a loyal American heart, uttering not one sentiment which I have not uttered at home. I would despise myself more for lying to you than for lying against you. The Stars and Stripes have never been much in the Far East.

Whatever we have done there in our mission fields has been chiefly because the Union Jack has made it possible. We have staid in those Western waters, and expected to stay there forever. But the other day Spain exploded a magazine under our prow and blew us up into our world-wide mission. I now hope for the time when the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, side by side, shall make every yard of water and every acre of land safe for prayer or for trade. That nation of assassins, of ship scuttlers, of poisoners of wells, and of murderers of women and butchers of babes—Spain—calls us Yankee Pigs and you English Hogs; maybe we will soon be all hogs. They *may* find us to be the watch-dogs of the world.

The soft, sleek, smiling races, who had rather lie than tell the truth, even when there is no motive for lying, who lie even to themselves for the fun of being deceived, say that these Anglo-Saxon, English-speaking people, are bad neighbors. They say the Saxon is the robber of the races. The Saxon is the butcher of mankind. True, our blood has a rough, hard record on the surface. The first clear vision of the Saxon, as he sails into the light of modern history, is yonder on the North Sea, standing on a slippery deck and

waving a bloody cutlas. He was a pirate. Somebody gave him a New Testament. He got religion and was baptized, and ever since then he has seemed to be a baptized pirate. It matters not which branch of the family you study, this great branch on the islands and on the sea, or that other equally great branch on yonder continent in the act of going to sea. The record is about equally rough. Take this branch; no, you know your own record better than I do. Take our branch. We have met three races, and what have we done with them? We met the Indian, and he would not work for us, so we killed him and took his pony, and his scalp, and his land. Then we sang the long meter doxology. When we landed on Plymouth Rock, first we dropped on our knees, and, second, we dropped on the aborigines. Next we met the African, and he would work for us, and we enslaved him. Now we have met the Chinaman, and we do not know what to do with him. He will work for us, so we do not want to kill him. But he will not become our slave, so we do not want to not kill him. We tried it; that is, our blood tried it yonder in the islands. We pushed him, and he yielded till he reached the point where to yield again was to become a bond-

man; then he slew his overseer. Then the overseeing business became unpopular. Then we called out the police and the soldiers, and when we cornered him he broke jail and went out into the infinite liberties where our police are very slow about following him. All this seems to be a hard record. But this ought in all fairness also to be said: we have never robbed a people without making them richer than they were before we robbed them. We have never subjugated a people without making them nobler than they were before we subjugated them, and we have never enslaved a people without making them freer than they were before we enslaved them. For, taking the ages through and the world around, there can be found nowhere else such liberties as are found under the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

Brothers, I see more in this federation of English-speaking peoples than the strutting of our proud police of the seas, and the barking of our war-dogs. I see rather the better chance for perpetual peace, and the growth of the gentler virtues. I hate war. When war makes murder and arson and theft and lying virtues, then the common virtues, such as forgiveness, honesty, mercy, and integrity, do not

thrive. War is tolerable only as a peace measure. I once asked General Grant: "On what do you depend most for your kindly remembrance among men for your fame?" I was wondering which of his campaigns or battles he thought greatest. He had the longest list of great battles and uninterrupted victories, with the greatest armies and greatest hosts of prisoners of the best fighting race known to history to choose from. I wondered whether he would mention the Vicksburg campaign, or the Chattanooga campaign, or the Virginia campaign. This most successful warrior took the breath out of me by answering, promptly: "The Treaty of Washington, by which we settled by arbitration the Alabama claims with Great Britain without an appeal to the sword." Then he added: "Already England and the United States are sufficiently advanced to settle their disputes by arbitration; soon two or three of the other great powers will come up to the same level. Then these great nations will not allow the others to fight." He had so much of the ken of the statesman and of the vision of the prophet that he saw approaching as he added: "That time when wars and warriors would be forgotten and the Treaty of Washington

would stand as the first great Arbitration treaty settling most difficult and aggravated claims." I see in such a federation of English-speaking people a run into the sunrise of the future.

I remember a case illustrating the power of such an alliance. An American sailor landed in a seaport of one of the Republics of South America. In old-time fashion he filled up with bad spirit. An officer undertook in a rough way to arrest him, and Jack struck the little officer. The penalty was death. The American Consul protested that the man was intoxicated, and the offense meant nothing. But the little government went ahead and sentenced the poor tar to be shot. The American and English Consuls consulted. But the hour was fixed for the execution and the man was marched out. The English Consul said: "Take your flag quick, and I will take mine." Together they ran to the execution square. The sailor was placed against a dead wall and a file of soldiers were drawn up ready to fire, when the two Consuls stepped forward and wrapped the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes about the poor fellow and said to the little government: "Fire, and you will take the consequences." The order was given to the

squad: "About face, march!" And the sailor was sent back to his ship. The time is coming when these two flags floating over a sea or over a continent will make it impossible for a gun to throw a bullet beyond its muzzle, or for a soldier to lift his foot unless the order is given in the English tongue.

There may be some dark hours before that sun rises. We may have to illustrate what we can do together. We have shown our motion running singly. But you know sometimes two fast horses running together bite each other's necks or kick over the pole. Bismarck prophesies we will do that. Maybe the wish is father of the prophecy. But if the other nations give us something else to do, we will soon run together like twins and will show them a speed that will make "all the world wonder."

In the old strife against the slave trade in your own country, for a time Wilberforce was alone. He had but one friend, Dr. Lushington. One day he said to Dr. Lushington: "There is no one to stand by me in the house except you. So when you make a speech I shall cheer you, and you take care that when I get up to make a speech you cheer me." Thus they braced up each other's spirits. This

may be good doctrine for us to practice back and forth across the Atlantic.

Alfred Austin has shown his right to the chair of Alfred Tennyson, in his recent

CRY OF KINSHIP.

What is the voice I hear,
On the wind of a western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a
people proud and free.

And it says to them, "Kinsman, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
and be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none
but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle, and rose,
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with these
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and
wherever the war wind blows.

ADDRESSES ON NOTABLE OCCASIONS

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land, and
we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale :
“ We severed have been too long ;
But now we have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last
and be stronger than death is strong.”

Brothers, I am not outside the facts of history when I say that the Spirit which God poured into the world through the lips, labor, and life of John Wesley has quickened this Anglo-Saxon people into power. This is the secret why these people are so free, fearless, and loyal. Germany accepted Protestantism about the same time that England did. Two and a half centuries later England and America received the new life from Epworth that quickened into life her formal Churches and moral sense. This century of gospel preaching has lifted both these nations into personal responsibility. Had some Wesley arisen in Germany when John Wesley arose in England, or had some Asbury been

sent to Germany when Francis Asbury was sent to America, we should not hear to-day the humiliating statement that William sends his budget to the Vatican to have it approved before he presents it in his Reichstag.

Who can measure our responsibility? A visitor asked the keeper of the light at Calais: "Does your light ever grow dim or go out?" "Grow dim or go out?" said the astonished watchman, startled at the very suggestion. "Why, man, there are ships yonder at sea, in the darkness. If this light should grow dim or go out, they might go upon the breakers." We are the lighthouse of these ages. If our lights grow dim or go out, the nations freighted with the liberties and destinies of millions and of generations to come might go upon the breakers. Our only safety is in close personal walk with God, in walking with God as our fathers did, keeping ourselves personally in such fellowship that we can detect the least approach of sin and hear the slightest prompting of the Spirit and receive constantly new supplies of spiritual power. The same heroic devotion that made our fathers win in the nineteenth century will make us win in the twentieth.

THE UNIVERSITY

Delivered at Evanston, Illinois, June 26, 1873, when Dr.
Fowler was formally inaugurated President
of Northwestern University

THE UNIVERSITY

TIME-HONORED custom requires of me, as I stand this hour upon the threshold of this vast enterprise, some statement of views concerning the work here undertaken. It becomes us to leave boasting to him that taketh off the armor, yet in putting on the armor it also becomes us to spy out the land—measuring the giants and counting the cities which the Lord, the Church, and the public judgment expect us to possess. An institution in a community, that is to occupy the time and thought of scores of cultivated laborers, to control capital by the millions and expend its income by the hundred thousands, to build its walls for the centuries and plan its campaigns by the thousand years, to furnish a home for multitudes of the sons and daughters of the land in a critical time of their life and furnish character for scholars and scientists, preachers and philologists, physicians and philosophers, jurists and statesmen—an institution thus purposed and intrusted has a right to the public ear.

Inducted by you into this honorable and responsible calling and office, and for the hour poised between the right of the public to hear and the right of the university to speak, I will sketch some of the reasons justifying the existence of the university—some outlines of her work, some of the agencies and appliances by which she seeks to meet her obligations, some of the results accomplished and some of the demands of the pressing future.

I. REASONS FOR THE EXISTENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

1. By way of approach to this subject it may safely be affirmed that universities are the fruit of advanced civilization. Like abstract terms in a language, they imply much antecedent cultivation.

It is a long journey from the Digger Indian taking his breakfast from an ant's nest with a sharp stick, up to the Christian philanthropist founding and maintaining a university. We ascend by many shining steps from savagery to the age of the earliest universities. But for the inspiration and guidance of the great schoolmasters, Thales, Anaxagoras, Democritus, Pythagoras, and Zeno the Elean, we had never wandered with the unsandaled Soc-

rates, or lounged in the academy with Plato, or contended in the lyceum with the subtile and resistless Aristotle. The great schools are the growth of centuries. In raising them from the seed there is no short cut to maturity, but we may transplant or engraft and so condense the work of the ages into a few generations. We took all the experiences and histories and theologies and literatures of England and Europe, and planted them in our new-world soil. The dews of a single night falling upon them gave us a rich civilization. So we can take the scholarship of the old empires and the faith and activity of the new republic and hasten with them into the public squares to find the great institutions there before us. They seem the growth of an hour, but they trace their pedigree through many centuries. Like great ideas, they must make a footing in the public conviction before they can become great centers of power. Some education, low in degree and narrow in extent it may be, pertains to intelligent existence. The knowledge of the simplest industries is within the common reach. Fishing and hunting with the simplest devices; agriculture with the crudest implements; architecture limited to the construction of wigwams and tents; navigation

conducted on bark and skins—all these make up a part of education. It is only the foundation, but it is something. This becomes the common property by being a common necessity. Widening horizons, extending commerce, contact with other neighborhoods, varied experience, wars, dense populations, general interests elevate the scholarship. Then the front rank can be reached and held not by cunning but by patient calculation. Organized and premeditated education is then a fact. Elementary knowledge perpetuates itself as it is forced into existence by the solution of the universal problems of bread and raiment. It descends from father to son with a certainty of existence. Higher knowledge comes through two channels: first spasmodically, by gifted souls, prophets, poets, philosophers, or great thinkers. These come one or two in five or ten centuries as samples of the coming generations. They let the light down into the lower levels and set them on struggling up toward the larger measure. Second, persistently, by the wise appointments of organized, systematized, far-reaching educational plans that mature into great institutions.

The germs of these in different stages of development are found among all thoughtful

peoples. The light from the East comes down to us in feeble and broken rays, yet strong enough and clear enough to indicate that the races at the foot of the Himalayas and in the valley of the Ganges had some great institutions before Jacob went down into the land of the Nile, or Abraham received the covenant. For these races had mathematics, and astronomies, and philosophies, and theologies, and literatures probably centuries before Cadmus brought the fifteen fragments of Phœnician and Assyrian characters into Greece, which in the next thousand years were built into the perfect alphabet and the wonderful literature. The Hebrew law-giver was trained in the schools of the priests of the sun in Heliopolis six hundred years before blind old Homer, wandering along the shores of the Mediterranean, sang of Hector and Achilles. The compass of this Egyptian instruction is indicated with some uncertainty indeed, but indicated, by the fact that Moses is said by tradition, according to Manetho, to have attained great proficiency and to have made discoveries in navigation, hydraulics, hieroglyphics, grammar, music, war, astronomy, surveying, political economy, linguistics, histories, and theology. He studied botany on Horeb's side, and

geology on the summit of Sinai, and social science in the wilderness. This was twelve hundred years before the Museum at Alexandria, the oldest State university in the world, had a manuscript, or a student, or a professor, or a foundation-stone. This school at Alexandria, in Egyptian soil, but made out of the most splendid results of Greek genius and culture, was crowded with chairs in all the known languages and literatures and philosophies of the world, from Phœnicia to India, from Æthiopia to Rome. Here the Hebrew Scriptures broke out of the sacred language into the tongue of the Greek, three centuries before Paul preached the risen Messiah on Mars' Hill; and this center furnished scholars for the early Church till nearly all European knowledge was consecrated to the cross. We have only to open our eyes on the past or the present, on the old world or the new, to see that the great centers of learning are centers of civilization; and we soon feel that.

2. *Universities are essential to civilization.*

It may be claimed that Athens reached her glory without such instrumentalities. But then, Athens herself was little less than a university; her youth were kept in the society of her scholars and statesmen, her philosophers

and warriors. There is not, nor has there been, a university under the sun which would not be honored to count among her professors such minds as Aristotle, and Plato, and Socrates. In *her* marts and along her streets her youth were taught philosophy by these great schoolmasters of mankind. Along her docks they were taught navigation, commerce, and naval war. In her streets they were trained to the highest taste in architecture. In her temples they were molded by the chisel of Phidias. In her theaters they were roused by the great tragedies and songs of Sophocles and Æschylus. In her assemblies they were trained in statecraft and oratory by Pericles and Demosthenes. Surely nothing was wanting in culture, in art, in learning, in patriotism, in poetry, in song, in precept, in society, in surroundings, to make the youth of Athens scholars by birth and philosophers by inheritance.

It is a significant fact that every people that has made a luminous spot in history has generated its light in the halls of colleges and universities. Rome had the Athenæum as the head of the schools she scattered with her eagles. Italy, once the mother of letters and of genius, ranked as queen among the nations

till her schools lost their power by losing their liberty. In the thirteenth century a school flourished in Bologna. This university was founded by Theodosius in 425, and restored by Charlemagne. Roger Bacon, the good friar known as the admirable doctor who ventured to study natural science and spend his fortune and that of his friends in experiment and in alarming the Church with what they called witchcraft and the black art, who stood as the foremost man of the universities at Oxford and Paris in natural science for more than three centuries, till his great namesake, Sir Francis, came—this man tells us that in 1262 there were in Bologna over twenty thousand students. Be it said to the credit of Bologna that a woman, Novilla Andrea, in the fourteenth century, was professor of canon law, and Clotilda Tamproni was professor of Greek in our century.

The university at Paris was started as a monkish school in 792, and made over and widened into greater usefulness in 1200. It had at one time in the sixteenth century thirty thousand students. Oxford was born in the ninth century, and Vienna in the fourteenth. These have carried France, and England, and Austria up to the summit of their glory. The

honor of Germany to-day is not chiefly in the victorious march from Berlin to Paris, but rather in the great universities, from Prague to Berlin, which have been fostered by the national spirit, and have in turn fostered that spirit, and have thus made Germany a synonym for greatness.

Italy to-day has twenty-one universities and two hundred and seventeen seminaries. No wonder that Popery has lost its advantage, and in the light of these cities which can not be hid poor Italy finds her way back to unity. Spain has no great school. The dust of oblivion is a yard deep and a hundred years old upon her ancient universities. Importing her scholars she must also import her liberties, if she find them. Russia has seven great growing universities. Already the great Northern Bear plays to win. Vitalize that great host with inventive manufacturing brains, and nothing will be impossible for Russia. Switzerland supports three universities, Holland three, Belgium four, and Denmark two. England and Scotland remind us of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh.

The United States has scattered the seed of universities so thickly over this continent that a Yankee emigrant can hardly stop his

wagon to camp for the night but there will spring up from the warm earth where he slept a university, or at least a college. A civilization without great schools would be as impossible as saints without virtues or angels without songs.

It inheres in power to gravitate to centers, and thus by a law as old as the universe it draws all things to itself either to conquer or assist. Turn such a soul as Saul of Tarsus into a city or State, and he will soon find Stephen and the synagogues and the Sanhedrim. Luther could not break out of his cloister and straighten up under the open sky without seeing Melancthon and the giants of the earth. Great men and great ideas become centers of power up to which all the ambitions and aspirations in the nation turn their hurrying feet. Then you have a school, call it as you may. Mankind will never dream of crediting any people with civilization unless they bring forth the fruits meet for such character. There must be literature; pure, vigorous, masterly, elevating. There must be art and art's refinement in taste and manners; humanities that illumine the dungeon of the convict and sweep the alleys of the outcast; charities that light up the wretched at home

and give them ideas with which to conquer their wretchedness, and that reaches the sinking, no matter how far off, and gives them truths and revelation with which to transform their characters. All this requires cultivated brain. It is impossible to have high civilization without great universities.

3. *Universities are rendered necessary by the general intelligence.* There remains the same demand for leadership if there is to be advancement.

The sage-brush desert, though far above the sea-level as the summit of Mt. Washington, is none the less a flat, monotonous, and weary waste. The army of lions must have the supreme lion to lead. The herds of wild horses fleet as the wind must somewhere find a leader swift as lightning or the morning breeze. Fill the land with schools and books and presses and free pulpits, and somewhere you must have universities. Power must gravitate to centers. The republic has, according to the census of 1870, 507 colleges and 2,209 schools for higher education, and 125,059 common schools, employing 221,042 teachers and teaching 7,209,938 pupils. These vast figures show but a fraction of the world of education. These children come from all

the homes of the country; they return from the school-room to kindle on the hearth the fires of holy ambition borrowed from the public luminaries. A quarter of a million of teachers turned loose among forty millions of people must revolutionize every community. Add to this work the faith and heroism of 72,459 preachers and you have an army beneath whose tread the continent trembles from sea to sea. Put into the hands of all these workers 45,525,938 books and 1,508,548,250 copies of periodicals, and you have transformed the republic into a literary society and the nation into a reading-room. It is the glory of this country that science shines into our common homes and philosophy flourishes in our shops and factories. The path to power runs by the poor man's cot, and the honors of scholarship may be carried off by hackmen. All this renders almost imperative the demand for universities and colleges. The school-room, the pulpit, the editor's chair, the Senate chamber, and the Supreme bench must be filled with highest culture and profoundest scholarship, or leaders must be found elsewhere and the scepter pass from the tribe of Judah.

We are at the confluence of the great

races; streams of ancient blood are flowing into our veins, and all the literatures of the most varied civilization meet and mingle in our atmosphere. The invading multitudes disembark in the darkness of each night and by the light of each new day. They hourly land in every bay and bayou of our ten thousand miles of water front. Capital comes for investment; poverty for bread; light for a candlestick; and ignorance comes for light. We have room enough for them; they can not run down our wild herds for many a year yet, and we have single vales that can feed mankind for a thousand years. But the press and the pulpit and the school-house must be manned by trained and tireless brains. This means training-camps, universities, somewhere.

4. *The controlling minds of history have been trained in the schools.* True, there are many noble exceptions to this rule. There stand Franklin and Marshall and Washington, who make the republic honorable by their histories. But all these were strengthened and sustained by scholars and books of scholars. There are self-made men who may well be proud of their work. Indeed, I think that no man is more than half made who does not make himself. But not more than one man in

a million can do a good job with poor tools. You can get flour out of wheat with a mortar. But I prefer a grist-mill—it grinds finer, faster, and more economically. Thus it happens that nearly all the undying literature comes from polished pens—from the Addisons and Miltons, from the Pitts and Sheridans, from the Popes and Whateleys. Take out of our own literature the work of our scholars and you open a sad gulf. All but ten of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were trained in universities and colleges. More than one-fourth of the members of the National Congress from the beginning to this day have been graduates of colleges. This fact, taking the ratio of population and graduates, shows that the colleges have given their sons more than thirty chances to one. The histories of the White House and of the departments of government and of the supreme bench add emphasis to this statement. These facts call to the aspiring youth, “So run that ye may obtain.”

5. *Universities stimulate thought.* They create an atmosphere in which a dictionary or a blackboard or a compound blowpipe is necessary to a peaceful existence. They make all the gales and breezes blow toward books

and brains. Make public sentiment and you can kindle or quench the fagots, build or destroy the Inquisition, perpetuate or exterminate the despotisms. Human nature is weak and takes readily to rest; men are lazy. The spur of competition and the sting of threatened defeat help flagging zeal and so quicken thought.

6. *Universities are the friends of true religion.* They increase and disseminate light, and the truth seeks the light—it needs exposure; it has nothing to dread. These schools turn the attention more toward the higher nature. In the struggle waged in every bosom they are for the immortal instead of the animal, on the side of the angel against the tiger. There is little trouble about keeping up the lower industries; there is no shirking them, they must be carried on. Nature guards them under penalty of death. Men will eat and seek eatables urged by no other argument than that nature has lodged in the stomach. But to lift them to higher aims and inspire them with noble purposes is not so easy and is something toward exalting their character. It makes larger footing for the truth. Open a library or a school in a community and you transform the amusements and the industries

and the markets. The bull-fight and the tournament give way to the reading-room and the lecture-hall and the sanctuary. The arrow-maker and the tent-maker are superseded by the architect and the engineer. Men are set on restraining their lower propensities. They see the day-after-to-morrow and plan for it. Soon this checks wordliness and sets them in pursuit of eternal results—tones up society. Thus let one boy or girl in a community start up toward knowledge, and soon a goodly procession will be moving that way. Every step up brings them more clearly within the reach of truth. In a more definite but not more certain way the university furnishes the great defenders of the Church. Providence may use weak instruments, but they can not remain weak—the very use builds them into greatness; so God prepares great workers for and in great work. The schools of Tarsus were not second to those of Alexandria, and the school of Gamaliel was well fitted to continue the training of the great apostle to the Gentiles. Clement and Origen studied in Alexandria; Luther was a professor in the University of Wittenberg; and Melanchthon was a noted professor of Greek. The Reformation was committed to the foremost scholars of the

age. Calvin was quite a university in himself. Beza was no mean scholar. John Knox graduated at St. Andrews. The late reformation that gave the world a new evangel was marshaled by such scholars as Wesley and Fletcher. Their song was taken up by the Clarkes, the Bensons, and the Watsons. A multitude rose up, and, fired by heavenly zeal, ran down to the battle almost as they were when they heard the first blast of the bugle. And there they did valiant service, and the slain of the Lord were on every hand.

True, these men did not stop to dig the ore out of the mountain and smelt and fashion it in their own furnaces. But they did take the weapons furnished by Wesley and Clarke and Watson and the great leaders. But for these equipments they would have been scattered in the first hour of battle like down before a whirlwind.

7. *Universities lighten the burdens of mankind.* Most of our heavy lifting and wearisome carrying has come from our dullness and ignorance. We have been forever taking hold in the wrong place. It is beyond all computation how we have aggravated our inherited disability. We have thrust around in all directions as if hunting for the laws of

our well-being simply, or chiefly, to violate them. If any one can doubt our fall in our great ancestor, it must be because the multitude of our falls since leave no demand for a first fall to account for our deformity.

Doubling the channels of inheritance by each generation as we go backward, it only takes a few centuries to tap all the races and drain in large supplies of distemper and leprosy and scrofula and insanity and perversity. I do not wonder that we have dwarfs, and cripples, and idiots, and criminals. It seems a greater wonder that we do not have more. But for the remedial agencies set at work by infinite mercy we might not have had anything else long before this. As it is we have reduced our life from nine or ten hundred years to thirty years, and in heathen lands to fifteen years. Just of late, by studying and keeping the laws of our well-being we have turned back toward longer life. The great schools have added fifty per cent to our life and thus doubled our work-day. This has been achieved by three economies: First, by stopping the violation of nature's laws and so diminishing the waste; second, by lessening the strain upon the vital force and so husbanding our strength; and third, by creating

greater supplies of vital force in the more skillful use and production of nutritives. All these economies are the products of cultivated brain. They are born of scientific investigation and experiment. Since the medical schools introduced the rational system of investigation, and forsook the empirical methods that prescribed by streets instead of by individuals, and bled all in one street and physicked all in the next, without the least reference to the disease, age, or symptoms of the patient—since this change, medical science has revealed the secrets of our constitutions, and has put us in a way to resist waste and destruction. The results of careful thought are now abundant in the substitution of machinery for muscle. In Great Britain each individual has the average service of nineteen servants. No wonder they can have better food and raiment and more culture than the Hottentot, who has only his empty hands. Peasants have more comfort to-day than could have been found in the palace of good King Arthur. In the age of Bacon and Shakespeare there was only one pair of silk stockings in England, and they were kept with the crown jewels. Yesterday a respectable copy of the Bible cost twenty-five thousand dollars, and could be owned only by

wealthy cathedrals and peers of the realm; to-day you can get a plainer and better copy for twenty-five cents, and the poorest man in the country can have one if he wants it. Thought has entered every field of industry, from the pantry of the housewife to the navy yard of the nation, from the chamber of the sewing girl to the cabinet of the President. It has seized upon all toil, from heading a pin to heading a locomotive boiler, from cutting the eye of the needle to cutting the Mont Cenis tunnel. Where is the speed of Mercury compared with the leap of the lightning? Samson is weaker than a babe when contending with a jackscrew. What is Hercules' lifting against gunpowder? What show would there be for David's sling against a needle-gun? This vast multiplication of machinery prepares the way for the multiplication of products. While the earth can produce game and berries only for one ten-thousandth of its inhabitants, the valley of the Mississippi, under the brain of genius and in the hands of skill, can keep in luxury all the sons and daughters of Adam. It was a long journey in the manufacture of raiment from the fig leaves of Eden to the seamless garment of the Nazarene; but it was inconceivably further to the weavers from

Brabant who settled in York—of whose art King Edward said, “It may prove of great benefit to us and our subjects.” The Indian cotton cloth mentioned by Herodotus cost nearly as much as the same number of square feet of the Holy Scriptures before the days of printing. But Gray, and Hargreaves, and Arkwright put their brains at work, and now it is much cheaper to wear cotton than to wear nothing. Attach a bench of sewing machines to those factories, and then throw in your wool and your cotton, and by the time you can wash your hands from the shearing and the picking you can find whole suits of the finest fiber and the fairest fabric fitted to your every wrinkle. Meantime your wife, instead of spinning, like the wife of Tarquin, who made a garment for Servius Tullius that was preserved in the Temple of Fortune; or like the wife of Cæsar, who clothed the world’s emperor in “homespun,” but was “above suspicion”—your wife can give her time to the government and inspiration of her sons and daughters.

Yesterday it required whole years to get word from Africa or Asia, and an infinite faith in the sailors, who described lands without touching them, and in the map-makers, who scattered mountains and deserts accord-

ing to fancy and regardless of fact. But today let a duke smite a serf anywhere in Russia, or let an Arab's horse stumble on the desert, or let a servant take the plague in Egypt, or let a Modoc shout one note above the regulation in America, and nearly every family in the civilized world has all the particulars before the next breakfast.

Communications make communities. This must soon embrace mankind. When we get so close together that no two can fight without endangering all the rest, the rest will not let the two fight.

The great thinkers have taken hold of the problems of bread and raiment, and distance and time, and government and destiny, and have so solved them that we now have room to grow, and right to spread, and time to think. Thus the outside avoirdupois burdens have been lifted from our shoulders by the forces generated in universities and institutions of culture. But the great relief has been in unloading the soul from ignorance, and superstition, and bad theology, and bad government.

Individual culture has made room for individual character. This has brushed away the priests of superstition, and the sacrifices of guilt, and the veil of ignorance, so that each

man in the temple of the universe has been taught to come, in the priesthood of his humanity, with the offering of his faith and affections to the open and accessible mercy-seat. To describe the work of the schools in lifting the burdens of the race would be to write a history of mankind.

8. *Universities are the friends of the republic.* They are the fountains of intelligence. They are the great reservoirs that supply the common schools with teachers and text-books and the result of scientific experiment and philosophical research. Trained teachers are more necessary than trained carpenters or artisans. We do not let a man bore a board or drill an iron until he has served an apprenticeship, lest he bore or drill in the wrong place. What shall we not require of him who bores or drills the minds of our children? Without universities, institutions of high training in some form, we can not long maintain common schools; without common schools we can not maintain general intelligence; without general intelligence we can not maintain our liberties. The universities of the colonies gave us Jefferson, and Adams, and Hancock. While we owe much

for such men, we owe more for the ideas and schools that came with them.

These underlie our liberties. Sylla offered Rome freedom; but she chose a despot. Cromwell tried to plant a republic; but England wanted another Stuart. France can not maintain a republic until she educates her peasantry. And our republic will not survive our intelligence.

The power of these institutions is comprehended by the despots of the earth when they attach to the sovereignty the *control of education* with the power to coin money, issue currency, levy taxes, declare war, accept peace, and make treaties. The study of the history of the United States was suppressed by royal edicts in the universities of Europe. As late as 1858 Prof. Luigi Filippi was imprisoned for commending the study of our constitution. The legates of the Pope conditioned Napoleon's advancement to the empire on his swearing on the cross and Gospels to maintain an army in Rome for the defense of the Pope, *to appoint as Minister of Education the nominee of the Jesuits, and to suppress the study of philosophy in the University of Paris.* Napoleon took the oath, the confessionals were opened for him. The *coup d'etat* followed, and the

Republic went down under the empire. This indicates how the world's great intriguers and men who cause things to come to pass have estimated the power of universities.

9. *Universities qualify men for the learned professions.* This is done in two ways: First, directly, by furnishing instruction and advantages in the specialties of these professions (to this we may refer again). Second, by preparing and developing the mind to enter upon intellectual labors worthy of intellectual leadership. It is the old and eternal question of preparation;—Can the eagle mount above the storm without a practiced pinion? There is indefinite and infinite fluttering between the eagle beating about in the nest and the eagle tracing secants on the circle of the whirlwind. The camel is born in the desert. Bred in the valley of the Mississippi, his posterity might not be more enduring than the ox. The racer that wins is petted and practiced, and pruned and pushed. The Arab says, "Steeds are made of barley and the road between Medina and Mecca;" that means the best food and the longest run, 180 miles in one day—preparation and practice. Professional success lies beyond the stormy desert; he who would reach it must soar like the eagle above the storms. Life is

not a holiday trip; the only sure help is ability. Professional men are employed not for friendship, but for results. The ministry is the most nearly an exception. And even this becomes a matter of business. If you can succeed you can stay; if you can not, you must make room for some other man with an equally divine and more human call; for the individual is nothing, the cause is everything. Lawyers are engaged only when we can not help it, and few people amuse themselves with doctors and ipecacuanha. Therefore you must beat against the storms. To win in any substantial sense you must mount like the eagle, endure like the camel, and run like the racer. The increase of intelligence will intensify the competition. The great work will be given to the great workers. Men will make more careful preparation. I know a youth with rare gifts as a mathematician, and he has gone quite thoroughly into German and French simply to have access to the German and French mathematicians. He must win. What men must have in professional life is victory. What is five or six years additional study compared with having the chances all on your side! for it is the last inch that makes the tallest man.

10. *Universities are profitable in dollars and cents.* Whatever improves the grade of civilization increases the security of society. Whatever increases the security of society enhances the value of property. In another line the measure of profit is the value of thinking industry. A man with a first-class shovel earns two dollars per day; with a first-class pulpit, twenty dollars per day; with a first-class newspaper, fifty dollars per day; with a first-class railroad, two hundred and fifty dollars per day. This is for management outside of capital. Who can estimate the commercial value of such a brain as Beecher's or of such a head as Mrs. Stowe's? She so enriched the Southern soil that it will produce one hundred bales of cotton instead of one, and it shall grow school-houses instead of shackles, churches instead of slave-pens, asylums instead of auction blocks, college professors instead of criminals. Put all the seaboard cities under contribution to an iron-clad warship, or lay them in ashes at the will of the foe, and you fix some crude estimate of the financial value of the brain of Ericsson. But who can compute the value of Dr. Olin, or Horace Mann, or John Quincy Adams, or John Wesley, or John Bunyan? What shall we say of the multiplied arts and

sciences and inventions of civilized life, and of the liberties and institutions of free government? When we rise into the fellowship of these forces it seems almost blasphemy against the moral sense of mankind to suggest mere commercial estimates. But here stands the great fact: All that a man hath can he give for his higher life. We conclude this branch of the subject, reiterating the facts that universities are the fruits of advanced civilization; that they are essential to civilization; that they are rendered necessary by general information; that they have trained the controlling minds of history; that they stimulate thought; that they are friends of true religion; that they lighten the burdens of mankind; that they are the friends of the republic; that they qualify men for learned professions, and that they are profitable in dollars and cents.

II. WHAT THE UNIVERSITY IS TO DO.

I. We answer in brief—teach all knowledge. Possible knowledge is so vast and approachable from so many sides, that we hardly feel enlightened by the answer. It takes narrower form in the process for self-development in all departments of our being. There are two kingdoms over which man must be en-

throned—the inner kingdom of powers and faculties and possibilities; this must be subdued, organized, developed—made into the aggressive army for the subjugation of the outer kingdom of facts, forms, and relations. The vast amount of knowledge that must in some substantial way be made accessible and available by a university seems too prodigious even for enumeration. Single departments have grown larger round the waist and taller in cubits and deeper in foundation than were all the departments two centuries ago.

The University of Paris in the sixteenth century, with all her thirty thousand students and corresponding army of professors, would not come up to a first-class preparatory school in the variety and extent of its requirements. They crowded some kinds of work to excess. Think of twenty thousand students, as at Bologna, studying the canon law and solving the profound question of precedence! There is more power in a single Why? that may prostrate a class or teacher in the elements of philosophy, than in all the old curriculum. They backed a student up into a corner of his cell and opened his mouth and crammed him with decretals and anathemas and legends and saintly miracles, packing them down with the

ramrod of authority, till his soul was dead and his heart was dead. There was no room to question but in the dungeon, and no chance to grow but at the stake. A single Why? which would only encourage a professor in yonder citadel of freedom would have split the civilized world and have ruined the theologies of a dozen centuries.

To-day the idea of a university reaches the outer verge of knowledge. Standing on this green sod, beneath these brave old oaks, by day or by night any man or woman can face up to the sun or the stars, or to Him who sits beyond both sun and stars, and ask, Why? concerning any fact or precept on earth or in heaven, in this world or in all worlds, for time and for eternity, and no leaf or speck of mist will fall in wrath, and no blade of grass nor tenderest violet will wither in dismay. Here standing on this open page of God's great work we can call Him Father and ask Him Why? and He will take our trembling hand in His and gladly lead us into all truth. If the question were what shall a particular student study, it would be necessary to elect for him. For one mind in the short day of this life could no more master all knowledges than one mouth could eat all food. A general acquaint-

ance with the whole range of knowledge is consistent with an intimate knowledge of some parts. Because it is general it need not be vague. It may comprise the leading features and be definite and positive. But when the question is, What shall be furnished for all minds? then the answer comes without seeking. A college may be built about a single department of truths; but a university must embrace all colleges, and so seek all truths. It is easy for some men to poise on a point and swing around like a girl making a "cheese," till, inflated, they think themselves supported on all sides; but venturing, they fall down into emptiness and expose their folly. Think of a scholar described by Sidney Smith, whose great ambition was to "detect an anapaest in the wrong place, or restore a lost dative!" One Dr. George declined to admit the greatness of *the* Frederick of Prussia because he "entertained considerable doubts whether the king, with all his victories, could conjugate a Greek verb in *mi*." He did not see that the king knew how to illustrate upon the stage of royalty the verb *eimi*—to be—and bring out its full meaning amid the rout of armies and the ruin of empires.

A university must make accurate men, but

she must seek to make them men of the century and of the latest telegram—men able to interpret events, and plan on the field of action; men whom circumstances can not desert, who can read the handwriting on the wall and dare to translate it in any court. The university can not become a partisan in the controversies of competing studies, but like a mother she must cherish them all, giving each the security of a fair chance, and let results and advancing judgment of the age settle all questions of superiority.

It is consistent with this impartiality to state the reasons sustaining the several families or classes of studies.

2. *The Classics demand our first attention.* There are worthy scholars and experienced educators who would not admit this question as a debatable one. They say that “the memory of man runs not to the contrary,” and that “the usage has been sanctified by time.” But it is sufficient answer that the old laws of granite give way when the earthquake comes. Nothing is exempt from the law of revolution. Unless the ancient customs can show better reasons for continuing than mere antiquity, they must cease. The classics have held the position of power for centuries; but that may

be a question of age rather than merit. At the revival of knowledge after the dark ages, Latin was the vernacular of the Church and of scholars. There was not much else to teach. There was no science beyond the physical works of Aristotle even as late as the sixteenth century. Clinging exclusively to the classics now because they were once adopted when there was little else to adopt, is like clinging to the crooked stick of Cincinnatus because he chose it for a plow when there was nothing else to choose. It may further be stated that objections have been urged against the study of the classics in every country where they are studied, and often by men familiar with them. In Germany they were for a time excluded from the schools. They have been reinstated. As long ago as 1827, Yale College appointed "a committee to report on the expediency of dispensing with the study of the *dead languages*." They reported adversely, but they reported. Essays and books have been written and published on both sides of the question. To-day the modes of instructing and the extent of instruction are being modified. But the controversy is not a losing one for the old culture. Classics are in more danger from over-zeal than from all other causes. The test

that must determine this question is utility. If the study of the classics is useless as an instrument of education in completing the character and outfit of a scholar, then it can not hold its place. The danger, then, is in urging it for purposes for which it is useless.

To crowd the classics upon every student without regard to age or his aims; to hold a smattering of Greek and Latin before a knowledge of English, in cases where only a limited amount of that can be taken; to hold that it is better to decline the Greek article or a Latin adjective than to understand the principles of political economy—better to recall the history of the growth of the Greek particle than the history of the republic; better to measure a line of Homer or of Horace than to measure the resources of the continent—all this is folly, and must work against the classics. To maintain that there is no door into the world of thought but through these dead tongues; that the highest mental power can not be approximated in any way except by the study of the remains of these two peoples, is asking too much of the countrymen of Marshall and of Franklin and of Washington. To refuse the honor of scholarship to a man who is familiar with the “unread manuscripts of God,” be-

cause he is unread in the manuscripts of Plato; to withhold credit from him who can analyze the soil on which we walk, and the food on which we live, because he can not analyze a sentence in the preface of Livy, or a chorus of Sophocles, are decisions that will hardly be maintained by the judgment of this century and of the American people. Danger of error lies in the reaction from those overstatements. Here as in most controversies the truth lies between the extremes. The objection may be reduced to a few general statements: (a) *That the classics are Pagan.* Yes; but that is only a name. They are from human sources, and full of human power. It is not a question of origin, but of contents; not whence? but what? The light of the Star of Bethlehem fell first on Pagan eyelids; and the supreme blessing came upon Abraham, the father of the faithful, from the hands of a wandering high priest of heathenism. (b) *That they are impure.* Yes, in places, but not as a law. There are but few passages worse than some passages of Shakespeare, or than some statements in the Bible. The classics as encountered in modern text-books and courses of study are not open to this objection, and scholars roaming at large in the fields of literature can find sewers and

Gehennas if their taste leads them that way. "To the pure all things are pure." (c) *That they are of no use.* This depends upon what you mean by use. If you mean that you will not care to handle them in the counting-room, nor in the factory, nor yet the drawing-room, then they are not of use. But very little else is of use measured by that standard. Reading and spelling, and writing and grammar, and arithmetic through interest and proportion are all that are required. Pat having these usable elements, with his shovel or whip is as well qualified for life as the man in the office or counting-room. The fallacy lies in what is meant by use. Thinking that only those rules which you repeat are of value, is no wiser than the street gamin who wants half-raw potatoes because they do not digest and do stay in his stomach. The food that is of use is that that comes out in bone and muscle and tissue and blood and brains. The knowledge that is of use in training is that which gives compass and vision and judgment and patience and persistence and power. (d) *That few students like the classics.* Possibly; but all like play. Would it do to substitute baseball, boating, etiquette, and twilight rambles as more popular pursuits? Then those who do like the classics

have rights which a university is bound to respect. (*e*) *That the classics have only to do with words instead of things, and make word rememberers.* Yes; but words are also things. Corner-lots, sewers, tunnels, ships, homes, breadstuffs, shovels, and shanties are no more certainly things than Homer's battles about Troy, or the navigation at Salamis, or the "Epitaphs on the plains of Marathon," or the spirit that broods over Thermopylæ. To remember the meaning of words in a Latin history or poem is no more an act of memory than holding the names and classification in science. The man who reads and understands the orations of Cicero against Catiline, or of Demosthenes against Philip, is no more a word rememberer than he who reads and understands the oration of Webster against Hayne, or Sumner against slavery. The limited amount of time and attention given to the classics in American colleges removes all ground of objection based upon the practice of English universities.

The time for study in all our schools is too short. We are in too great haste to succeed in making great scholars. The Greeks in the days of their glory kept their sons in training thirteen years. The Jews under di-

vine command kept their sons in school eighteen years, not counting the preparatory work of the first twelve years of their life. It is not uncommon for European universities to require twelve years in Greek and sixteen in Latin. There is a line of argument defending the study of the classics that may justify to the impartial mind at least as much study as we require, which is not more than seven years, including the preparations, and this not to exceed one-third of the time in those seven years. This justification will be the more certain when it is remembered that the scholar is not limited to the classics, but is urged from these and with the power they give into all the fields of knowledge. (*a*) *The use of the classics in discipline is one of their strongest defenses.* They are adapted to the earlier stages of mental life. Philosophy, metaphysics, and the generalizations of natural science, all require more strength than the beginnings of language. Our earlier efforts after observations are in acquiring language. The classics take hold upon us with a gentle but firm hand, and lead us up into vigor. The variety of action gives strength and nimbleness to the faculties, fitting the square words into the square holes, and the

round words into round holes; develops judgment. The transferring the thought into good English gives accuracy and taste; commanding the meanings of the words and the principles of their government, strengthens the memory. Memory is one of the divinest gifts; it underlies all scholarship, and progress, and identity, and accountability. Its cultivation is no mean part of education. It is not all of it, but it is involved in all of it. The Latin and Greek are so wonderfully framed together, so complex and logical, that handling them operates on the thought as exercise in the gymnasium on the muscles. There are certain qualities of drill that can be reached better by Latin and Greek than in any other way. Mathematics tend to give the faculties point; languages breadth. Mathematics ask the exact point of intersection. Languages ask a dozen questions concerning varied meanings, rules and exceptions, gender, number, case, person, government, and the like. This work is not so fully done by modern languages because they are not so compact, logical, fixed, and dissimilar from our own. The order in which the languages are of service in discipline, it seems to me, is this: Latin, Greek, German, and French, and so down the sunshiny and

moonshiny tongues of the warmer zones. While mathematics drills to the point of attention, natural sciences as a study, as sciences, require more discipline to undertake them profitably. The matter of observation, mere gathering of material, the beginning of natural science, precedes all other training, but it is feeble as a means of discipline. It is shared with the sheep that hunts the gum weed, or the ox that retraces his steps to his master's crib. Language comes in between the extremes of natural science; *i. e.*, after its instinct of observation and before its generalizations and discoveries as a science. We can hardly overestimate the value of discipline. It is like strength to the productive industries; it is better than mere knowledge, as the ability to create a fortune is greater than the ability to own it when it is given to you. As "goodness is better than good acts," so mental power is better than mental furniture. Professor Davies, a distinguished instructor in mathematics, long at West Point, and author of a series of text-books on the subject, after an experience in Columbia College, said "that in his judgment those young men who had been trained in the classics could master the mathematics as satisfactorily in two years as others

without the training could in four years." Julian the Apostate forbade the study of classics in the schools of Christians, that the defenders of the faith might not be trained scholars. These are windows through which you can get glimpses of their training power. Culture is a good in itself, even though you can not realize on it in Wall Street. Yet in the market of eternity it shall lack no bidders. It is like perfection of muscle or of organization that never comes to consciousness till some weakness or irregularity manifests itself. A good digestive apparatus never reports its existence because it never reports anything. If it cries out, it is because it can not help it. The more perfect our health, the more unconscious we are of its existence and value. Nevertheless, health is a good *per se*. So it is with culture—it is a good *per se*. It is like beautiful scenery about a city. You may not be able to grow potatoes or barley on the hillsides, yet they are worth having. Go back twenty miles into the level of this over-rich and productive prairie, drop down a mountain with rock and rivulet and with gorge and chasm, and place at its foot a laughing little lake to mirror its majesty and double its beauty and altitude. Or bring the Yosemite Valley into this county.

Though "El Capitane" and the "Dome of Liberty" and the "Cathedral Rocks" never produce a blade of grass or a spear of wheat, though the "Bridal Veil" falling nine hundred feet, and the "Ribbon Fall" leaping thirty-five hundred feet, never turn a wheel or drive a spindle, yet I will insure you a city there. It will charm the world like the eye of the desert—that oldest city of the world—Damascus. Men will be drawn there by the magnetism of its beauty. So go into the dead level of our productive industries and create a spirit of advanced culture, plant the graces of beauty and of taste, cultivate the virtues of peace and domesticity, and even though you can not grow potatoes in your parks, or wheat on your lawns, yet I will insure you a city and society there. Men will come for the fragrance that floats on the evening breeze, and for the peace that stands guard over their children.

The culturing qualities of the classics not only in giving mental discipline, but also in enlarging the student, widening his horizons, making him consciously the heir of all the ages, justify large expenditures of time and money in their study. If Socrates had not forbidden us to put truth to a vote, this view could be supported by such men as Victor Cousin,

Sir William Hamilton, and Dr. William Whewell. But I must pass on, only indicating other arguments developed by the long controversy.

(b) *The classics open our way into valuable knowledge of the earlier stages of human society.* Words are often embalmed customs. An adage may contain whole theologies. An axiom may preserve whole systems of government. In the search for pre-historic man, as we stand on the most ancient records and peer back into the darkness of savagery, any fable or myth floating by may give us a hint of truth; any song coming out of the gloom may direct us to the secret of our search; any custom or social habit or crystallized prejudice that lies beyond may be of great service. Whoever would search the old regions must take the torch of old languages to read the epitaphs. He must have eyes to see the old monuments and ears to hear the voices from the old sepulchers. For he searches for secrets which none but God and the mighty dead can reveal.

(c) *The classics enable us to note the origin and descent and growth of ideas.* This is the marrow of history and the juice of philosophy. The force of the New Testament doctrines is

vastly augmented by giving them the advantages of their historical growth. The spring that oozed out of the Garden of Eden where Abel offered his lamb grows into a brook, then a river—a resistless tide bearing up the Lamb of God and all mankind.

(d) *The classics give us insight into Greek and Roman forces that largely mold our civilization.* This is a Christian civilization, but in doctrine it is grown upon a Hebrew root. Its tone is from the Greeks and its form still shows the mold of the Romans; the old wooden plow has now a steel point, and the coat of mail has grown into a casement for a whole crew. Legislation and government at home and abroad are in the old lines. Greek and Roman thought is woven into all our customs; it makes up a large per cent of our culture. An English statesman might as well be ignorant of the rights that took root on the field of Hastings as for an American scholar to be ignorant of our inheritance from the old civilizations.

(e) *The classics help us to a knowledge of our own tongue.* Trench says that thirty per cent of the words used in our literature are derived directly from the Latin; probably as many more are derived indirectly from the

same source. Let us not have foreign and unexplorable regions in our own tongue. Our literature is full of classical allusions that can be understood only from the forum near the Tiber and from the Acropolis at Athens.

(f) *The old dead tongues give us finest models and standards of taste.* The fathers of English classics lived on Greek roots and wore Roman clothes. Go to the Vatican, compare modern statuary with the fragments and specimens of the art that have come down to us from the age of Phidias—that will illustrate a higher fact in letters. We can learn perspicuity from Livy, compactness and vividness from Tacitus, simple elegance from Cæsar, life and light from Homer, majesty and dignity from Virgil, and the perfection of art from Demosthenes. He who would perfect himself in English must have access to these ancient fountains.

(g) *The classics lead us furthest into the philosophy of all languages.* Thus it happens that the knowledge of Latin gives us the secret of all the modern languages. With this start a student can acquire a modern language in one-fourth of the time he could without this knowledge. If I had to furnish a lad with four or five modern languages, I would pre-

pare him for application by drill in Latin. In building a great temple, the best investment is in derricks. I know an extensive contractor for painting and frescoing who makes his margins out of his complete system of scaffolding. For he says that "a ten-dollar workman soon wastes a scaffolding in clambering up and down ladders." In finishing off this living temple with modern tongues, it pays to hold the workman at advantage with a broad footing in classical culture.

(h) *The study of classics aids in mastering many other branches.* Strength to handle sacks of wheat can be used to handle sacks of coffee. Every added Church in a city full of material helps all the other Churches. Every branch of industry developed in a community makes work and chance for other branches. Every hundred thousand people added to the population of a city adds another layer of greenbacks to the business property. Almost every science is labeled in Latin or Greek. The very names of classification involve this knowledge. As in the days of the Cæsars all roads led to Rome, so in knowledge, if you would go into any field, the shortest route is by the way of Rome.

(i) *The classics lie on the threshold of the*

learned professions. The lawyer can hardly enter or open his case without encountering terms that have refused to be translated. The physician can hardly write a prescription without plunging out of sight in an unknown tongue. No matter if the writ of the officer is not more terrible or the mixtures of the physician more abominable on account of the dead languages used in the process, there the facts remain. Whoever will get the kernel out of the nut must break the shell. The theologian is sealed up to these languages for his authority. The words he is to repeat and the good news he is to tell fall from heaven in a strange language. However little he may care to display the original, he ought to have the key to its secrets. It was not enough for me that a fellow student should read to me my father's letters, I wanted to read them first. It seemed to my young heart, so far and so many years from home, that I could see his form more distinctly while following the lines his aged hand had traced. Now and then my eye caught a dash or a blister on the paper that told me the great truth as nothing else could. I knew as I choked down the unutterable longing and turned again to my work that, though

I might be shoving up out of boyhood, and he might be bowing toward age, still his love followed me morning and evening and his prayer carried my name into the holy of holies. So with the letters from our great Father; the preacher ought to read them first hand. There are signs, accents, silent letters, finger marks, that tell the story as nothing else can. They open the gates and expose to our longing eyes the streets of gold and the palaces of fire and thrones of light. We gaze upon the King in His glory. He embraces us as a Father. Our hearts feel the new life and our lips touch the holy fire.

(j) *The study of the classics is of efficient service in perfecting the orator.* This theme impresses me more profoundly as I advance in years. Speech is a divine gift, the chief characteristic of the human animal. It is the chosen instrument for the evangelization of the world. "By the foolishness of preaching" is the inspired order. While the Church lives and men and women are assembled once or twice a week to hear, it can never be a secondary matter how the speaking is done. Horace says, "The poet is born, not made." I say of the orator, he ought to be born twice, at least, and then made. It is a significant

fact that all the great orators have been great students and deeply versed in the classics. Demosthenes struggled more to master his disabilities than would be required to master any curriculum in the land, and his orations show a thorough acquaintance with all the knowledge of his time. Cicero made oratory his chief study, secured the ablest instructors, studied all the models from the past, practiced daily in Greek oratory as well as his mother tongue. Pitt and Fox were both trained by wise fathers who were themselves orators, with special reference to public speaking. They were steeped in the classics from early childhood. Both were almost as familiar with Greek and Latin as with English—reading, criticising, studying the masterpieces of the ancients all through their years. Webster, who has extorted the honor of being the prince of orators, committed Cicero's orations to memory and kept himself familiar with the best classical culture.

The habits and studies of these men indicate on what the great orators feed. In this republic, where all interests of society are to be determined by popular assemblies, it is of the utmost importance that Christians and patriots qualify themselves to control these as-

semblies. I tarry to add emphasis to the value of this power. I know that its public and ostentatious character has brought it into disfavor among many scholars. But I am thankful that the Northwestern has made special provision in this department in a way not surpassed, if equaled, by any of the institutions of the country. As we must have a vast amount of speaking, and increasingly so since the women have found the rostrum, let us see to it that it has the best foundation and divinest inspiration.

This argument is sufficient to indicate that large room must be made in a university for the study of the classics. Not every young man is adapted to these studies, nor will every young man be greatly profited by them. There is a large demand for cultivated brain and skilled labor in every department of life, and only part of the workers would be advantaged by the study of Greek and Latin. But there are large fields of mental activity where this training and knowledge is indispensable. When the age and circumstances and gifts of a student will admit of such a course, I would train him in the classical course as a mere culture and preparatory course. After that let him enter upon his professional or special

course. Few men have any ability or culture to spare. The great work of life is untouched because no one is found worthy to open the sealed book. Men worry about place when they ought to worry about ability. There is no lack of opportunity. There are fifty pulpits in the land as good as the Plymouth pulpit. But where are the *Beechers*? Where are the men? There is room enough under this Western sky for the tallest scholars of the age. But where are the *men*? Where is the material out of which to make them? There is no lack of demand and opportunity. There is too much room at the top. Brother, fit yourself for the kingly work, and God will send the anointing prophets. Humanity stumbles on in the darkness. The good cause languishes, and God patiently waits. Where are the *workers*? I wish I could sound this question into every home in the land, till the dreaming youth and slumbering maidens would leap from their repose and make everlasting covenant with heaven, saying, each for himself: "Come what may, wall, or wave, or mountain parapet, or fiery gorge, or rushing flood, or devouring death; come what can, I will obey the divine command, and move forward with the pioneers and scouts along all the lines of

thought and up all the summits of knowledge.”

The world is full of babes and children. WE WANT MEN — GREAT, STALWART, IRON-JOINTED, BROAD-SOULED, FATHOMLESS, *summitless, divinely-anointed, God-smitten, kingly men*, to whom death or failure shall be forever impossible. This will take time, and it can not be done by a short cut. It means patient and weary years. But what of that? Have we not all the future? Are we not immortal? We start out of the preparation of these years to march along the eternal ages in association and comparison with powers, and principalities, and dominions, and thrones of heaven. When I think of myself poised on my purpose, encased by my freedom, inspired and vitalized by the Eternal Spirit, standing up before God among the ancient ranks of being that rally around His throne and support the pillars of His government, then the chances of this life and the toil of time put on new majesty, and I rise to my kinship with God, and believe nothing impossible to him that willeth and believeth.

3. Next after the classics it may not be amiss to mention the *modern languages* as having a right to a place in the appointments of

a university. While they are inferior to the classics for drill and in perfection of structure, they still have certain compensating advantages. They are the tongues of living people. We meet them in the street and in the mart, and in the caucus and conventions. But more than this, they are crowded with the richest results of research and science. Charles V said: "So often as I learn a language, so often I become a man." Happily there is no need to prepare the public mind for these studies.

4. *Mathematics claims an ancient inheritance in the university.* It would be difficult to exclude this science if we would. We could find no weapon to smite either student or professor that did not involve the science itself, for it enters into all our living. Building is preceded by the study of proportions, and quantities and strength of materials. Machinery (and everything except breathing is done by machinery) is only solved and illustrated problems. The drill in this study, from addition to the computation of the orbit of the double stars, is unequivocal. The student who cuts a paraboloid of revolution from a given cone will not need watching while his work lasts.

5. *The natural sciences* have crowded

themselves into the curriculum, and have maintained the struggle for existence with marked success. They are of nature, and are in league with events. You might as well argue against shadows, object to earthquakes, forbid eclipses, and anathematize comets as to resist natural sciences. The real question is not whether we will admit them to the course, but rather will they leave anything else in the course. Protestantism can not oppose any science, but superstition may well do it. Like God's revealed Bible, natural science will put down superstition unless superstition puts it down. If her people study science, that will ruin the saints and the decretals. If they do not, that will ruin them, for they can not compete unless they have equal chance in discoveries and appliances. Thus in either case the doom of superstition is fixed. The physicians, next after the restless and robbed heart of mankind, have been the great enemies of superstition. The new-culture men are now in the field as their allies. The only course for Christian intelligence is to accept the situation, welcome all light, walk down into the new field, and find God back of the last analysis.

6. The *technological courses* are the con-

summation of these advancements in science. They are schools of knowledge instead of culture. They aim to apply the sciences; they not only tell how it has been done, but they do it; they rely upon experiments; they claim to fit a man for life. As a chemist he can verify all the theories by experiment. In physics and in all departments the student must test by appliances all the theories of science. In natural history he is expected to be familiar with every rock, and stick, and weed, and to have an acquaintance with every bird that flies and fish that swims; to know intimately or to have been introduced to every kind of reptile and insect. Such an acquaintance can not be gained in the half hours of the old-culture course. Days and years in the midst of the best appliances, under the inspiration of truth, hunting on the fresh track of some new law skulking in some neighboring thicket or glen, these are necessary to give this department an insurance of results.

This cause needs an advocate no more than the almighty dollar needs one. Courses of training that deal wholly with the arts of living, with the production and manufacture and transportation of the necessities and comforts of life, can always justify their existence in a

practical community. You can not go into your house or into your office without the ministration of these senses. The proportions of beauty and strength that make your home safe from accident and attractive to your eye come from the appliances of science. Every article of raiment, every mouthful of food, every tint of beauty and form of use, every appliance of comfort and article of luxury, comes from scientific skill. Wherein it succeeds it is of science, knowledge of nature's laws. Wherein it is outside of this knowledge and these laws, it always fails. There is not one question of our well-being in the whole field of our activity that is not touched and determined by science applied. It is estimated that nature unaided would support only one in ten thousand of her children. Think of the machinery that toils for us and carries the burdens of humanity. Yonder island shivers under the motion of six hundred millions man-power of unconscious industry. Not a wheel goes round, nor a punch comes down, nor a hammer falls, nor a saw starts, nor a knife cuts, nor an auger bores, nor a tool moves, nor a shuttle flies, nor a spindle sings, but it is an illustrated principle in science. Do you telegraph to your office, to your factory on the branch, or to your con-

sumer on the other side of the world? That is the perfection of science. I never send a dispatch but I feel as if we were leaping the impassable gulf between us and the infinite. But telegraphing is not the whole of science. Your morning paper that brings to your table every part of the known world and reports of the slumber and safety of almost every individual on earth (for if they are not mentioned we know that nothing has happened to them) needs something besides the telegraph to actualize it. The paper must come by machinery that hears and obeys our wishing. Foundries must toil on every hand. Laboratories must experiment and analyze and combine for giving ingredients of this result. Power presses, things of life that could take a distinct piece from each postoffice under our flag and still be short by several hundreds of pieces, these great presses must be fitted into perfection. Then, too, all the gigantic machinery of the railroads must be in perfect order to consummate the enterprise. Let a switchman oversleep or a wheel leave the track, and all the other appliances are frustrated. In short, your morning paper is a late blossom on the stalk of civilization, and but for the inventions and victories of science it would not be pos-

sible. The college of technology concerns itself altogether with the knowledge of these sciences and their application to the questions of life. It also touches life in a most vital way. We are in the midst of mysteries that are ready to be solved and are surrounded by powers that are waiting to be used. All that we need is to wake the magician that can break the spell of our blindness, and we shall see more helps than we have ever yet mustered. There is fuel in the air, somebody must cord it up. There are railroads and steamships in this sea above us, somebody must build the depots and the docks. There is air for us in the sea, somebody must make us as good chemists as the fish. Provide air and fuel, and the vales and glens of the ocean might make good summer residences. The great truth is this—we are only at the threshold of possible knowledge.

This college of technology purposes to furnish the keys and lanterns for further discoveries. It can also do great service to the State—now requiring more natural science to be taught in the public schools—by opening its laboratories during the summer vacations and giving seasonable opportunities for the great company of teachers to perfect themselves for their duty. The college of tech-

nology offers a course of study sufficiently protracted and searching to justify the bestowment of the honors of the university.

7. *School of Theology.* This has always had a place in the university. Universities are the outgrowth of more ancient schools for religious instruction. Not only have these teachers been abreast of their times, but in all early ages they have monopolized and controlled the learning. To-day the advancement in knowledge gives the ministry no alternative; they must study or go under.

8. *Department of Law.* This needs no defense in theory, though it may need emphasis in practice. This profession has always been held in high esteem, and facilities for its improvement are seldom wanting. But at no period in the history of our civilization has there been greater need of exalting and honoring this profession. Possibly the pulpit and the press do most to mold public sentiment, and so make free government possible. But next in power stands the bar. The honor of the country is quite as much in their charge as in any other. The legislatures of the country in their different parts are controlled by the bar. The final appeal is always to the bench, and without an honorable and learned bar it

will be impossible to maintain a worthy and unimpeachable bench. The weak place, the place of final trust and authority in our government, is not in the second term nor in the third term of the executive, nor is it in the conservative Senate nor in the volatile House. But it is in the Supreme Court. We have witnessed legislation changed, nullified, extended in the interest of localities and prejudices, by opinions of the bench. We can ill afford to lower the tone of this supreme authority. The streams that fill this sea must be purified and exalted in character and honor. The bar—not second in manliness and honor to any other profession—must be reinforced by scholars and Christian men, men with views of public interest broader than personal ambition and wiser than selfish schemes. Christian patriots can well afford to put their treasures into a college for law in a way to secure the most exalted and honorable management. A man great in his profession and great in his *character* from the head of a law faculty could make a great impress upon these Northwestern commonwealths, and render incalculable service to the republic. From such a throne he might call into being a body of learned men who would so mold the public mind that

financial lobbying would be understood to be what it is—*not professional service, but bribery*; and special legislation would rank *not as statesmanship, but as treason*. All honor to an honorable bar. Let the university come to its steady and persistent support.

9. *The Department of Medicine* is one of the essential elements of a university. Even when it had few of the characteristics of a science; when it merely observed and guessed, seeking for arbitrary remedies; when no small part of professional power was vested in semi-incantations and charms; and when the wiser men of the profession relied upon nature and nurses on account of their helplessness, knowing that they really knew next to nothing—even then the schools were founded, and flourished. It is the interest in this science, and these the goodly thinkers that have illumined the profession, that have made this science what it is—one of the foremost philanthropies of the age. Though medicine has an ancient and honorable place in the very idea of a university, yet I can not dismiss this branch of university work without adding my appreciation of a class of men who endure all hardships, sacrifice all personal liberty, and brave all dangers for the comfort and well-being of

others. Their work allies them to One who went into soul-healing through body-healing.

10. *Department of Philosophy.* This is germane in its construction and history, but is more general in its character. Philology, in which, it has been sarcastically said, "the vowels are nothing and the consonants not much more," is growing into large proportions. History is enjoying a revival. It is turning its searching glare, not chiefly to what a few kings did and said, but to what was done and said by the people. It is becoming a narration of their customs and codes, a description of their food and raiment, an insight into their houses and temples. Here, too, must be classed English literature, that is forever rapping at the doors of the university, asking to be allowed to crowd out the older studies. Political science, called thus because it usually involves neither politics nor science, is studied in every government, and by every man who trades, be it ever so little.

Moral and intellectual philosophies, challenging the world's thought ever since the world had any thought, still plunge on in fathomless seas, and the fine arts, in all their old and new phases touching the elegancies and melodies and rhythms of life, giving a

finish and perfection to civilization, are only in their infancy. All these and many others that might be enumerated make up the department of post-graduate studies and investigations that must find a home and advantages in the university.

III. THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE UNIVERSITY.

This concerns either man or God, and this part of the subject may be arranged about these two centers:

1. *The university must be no respecter of persons.* Her advantages can not be conditional upon complexion, blood, or sex. America has outgrown all doubts on color and race. There may linger some concerning gender. These can not long remain in the increasing light of this age. Nature is older than the oldest American university, and when it becomes an issue between these parties the friends of fair play need not be in doubt as to what will be the result. This week we learn that Nature has triumphed, and the women enter old Harvard. Co-education begins by God's plan in the family and is continued in the public school, and no one objects. It is

folly to fear more as danger diminishes. Without creating distinctions which do not exist except in our thought or in our customs, we will be safe in assuming that there is no danger that our daughters will know too much. We do not need to legislate against their intelligence. With the doors open before all, there will follow without regard to sex the endeavor of the most aspiring and the "survival of the fittest." Opportunity is often ability; a chance is often a victory. Without reference to the old doctrine of appetency, experience demonstrates that motive and opportunity for a given activity in any class or community develops capacity for that activity. This law holds over the education of women. In 1863 the University of Cambridge reluctantly consented to admit English women to university examinations with a view to give them definite standing as teachers. At the first examination ninety-one candidates presented themselves, of whom fifty-seven failed; two years later one hundred and thirty applied, of whom only twenty-eight failed. This succeeding ratio has steadily increased till now the examiners nearly always accredit the girls with the most thorough acquisitions. The demand for a fair and equal chance hardly needs

argument. The republic says "any one that can, may;" experience says intelligent men must have intelligent wives. The mother more frequently than the father transmits the fiber and character; nature requires that great men should be preceded by great mothers. A slave mother in Tennessee by industry and ability purchased her own and her children's liberty. She went to the Methodist preacher in the town and said: "I am free; I have three sons; where can I make men of them?" He said: "In Liberia." She went; one of the sons, returning to America, graduated in medicine in New York and became the ablest physician in the Republic of Liberia; a second son became the first colored bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the third son became the first president of the Republic of Liberia. There was a vast amount of stock in that "old black woman." I recall but two other fountains so full of greatness: one on the Island of Corsica—the mother of the Bonapartes, that gave to Europe revolutions and emperors; the other on the island of Great Britain—the mother of the Wesleys, that gave to mankind new hope and a new evangelist. I crave for my country more than all things else, mighty mothers; given these, and Columbia shall

stand a thousand years and nothing shall be impossible to her.

2. *The university must be a Christian institution.* Christianity presents a vast array of facts. With but few exceptions, it has written the histories, inspired the books, sustained the schools, and developed the civilizations of the world. Its sacred books are the noblest and oldest classics, and its conscious experience is as much a subject of investigation as any other class of facts. The reports of consciousness concerning conscience and spiritual comfort and spiritual testimony are as worthy of thought as the reports of consciousness on any other state of mind. The facts of prayer are as well established as the fact of gravity. The fact of transformed character, of kindled affection, of exalted purpose, of heroic living, of triumphant dying, are as much facts as the growth of vegetation or the circuit of the stars. A university must give these great classes of facts a fair chance. While it is demanded that the Church must accept facts and abide by results, it is not too much to expect the same from universities. On the supreme subject there is no excuse for evasion or ambiguity. The trumpet must give no uncertain sound. While we welcome all facts and all

light, we accept Christianity as a fact and Christ as the light of the world. We do not arraign the apostles before the bar of the university and keep them on trial for perjury; but we send them about their work. The university stands for the defense as well as for the discovery of truth. In virtue of her charter she is under obligations of loyalty to the interests of the republic. These are the interests of a Christian nation, for such we have been from the beginning. This Christian nation has a right to expect that the educational institutions will be Christian. It is difficult to understand how universities can be anything else. They take the youth of the land from family altars in the formative period of their lives. They are under most solemn obligations to shield them as far as may be from the floods of temptation that threaten to overwhelm them. And more than this, the youth need the impartial support of the gospel. For in this land, in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, mere morality divorced from religion has no more warmth than a painted fire, and no more life than a mummy. God's Son came as the revelation; Christianity and knowledge were joined by eternal decree, and it is too late in the centuries to divorce them. Learning has

always been the friend of Christianity. The great torches that illumine the centuries behind us were kindled by the fire on the holy altar. I would rather lay our foundations on a southward-floating iceberg, or on the crest of a volcano, or on the heaving bosom of an earthquake, than to consecrate them to irreligion, immorality, and skepticism. Understand me—I lift my voice for Christianity, not for sectarianism. I regard sectarianism as disguised skepticism; it doubts the truth; it rends the seamless garment; it is a whited sepulcher.

Denominationalism has its place in providence, but not in a university. Inside the university the religious convictions of every student must be sacred. The different Christian Churches must be able to send their children here without endangering either their faith or their virtue.

IV. THE COMPONENT PARTS OF A UNIVERSITY.

These may be briefly sketched as the agents and the instruments—

1. *The agents* comprise the individuals that make up its intelligent force.

(a) The trustees precede and underlie the

other agents. In the simpler forms of civilization and in more genial climes a solitary old philosopher sitting in the shade of a tree, or wandering by the banks of a stream, constituted an institution—a university in a very limited range of the idea, and a very poetical and extended use of the word philosopher. But in this civilization there must be organized and actual and deathless corporations, touching all sides of society and life. This something called a university is incorporated and lodged in a board of trustees. This board receives power and funds in trust for educational purposes. They do their work through delegated bodies under general directions. They commit business to an executive committee that centers around an agent. They do their instruction by another committee known as the faculty that centers around the president. The trustees are no small part of a university. They may be open to advice from the president, but the final power of action is with them, and in this power inheres the responsibility. If the university fails, they are to blame. If it succeeds, to them will belong the praise. Their committees may do the work, but they are the instruments of the board. Another fact supporting this view of the re-

sponsibility is this. The final force under God is money. With money competent professors can be secured, suitable buildings can be erected, and all helpful and needful apparatus procured. This money power is vested in the board. They must then be men who know how to create and how to use money. They must call it out of the air, or dig it out of the earth, or pull it out of their pockets, or resign. It must come from somewhere; and they have no more right to hold the post of trustees and not furnish the funds to the extent of their ability, than the professors have to hold their places and not do the teaching. They must be men of courage and faith and ambition; courage to undertake great enterprises, the faith of Columbus, and ambition to achieve results worthy of this age and of this latitude and longitude. The first question is money. Brothers, this we must create. There is money enough in the Church and in the patronizing territory. We are to command it. While it is an honor to be a trustee, it is more than honor, it is a holy trust from the Church, which must be met under her supervision and under the eye of God.

(b) *Professors* are an indispensable part of a university. Tutors and instructors may do

for certain work, but they can not take the place of professors. He must be a man with the sixth sense that will help him always in advance. As Melchizedek met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings and blessed him, so the student must meet the professor returning conqueror from advanced fields and so constrained to bless him. He must have but one all-absorbing purpose, and that his work; he must have the light of a single eye; he must have the vision of a prophet, thus to surprise the secrets of the king's bed-chamber; he must have the scent of a blood-hound, that neither rock nor air and hardly flood can foil, thus to pursue truth; he must be able to live on promises, for not more than once or twice in a score of years will he find a kingly germ. Like a saint, he must grow richer as he declines in fortune. Like a lunatic, he must grow happier as he recedes farther from his goal. Like gravity, he must be incapable of wearying and sleepless as the tall angels around the throne. It is not necessary that he should go to his recitation-room, like Neander, with a servant following him with his pants; or that he should go into his lecture-room, like Dempster, with his collar wrong side before; nor that he should crush his hat in

his desk and put his manuscript on his head, like Thomson. But should any of these things transpire, the man, the soul, and the brain must project so far that it shall fill up the omission.

(c) The *students* are the third class of agents. The ideal student never comes, the actual student is what we want. He is a compound of opportunity, application, and ambition. The chief element in this part of the agency is numbers. Then out of a thousand some will be tall enough to be seen round the world. This tallest one fixes the reputation. This question of numbers is largely in the reach of the trustees. It is under the great law of supply and demand. Make appointments for a thousand students, and soon they will crowd into your halls. It is like any business—the great fortunes are made by wholesale dealers. The margins in real estate have been on acre property. You can handle a large Church more easily than a small one. You can handle a great university more easily than a small one.

2. *The instruments* only need enumerating. Foremost is that which is most difficult to command—money. This is as necessary as air. The blessing of God is above all else;

without that we had better disband. But the blessing of God is a fixed factor. He comes into all open hearts and upon all helpful institutions. God is all right, waiting for a chance for something to bless. He comes upon universities as certainly as water seeks the sea. This constant factor being present, the first contingent element is *money*. There can be no progress without it. It is the stimulus of this war. But it should always be remembered that it is of value only as a means and not as an end. It is a trust fund—a fund in trust for an object. And its only value is in procuring the appliances for that object. This includes *buildings*. There must be provision for recitation and lecture-rooms and laboratories and dissecting-room and observatories and art galleries and conservatories and museums and libraries and chapels and dormitories and other necessary buildings—not last or least among which is an American gymnasium. All these buildings need furnishing, and this includes a vast amount of illustrative apparatus. Where in the haste of this hour I have failed in asking, the deliberate wisdom of the trustees must not fail in giving. Thus far I have considered some of the reasons for the existence of the university—the work she

is to do, the spirit in which she is to do it, and her component parts. Much of the argument has been so condensed as to be but little more than a table of contents. Though the details have hardly been touched, yet a university puts on vast proportions. Only God can measure the privileges and the responsibility.

V. WHAT THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY HAS ALREADY REALIZED.

We can not avoid asking this board of trustees, these professors, and this great company of friends, What has the Northwestern done? Is it justifying its claims to university honors? Let me pause here long enough to say that my sympathies are with weak institutions where noble and godly men are toiling and starving in the interest of the cause of God. Knowingly I would not add a feather to their burdens. I only ask in the interest of young men and of the Church that confides in them, that they will push up their standards to the highest point, and, when a man graduates, that he shall have had a full chance. An institution has a right to be a college even if it has but one course of study, but one idea; more than this, it has a right to be a university, provided

its faith sees in the future the various departments of instruction. Institutions are usually born both young and small; time corrects the first mistake, but the other is too apt to become chronic. I pray God to deliver them all from this calamity. Every institution that honestly does its work helps so much. Every torch and taper helps to confound the darkness. Yet I must ask, Is the Northwestern justifying her university honors? In reply, I will only state what she has accomplished. Her history is brief, measured by the pointers of the clock. It is only eighteen years since she opened her doors to students. There are other measurements more just as well as more imposing. The first notable accomplishment was *being born*. There is hardly a State in the Union that has not great institutions whose first trouble is in failing to be actually born. The Northwestern, carried for years in the brain of the president of trustees, and in the hope and courage of the men I see here to-day, came to individuality in the office of Judge Goodrich, in the city of Chicago, on the 31st day of May, 1850. She was consecrated by praying and devout men to the cause of God, and from that hour has been pushing steadily up into her plans.

2. *She has also a site.* Once in the world, the university had to be somewhere, and here she has been for years. If the foresight of the founders had been as good as their judgment and experience, they would not have gone anywhere else. Here all things converge. Just out of the great city, and so out of its dust and din and saloons and great temptations, yet near enough to command the springs of being and the sinews of war, we are in the center of the Church and of the continent on this highway of the nations—in this great valley that could feed mankind and yet shall hold populations by the hundred millions. Our climate is cool enough for a summer watering-place. Our little city is both healthful and accessible. Everything in the site is realized.

3. *Foundation.* This means in all departments about two million dollars. The ground has grown to such proportions that gravitation, shifting, turns toward the university. It is too large to disintegrate. It has now the support of the word “to him that hath shall be given.”

4. *The professors and instructors* seem quite respectable, both in number and ability. Already the staff contains more than fifty experienced educators—men cultured and expe-

rienced in the leading institutions of America and Europe.

5. The departments or colleges already in vigorous operation or inaugurated this anniversary, are the first indications of our title. Foremost is the college of literature and science with a full corps of able professors and with an honorable history among educational men and with a wide variety of culture-courses.

6. *Garrett Biblical Institute*. Resting on a distinct foundation, and under a distinct board and separate management but most intimate relations and interchange of work, it is to the university all that could be asked in theology. It gives the Church work of the highest order.

7. *The Medical Department* (the Chicago Medical College) has established a right to first rank of medical schools in this or in any land, by the number and ability of its professors, by the extent and thoroughness of its curriculum, by the genuineness and accuracy of its instructions, and by the variety and richness of its auxiliaries.

8. *The College of Technology*, organized and ordained by the board at this session, starts out with liberal appointments, with a body of

eleven professors and instructors, and with all the provisions and appliances in laboratories and instruments necessary for its successful operation.

9. *The Preparatory Department* also deserves mention. Its size, the vast amount of work it is doing, and its importance in its relations to all the other departments, make it in itself in many respects not inferior to many institutions of the land with much higher titles.

10. *The Woman's College* is an added grace as well as virtue. Their accommodations and achievements entitle them to large credit. This day this fair daughter of the Church comes to this maternal mansion, raps gently on the door, and behold! the door swings round on its hinges, and the Woman's College takes her seat gracefully among the colleges of the university. She comes with a good dowry. Now the homes of the Northwest can feel that their sons and daughters are cared for in our literary home. This is a vast and significant movement. It is a prophecy of conquest.

11. It is our privilege to chronicle still another department, long in the plan of the university, indorsed by special resolution at the

meeting that organized the first faculty, but now first realized as a fact. It is an important school for the maintenance of a most learned and honorable profession—the *Department of Law*. This is achieved by a union with the University of Chicago, thus dividing the expenses and increasing their prospects. I hail this as the dawning of a better day in the relations of our institutions. I believe the dignity and force of this law-school, a maid nourished by two mothers, will justify the experiment.

12. *The Library of the University* forms another argument in vindication of our title. With the largest library west of the Hudson River, and an actual annual income for the library already surpassing that of any college or university in this country, and with funds so adjusted and secured as in four or five years to double the present income, and with provisions just ordered for handling this force, the library seems to us a department of no mean proportions.

13. *The Museum*, containing more than ten thousand specimens selected with special reference to use for instruction, is another indication. It is rich in typical specimens of the large groups of animals and plants. The

national reputation of the scholar who is the living soul of this large collection, Professor Marcy, now dean of the College of Technology, explains its completeness in every department of natural history.

14. Here must be added cabinets and conservatories of art and music.

15. It may not be amiss to mention six large buildings for the use of the scholars—four of which are equaled by but few other educational edifices in America.

16. The fullness of our courses of study and the thoroughness of its work in every department—on this group of colleges and this foundation, and these faculties of instruction, and these honorable actualities I base our defense and rest our case before the bar of public judgment.

VI. WHAT ARE THE WANTS AND RESOURCES OF THE UNIVERSITY?

The first want is *to develop the existing departments.* *We have been* foundation laying. The trustees have been toiling on patiently underground; they have planned deeply and widely. The basis is certain. The time has come to push forward to larger results. The Church has intrusted us with great interests

and opportunities, and she will not allow us to return the intrusted talents without increase—she has a right to demand fruit. She has found that of her children committed to schools outside of the positive religious influence she received back into her bosom and for her use *less than one-third of one per cent.*

Not one in three hundred have come back to her with the fruits and culture needed for her use. She is aware of this, and now demands of religious institutions such energy and activity as shall furnish her with skilled workmen. This involves more professorships, more assistants to chairs already filled and overworked. It involves more buildings, such as dormitories, libraries, observatories, chapels, and gymnasiums. There is no reason for rest or doubt. As I see it, we are in the pass, the strategical point which must be held. Christian culture can not surrender this point. Yonder is the amazement of the civilized world—a city built in a day, burned in a night, and rebuilt in an hour. In this community absolutely nothing is impossible. Any great manly enterprise that comprehends the future and embraces the interests of the people in that latitude never lacks defenders. It is only the timid that are routed; ships are wrecked

on shoals and coasts, not often on the open sea. With this stout hulk and well-laid beam and live-oak knees we have nothing to fear but fear. Our resources are not easily computed. The basis or the actual body of our resources is easily comprehended; but outside of these eighteen or twenty hundreds of thousands of dollars there are other forces not a whit less actual, though less measurable. There are our graduates, no small force, all believing in us, all sending here their representatives. Beyond these is that shadowy something called public sentiment; that atmosphere that fills the public eye and the popular lungs. This is no inconsiderable force. It is the support of the workers, for no man, however great the girth of his brain or chest, can do anything without an atmosphere. That is what ails France and Spain to-day. There is too much oxygen in the air for the health of the despots, and at the bottom of society there is too much carbonic acid gas for the health of free institutions. Public sentiment is the third house. You may improve and direct it, but you can not dispense with it or resist it. Institutions, like garments, must fit the spirit and mind of the age. Fitting thus they are as omnipotent as the tide of history. Once in league with events, and

triumph is only a question of time. Look at this great Northwest, teeming with the life and energy of all lands, and see our field. Look at yonder city blazing at one end and rebuilding at the other; sending in the same message the news of the loss of old millions and orders for new millions; striking speechless, and so beyond protest, the timid and hesitating, commanding as by absolute authority the approval of the wisest judgment and adding spurs and wings to the progressive and great fortunes to the dauntless. Look at yonder city and take your keynote. This is the age of great enterprises. Wooden shoes and ox-teams have passed away. We ride on the morning light, and whisper in every human ear with one breath like the kinsmen and heirs of the Infinite. We marshal soldiers by the millions; we build railroads by the thousand miles; we go to war in palace cars; we fight great battles in the war offices, thousands of miles from the smoke of the battle, and order on maps and by telegraph each charge and change. This age does everything on the most magnificent scale, whether it's to settle a wilderness or control a government. There is no advantage for small enterprises. In the field of education men invest in great movements,

and the spirit of the age is seen in great gifts. In the year 1871, \$8,435,990 were given to this cause by a few men. Two men gave over a million each, and twenty-three men gave over one hundred thousand dollars each. I rejoice that our friends are inspired with this spirit, as seen in the new departments which the trustees have this week launched for an endless voyage.

The day that New England crowded the summit of Bunker Hill to see the monument founded and hear Daniel Webster, the multitude swayed up toward the platform till those in front were nearly crushed. The marshal ordered the crowd back, when the cry came up from the multitude: "It can not be done. It is impossible." When Webster, stepping to the front, said: "Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill;" and before the motion of his hand the crowd surged back. Standing here this hour, and in the faces of the men of the Northwest, I say that "Nothing is impossible on this soil." The age, the latitude, the patronage, and the magnitude of the enterprise make success almost as certain as it is necessary. The university rises before us in distinct outlines. A figure of power and of beauty, the daughter of the Church and of our civiliza-

tion, she stands among our free institutions to preserve our common schools from stagnation and poverty; to multiply our inventions and perfect our machinery; to stimulate our industrial and augment our productive power; to develop mines and command their precious treasures; to deepen our channels and lengthen our rivers; to improve our thoroughfares and increase our transporting capacity; to dredge our harbors and signal our coasts and illumine our cities; to save our ballot-box from brutality and our juries from bribery; to deliver our courts from partisanism and our legislative halls from corruption; to protect our sick chambers from empiricism and our bar from venality; to exalt our reasons above skepticism and our faith above superstition—thus I see her, with the beauty of the morning on her cheek and the glory of eternity on her brow, quickening our sons and daughters into kings and queens by the light of her eye, by the inspiration of her smile and the fragrance of her presence. Coming into this work I have little to say that is personal. I stand among my friends. I could not tell you anything new, for I have been in your midst ever since I was here as a student. I am here by choice and with the fullest approval of my judgment. I

have no other work or ambition than to do at my best the work given me in the order of Providence. I expect success, for I am surrounded, as I know, by a *faculty* of wise and prudent counselors, and sustained by a board of trustees whose character years ago I learned to emulate, and I know that God always lives and gives wisdom to them that ask. He knows my needs and that I cling to Him. I hesitate to put on a mantle worn by such men as Hinman, Foster, and Haven—men whose names fill the Church; and I am oppressed with a care of the youth. They are in my heart as if they were my own sons and daughters. My best advice and time shall be given to them individually. This care shall be the last neglected. As I enter the solemn responsibility I implore the prayers of the Church and the blessing of Almighty God.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE
AND
EARLY METHODISM IN PHILA-
DELPHIA

Delivered in Philadelphia, July 16, 1833, on the centennial celebration of the founding of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church, the first Methodist Church in Philadelphia.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE
AND
EARLY METHODISM IN PHILA-
DELPHIA

THE Old Napoleon asked the sculptor Canova how long his best statue could endure. The sculptor replied: "Protected and kept from accident, possibly six thousand years." "That will not do," replied the "Little Corporal," walking out with his hands clasped behind him. As he passed through the door he said: "I must have something that will last longer than that." This is a voice from the universal consciousness. We shove out from the shore of to-day and confidently steer for the day after to-morrow. Men are never wanting to lead the forlorn hope, provided its march is down the centuries. For one, I want to go on record as desiring for every youth some purpose, some ambition that hews away at Fate, determined to make a footing in her uncrumbling walls. Speech and conscience and *ambition* are the distinguishing characteristics of the human animal. Only

the sheep and the camel and mere animals are content with food and shelter. The fabled warrior who brushed all resistance from before his arrow and whispered to his bow, "Fail not," and to his arrow, "Stop not," and so sent it round the world, did but twang the bow of the brain and speed the tireless thought. He stands forth, the common type of man. Beneath him you will find beasts, above him God. It is one of the touching pictures of the holy oracles where the saved one, in the wealth of her affection, breaks the costly vase and pours forth the precious ointment, while the Infinite Economist commends the waste, bidding the rare fragrance to float into all atmospheres and to all generations, saying, "This shall be a memorial of her wherever this gospel may come." On this supreme authority I rest the case, and say to all souls: "Add wings and spurs to your speed. Let your noble deeds fill all ages with resounding praise." I stand by the monuments of the mighty dead with unsandaled feet and uncovered head, and gladly prolong their praise.

The Past is the depository of all that has been. It may seem a sepulcher full of dead men's bones, yet it holds the re-

sults achieved by all the great workers. It furnishes all the ladders on which we mount to new discoveries. We can only build on more ancient foundations with materials which we inherit. The Past often seems slow and conservative. It travels in the tedious coach or on foot. It patiently waits for low water to uncover the fords. It clambers up the mountain stream searching for the crest. It pushes into the forest on the trail of the wild game. It descends the farther slope with the devices of the trapper. It struggles on to power under every disadvantage. It cultivates continents without implements, builds cities without tools, and conducts vast wars without weapons. It founds great schools without books, develops high civilizations without newspapers, and carries on vast commerce without ships. In grappling with this huge, sinewy, tireless, old-time giant, we need to be wise as the serpent, swift as the morning, and bold as Providence. The great Past comes to us rich with experiments, wise with experience, full of victories and heroism. So I turn to it for a lamp. I sit at its feet as at the feet of a great teacher, and I accept the living present as its pupil and offspring.

Not the lightest of our obligations is the

commemoration of its greatness. Our wealth consists of the toil of the workers, the thought of the thinkers, the songs of the singers, and the creations of the gifted ones that have wrought themselves into human history. I join with this goodly company and with the greater multitude looking this way, in celebrating the achievements of the men who gathered here a hundred years ago, feeling that this may be a tribute of gratitude as acceptable to God as frankincense and myrrh. For it is meet and proper to render honor to whom honor is due.

Great events and great men are God's chosen teachers. Events show us the hinges on which history swings round to larger apartments. Men show us the hands that do this swinging. The dead monotony of animal history may be written on the meadow and on the mountain-side, in the hieroglyphics of nature, but God's great truths come to us incarnated. They are concreted in living, loving, God-anointed, God-smitten, kingly men. Indeed, any truth to make its way to the front must have elbows. It must sparkle in the brain and burn in the heart of some great man. It must have a human heart with which to throb itself into other hearts, and human hands with

which to lay hold of other hands. This makes great men a necessity. In our subject we have both these providential teachers.

There were assembled here in those early years a little band, few in numbers, poor in this world's goods, chiefly untrained in this world's schools, unsustained by this world's social order, unadorned by this world's philosophy, but they were rich in faith, pure in heart, heroic in purpose, inflamed with heavenly zeal, and in league with events. Their names are worth many repetitions. Hear them! Thomas Rankin, Richard Boardman, Joseph Pilmoor, Francis Asbury, Richard Wright, George Shadford, Thomas Webb, John King, Abraham Whitworth, and Joseph Yearbry. There came after them such men as John Dickins and Richard Whatcoat and Ezekiel Cooper and John Summerfield, a mighty host. It is not strange that Methodism took deep root in this soil. This is the handful of corn on the mountain that now waves like the cedars of Lebanon.

We can not justly pass this hour without a glance at these men. I wish I could take you into a gallery and show you their faces. But I can not. Some of them do not appear much anywhere except in the Minutes of this First

Conference. We can track some of them through one or two circuits into location and so into obscurity. The first group were all Europeans, all had the chief characteristics of missionaries. They were of another land, though not of another tongue. They were of other habits and sympathies. They were monarchists by prejudice and education, and Tories by sympathy. They were unable to read events, and returned to England. By their departure they blessed the Colonies and American Methodism. Most of them, except Asbury and possibly Webb, were only average men and soon accomplished their work and dropped out of sight. Human annals fail to do them great honor. Our hope for them is that God's great book makes no mistakes. They sowed for this spiritual and eternal harvest, and are not disappointed in reaping what they sowed. One is surprised at the short term of service rendered by our early itinerants, two or three years; only a few endured five years.

Curiosity might like to put them on the scales and see how they fed and what came of it; put them before the camera and catch their every feature and expression. We might be pleased with their census history. But after

all it is of infinitely more value to us to know what they did. Once history was an account of the sayings and doings of a few royal babies. It was filled with the narration of the most insignificant events in the lives of the most insignificant princes, who had neither wit, learning, courage, nor achievement, whose whole claim to notice rested on the fact that they were nursed by the hirelings of royalty and kept in indolence, ignorance, inactivity, and vice. But now history has more to do with the people, with the elements of civilization, with the principles that govern them, with the motives that inspire them, with the forces they have subjugated, with the science they have mastered, with the institutions they have founded, and with varied liberties they have maintained. So in this work we need not, even if we could, enter into the census story of these men. Their lives are the common lives of men in their work. Go to your parsonage and see them for yourself, modified only with the times, relatively the same. Their chief distinction was their faith in God and in Wesley and in their having occupied space here in that long-ago time.

George Shadford joined the Traveling Connection in 1768, came to this country in

1773, was stationed four months in New York City. That was as long as preachers were trusted among such advantages or temptations in those early times. The year following the Conference of 1773 he was the instrument used in bringing into the Church more than two hundred souls. Hostilities between the Mother Country and the Colonies drove him and all the rest of the English preachers, except Mr. Asbury, from the country. He died in 1816. He was modest, retiring, yet bold and always successful. He was gentle as a lamb and always sweet tempered. He was oil on the troubled waters of the First Conference.

Joseph Pilmoor joined the Traveling Connection in 1768, was sent to America in 1769. His letters to John Wesley give us good insight into the state of the infant Church. He preached in New York City, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Virginia; and in North Carolina. He was studious, ambitious, selfish, and cold. Returned to England to be disappointed by not being either put in charge of the American work, or put into the Loyal Hundred of the Home Church. Under the sting of this disappointment he returned to America and joined the Episcopal Church. Be it said to his credit that he always retained a hearty

sympathy for the itinerants. He was tall, dignified, and in old age quite stately. He was a preacher of rare gifts and good culture. Was made a D. D. by the University of Pennsylvania.

Richard Boardman joined the Traveling Connection in 1763. Was sent to America in 1769, returned in 1778, died in 1810. He was pious, simple, earnest, gifted, and had large common sense. Was stationed in Philadelphia and New York. Went through Northeast, stopping in Boston in 1772. But the way was not open there then.

We find in this list the name of Thomas Rankin. This man came near wrecking the Church. But by the over-ruling of Providence only good came out of his well-meant but ill-timed work. He came to America in 1773, and was, on account of his age, appointed General Assistant, in the place of Francis Asbury. He returned to England in 1778, and died in 1810. He was Scotch in descent and English in character. He had all the high notions of authority that marked Mr. Wesley's actions. He issued his orders without explanation or reason. Whatever would not bend must break. Mr. Asbury, with greater will power, had also greater wisdom.

He gladly resigned his responsibilities into Mr. Rankin's hand, but he soon chafed under the rule of a man who understood neither the age nor the Colonies. The gathering storm of the Revolution was about to burst upon the country. Rankin, not in sympathy with the Colonies and thoroughly in sympathy with royalty, drew the lines with an unflinching purpose. But God had wiser plans for America and His cause than either Wesley or Rankin comprehended. The news from Lexington and Bunker Hill threw the molding and guiding of the Church into the hands of Asbury, the only hands that were able to do it successfully, and made large room for the great Apostle of American Methodism.

The administration of Mr. Rankin was, after all, of great value in establishing and maintaining discipline. He brought over the purely English views of Church order, and he hewed to this line regardless of consequences. Out of this rule came a certain sternness and grandeur of character that permeated the entire membership and secured the highest *esprit de corps*. While Mr. Rankin, remaining, could only have ruined the cause in the new-born nation still struggling against Toryism for existence, his short administration com-

pacted the societies where it did not react seriously.

As we ascend the line of these worthies, we come to a strange character seated in this first Council. His military uniform and ever present sword, first catch our eye. There he sits, large, genial, peculiar. A patch over one eye covers a scar of honor. His face glows and gleams as the discussions advance and the plans mature. This is Captain Thomas Webb. His history is brief. Wounded on the Heights of Abraham, where the gallant Wolfe fell, he is retired with captain's full pay. In 1765 he received another wound from the Heavenly Archer under the preaching of John Wesley. Born fully into the Kingdom, he gives himself to the despised, penniless, and persecuted sect. Providentially crowded into the ministry at Bath, England, he works successfully in winning souls. Moved to Albany on the Hudson, his house becomes a temple and his family altar a pulpit by the magnetism of his character and the genuineness of his soul. Soon after the organization of the society in New York by Philip Embury and Barbara Heck, the good captain makes his appearance to head the subscription for the first Methodist Church on the continent. Giving,

working, preaching, he becomes a tower of strength. "Captain Webb, Gentleman," looms up among the poor laborers and colored servants, among whom the cause first took root in this country. To him belongs, also, the honor of introducing Methodism into this great city of machinery and brotherly love. By his personal representation and arguments and liberality the Mother Church was induced to send ministers and aid to the Colonies. It was fitting that he should appear in this First Conference. Wesley called him "a man of fire." Asbury always expected victory from him. The elder Adams, attending the Continental Congress in 1774, heard him preach and pronounced him "one of the most fluent and eloquent men he ever heard." It is hard to do justice to such a character. Brave, resolute, progressive, he seemed impatient at delay and unable to endure timidity or half-heartedness. He was eccentric, but he revolved about a fixed point, the Cross. Often he seemed to have broken away on a tangent, but give him room enough and time enough, and, like a comet, he always came back in good order, with trophies for his Master and encouragement for his friends. In no small way he represented and embodied the early Metho-

dism of America. Wearing the uniform of this world's power and the scars of this world's glory, with his sword by his side and his Greek Testament in his pocket, telling his experience and singing the songs of redemption, he was no mean apostle of a cause that had to make a landing on a hostile shore, with less shelter than the birds and foxes, with no pillow softer than Jacob's, with no supplies larger than a raven's gift, and with no home but the desert, no hope but heaven, and no friend but God. He belonged to that army of heroes who were taken out of the victories and the honors of this world's campaigns and set on higher war and more eternal renown. Actual men they were, clothed in the raiment of every-day life, and experienced in the shocks of the common strife, but inspired by the Holy Spirit and commissioned by the Eternal King, their work has the seal of heaven and their memories the fragrance of immortality. Captain Thomas Webb in the First Conference stands for a great factor in American Methodism. He was a layman. Philip Embury, a layman, was in at the birth of American Methodism in New York. Robert Strawbridge, a layman, planted Methodism in Maryland, which contends for pri-

ority over New York. Captain Webb founded Methodism in this great city.

The laymen ordered the itinerancy. They told Bishop Asbury that they would receive his preachers if he would take them away in three months. The itinerancy consists not in the length of the time, but in the power to change the appointments. It has survived the changes of time from three months to four months, to one year, to two years, to three years. So I predict that it will survive the removal of the limit. Let us go slow, trust God, and read events.

American Methodism, like English Wesleyanism (like the New Testament Church), seems to have had the especial care of Providence. The apostles were doubtless chosen with special reference to their natural gifts and characteristics. Each helped to supplement all the others in the full development of the truth. Wesleyanism was early equipped for a great work. Theodore Parker says: "Methodism had the greatest organizer, John Wesley, and the greatest scholar, Adam Clarke, of the last thousand years." He might safely have added, the greatest singer, Charles Wesley, and the greatest saint, John Fletcher.

EARLY METHODISM IN PHILADELPHIA

Such a group secured great success and a great history.

American Methodism added to this inheritance all that it needed to fit it to the wilderness into which it dropped: the greatest pioneer statesman, Francis Asbury; the greatest drillmaster, Thomas Rankin; the greatest literary and theological critic of that time, John Dickins, and the most eloquent preacher of that time, and possibly of any time, John Summerfield.

Any man who has studied the needs and shortcomings of the Salvation Army, is prepared to appreciate somewhat the important work done by John Dickins, so long book steward and autocrat of our publications. He was a marked scholar for that time. He was trained under the solid old drill of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Indeed, one is safe in saying that our modern university developments have added little, if anything, to the drill-power of these old studies. To train for accurate and continuous thinking, mathematics must stand at the head. It is forever finding the point of intersection, or an exact equivalent. It has to do with definite certainties. It has little room for guessing. It drills in

thinking to a point. Latin, with its sentences like Chinese puzzles that can go together only one way, requires careful thought, but it is not so much to a point. It asks half a dozen questions about a word at once, and thinks all about it. Greek, with its particles hooking the sentences together like swivels, demands much thinking. These are the great drill-masters of the ages. John Dickins inspired the first seminary, that materialized in Cokesbury College. His careful classic training and methodical habits and cultivated taste were great blessings to American Methodism. He made the early literature worthy the name and worth studying. The great Book House of Methodism, the greatest in the world, is the natural outcome of John Dickins' work. No wonder we have hundreds of colleges and hundreds of papers.

Ezekiel Cooper took this work when Dickins dropped it by the side of his coffin, and helped to make this Philadelphia Methodist soil rich by sowing it a yard deep with ideas.

Another class find here their representatives. These are the men who work a little and then grow weary or unacceptable, and then retire from the work and plunge into oblivion. This is a mighty host who had gift

enough and chance enough and possibility enough in the beginning to secure a call from Him who makes no mistakes, but experiments upon all mere chances, trying to make the most of all men, but who, through indolence or avarice, backslide and forfeit their chance, miss their day and so sink into uselessness, then into burdens, then into obscurity, and so into oblivion. Of this great host that clog the wheels of the Church, hinder the work of God, and make religion fit to be rejected, I can only say I am glad I am not their judge. I can pity such a wreck as Whitworth, who, caught in the fiery monsoon of hell, was hurled to death. But these creatures who cling to respectability and beg for sympathy, when the industry of the common mechanic, who builds not characters but only houses, would make them useful and honored by good men and angels—these creatures can extort from me only scorn and contempt. They are dead men standing in the way of the living. The worst thing about it is this, they do not know enough to know that they are dead. What a pity they would not tumble over into their graves! This time demands living men. This is a mighty age. We do things in a grand way. Men are sinning by wholesale. sin is putting

on all defiance and using all weapons. There is no alternative; we must arm with equal skill and power. The good cause languishes, and God waits for us to put on our strength. I believe that the time has come when we must stir ourselves as ministers even more than ever before. There is no hour for rest or indolence. To pause is to be trampled by the mighty march of events. Sleepless vigilance, unrelenting activity, are the conditions of usefulness in the ministry. I wish I could cry in the ear of every preacher in the world, "The night cometh!"

I find among these early men good specimens of the great body of the ministry. I approach this class with a glad heart. I never think of them but with profoundest admiration. I regard them as the grandest specimens of the race. It is my highest ambition to be counted worthy of their companionship. They are men of the finest metal, men who see life as a great opportunity for power and wealth and aggrandizement, who see most gorgeous pictures on the ever-moving canvas of the future, before whom Fame's shining temple stands with open door, men whom Ambition calls by their given names, as if they were her only friends. Yet they hear a voice

from out eternity calling to denial, to duty, and to heroism, and though it blasts every ambition, abandons every plan, sweeps away every picture, yet they obey the heavenly call and go forth not to be ministered unto but to minister, to be the faithful servants of all, and so, in the fullest service, secure the Master's award of greatness. These are the salt of the earth. These are the men that keep the life in the world, of whom the world is not worthy. There is nothing grander than one of these veterans, counting all things but loss for Christ, taking up His cross, entering into His work, making up what is behind of His suffering, and wearing without pride or disgrace the honor He puts upon them in the sight of the angels. Poor, nearly always, they could not be otherwise. They seek other ends. They live on half pay and full disappointments. Learning to live on next to nothing, then on nothing, then on less than nothing, with full heart and empty hands keeping the wolf from the door and educating the children, thus they journey, rich in faith, sweet in temper, charitable in spirit, anxious only that the cause may prosper. I see these men who take their lives, and, harder still, their families, in their hand, and go forth to all danger,

endure all hardship, and rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for Christ, and the world furnishes no nobler heroes. They need no Letters Patent to ennoble them; they belong to the Peerage of the Eternal Kingdom. They are Peers of angels and principalities and powers and dominions of heaven, and have God's broad patent of nobility. Father Taylor called them "Camels journeying through a desert browsing on thistles and laden with jewels." Paul thought them Christ's slaves, crushed with the sorrows and disabilities of others, and ready to be even accursed from Christ for the salvation of the endangered. I think them genuine Methodist preachers, and I ask no greater honor than to share their toils and join in their triumphs. They are proof of immortality, for God will see to it that they receive their back pay amid the shouts of victory and in the glory of heaven. Let me live and die with them!

These are some of the classes that met here a hundred years ago—great leaders, great laymen, and great workers, and let us rise to the worth of our inheritance.

Towering above all others, like Mount Washington above the White Hills, we behold Francis Asbury. I hardly know how to

approach his character or present his greatness. Born in England in 1745, he began to preach at the age of sixteen, and was sent a missionary to America in 1771. In 1774 the superintendency of the Church through the troubled times of the Revolution was committed to him. The return to England of the regular missionaries left him almost without an adviser. At the Christmas Conference of 1784 he was elected and ordained the First Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He died in 1816. It does not disparage any other man to say that to Asbury, more than to any other, does Methodism in America owe its character and power. He first saw the necessity of independence. In the gathering gloom of the Revolution he chose the perils of fidelity to the flock committed to him, rather than safety in his native land. Everything was to be done. Without precedents, without resources, without organization, without schools, without church edifices, without Church societies, without an ordained ministry, without the sacraments and without public sympathy, he was thrown into the sea of revolution, and, single-handed, suspected on account of his nativity, persecuted on account of his faith, hunted on account of his fidelity,

he was compelled to gather the scattered fragments of classes into societies, to modify and combine the diverging views of rebels and royalists, of citizens and subjects, to restrain those who would rush through individualism and congregationalism into irresponsibility and inefficiency, to liberate those who bowed in servile submission to the English policy of Wesley, a policy which deprived the Church of organization and of a ministry, and the members of the sacraments and of a home; and to create out of the raw materials a membership, a ministry to care for them, and a government to perpetuate them. This problem was to be solved under the most adverse circumstances. The country was distracted by civil war and rendered dangerous by contending forces and wandering bands of marauders. The finances of the country were depressed to the lowest point. The passions of the people were inflamed to the utmost. The public mind was turned away from religion to slaughter and from righteousness to rapine. The friends of Methodism were bound by deep-seated convictions to the customs and forms of the Mother Country, and were under the influence of their great founder, which restrained them from this only chance of success. Their very

piety was thus at war with their peace. To be religious and rise to a conscientious separation from Wesley, was asking more greatness and more statesmanship than could reasonably be expected in the humble ranks of the membership. They were bound to receive the sacraments from a Church hostile to their experiences, hostile to their patriotism, and hostile to their very existence. Trained into holy reverence for the ceremonies, it took mighty faith to comprehend these ceremonies as mere human conveniences. In a land measured by the thousand miles, scattered over territory vast enough for a score of empires, traversed by fordless and bridgeless rivers, by mountain ranges whose only passes were the trails of hostile Indians, with no communication swifter than the saddle-beast, with leagues of forest penetrated by no highways wider than a bridle-path that hung on the broken bark of the trees, with a population scattered leagues apart in the wilderness—under such circumstances to create a people, a general conviction, a ministry, a closely compacted system of government that should at once leave every member a living unit and still make the whole Church a living machine, a government giving room for every conviction and still pre-

serving the strength of one purpose—this required the most varied and stupendous gifts. There were needed the industry of the freeman and the patience of the slave, the wisdom of the statesman and the prescience of the prophet, the zeal of the advocate and the deliberation of the judge, the faith of the saint and the sacrifice of the martyr. There was needed genius to invent, courage to explore, and assurance to wait. There was needed such a combination of gifts and graces as has seldom been found among the sons of Adam. Measured by the difficulties he surmounted, by the plans he made and executed, by the statesmanship he exhibited, by the leagues he journeyed, by the exposures he endured, by the dangers he confronted, by the combinations he secured, and by the things he caused to come to pass, measured by these results Francis Asbury rises before us, pre-eminently the Apostle of American Methodism. He was adapted to the work he was to accomplish. The distinguishing characteristic of his mind was his practical sense. He saw things as they are. He had little or no imagination. He dealt with facts. Though he often seemed dull of faith in enterprises, the results justified his judgment. Some of his plans swept on be-

yond the wildest fancy of the most ardent, but his convictions were deduced from an actual knowledge of the forces in the field. Thus he saw the future republic and the coming Church, when our statesmen were legislating for the Colonies and not for a nation, and our soldiers were fighting for redress and not for liberty.

He was a man of the people. Sent to the people, his culture and his habits fitted him to his work. By choice and by conviction he carried Methodism out of the cities into the country. He planted it in all the valleys and on all the hillsides of the accessible continent. The marvel of his character is his adaptation to the varied circumstances of his long and eventful life. Everything committed to him found its consummate artificer. See him where we may, yonder in the great Metropolis, visiting from house to house, here in the first Council, rebuking the self-indulgence that demanded the ease of the cities, and resisting the extremes that threatened on one side to demoralize all discipline, and on the other to destroy all development, or yonder, sleeping in the wigwam of the hostile savage, or waiting in the concealment of the cypress swamp; or yonder, hunting his lonely way,

with his weary horse, from cabin to cabin, telling to the emigrant and the pioneers the story of the Cross and singing everywhere the songs of Zion; or yonder, in the crisis of schism, when the Southern Conference was resolved on separation, by the wisdom of his plans and the moderation of his words, and the omnipotence of his agonizing prayer, bringing them as by the Spirit of God into humble mind, and wheeling them into line for a united campaign against sin; or yonder, presiding over the Conferences, inspiring new faith in the tired itinerant and new hope in the discouraged pilgrim; see him wherever we may and in whatever work, as missionary, pastor, exile, fugitive, legislator, administrator, or bishop, we are charmed with the beauty of his character, the simplicity of his faith, the breadth of his plans, the strength of his purpose, the heroism of his sacrifice, and the vastness of his results.

At the end of this new Evangel stands the one supreme spirit representing that guiding genius that is never wanting in the history of successful reform. It makes holy and representative covenant with God, ascends the Mount of Sacrifice, and from the supreme act of faith writes its name in history, Abraham

the Father of the Faithful. Again, it leads the exodus of humanity and receives the divine commandments and revelations and writes its name in history Moses or Elijah. Now it feels the heavenly inspiration, sees the boundlessness of redeeming love, and writes its name in history Paul or Luther. Again, it hears the divine voice, sees the perishing multitudes, catches the martyr spirit, and writes its unfading name in history Wesley or Asbury. Methodism in America, like all ordained Evangels, was captained for conquest. It was committed to a grand, God-smitten, kingly soul. With such leadership it could not but grow up into a vast region of conquering agencies, a great Church!

The list of workers in this pulpit contains many of this great host of average men who do the great bulk of the work of this world, and some of the great men whose work and memory are our inheritance and inspiration. Here is the name of Richard Whatcoat. John Wesley wanted the Conference of 1787 to make him Bishop, but the Conference refused to do it, fearing lest Mr. Wesley might recall Bishop Asbury. The spirit of the young republic and of the young Church was the same. In 1800 the General Conference elected

and ordained him Bishop. He was distinguished for his saintliness and for the spiritual power accompanying his preaching. The marked demonstrations that characterized Methodism in the early years followed him on many occasions. The statistics show great increase in the membership immediately following his election to the Episcopacy. History informs us that he had great influence in securing these results.

The name of John P. Durbin needs only to be mentioned in connection with this Church to establish the lofty standard of pulpit service here enjoyed. This man was one of his kind. He was a student, always at his books; a scholar, mastering the old college curriculum and touching nearly all the round of knowledge; a preacher, standing for years at the very head of the American pulpit. At times he possessed his audiences and handled them at his pleasure. Once, describing the coming of the Judgment Day in the Church in Carlisle, he showed them the coming of Gabriel with his resurrection trumpet so distinctly that the entire audience rushed to the windows and tore the blinds from their hinges in their alarm and anxiety to see the coming judgment throng. When his high inspiration culmi-

nated and the whites of his eyes were seen round the blazing pupils, then men held their breath and held on to the backs of the pews, or bounded to their feet or fell unconscious on the floor. John P. Durbin was a preacher.

If anything is lacking to make this city the joy of all Methodism, it is found in that holy wizard of the pulpit, John Summerfield. The best thing that can be said of his eloquence is found in the traditions that impregnate the very air wherever he preached, traditions which no man can define. Multitudes that crowded all the region about where he was going to preach and would not leave till long after he had finished—the weeping, sighing, sobbing, repenting, shouting multitudes, told the story of his pathos and power. I can see him, coming in like an angel through one of these windows, tripping along on the backs of the pews, up to the pulpit, and then letting the light of his holy face shine out upon the expectant multitude. God is with him. This place is changed into the Holy of Holies. Sinners can not long stand under the heavenly vision. They drop under the power of God. Penitents can not long hesitate to believe in this ante-room of heaven. Believers can not long stumble at the exceeding greatness and

preciousness of the promises. Brothers, this is the Holy of Holies. Nothing earthly can be more sacred than this old Academy, once called that, and always an Academy in God's spiritual agencies. O, may the spirit and power of John Summerfield's God come upon every one of us! It is something to be in this holy place. I know of a rough, bad man, a carnal man, who came into one of our Churches in Elmira and sought God at the altar with all his might. He was so big and rough and bad that the brethren could not believe that it was really so, even when God blessed and clearly converted him. It seemed too much. The next night he came with two wagon-loads of his family and men, including his mother, two sisters and brother, all bad, notoriously bad. This staggered the Church a little. It seemed too much of that kind. When the invitation was given they all came, but the Church hesitated. This man stepped round and opened a place at the altar for his mother, saying to the pastor: "Brother, can't I have my mother kneel right there? That is the spot where I knelt last night, and I kind o' want my mother to kneel right there. I am sure she will find Him; I did." Brothers, it seems to me a great thing to stand here

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where John Summerfield stood and saw God and showed Him to sinners and saints. Maybe we can see Him too. O, may the spirit and power of John Summerfield's God come upon every one of us, upon all Philadelphia Methodism, upon all Methodism!

THE GREATNESS OF ILLINOIS

Oration delivered at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, August 29, 1876, at the request and by the appointment of His Excellency, Hon. J. L.

Beveridge, Governor of the State
of Illinois, to present and
represent that State.

THE GREATNESS OF ILLINOIS

MR. PRESIDENT, Fellow Citizens of Illinois
and of the Republic, Ladies and Gentle-
men:

A peasant espoused a princess. She was heavily dowered and highly endowed. She had genius and culture. Her form was the perfection of symmetry. Her motion was the rhythm of poetry. Her face was the beauty of the morning. Her glance was the benediction that follows prayer. In repose she was a model. In motion she was a song. Seen, she was a hope; detained, an inspiration; retained, a transfiguration. The peasant went with her to a royal court where the guests were expected to compete for the honor of an hour on the throne by showing their rarest treasures. A high courtier, seeing the peasant empty-handed, yet hopeful, said, "Why hope?" The peasant replied: "You have not seen her!" That court is this company of the assembled nations. That princess is the Prairie State, in the great valley beyond the mountains. When you have seen her you

will not question my presence or my hope. I am here at your invitation, by the authority of yonder commonwealth, to commend to you, and through you to all men everywhere, the great State of Illinois, only fourth in population and not second in honor or promise among all the States of the great Republic. If you do not grant us this day a favorable verdict, I shall appeal to mankind, to impartial history, and to the next Centennial.

NAME.

“What is in a name?” “Much, every way.” It is to character what shadow is to substance. It only needs light to bring it out. It is worth something to be able to cast a shadow. It involves all the difference between a city and a cemetery. If in uttering the convictions of my mind I am compelled to praise Illinois in the presence of these earlier and honorable commonwealths, you must pardon my boldness. For it is for this purpose that you have invited me here. And I trust to pay you fitting honor in the respect bestowed on one of your daughters. For a mother can not but rejoice in the achievements of her second self.

The soil seems predestined to greatness.

Albert Gallatin, who has prepared the best work upon the Indian languages, says that "Illinois is from a Delaware word, Leno, or Leni, or Illini, which signifies the *real or superior men.*"

Some of the vulgar may ask why the sons of Illinois are called "Suckers," which, like nearly all nicknames, from "Yankee" to "Wolverine," is a term of disrespect. The answer is found in the jealousies that always spring up in the presence of success. For human nature has one law from which she seldom varies; it is the law of the Donnybrook Fair, namely, "Wherever you see a head, hit it." So Illinois could not be expected to escape some term of reproach, and that term she must fill with a new meaning. In the early days the settlers were in the habit of going up the river every spring to Galena, and, having worked in the famous lead mines during the summer, they returned down the river in the fall. This was the habit of "suckers" in the rivers. The transfer of the epithet was easy. It refers also to the poor whites from the South that followed the wealthy, like suckers on the corn. Its transformation has been certain. The nation has had abundant reason to bless the "Suckers."

AREA.

In area the State has fifty-five thousand four hundred and ten square miles of territory. It is about one hundred and fifty miles wide and four hundred miles long, stretching in latitude from Maine to North Carolina. It embraces a wide variety of climate. It is tempered on the north by the great inland, saltless, tideless sea, which keeps the thermometer from either extreme. Being a table-land, from six hundred to sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, one is prepared to find on the health maps prepared by the general government an almost clean and perfect record. In freedom from fevers and malarial diseases and consumptions, the three deadly enemies of the American Saxon, Illinois as a State stands without a superior. She furnishes one of the essential conditions of a great people—sound bodies. I suspect that this fact lies back of that old Delaware word, Illini—superior men.

POSITION.

The great battles of history that have been determinative of dynasties and destinies have been strategical battles, chiefly the question of

position. Thermopylæ has been the war cry of freemen for twenty-four centuries. It only tells how much there may be in position. All this advantage belongs to Illinois. It is in the heart of the greatest valley in the world, the vast region between the mountains—a valley that could feed mankind for one thousand years. It is well on toward the center of the Continent. It is in the great temperate belt, in which have been found nearly all the aggressive civilizations of history. It has sixty-five miles of frontage on the head of the lake, with the Mississippi forming the western and southern boundary, with the Ohio running along the southeastern line, with the Illinois River and the Canal dividing the State diagonally from the lake to the Lower Mississippi, and with the Rock and Wabash Rivers furnishing altogether two thousand miles of water-front, connecting with and running through in all about twelve thousand miles of navigable waters.

But this is not all. These waters are made most available by the fact that the Lake and the State lie on the ridge running into the great valley from the east. Within cannon-shot of the lake the water runs away from the

lake to the gulf. The lake now empties at both ends, one into the Atlantic, the other into the Gulf of Mexico. The lake thus seems to hang over the land. This makes the dock-age most serviceable; there are no steep banks to damage it. Both lake and river are made for use.

CLIMATE AND PRODUCTS.

The climate varies from Portland to Richmond; it favors every product of the Continent, including the tropics, with less than half a dozen exceptions. It produces every great nutriment of the world except bananas and rice. It is hardly too much to say that it is the most productive spot known to civilization. With the soil full of bread and the earth full of minerals, with an upper surface of food and an under layer of fuel, with perfect natural drainage and abundant springs and streams and navigable rivers, half-way between the forests of the North and the fruits of the South, within a day's ride of the great deposits of iron, coal, copper, lead and zinc, containing and controlling the great grain, cattle, pork and lumber markets of the world, it is not strange that Illinois has the advantage of position.

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NATIVITY.

This advantage has been supplemented by the character of the population. In the early days, when Illinois was first admitted to the Union, her population were chiefly from Kentucky and Virginia. But, in the conflict of ideas concerning slavery, a strong tide of emigration came in from the East and soon changed this composition. In 1870 her non-native population were from colder soils. New York furnished one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and ninety; Ohio gave one hundred and sixty-two thousand six hundred and twenty-three; Pennsylvania sent on ninety-eight thousand three hundred and fifty-two; while the entire South, swept by the flames of war, and emptying her people over the border rather than into the grave, gave us only two hundred and six thousand seven hundred and thirty-four. In all her cities, and in all her German and Scandinavian and other foreign colonies, Illinois has only about one-fifth of her people of foreign birth.

HISTORY.

The history of Illinois is brief. In geological records her northern end stands with

New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, forming the original nucleus of the Continent away back in the Silurian age. The body of the State was produced during the carboniferous age, and is thus loaded with vast coal deposits.

INDIANS.

As affected by human history, she bears the records of the activities of the mound-builders. Their cities and their sepulchers still keep silent and perpetual guard over her Southwestern border. Next came the great Algonquin family of Indians. Traced by their marks and cultivation of corn, they seem to have come up the western side of the Valley of the Mississippi, through the lower passes of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent, south of the lakes and north of the ancient marshes, to the Atlantic, up the Atlantic Coast to the St. Lawrence River, westward by the basin of Lake Winnipeg, and then down the Mississippi River to the head of the lakes, making the circuit of the Continent and completely surrounding the territory of the Iroquois. Measured by cultivation, by the arts of life, by humaneness to captives, and by cubic inches of brain, the Algonquins were far in

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advance of the Iroquois. But the Iroquois, massed in the center, and given to low brutality, had the advantage in position and in elements for a struggle of claw against claw and tooth against tooth. This finally led to the closing tragedy of the Illinois, on Starved Rock, where the entire tribe starved rather than surrender.

MISSIONARIES.

The next plateau in the advance of history is the coming of the white race, in the person of La Salle, who discovered the wide prairies of Illinois in 1670. Trained a Jesuit, and leading a business life, he saw at once the future field of the Church and of commerce. Three years later came two other noted characters, who, like La Salle, gave their heroic faith and purpose to the new land and left their names on its early settlement—Joliet, a fur trader of Quebec, and Pere Marquette, a Jesuit of France. Coasting the northern shore of Lake Michigan, they entered Green Bay, ascended Fox River, crossed over into the Wisconsin River, thus taking France and Romanism into the Mississippi Valley a hundred years in advance of all rivals. A mile north of Evanston, on the old Green Bay

road, I have stood upon a cleared and barren spot where Marquette planted the cross and built a Church two hundred years ago. Then it was on the shore of the lake; now it is some distance inland.

It is a good thing to plant in a country first a cross, and take possession of it in the spirit of missionaries and in the name of God. For conscience finally gains all battles.

The first military occupation was at Fort Crevecœur, in 1680.

The first settlement in the Mississippi Valley was in Illinois, at Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois River, in 1682. Constructively, in the old way of constructing geographies and empires, Illinois was for one hundred years a part of Florida, though no Spaniard ever set foot on it. In 1675 it became a possession of the French crown, a dependency of Canada, and a part of Louisiana. In 1765 the English flag was run up on old Fort Chartres, and Illinois was counted among the treasures of Great Britain.

In 1779 it was taken from the English by Colonel Clark. This man was resolute in nature, wise in council, prudent in strife, bold in action, and heroic in danger. Few men who have figured in the history of America

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are more deserving than this colonel. Nothing short of first-rate, first-class ability could have rescued Vincennes and all Illinois from the English. And it is not possible to overestimate the influence of this achievement upon the Republic. In 1779 Illinois became a part of Virginia. It was soon known as Illinois County. In 1784 Virginia ceded all this territory to the General Government, to be cut into States, to be republican in form, with "the same right of sovereignty, freedom, and independence as the other States."

ORDINANCE OF 1787.

In 1787 it was the subject of the wisest and ablest legislation found in any merely human records. No man can study the secret history of the "Compact of 1787," and not feel that Providence was guiding with sleepless eye these unborn States. The ordinance that on July 13, 1787, finally became the incorporation act has a most marvelous history. Jefferson had vainly tried to secure a system of government for the Northwestern Territory. He was an emancipationist of that day, and favored the exclusion of slavery from the territory Virginia had ceded to the General Gov-

ernment; but the South voted him down as often as it came up. In 1787, as late as July 10th, an organizing act without the anti-slavery clause was pending. This concession to the South was expected to carry it. Congress was in session in New York City. On July 5th, Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, of Massachusetts, came into New York to lobby on the Northwestern Territory. Everything seemed to fall into his hands. Events were ripe.

The state of the public credit, the growing of Southern prejudice, the basis of his mission, his personal character, all combined to complete one of those sudden and marvelous revolutions in public sentiment that once in five or ten centuries are seen to sweep over a country like the breath of the Almighty. Cutler was a graduate of Yale—received his A. M. from Harvard, and his D. D. from Yale. He had studied and taken degrees in the three learned professions, medicine, law, and divinity. He had thus America's best endorsement. He had published a scientific examination of the plants of New England. His name stood second only to that of Franklin as a scientist in America. He was a courtly gentleman of the old style, a man of commanding presence

and of inviting face. The Southern members said they had never seen such a gentleman in the North. He came representing a company of men with Massachusetts capital that desired to purchase a tract of land now included in Ohio, for the purpose of planting a colony. It was a speculation. Government money was worth eighteen cents on the dollar. This Massachusetts company had collected enough to purchase one million five hundred thousand acres of land. Other speculators in New York made Dr. Cutler their agent (lobbyist); on the 12th he represented a demand for five million five hundred thousand acres. This would reduce the National debt. Jefferson and Virginia were regarded as authority concerning the land Virginia had just ceded. Jefferson's policy wanted to provide for the public credit, and this was a good opportunity to do something. Massachusetts then owned the territory of Maine, which she was crowding on to the market. She was opposed to opening the Northwestern region. This fired the zeal of Virginia. The South caught the inspiration, and all exalted Dr. Cutler. The English Minister invited him to dine with some of the Southern gentlemen. He was the center of interest.

The entire South rallied round him. Massachusetts could not vote against him because many of the constituents of her members were interested personally in the Western speculation. Thus Cutler, making friends with the South, and, doubtless, using all the arts of the body, was enabled to command the situation. True to deeper convictions, he dictated one of the most compact and finished documents of wise statesmanship that has ever adorned any human law book. He borrowed from Jefferson the term "Articles of Compact," which, preceding the Federal Constitution, rose into the most sacred character. He then followed very closely the Constitution of Massachusetts, adopted three years before. Its most marked points were:

1. THE EXCLUSION OF SLAVERY FROM THE TERRITORY FOREVER.

2. Provision for public schools, giving one township for a seminary, and every section numbered sixteen in each township; that is, one thirty-sixth of all the land for public schools.

3. A provision prohibiting the adoption of any constitution or the enactment of any law that should nullify pre-existing contracts.

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Be it forever remembered that this compact declared that *“Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall always be encouraged.”*

Dr. Cutler planted himself on this platform and would not yield. Giving his unqualified declaration that it was that or nothing—that unless they could make the land desirable they did not want it—he took his horse and buggy and started for the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia. On July 13, 1787, the bill was put upon its passage and was unanimously adopted, every Southern member voting for it, and only one man, Mr. Yates, of New York, voting against it. But as the States voted as States, Yates lost his vote, and the Compact was put beyond repeal. Thus the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—a vast empire, the heart of the great valley—were consecrated to freedom, intelligence, and honesty. Thus the great heart of the nation was prepared for a year and a day and an hour. In the light of these eighty-nine years I affirm that this act was the salvation of the Republic and the destruction of slavery. Soon

the South saw their great blunder and tried to repeal the Compact. In 1803 Congress referred it to a committee, of which John Randolph was chairman. He reported that this ordinance was a Compact, and opposed repeal. Thus it stood a rock in the way of the onrushing sea of slavery.

Would you know what this scholarly Divinity Doctor did? Go, ride about the Southern and Southwestern borders of this territory. The style of the civilizations are as different as day and night. The census, up to 1870, has told the story every ten years. Freedom brought forth her legitimate fruits—industry, wealth, intelligence, morality, safety, honor, loyalty, peace, and the evident blessing of God. This man planted the school-house instead of the slave-gang, the Church instead of the auction block, the New Testament and spelling book instead of handcuffs and black-whips; and he needs no monument but the story of his deeds. And we are here, in this company of the original Thirteen, to express our grateful appreciation of what we have inherited from this minister of the Old Bay State.

SLAVERY.

With all this timely aid it was, after all, a most desperate and protracted struggle to keep the soil of Illinois sacred to freedom. It was the natural battlefield for the irrepressible conflict. In the Southern end of the State, slavery preceded the Compact. It existed among the old French settlers, and was hard to eradicate. The southern part of the State was settled from the slave States, and this population brought their laws, customs, and institutions with them. A stream of population from the North poured into the northern part of the State. These sections misunderstood and hated each other perfectly. The Southerners regarded the Yankees as a skinning, tricky, penurious race of peddlers, filling the country with tinware, brass clocks, and wooden nutmegs. The Northerner thought of the Southerner as a lean, lanky, lazy creature, burrowing in a hut and rioting in whisky, dirt, and ignorance. These causes aided in making the struggle long and bitter. So strong was the sympathy with slavery that, in spite of the ordinance of 1787, and in spite of the Deed of Cession, it was determined to allow the old French settlers to retain their

slaves. Planters from the slave States might bring their slaves, if they would give them a chance to choose freedom or years of service and bondage for their children till they should become thirty years of age. If they chose freedom they must leave the State in sixty days or be sold as fugitives. Servants were whipped for offenses for which white men were fined. Each lash paid forty cents of the fine. A Negro ten miles from home without a pass was whipped. These famous laws were imported from the slave States just as they imported laws for the inspection of flax and wool when there was neither in the State.

These black laws are now wiped out. A vigorous effort was made to protect slavery in the State Constitution in 1818. It barely failed. It was renewed in 1822, when a convention was asked to make a new Constitution. After a hard fight the convention was defeated. But slaves did not disappear from the census of the State till 1850. There were mobs and murders in the interest of slavery. Lovejoy was added to the list of the martyrs—a sort of first-fruits of that long line of immortal heroes who saw freedom as the one supreme desire of their souls, and were so enamored of her that they preferred to die rather than survive her.

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ADMITTED INTO THE UNION.

The population of twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-two that occupied the territory in A. D. 1800, increased to forty-five thousand in A. D. 1818, when the State Constitution was adopted and Illinois took her place in the Union, with a star on the flag and two votes in the Senate.

Shadrach Bond, a farmer, was the first governor, and in his first message he recommended the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

The simple economy in those days is seen in the fact that the entire bill for stationery for the first session of the Legislature was only \$13.50. Yet this simple body actually enacted a very superior code.

MONEY.

There was no money in the Territory before the War of 1812. Deer skins and 'coon skins were the circulating medium. In 1821 the Legislature ordained a State bank on the credit of the State. It issued notes in the likeness of bank-bills. These notes were made a legal tender for everything, and the bank was ordered to loan to the people \$100 on personal

security, and more on mortgages. They actually passed a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States to receive these notes for land. The old French Lieutenant-governor, Colonel Menard, put the resolution as follows: "Gentlemen of de Senate: It is moved and seconded *dat de notes of dis bank* be made land-office money. All in favor of dat motion say Aye; all against it say No. It is decided in de affirmative. Now, gentlemen, I bet you one hundred dollar he never be land-office money!" Hard sense, like hard money, is always above par.

FRENCH.

This old Frenchman presents a fine figure up against the dark background of most of his nation. They made no progress. They clung to their earliest and simplest implements. They never wore hats or caps. They pulled their blankets over their heads in the winter like the Indians, with whom they freely inter-married.

POLITICS.

Demagogism had an early development. One John Grammar (only in name), elected to the Territorial and State Legislatures from

1816 to 1836, invented the policy of opposing every new thing, saying: "If it succeeds, no one will ask who voted against it. If it proves a failure, he could quote his record." In sharp contrast with Grammar was the character of D. P. Cook, after whom the county containing Chicago was named. Such was his transparent integrity and remarkable ability that his will was almost the law of the State. In Congress, a young man and from a poor State, he was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He was pre-eminent for standing by his convictions, regardless of consequences. It was his integrity that elected John Quincy Adams to the Presidency. There were four candidates in 1824, Jackson, Clay, Crawford, and John Quincy Adams. There being no choice by the people, the election was thrown into the House. It was so balanced that it turned on his vote, and he cast that for Adams, electing him; then went home to face the wrath of the Jackson party in Illinois. It cost him all but character and greatness. It is a suggestive comment on the times that there was no legal interest till 1830. It often reached one hundred and fifty per cent; usually fifty per cent. Then it was reduced to twelve, and now (1876) to ten per cent.

THE CANAL.

One of the great elements in the early development of Illinois is the *Illinois and Michigan Canal*, connecting the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers with the lakes. It was of the utmost importance to the State. It was recommended by Governor Bond, the first governor, in his first message. In 1821 the Legislature appropriated \$10,000 for surveying the route. Two bright young engineers surveyed it, and estimated the cost at \$600,000 or \$700,000. It finally cost \$8,000,000. In 1825 a law was passed to incorporate the Canal Company, but no stock was sold. In 1826, upon the solicitation of Cook, Congress gave three hundred thousand acres of land on the line of the work. In 1828 another law—commissioners appointed, and work commenced, with new survey and new estimates. In 1834-35 George Farquhar made an able report on the whole matter. This was doubtless the ablest report ever made to a Western Legislature, and it became the model for subsequent reports and action. From this the work went on till it was finished, in 1848. It cost the State a large amount of money; but it gave to the industries of the State an impetus

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that pushed it up into the first rank of greatness. It was not built as a speculation any more than a doctor is employed on a speculation. But it has paid into the treasury of the State an average annual net sum of over \$111,000.

SPECULATION.

Pending the construction of the canal, the land and town-lot fever broke out in the State, in 1834-35. It took on the malignant type in Chicago, lifting the town up into a city. The disease spread over the entire State and adjoining States. It was epidemic. It cut up men's farms without regard to locality, and cut up the purses of the purchasers without regard to consequences. It is estimated that building lots enough were sold in Illinois alone to accommodate every citizen then in the United States.

Towns and cities were exported to the Eastern market by the ship-load. There was no lack of buyers. Every up-ship came freighted with speculators and their money.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

This distemper seized upon the Legislature in 1836-37, and left not one to tell the

tale. They enacted a system of internal improvement without a parallel in the grandeur of its conception. They ordered the construction of thirteen hundred miles of railroad, crossing the State in all directions. This was surpassed by the river and canal improvements. There were a few counties not touched by either railroad or river or canal, and these were to be comforted and compensated for their misfortune by the free distribution of \$200,000 among them. To inflate this balloon beyond credence, it was ordered that work should be commenced on both ends of each of these railroads and rivers, and at each river-crossing, all at the same time. The appropriations for these vast improvements were over \$12,000,000, and commissioners were appointed to borrow the money on the credit of the State. Remember that all this was in the early days of railroading, when railroads were luxuries; that the State had whole counties with scarcely a cabin; and that the population of the State was less than four hundred thousand, and you can form some idea of the vigor with which these brave men undertook the work of making a great State. In the light of history I am compelled to say that this was only a premature throb of the

power that actually slumbered in the soil of the State. It was Hercules in the cradle.

At this juncture the State bank loaned its funds largely to Godfrey Gilman & Co., and to other leading houses, for the purpose of drawing trade from St. Louis to Alton. Soon they failed, and took down the bank with them.

In 1840 all hope seemed gone. A population of four hundred and eighty thousand were loaded with a debt of \$14,000,000. It had only six small cities, really only towns; namely, Chicago, Alton, Springfield, Quincy, Galena, Nauvoo. This debt was to be cared for when there was not a dollar in the treasury, and when the State had borrowed itself out of all credit, and when there was not good money enough in the hands of all the people to pay the interest of the debt for a single year. Yet, in the presence of all these difficulties, the young State steadily refused to repudiate. Governor Ford took hold of the problem and solved it, bringing the State through in triumph.

Having touched lightly upon some of the more distinctive points in the history of the development of Illinois, let us next briefly consider the

MATERIAL RESOURCES OF THE STATE.

It is a garden four hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty miles wide. Its soil is chiefly a black, sandy loam, from six inches to sixty feet thick. On the American bottoms it has been cultivated for one hundred and fifty years, without renewal. About the old French towns it has yielded corn for a century and a half without rest or help. It produces nearly everything grown in the temperate and tropical zones. She leads all other States in the number of acres actually under plow. Her products from twenty-five millions of acres are incalculable. Her mineral wealth is scarcely second to her agricultural power. She has coal, iron, lead, copper, zinc, many varieties of building stone, fire-clay, china-clay, common brick clay, sand of all kinds, gravel, mineral paint—everything needed for a high civilization. Left to herself, she has the elements of all greatness. The single item of coal is too vast for any appreciative handling in figures. We can handle it in general terms, like algebraical signs, but long before we get up into the millions and billions the human mind drops down from comprehension to mere symbolic apprehension.

COAL.

When I tell you that nearly four-fifths of the entire State is underlaid with a deposit of coal more than forty feet thick, on the average (now estimated by recent surveys at seventy feet thick), you can get some idea of its amount, as you do of the amount of the national debt. There it is! Forty-one thousand square miles—one vast mine into which you could put any of the States; in which you could bury scores of European and ancient empires, and have room enough all round to work without knowing that they had been sepulchered there. Put this vast coal-bed down by the other great coal deposits of the world, and its importance becomes manifest. Great Britain has twelve thousand square miles of coal; Spain, three thousand; France, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen; Belgium, five hundred and seventy-eight; Illinois, about twice as many square miles as all combined. Virginia has twenty thousand square miles; Pennsylvania, sixteen thousand; Ohio, twelve thousand. Illinois has forty-one thousand square miles. One-seventh of all the known coal on this Continent is in Illinois.

Could we sell the coal in this single State

for one-seventh of one cent a ton, it would pay the national debt, at this time \$2,700,000,000. Converted into power, even with the wastage in our common engines, it would do more work than could be done by the entire race, beginning at Adam's wedding and working ten hours a day through all the centuries till the present time, and right on into the future at the same rate for the next six hundred thousand years.

Great Britain uses enough mechanical power to-day to give each man, woman, and child in the kingdom the help and service of nineteen untiring servants. No wonder she has leisure and luxuries. Think, if you can conceive of it, of the vast army of servants that slumber in the soil of Illinois, impatiently awaiting the call of Genius to come forth to minister to our comfort.

At the present rate of consumption England's coal supply will be exhausted in two hundred and fifty years. When this is gone she must transfer her dominion either to the Indies; or to British America, which I would not resist; or to some other people, which I would regret as a loss to civilization. Coal is King. At the same rate of consumption (which far exceeds our own) the deposit of

coal in Illinois will last one hundred and twenty thousand years. And her kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom.

ANNUAL PRODUCTS.

Let us turn now from this reserve power to the *annual products* of the State. We shall not be humiliated in this field. Here we strike the secret of our national credit. Nature provides a market in the constant appetite of the race. Men must eat, and if we can furnish the provisions we can command the treasure. All that a man hath will he give for his life.

According to the last census Illinois produced thirty million bushels of wheat. That is more wheat than was raised by any other State in the Union. She raised, last year, one hundred and thirty million bushels of corn—twice as much as any other State, and one-sixth of all the corn raised in the United States. She harvested two million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand tons of hay, nearly one-tenth of all the hay in the Republic. It is not generally appreciated, but it is true, that the hay crop of the country is worth more than the cotton crop. The hay of Illinois equals the cotton of Louisiana. Go to

Charleston, South Carolina, and see them peddling handfuls of hay or grass, almost as a curiosity, as we regard Chinese gods or the cryolite of Greenland; drink your coffee and *condensed milk*, and walk back from the coast for many a league through the sand and burs till you get up into the better atmosphere of the mountains, without seeing a waving meadow or a grazing herd; then you will begin to appreciate the meadows of the Prairie State, where the grass often grows sixteen feet high.

The value of her farm implements is \$211,000,000, and the value of her live-stock is only second to the great State of New York. Last year she had twenty-five million hogs, and packed two million one hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and forty-five, about one-half of all that were packed in the United States. This is no insignificant item. Pork is a growing demand of the Old World. Since the laborers of Europe have gotten a taste of our bacon, and we have learned how to pack it dry in boxes, like dry-goods, the world has become the market. The hog is on the march into the future. His nose is ordained to uncover the secrets of dominion, and his feet shall be guided by the star of empire.

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Illinois marketed \$57,000,000 worth of slaughtered animals—more than any other State, and a seventh of all the States.

Be patient with me, and pardon my pride, and I will give you a list of some of the things in which Illinois excels all other States.

Depth and richness of soil; per cent of good ground; acres of improved land; large farms—some farms contain from forty thousand to sixty thousand acres of cultivated land, forty thousand acres of corn on a single farm; number of farmers; amount of wheat, corn, oats, and honey produced; value of animals for slaughter; number of hogs; amount of pork; number of horses—three times as many as Kentucky, the Horse State.

Illinois excels all other States in miles of railroads, and in miles of postal service, and in money orders sold per annum, and in the amount of lumber sold in her markets.

Illinois is only second in many important matters. This sample list comprises a few of the more important: Permanent school fund (good for a young State); total income for educational purposes; number of publishers of books, maps, papers, etc.; value of farm products and implements and of live-stock; in tons of coal mined.

The shipping of Illinois is only second to New York. Out of one port during the business hours of the season of navigation she sends forth a vessel every ten minutes. This does not include canal boats, which go one every minute. No wonder she is only second in number of bankers and brokers, or in physicians and surgeons.

She is third in colleges, teachers, and schools; cattle, lead, hay, flax, sorghum, and beeswax.

She is fourth in population, in children enrolled in public schools, in law schools, in butter, potatoes, and carriages.

She is fifth in value of real and personal property, in theological seminaries and colleges exclusively for women; in milk sold, and in boots and shoes manufactured, and in book-binding.

She is only seventh in the production of wood, while she is the twelfth in area. Surely that is well done for the Prairie State. She now has much more wood and growing timber than she had thirty years ago.

A few leading industries will justify emphasis. She manufactures \$205,000,000 worth of goods, which places her well up toward New York and Pennsylvania. The number

of her manufacturing establishments increased from 1860 to 1870 three hundred per cent; capital employed increased three hundred and fifty per cent, and the amount of product increased four hundred per cent. She issued five million five hundred thousand copies of commercial and financial newspapers—only second to New York. She has six thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine miles of railroad, thus leading all other States, worth \$636,458,000, using three thousand two hundred and forty-five engines, and sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and twelve cars, making a train long enough to cover one-tenth of the entire road. Her stations are only five miles apart. She carried last year fifteen million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand passengers, an average of thirty-six and a half miles, or equal to taking her entire population twice across the State. More than two-thirds of her land is within five miles of a railroad, and less than two per cent is more than fifteen miles away.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

The State has a large financial interest in the Illinois Central Railroad. The road was incorporated in 1850, and the State gave each

alternate section for six miles on each side and doubled the price of the remaining land, so keeping herself good. The road received two million five hundred and ninety-five thousand acres of land, and pays to the State one-seventh of the gross receipts. The State receives this year \$350,000, and has received in all about \$7,000,000. It is practically the people's road, and it has a most able and gentlemanly management. Add to this the annual receipts from the canal, \$111,000, and a large per cent of the State tax is provided for.

RELIGION.

The religion and morals of the State keep step with her productions and growth. She was born of the missionary spirit. It was a minister who secured for her the ordinance of 1787, by which she has been saved from slavery, ignorance, and dishonesty. Rev. Mr. Wiley, pastor of a Scotch congregation in Randolph County, petitioned the Constitutional Convention of 1818 to recognize Jesus Christ as King, and the Scriptures as the only necessary guide and book of law. The Convention did not act in the case, and the old Covenanters refused to accept citizenship. They never voted till 1824, when the slavery

question was submitted to the people; then they all voted against it and cast the determining votes. Conscience has predominated whenever a great moral question has been submitted to the people.

But little mob violence has ever been felt in the State. In 1817 Regulators disposed of a band of horse-thieves that infested the Territory. The Mormon indignities finally awoke the same spirit. Alton was also the scene of a pro-slavery mob, in which Lovejoy was added to the list of martyrs. The moral sense of the people makes the law supreme, and gives to the State unruffled peace.

With \$22,300,000 in Church property and four thousand two hundred and ninety-eight Church organizations, the State has that divine police, the sleepless patrol of moral ideas, that alone is able to secure perfect safety. Conscience takes the knife from the assassin's hand and the bludgeon from the grasp of the highwayman. We sleep in safety, not because we are behind bolts and bars—these only fence against the innocent; not because a lone officer drowzes on a distant corner of the street; not because a sheriff may call his posse from a remote part of the county; but because *Conscience* guards the

very portals of the air, and stirs in the deepest recesses of the public mind. This spirit issues within the State nine million five hundred thousand copies of religious papers annually, and receives still more from without. Thus the crime of the State is only one-fourth that of New York and one-half that of Pennsylvania.

Illinois never had but one duel between her own citizens. In Belleville, in 1820, Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett arranged to vindicate injured honor. The seconds agreed to make it a sham and make them shoot blanks. Stewart was in the secret. Bennett mistrusted something and, unobserved, slipped a bullet into his gun and killed Stewart. He then fled the State. After two years he was caught, tried, convicted, and, in spite of friends and political aid, was hanged. This fixed the code of honor on a Christian basis and terminated its use in Illinois.

The early preachers were ignorant men, who were accounted eloquent according to the strength of their voices. But they set the style for all public speakers. Lawyers and political speakers followed this rule. Governor Ford says: "Nevertheless these first preachers were of incalculable benefit to the country.

They inculcated justice and morality. To them are we indebted for the first Christian character of the Protestant portion of the people.”

EDUCATION.

In *education* Illinois surpasses her material resources. The ordinance of 1787 consecrated one thirty-sixth of her soil to common schools, and the law of 1818, the first law that went upon her statutes, gave three per cent of all the rest to education instead of highways. The old compact secures this interest forever, and by its yoking morality and intelligence it precludes the legal interference with the Bible in the public schools. With such a start it is natural that we should have eleven thousand and fifty public schools, and that our illiteracy should be less than New York or Pennsylvania, and only about one-half of Massachusetts. We are not to blame for not having more than one-half as many idiots as the great States. These public schools soon made colleges inevitable. The first college, still flourishing, was started in Lebanon, 1828, by the Methodist Episcopal Church and named after Bishop McKendree. Illinois College, at Jacksonville, supported by the Presbyterians, fol-

lowed in 1830. In 1832 the Baptists built Shurtleff College, at Alton. Then the Presbyterians built Knox College, at Galesburg, in 1838, and the Episcopalians built Jubilee College, at Peoria, in 1847. The State now has one very well endowed and equipped university; namely, the Northwestern University, at Evanston, with six colleges, ninety instructors, over one thousand students, and \$1,500,000 endowment—a good start.

Rev. J. M. Peck was the first educated Protestant minister in the State. He settled at Rock Spring, in St. Clair County, 1820, and left his impress on the State. Before 1837 only party papers were published, but Mr. Peck published a *Gazetteer of Illinois*. Soon after John Russell, of Bluffdale, published essays and tales showing genius. Judge James Hall published the *Illinois Monthly Magazine* with great ability, and an annual called *The Western Souvenir*, which gave him an enviable fame all over the United States. From these beginnings Illinois has gone on till she has more volumes in public libraries even than Massachusetts, and of the forty-four million five hundred thousand volumes in all the public libraries of the United States she has one-thirteenth. In newspapers she stands fourth.

Her increase is marvelous. In 1850 she issued five million copies; in 1860, twenty-seven million five hundred thousand; in 1870, one hundred and thirteen million one hundred and forty thousand. In 1860 she had eighteen colleges and seminaries; in 1870 she had eighty. That is a grand advance for the war decade.

WAR.

This brings us to a record unsurpassed in the history of any age, THE WAR RECORD OF ILLINOIS.

I hardly know where to begin, or how to advance, or what to say. I can at best give you only a broken synopsis of her deeds, and you must put them in the order of glory for yourself. Her sons have always been foremost on fields of danger. In 1832-33, at the call of Governor Reynolds, her sons drove Black Hawk over the Mississippi. One call was enough. When the Mexican War came, in May, 1846, eight thousand three hundred and seventy men offered themselves, when only three thousand seven hundred and twenty could be accepted. The fields of Buena Vista and Vera Cruz, and the storming of Cerro Gordo, will carry the glory of Illinois soldiers

long after the infamy of the cause they served has been forgotten. But it was reserved till our day for her sons to find a field and cause and foeman that could fitly illustrate their spirit and heroism. Illinois put into her own regiments for the United States Government two hundred and fifty-six thousand men, and into the army through other States enough to swell the number to two hundred and ninety thousand. This far exceeds all the soldiers of the Federal Government in all the war of the Revolution. Her total years of service were over six hundred thousand. She enrolled men from eighteen to forty-five years of age, when the law of Congress in 1864—the test time—only asked for those from twenty to forty-five. Her enrollment was otherwise excessive. Her people wanted to go and did not take the pains to correct the enrollment. Thus the basis of fixing the quota was too great, and then the quota itself, at least in the trying time, was far above any other State.

Thus the demands on some counties, as Monroe, for example, took every able-bodied man in the county and then did not have enough to fill the quota. Moreover, Illinois sent twenty thousand eight hundred and forty-four men for ninety or one hundred days, for

whom no credit was asked. When Mr. Lincoln's attention was called to the inequality of the quota compared with other States, he replied: "The country needs the sacrifice. We must put the whip on the free horse." In spite of all these disadvantages Illinois gave to the country *seventy-three thousand years of service above all calls*. With one-thirteenth of the population of the loyal States, she sent regularly one-tenth of all the soldiers, and in the peril of the closing calls, when patriots were few and weary, she then sent one-eighth of all that were called for by her loved and honored son in the White House. Her mothers and daughters went into the fields to raise the grain and keep the children together, while the fathers and older sons went to the harvest fields of the world. I knew a father and four sons who agreed that one of them must stay at home; and they pulled straws from a stack to see who might go. The father was left. The next day he came into camp, saying: "Mother says she can get the crops in, and I am going too." I know large Methodist Churches from which every male member went to the army. Do you want to know what these heroes from Illinois did in the field? Ask any soldier with a good record of his

own, who is thus able to judge, and he will tell you that the Illinois men went in to win. It is common history that the great victories were won in the West. When everything else looked dark Illinois was gaining victories all down the river, and dividing the Confederacy. Sherman took with him on his great march forty-five regiments of Illinois infantry, three companies of artillery, and one company of cavalry. He could not avoid going to the sea. If he had been killed, I doubt not the men would have gone right on. There was hardly an Illinois regiment in the field that did not have brains enough to set up and run any government on earth. Lincoln answered all rumors of Sherman's defeat with, "It is impossible; there is a mighty sight of fight in one hundred thousand Western men." Illinois soldiers brought home three hundred battle flags. The first United States flag that floated over Richmond was an Illinois flag. Illinois tested her courage in the supreme trial. She gave eight hundred and seventy-five victims to the fiends at Andersonville. Let us cover our faces as the shadowy skeletons of these silent and uncomplaining heroes—our mothers' sons—pass by to join the company of the glorious dead. The sight is not a means

of grace. God grant that just retribution may be averted from the chivalry, who might have prevented this most cowardly and most beastly brutality of all history!

It is a relief to turn from this scene to another, in which the great State of Illinois is sending messengers to every field and hospital, to care for her sick and wounded sons. She said: "These suffering ones are my sons, and I will care for them."

When individuals had given all, then cities and towns came forward with their credit to the extent of many millions, to aid these men and their families.

HEROES.

Nothing can be said or done in honor of Illinois soldiers better than to repeat the story of their deeds.

I see *the women of America*, in the person of the *mother*. This is she who was in the heat of battle every hour; who never knew what each caller had come to break to her; who seldom slept on a dry pillow when the babe she had nursed might have none for his dying head; who, with a heroism never needed by the soldier in action, dressed her boy with reference to having his body robbed

after the battle, and who said, like the Spartan mother handing her son his shield: "With it, or upon it." When the awards are made for actual service, this one shall not lack monument or crown or throne.

I do not lose sight of another character, upon whom rested the care and burden of responsibility; who shared the trench with the soldier, and fared on the same half biscuit; who was watching and planning while the soldier slept. I do not lose sight of *the officer*, who deserved all the honor he received. Illinois furnished her full share of these burden-bearers. See what a list of heroes; one general—all the country needed—seven major-generals, eighteen brevet major-generals, forty-five brigadier-generals, and one hundred and twenty brevet-brigadier-generals. See what names they bear to posterity. Two Titans to-day in the Senate; J. A. Logan, who faced twenty thousand majority in his own district in Egypt, and carried it all over to the loyal cause; who moved on the field of battle like a thunderbolt; whose voice rings in the Senate with no uncertain sound, who sees the core of things, and calls them by their right names; who first comprehended the situation when restored rebels had seized upon the gov-

ernment; who adds to the courage of the soldier and the wisdom of the statesman the loyalty of a patriot and the faith of a Christian.

By him stands stout Senator Oglesby, whose victories and wounds do him perpetual honor. Here, too, is the present Governor of Illinois, J. L. Beveridge, who, in the storm of battle, was wont to say as he rode up and down in the thickest of the fight: "There is a God in Israel,"—a man whom the State is glad to honor. May I pause to name such men as Rawlins, who organized the armies and secured victory in advance? Governor Palmer, General White, General Wallace, General McArthur, Colonel Mulligan, and William Pitt Kellogg? Party spirit will die, and the future will vindicate this man. Surely this list could be continued with satisfaction, but—I desist.

GRANT.

I am now brought to another name that needs no mention here. I wish to speak with due deliberation, and for the hour lift myself out of the smoke and heat of party politics, up into the pure air and clarified visions of impartial history. Studying the theme from that standpoint which respects only achieve-

ments and weighs only results, I stand in the presence of the *one supreme military commander of this century*, the one supreme field marshal of all time, ULYSSES S. GRANT, the tanner of Illinois. History will not forget that this man fought more than a score of great battles, and won more than a score of great victories, before he went to the East to turn the tide there in favor of the Union; that he never turned his back on the foe; that he only, of all our commanders, never lost a battle; that he gained nearly all the great victories that were gained; that he made his way to the supreme command with no aid but his sword, and held it to the end without a blunder or a defeat.

On these facts impartial history will do what we all did when our brothers and sons were with him in the field—give him the first place of honor and confidence. This is no place for party discussion, and I shall not trespass on the proprieties of this hour. This I will say, that, when the annoyances of the day are passed, and posterity studies our sorrows, the great outlines of his administration will not dim his military glory; and his Treaty of Washington will be held by the confederated republics of all lands, gathered in the

coming future, as the first great achievement that made their peaceful relations possible—as we now hold the Declaration of Independence.

Nothing is more useless in the work of life than a hiltless sword. It is all edge and metal, with no way to utilize its power. All you can do with it is to hang it up in your Memorial Hall, to await the worship of your grandsons. So it is with ex-Presidents. Full of edge and metal, they lack use. Place them, then, in the Halls of History, and a grateful posterity, inheriting liberties so bravely defended, will venerate each scar and niche and rust spot from foeman's blood. Illinois turns from the past to the future, confidently awaiting that supreme judgment that must place upon the brow of her great Captain the chaplet to which none other has yet attained.

LINCOLN.

One other name from Illinois comes up in all minds, embalmed in all hearts, that must have the supreme place in this story of our glory and of our nation's honor; that name is ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois. Neither you nor that great Commonwealth beyond the

mountains that has sent me here would pardon me for not giving both time and space to this grandest character of American history.

The analysis of Mr. Lincoln's character is difficult on account of its symmetry. Its comprehension is to us impossible on account of its immensity, for a man can be comprehended only by his peers. Though we may not get its altitude, nor measure its girth, nor fathom its depths, nor estimate its richness, we may stretch our little selves up against it, and get somewhat of the impress of its purity, the inspiration of its heroism, and the impulse of its power.

In this age we look with admiration at his uncompromising honesty. And well we may, for this saved us. Thousands throughout the length and breadth of the country who knew him only as "Honest Old Abe," voted for him on that account; and wisely did they choose, for no other man could have carried us through the fearful night of the war. When his plans were too vast for our comprehension, and his faith in the cause too sublime for our participation; when it was all night about us, and all dread before us, and all sad and desolate behind us; when not one ray shone upon our cause; when traitors were haughty and ex-

ultant at the South, and fierce and blasphemous at the North; when the loyal men here seemed almost in the minority; when the stoutest hearts quailed, the bravest cheeks paled; when generals were defeating each other for place, and contractors were leeching out the very heart's blood of the prostrate Republic; when everything else had failed us, we looked at this calm, patient man standing like a rock in the storm, and said: "Mr. Lincoln is honest, and we can trust him still. He will bring us through." Holding to this single point with the energy of faith and despair, we held together, and, under God, he brought us through to victory.

He was the representative character of this age. He incarnated the *ideal* Republic. No other man ever so fully embodied the purposes, the affections, and the power of the people. He came up among us. He was one of us. His birth, his education, his habits, his motives, his feelings, and his ambitions, were all our own. Had he been born among hereditary aristocrats he would not have been *our* President. But born in the cabin, and reared in the field and in the forest, he became the GREAT COMMONER. The classics of the schools might have separated him from us.

But trained in the common school of adversity, his calloused palms never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin.

His practical wisdom made him the wonder of all lands. With such certainty did Mr. Lincoln follow causes to their ultimate effects, that his foresight of contingencies seemed almost prophetic. While we in turn were calling him weak and stubborn and blind, Europe was amazed at his statesmanship, and awed into silence by the grandeur of his plans. He held us by his greatness, inspired us by his gentleness, and brought us off more than victors.

I turn to the past; I see behind me a noble company. There is Napoleon, the man of destiny. Armies move at his bid as if they were the muscles of his body; kings rise and fall at his nod; but he lived for himself. His entire life was a failure. He did not accomplish one of his great purposes. I see a Wellington; great as a military chieftain, competent to command armies against *a foreign and hereditary foe*. I see Marlborough; but on every stone of his

monument and in every part of his history I see the frauds by which he enriched himself from the plunder of his country. There is Cromwell—a fine old man, England's noblest son; but his arena was small, the work he undertook limited, the work he accomplished ephemeral. The revolution from the hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts to the hereditary dictatorship of the Cromwells was not so great as the change from executing the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston to the Constitutional Emancipation of the slave in Maryland. Yet upon his death the government reverted to the Stuarts. But upon the death of Abraham Lincoln Freedom rears a monument, and for new conquests marches boldly into the future. I do see a Cæsar yonder; but his power is the purchase of fraud and crime, and falls about his grave like withered weeds. And away down yonder in the dark vortex of history, looking out upon the centuries, is old Pericles. But the thirty thousand citizens of Athens are lost in some inland town of America, with her thirty millions of citizens. There are many noble heroes who illumine the darkness behind us with the radiance of some single virtue; but among them all I see only one. He

is radiant with all the great virtues, and his memory shall shed a glory upon this age that *shall fill the eyes of men* as they look into history.

As we to-day think that Athens is Greece, because it was the home of Socrates and of Pericles, so in the future men shall think that Illinois is America, because it is the home of Lincoln and Grant.

LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

Faulty, indeed, would be the view of Illinois that omitted suitable reference to her learned professions, though no more than a reference can be made. The work of her *Ministry* is seen in the high moral tone of the people. By their fruits ye shall know them. From Pere Marquette to her living pulpit orators, her ministry have always been an essential element in any estimate of her forces.

The *Bar* of Illinois has been an honorable Bar from the beginning. Few States have equaled it. In many noble respects none have surpassed it.

It is enough to call their names. They are watchwords of ability and honor. There was D. P. Cook, molding the infant State; also

Reynolds and Mills. There is Stephen T. Logan, perhaps the best lawyer ever in the State. There is Lincoln and Douglas, and Trumbull and Drummond, synonyms for legal ability. There stand Judges Davis, and Grant Goodrich, and Skates, and Caton, and Lawrence. There I see Storrs, and Dexter, and Larned, and Swett, and a goodly company that would honor any bar and any age.

Nor does the State suffer when we turn toward the Medical Profession. Need I mention *Daniel Brainard*, the surgeon whose knife played like a thing of life? Or N. S. Davis, of the Chicago Medical College, creator of the American Medical Association, author of the long and graded courses for medical students? There is Rutter and Herrick and Thompson of Albion, father of the State Medical Society. There, too, is Blaney, the chemist, whose very glance seemed to analyze whatever it fell upon. There, too, I see Byford, and Andrews, and Johnson, and Freer, and Allen, and Gunn, and Ingals, and Ross. Even haste would not justify the omission of Rouse, of Peoria, or Hamilton, of Jerseyville, or McFarland, of Jacksonville Asylum. Here too, I see Jewel, with his nerves, and Cook of Mendota, and Haller of Vandalia. Ludlum,

and Small, and Shipman, all these are household words. In the great professions Illinois has a crown of unfading glory.

INVENTIONS.

Time will not allow me to enumerate her great inventions and inventors, her McCormick's reapers and Marsh harvesters, her self-binders and riding-plows, and seed drills and steam wagons, her postal service and fast trains, the creations of her sons.

Young in years, limited in experience, and raw in culture, Illinois is still exuberant in energy, vigorous in intellect, and aggressive in plans, so that she can afford to be prodigal of force and of the individual for the sake of glorious achievement. This she has been from the beginning, and to-day she rejoices in the success of her young life. She is a queen, and no widow. The products of her soil, the creations of her industry, and the children of her brain, are the admiration of all lands. She sits in the circle of the States, with the moon under her feet, with the sun in her crown, clothed in the beauty of the morning, patiently watching the flight of the years, knowing that dominion is only a question of time.

CHICAGO.

We may not close this outline of the great State without turning your attention to *the great city at the head of the lakes*. The subject itself is too vast for the brief moments that remain to this speech.

Spur your horse for a half-day up the base of "The Cap of Liberty," in the Yosemite Valley; stop at noon, worn and weary, on the borders where vegetation ceases; stretch your arms up toward the bold, far-away summit, and then you will feel the impossibility of compassing that bold old peak in one thought. In like manner set your thought upon the subject before us—this mysterious, majestic, mighty city, born first of water, and next of fire; sown in weakness, and raised in power; planted among the willows of the marsh, and crowned with the glory of the mountains; sleeping on the bosom of the prairie, and rocked on the bosom of the sea; the youngest city of the world, and still the eye of the prairie, as Damascus, the oldest city of the world, is the eye of the desert. With a commerce far exceeding that of Corinth on her isthmus, in the highway to the East; with the defenses of a Continent piled around her

by the thousand miles, making her far safer than Rome on the banks of the Tiber; with schools eclipsing Alexandria and Athens; with liberties more conspicuous than those of the old Republics; with a heroism equal to the first Carthage, and with a sanctity scarcely second to that of Jerusalem—set your thoughts on all this, lifted into the eyes of all men by the miracle of its growth, illuminated by the flame of its fall, and transfigured by the divinity of its resurrection, and you will feel as I do the utter impossibility of compassing this subject as it deserves. Some impression of her importance is received from the shock her burning gave to the civilized world.

When the doubt of her calamity was removed, and the horrid fact was accepted, there went a shudder over all cities, and a quiver over all lands. There was scarcely a town in the civilized world that did not shake on the brink of this opening chasm. The flames of our homes reddened all skies. The city was set upon a hill, and could not be hid. All eyes were turned upon it. To have struggled and suffered amid the scenes of its fall is as distinguishing as to have fought at Thermopylæ, or Salamis, or Hastings, or Waterloo, or Bunker Hill.

Its calamity amazed the world, because it was felt to be the common property of mankind.

The early history of the city is full of interest, just as the early history of such a man as Washington or Lincoln becomes public property, and is cherished by every patriot.

Starting with five hundred and sixty acres in 1833, it embraced and occupied twenty-three thousand acres in 1869, and, having now a population of more than five hundred thousand, it commands general attention.

Colbert, of the *Chicago Tribune*, so highly honored by, and so honoring, our daily press—that strange compound of music and mathematics, of the sciences of the books and the items of a daily newspaper—develops the fact that the first white man that ever settled in Chicago was a Negro. He opened trade with the Indians in 1796, and consecrated this soil to the Fifteenth Amendment. But more than a hundred years before that, in 1673, Father Marquette spent some months here, on his way from the North to the Mississippi, and, laboring as a missionary among the Indians, consecrated this soil to Christianity. Old Fort Dearborn, with its wall of piles, sharpened at the top, and its concealed dugway to the river,

and its officers' mansion of logs, was planted in 1812. The first house was built by H. J. Kinzie in 1815. A mere trading-post was kept here from that time till about the time of the Black-Hawk war, in 1832. It was not the city. It was merely a cock crowing at midnight. The morning was not yet. In 1833 the settlement about the Fort was incorporated as a town. The voters were divided on the propriety of such incorporation, twelve voting for it and one against it. Four years later it was incorporated as a city, and embraced five hundred and sixty acres.

PRODUCE.

The produce handled in this city is an indication of its power. Grain and flour were imported from the East till as late as 1837. The first exportation by way of experiment was in 1839. Exports exceeded imports first in 1842. The Board of Trade was organized in 1848, but it was so weak that it needed nursing till 1855. Grain was purchased by the wagon-load in the street.

I remember sitting with my father on a load of wheat, in the long line of wagons along Lake Street, while the buyers came and untied the bags, and examined the grain, and

made their bids. That manner of business had to cease with the day of small things. Now our elevators will hold fifteen million bushels of grain. The cash value of the produce handled in a year is \$215,000,000, and the produce weighs seven million tons or seven hundred thousand car-loads. This handles thirteen and a half tons each minute, all the year round. One-tenth of all the wheat in the United States is handled in Chicago. Even as long ago as 1853 the receipts of grain in Chicago exceeded those of the goodly city of St. Louis, and in 1854 the exports of grain from Chicago exceeded those of New York and doubled those of St. Petersburg, Archangel, or Odessa, the largest grain markets over the seas.

MANUFACTURES.

The manufacturing interests of the city are not contemptible. In 1873 manufactories employed forty-five thousand operatives; in 1876 sixty thousand. The manufactured product in 1875 was worth \$177,000,000.

RAILROADS.

No estimate of the size and power of Chicago would be adequate that did not put large

emphasis on the railroads. Before they came thundering along our streets, canals were the hope of our country. But whoever thinks now of traveling by canal packets? In June, 1852, there were only forty miles of railroad connected with the city. The old Galena division of the Northwestern ran out to Elgin. But now, who can count the trains and measure the roads that seek a terminus or connection in this city? The lake stretches away to the north, gathering into this center all the harvests that might otherwise pass to the north of us.

If you will take a map and look at the adjustment of railroads, you will see, first, that Chicago is the great railroad city of the world, as New York is the commercial city of this Continent; and, second, that the railroad lines form the iron spokes of a great wheel whose hub is this city. The lake furnishes the only break in the spokes, and this seems simply to have pushed a few spokes together on each shore. See the eighteen trunk lines, exclusive of Eastern connections. Pass round the circle, and view their numbers and extent: There is the great Northwestern, with all its branches, one branch creeping along the Lake shore, and so reaching to the north, into the Lake

Superior regions, away to the right, and on to the Northern Pacific on the left, swinging around Green Bay for iron, and copper, and silver, twelve months in the year, and reaching out for the wealth of the great agricultural belt in isothermal line traversed by the Northern Pacific.

Another branch, not so far north, feeling for the heart of the Badger State. Another pushing lower down the Mississippi—all these making many connections, and tapping all the vast wheat regions of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and all the regions this side of sunset. There is that elegant road, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, running out a goodly number of branches, and reaping the great fields this side of the Missouri River. I can only mention the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis, *our* Illinois Central, described elsewhere, and the Chicago and Rock Island.

Further around we come to the lines connecting us with all the Eastern cities. The Chicago and Indianapolis, and St. Louis, the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and the Michigan Central and Great Western, give us many highways to the sea-board. Thus we reach the Mississippi at five points from St.

Paul to Cairo, and the gulf itself by two routes. We also reach Cincinnati and Baltimore, and Pittsburg and Philadelphia and New York.

North and south run the water courses of the lakes and the rivers, broken just enough at this point to make a pass. Through this, from east to west, run the long lines that stretch from ocean to ocean. This is the neck of the glass, and the golden sands of commerce must pass into our hand. Altogether we have more than ten thousand miles of railroad directly tributary to this city, seeking to unload their wealth in our coffers. All these roads have come themselves by the infallible instincts of capital. Not a dollar was ever given by the city to secure one of them, and only a small per cent of stock taken originally by her citizens, and that taken simply as an investment. Coming in the natural order of events, they will not be easily diverted.

There is still another showing to all this. The connection between New York and San Francisco is by the middle route. This passes inevitably through Chicago; St. Louis wants the Southern Pacific or Kansas Pacific, and pushes it out through Denver, and so on up to Cheyenne. But before the road is fairly under

way, the Chicago roads shove out to Kansas City, making even the Kansas Pacific a feeder. It is not too much to expect that Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territory will find their great market in Chicago.

But these are not all. Perhaps I had better notice here the ten or fifteen new roads that have just entered, or are just entering, our city. Their names are all that is necessary to give. Chicago and St. Paul, looking up the Red River country to the British possessions; the Chicago, Atlantic and Pacific; the Chicago, Decatur and State Line; the Baltimore and Ohio; the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes; the Chicago and La Salle Railroad; the Chicago, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati; the Chicago and Canada Southern; the Chicago and Illinois River Railroad. These, with their connections, and with the new connections of the old roads already in process of erection, give to Chicago not less than ten thousand miles of new tributaries from the richest land on the Continent. Thus there will be added to the reserve power, to the capital within the reach of this city, not less than \$1,000,000,000.

Add to all this transporting power the ships, that sail one every nine minutes of the

business hours of the season of navigation; add, also, the canal boats, that leave one every minute during the same time—and you will see something of the business of the city.

The commerce of this city has been leaping along to keep pace with the growth of the country around us. In 1852 our commerce reached the hopeful sum of \$20,000,000. In 1870 it reached \$400,000,000. In 1871 it was pushing up above \$450,000,000. And in 1875 it touched nearly double that.

One-half of our imported goods come directly to Chicago. Grain enough is exported directly from our docks to the Old World to employ a semi-weekly line of steamers of three thousand tons capacity. This branch is not likely to be greatly developed. Even after the great Welland Canal is completed, we shall have only fourteen feet of water. The great ocean vessels will continue to control the trade.

The banking capital of Chicago is \$24,431,000. Total exchange in 1875, \$659,000,000. Her wholesale business in 1875 was \$294,000,000. The rate of taxes is less than in any other great city.

The schools of Chicago are unsurpassed in America. Out of a population of three hun-

dred thousand there were only one hundred and eighty-six persons between the ages of six and twenty-one unable to read. This is the best known record.

In 1831 the mail system was condensed into a half-breed, who went on foot to Niles, Michigan, once in two weeks, and brought back what papers and news he could find. As late as 1848 there was often only one mail a week. A post-office was established in Chicago in 1833, and the postmaster nailed up old boot-legs on one side of his shop to serve as boxes for the nabobs and literary men.

It is an interesting fact in the growth of the young city that in the active life of the business men of that day the mail matter has grown to a daily average of over six thousand five hundred pounds. It speaks equally well for the intelligence of the people and the commercial importance of the place that the mail matter distributed to the territory immediately tributary to Chicago is seven times greater than that distributed to the territory immediately tributary to St. Louis.

IMPROVEMENTS.

The improvements that have characterized the city are as startling as the city itself.

In 1831 Mark Beaubien established a ferry over the river, and put himself under bonds to carry all the citizens free for the privilege of charging strangers. Now there are twenty-four large bridges and two tunnels, all free.

In 1833 the government expended \$30,000 on the harbor. Then commenced that series of maneuvers with the river that has made it one of the world's curiosities. It used to wind around in the lower end of the town, and make its way rippling over the sand into the lake at the foot of Madison Street. They took it up and put it down where it now is. It was a narrow stream, so narrow that even moderately small crafts had to go up through the willows and cat's tails to the point near Lake Street Bridge, and back up one of the branches, to get room enough in which to turn round.

In 1844 the quagmires in the streets were first pontooned by plank roads, which acted in wet weather as public squirt-guns. Keeping you out of the mud, they compromised by squirting the mud over you. The wooden block pavements came to Chicago in 1857. In 1840 water was delivered by peddlers in carts or by hand. Then a *twenty-five horse-power engine* pushed it through hollow or bored

logs along the streets till 1854, when it was introduced into the houses by new works. The first fire-engine was used in 1835, and the first steam fire-engine in 1859. Gas was utilized for lighting the city in 1850. The Young Men's Christian Association was organized in 1858, and horse railroads carried them to their work in 1859. The museum was opened in 1863. The alarm telegraph adopted in 1864. The Opera House built in 1865. The city grew from five hundred and sixty acres in 1833, to twenty-three thousand in 1869. In 1834 the taxes amounted to \$48.90, and the trustees of the town borrowed sixty dollars more for opening and improving streets. In 1835 the Legislature authorized a loan of \$2,000, and the Treasurer and Street Commissioners resigned rather than plunge the town into such a gulf.

Now the city embraces thirty-six square miles of territory, and has thirty miles of water front, besides the outside Harbor of Refuge, of four hundred acres, enclosed by a crib sea-wall. One-third of the city has been raised up an average of eight feet, giving good pitch to the two hundred and sixty-three miles of sewerage. The water of the city is above all competition. It is received through two

tunnels extending to a crib in the lake two miles from shore. The closest analysis fails to detect any impurities, and, received thirty-five feet below the surface, it is always clear and cold. The first tunnel was five feet two inches in diameter and two miles long, and can deliver fifty million gallons per day. The second tunnel is seven feet in diameter, and six miles long, running four miles under the city, and can deliver one hundred million gallons per day. This water is distributed through four hundred and ten miles of water mains.

The three grand engineering exploits of the city are: First, lifting the city up on jack-screws, whole squares at a time, without interrupting the business, thus giving us good drainage; second, running the tunnels under the lake, giving us the best water in the world; and, third, the turning the current of the river in its own channel, delivering us from the old abominations, and making decency possible. They redounded about equally to the credit of the engineering, to the energy of the people, and to the health of the city.

That which really constitutes the city, its indescribable spirit, its soul, the way it lights up in every feature in the hour of action, has

not been touched. In meeting strangers one is often surprised how some homely women marry so well. Their forms are bad, their gait uneven and awkward, their complexion is dull, their features are misshapen and mismatched, and when we see them there is no beauty that we should desire them. But when once they are aroused on some subject, they put on new proportions. They light up into great power. The real person comes out from its unseemly ambush, and captures us at will. They have power. *They have ability to cause things to come to pass.* We no longer wonder why they are in such high demand. So it is with our city. To the stranger it seems flat, and cheap, wooden. There is plenty of wind, and no lack of dust, and a full supply of mud. There is no grand scenery except the two seas, one of water, the other of prairie. Nevertheless, there is a spirit about it, a push, a breadth, a power, that soon makes it a place never to be forsaken. One soon ceases to believe in impossibilities. Balaams are the only prophets that are disappointed. The bottom that has been on the point of falling out has been there so long that it has grown fast. It can not fall out. It has all the capital of the world itching to get inside the corporation. As when

you kill a Chicago rat, a hundred more will come to the funeral, so when one man falls or is crushed, a hundred larger ones leap for his place.

When we turn our gaze towards the future—and turn it we must, for we are all prophets, and the sons of prophets—from questioning that which is to come, we are startled with the developments that are insured by the inevitable march of events.

May I tell you what I see, and be allowed to depart in peace? I must tell you. That is the purpose for which I am here. In the language of an old hero, I say, "*Strike, but hear!*"

I see Chicago in the future as the GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD, with the possible exception of San Francisco. It is in league with events, and must grow to this measure. It is inland, protected from all foreign foes. It is on the productive belts of the temperate zone, where thrive all the aggressive civilizations. It is near the center of the Continent, and the center of the great valley that could support a thousand million people, and it commands as a distributing center more territory *than any ten great cities of the world combined*. The two great laws that govern the growth and size of cities are, first, the amount of terri-

tory for which they are the distributing and receiving points; second, the number of medium or moderate dealers that do this distributing. Monopolists build up themselves, not the cities. They neither eat, wear, nor live in proportion to their business. Both these laws help Chicago.

The tide of trade is eastward—not up or down the map, but across the sea. The lake runs up a wing dam for five hundred miles to gather in the business. Commerce can not ferry up there for seven months in the year, and the facilities for seven months can do the work for twelve. Then the great region west of us is nearly all good, productive land. Dropping south into the trail of St. Louis, you fall into vast deserts and rocky districts, useful in holding the world together. St. Louis and Cincinnati, instead of rivaling and hurting Chicago, are her greatest sureties of dominion. They are far enough away to give sea-room—farther off than Paris is from London—and yet they are near enough to prevent the springing up of any other great city between them.

St. Louis will be helped by the opening of the Mississippi, but also hurt. That will put New Orleans on her feet, and with a railroad

running over into Texas and so west, she will tap the streams that now crawl up the Texas and Missouri road. The current is east, not north, and a seaport at New Orleans can not permanently help St. Louis.

Chicago is in the field almost alone, to handle the wealth of one-fourth of the territory of our great Republic. This strip of sea-coast divides its margins between Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Savannah, or some other great port to be created for the South in the next decade. But Chicago has a dozen empires casting their treasures into her lap. On a bed of coal that can run all the machinery of the world for five hundred centuries; in a garden that can feed the race by the thousand years; at the head of the lakes that give her a temperature as a summer resort equaled by no great city in the land; with a climate that insures the health of her citizens; surrounded by all the great deposits of natural wealth in mines and forests and herds, Chicago is the wonder of to-day, and will be *The City of the future*.

Fellow citizens of Illinois, and fellow citizens of the Republic, I am unable to eulogize the Prairie State. I have simply recited some of the facts with which her history abounds.

THE GREATNESS OF ILLINOIS

I can do no more. There she stands, to speak for herself. Her soil, her mines, her herds, her improvements, her schools, her Churches, her intelligence, her liberties, her learned professions, her war record, her heroes, her martyrs, her Presidents, and her great citizens—these are her glory, and shall be, so long as the nation endures. While I look into the future, the ages are rolled together; the Commonwealth of Illinois puts on purple and fine linen, and Europe and Asia, coming from the East and from the West, find their exchange in her great marts. Brothers, it remains for us to complete the marvelous record by making Illinois as good as Providence will make her great. Then she will be both the garden of the world and the garden of the Lord.

ADDRESS ON CHURCH EXTENSION

Delivered at the annual meeting of the Board of Church
Extension held at Third Street Church, Cam-
den, New Jersey, Friday evening,
November 19, 1875.

ADDRESS ON CHURCH EXTENSION

Church Extension inheres in our characters as believers. As believers we are soldiers, mustered in, uniformed, armed, equipped, under orders. From yonder drill-camp comes the voice of our great Captain, saying, "The world is the field;" and from yonder ascension-summit comes His word of authority, saying, "Go." With this divine "go" behind us, there is nothing left us but to run this world down and capture it in the shortest time possible. As believers, we must obey. As free-believers, we must act. As intelligent believers we must think, and, thinking, we must act along the best lines. We must therefore organize permanent victory.

The world has been captured by Satan, annexed to hell, and garrisoned with devils. Along every mountain side to-day glisten the hostile lines of burnished steel, and in every valley by night gleam the countless camp-fires of sleepless sentinels. So deep is this conspiracy against God, that the very soil itself seems saturated with sin. In its malignant

vitality is chokes down the modest violet and the olive tree with the thistle and the thorn. In all its wide domain, for its coming Lord it can find no mother but a peasant, no cradle but a manger, no protection but the wilderness, no welcome but missiles, no witnesses but perjury, no society but thieves, no scepter but the scourge, no crown but thorns, and no throne but the cross.

The conquest of such a world is not a question of impulse, but of time. First, scouts must find its trails and passes, and spy out its soils, and streams, and treasures. Then forts must be planted in its strategical points, and send out mounted warriors to protect the trapper and the pioneer. Then colonies will gather about these forts, to occupy and cultivate. Then, when harvests are gathered—not with shout and saber, but with song and scythe—then, and not till then, may the world be said to be conquered. This means, then, forts, and time, and funerals, and other generations.

Church Extension inheres in our inspiration as saints. Every inspiration is also a revelation. In some form it must declare itself. It can not be shut in. Sorrow sits down in silence and concealment, but joy rushes out. It breaks forth into the highway. It has noth-

ing to conceal, and neither disposition nor ability to conceal it. Thus a man with a new invention must tell it. Thus it seems fore-ordained that most great inventors should give away their secret, and lose their rightful fortunes. A man with a great idea is so ennobled by his possession that he must bestow like a prince. He holds you by the button to show his treasure. It matters little whether it is a new religion or a new dog-churn, a new philosophy or a new baby; if only it is an inspiration, it must have room and time in which to be seen and heard. Great ideas never die. They can not be killed. They wither all hostile weapons. They can not be shut up in any single bosom. If Paul, or Luther, or Wesley, or Moody should shut down the safety valve, and undertake to keep silent, he would fly into a million fragments. The very stones would cry out. I would as soon think of nailing up a ton of nitro-glycerine with an old-fashioned trip-hammer, as to stop the safety-valve on such an inspiration. This divine inspiration has in it the Almightyness of life itself. It is the quenchless flame. Whenever a man feels it and shuts it in, it burns up through him, illuminating the gloom about him, till it consumes his greatness. Then it

leaves him like an old dead volcano, a charred and blackened monument of eternal wrath. Thus one cries out, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

I had rather have the inspiration of a great idea than to wear any worldly crown for a thousand years. These divine inspirations are resistless. They are sure to leave visible monuments of their power. It matters not in what field of human want or activity they work, they leave the record of their greatness. If the central thought is conquest, it leaves behind it gory fields and smoldering cities, new capitals and triumphal arches. If it is government or control, it leaves decalogues, or codes, or constitutions. If it is statecraft, its history is marked by great combinations and vast intrigues. If it is holy heroism, it leaves behind it crusades and mighty migrations. If it is enterprise, it bequeaths to mankind new continents. By the same law, if it is the inspiration of worship, it leaves behind it temples and cathedrals. This highest and mightiest of all impulses, of all inspirations, is most certain to crystallize in monuments. Thus we are not surprised to find that the oldest songs are hymns and anthems, the oldest manuscripts are divine revelations, the grandest triumphs

of sculpture are statues of the gods, and the greatest of all paintings are scenes in the life of the incarnate Christ; and the grandest and most imposing monuments of human genius, involving the perfection of nearly every known art, are the great cathedrals at Rome and Milan. It inheres in the inspiration of worship to build temples as certainly as it does in the lark to make a nest.

Whenever a poor human heart has felt the divine nearness in times of peril or struggle, the first impulse has been to worship, and the first act has been the erection of an altar or temple. Every turning point in Old Testament history is marked as a place of worship. Yonder, on the side of Ararat, Noah came forth from the ark, and the first thing he did was not to hunt for the spoils and treasures of his overthrown enemies, nor was it to build a house for himself and his children, but it was to build an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar.

It is not without deep significance that at almost every marked change in the eventful life of Abraham, he built an altar unto the Lord. The Lord called him to go forth from the familiar scenes of his childhood into a land

which He should show him, and he went, not knowing whither he went, and we read that he builded an altar there and called upon the name of the Lord. Sent away out of Egypt in peace, after the famine, he returned to his altar between Bethel and Hai, and called on the name of the Lord. Dividing the land between his nephew and himself, he dwelt in the plain of Mamre, and built there an altar unto the Lord. God came to him in his desolation, and told him that his seed should be as the sands of the sea, or as the stars of night for number, and that in his seed should all nations be blessed. Enwrapt by this vision of the world's Redeemer, Abraham offers a costly sacrifice, and watches till the night comes down upon him, and a smoking furnace and a burning lamp passed through between the separated parts of his offering, and he knew that God ratified his covenant.

Thus it has been in all ages of the Church. Whenever a soul has been exalted by a divine revelation, the first impulse has been to erect an altar or a place of worship. Yonder, on Hermon's side, Jesus goes up from the heat of the valley and dust of the highway, taking with Him the chosen three. There, in the solitude of the mountain, and in the quiet

of the evening, He is transfigured before them. He reclaims a little of His ancient glory. His beauty flashes out upon them. His face shines like the sun, and His raiment is white as the light. The whole crest of the mountain shines with the halo of heaven. So near are they to the unseen worlds that Moses and Elias, the chiefs of their earlier dispensations, flit out into open sight. The wondering fishermen fall down before this glory. Peter, bewildered in this new revelation of the Galilean's greatness, hardly knowing what he was saying, cried out in the natural impulse of inspiration, "Lord, it is good for us to be here; if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Divinely blest, the first thought is to house the heavenly visitant. Build a tabernacle, or a temple, or an altar. Do something, do anything, do everything to perpetuate this exalted privilege.

Thus it happens that Church Extension inheres in our inspiration as saints. This is as it ought to be. It shocks up the results of such an experience. It crystallizes the glory for future use. Religious glory, like every other glory, is of value only as it can be utilized. Mere sentiment, that does not harden into

working purpose, is worse than nothing. It burns out the tissues of the spirit without generating any power. Condense this flow of feeling and gush of sentiment into activities and sacrifices, then the soul grows great as it serves.

It is a good thing to have a definite covenant, and signs of its acceptance. God does not utter His revelation forth into the ether in which we and the stars float alike, regardless of what its direction may be. But He comes to smoking altars, and consecrated temples, with specific announcements, with a visible and tangible Decalogue, with an inspired Book, with an incarnated Son. Definiteness characterizes His covenants. He intends them to hold the slippery faith. A large per cent of the semi-infidelity of Christians comes from the vagueness of their conversion. I like an even experience, but all the advantages are not on either side of this subject. It compensates for hours of struggle to be brought off more than conqueror. The night is remembered with joy when our hearts are skipping in the broad sunlight.

I am not troubled with fatalism. I have no doubt concerning man's awful prerogatives and grand endowments, but I do believe

that a man soundly converted in the good old-fashioned way, with an appalling consciousness of guilt, desperation concerning self-help, and the clear sense of pardon in Jesus Christ, is not likely to backslide so as to cast away his hope. When Satan assails him with doubts and skepticism, he can go back to some given place and time when God for Christ's sake forgave his sins, and he knows that the religion is true. Many of you recall sacred spots in the country, in some little old church, or in some private house, or in some quiet grove, or at some camp-meeting, where you struggled and found peace, and learned what the brethren meant when they talked about "getting through." Satan can never drive you from that old spot. You marked it. It is the gate of heaven to your soul. I remember a certain fence corner by the roadside, where I knelt alone in the slush, and told God I would take a circuit or anything else He would give. I know that covenant meant business, and Satan never gets me out of that place. It is a good thing to have definite covenants, and signs of their acceptance. This great law that always demands the incarnation or crystallization of its inspiration, makes this temple-building a necessary part of the inspirations themselves.

The value of a church building is found also in the fact that the *church becomes a headquarters, a rallying point for all* who feel the power of the truth. There is much in having a fixed habitation. All the great movements have culminated around some organizing center. The common politician must have a place that represents his interest, and where he can be found. The organization of an army is chiefly a question of shaping the common feeling and purposes of men. All people bow beneath a common load. They feel a common wrong. They crowd together in the darkness, and mutter in each other's ears their common discontent. By and by some master spirit, with the sixth sense of ability to organize success, speaks up and out, the common want. It is a vent for all hearts. They now have a war-cry and a rallying point. Then the rest of the work is done. It does itself. The army is only the oppressed mass marching around one imperial will. With this center and rallying point, it is a host of conquering freemen. Without this center it disintegrates into a mob of slaves. The Church obeys this universal law, according to which power always gravitates to the centers. Science says that this law is in things according to which

the diffused light of "the Beginning" drew up together in masses, forming suns and worlds. So experience demonstrates that social and spiritual powers find centers, and break forth into expressions, and embody themselves. Thus, by a deep order in things, evil spirits must have a prince and a palace. Thus, also the forces of righteousness must have a head and a home. Thus churches, temples, altars, places of worship, are necessary parts of religion. It may seem crude, but it is true, that a religion that can not command an altar can not command anything else. I would as soon think of clearing up a farm in a Michigan forest with a company of disembodied spirits, fed on zephyrs, as to undertake the salvation of this world with a religion that had no shrines or local habitations. The four great conditions for the success of religion are, first, an arch enemy to fight and fear; second, a creed to accept and defend; third, a priesthood, to incarnate and illustrate its inspirations; fourth, temples, with which to catch the eye of sense, and in which to keep the ark and covenant.

Religion is like a man in this: It weighs in a community just in proportion as it is rooted into the soil. The man who stays in a

boarding-house never weighs much in a community, unless his business leads him down into reliability. Any man who lives in a trunk, and who can consequently be checked to the next station between dark and daylight, never can hold the lines. So it is with a religious society. It must go to housekeeping before it can command the public confidence, and have a fair chance for usefulness. The term "carpet-bagger" has added ten years to our strifes and sacrifices in the South. A first necessity is to demonstrate everywhere permanence. That will insure us power, and give us a fair chance. Every church built is an anchor which no storm can drag. The old mathematician cried out: "Give me a place for my fulcrum, and I can lift the world." Jesus, when He went into the synagogue of Nazareth, found that outside spot. The church is the spot where all the elevating power is applied.

The Athenian theater, which was also the Athenian Church, was the factor in that great city that lifted the people up from the strifes of the prize-ring, and set them on competing with tragedies, orations, and songs. Here the heroism of the country was kindled, and here that elevated taste was fostered that made

Athens the studio of the world, and the Athenians the teachers of mankind. In our day we see a powerful Church, with the most compact organization of all history, with her power condensed like a fist, for the wisest and most efficient use; with a body of trained diplomats and statesmen in her places of power; with all her mighty purposes unalterably fixed to subdue all institutions, and absorb all power in her own unscrupulous government, and with plans that are laid and wrought out by the thousand years; we see this Church so compact, so manned, so directed, so purposed, bending her mighty energies for the erection of churches. She purposes dominion. Long ago she sold herself to Satan for that prize. She brings into use her vast experience, gained in the struggles and victories of fifteen hundred years. She has all the wisdom of children of this generation. And she commits her cause largely to her church buildings. With her grand, historic old pile in Rome, that stands the wonder of the centuries, she astonishes and attracts the race, and with her churches scattered in all our cities, she seeks to hold her own people, and capture others.

Do you tell me that this false Church is a pirate, cruising the high seas of the nineteenth

century, defying the Lord High Admiral of the world, and preying upon His peaceful commerce, and is not to be copied? This must answer all cavil. She is a magnificent craft, with stanch beams, perfect proportions, and vast tonnage. She needs little overhauling. The trouble is in her crew, and captain, and flag. We only need to change the murderous crew for honest tars, and throw the bloody captain overboard, and commission a commander who is loyal to the court of heaven, and then haul down the black flag and run up the banner of the Cross. That is all we need to change. The ship is good, and rightly manned she can do noble service in the commerce of the world. Her elements of greatness can be repeated. Her power can be reproduced for good. The argument is this: Whatever buildings can do for ancient and modern heathenism, they can be made to do for Christ. If Rome can house the multitudes with no spirit, no gospel, no food, by the mere assurances and attractions of her cold temples, surely we may hope that the same agencies, reinforced by spirit, and gospel, and manna, will succeed.

A Church in a community wins its way because it is the *most efficient police*. The power

that makes it possible for a number of people to meet in a public assembly and return home in safety and peace, is not the few hired watchmen that patrol your streets, but the spirit that goes out from these Churches. It is this restraining presence of God that takes the missiles out of the air and the bludgeons out of the assassins' hands. It is this that secures your possessions and keeps holy watch over your nightly slumbers.

A Church in a community wins its way because *it is a great educator*. Its pulpit delivers two lectures a week on the most vital and most sublime of all themes. The pastor, in intelligence, is above the average of the community. He gives his time to the preparation of things new and old for the instruction of the community. I have no manner of doubt that, poor and dull as we often find the preaching, it still imparts more religious instruction, and builds up the public morals far more than all other agencies combined.

A Church in a community vindicates its existence even though it does no more than *cause the people to assemble once in seven days*. It is a good thing for people to regularly array themselves in their best apparel, and come together to see and be seen. Even if

there is no worship and no instruction involved, it is still a good thing for every one, at least once a week, to come under the gaze of the public eye. If you doubt it, go into a community where there are no Sabbaths and no worshiping congregations, and you shall see in the unwashed mob, who seldom find a natural grave, the desperate condition of a Churchless land.

Every argument for the extension of Churches is a vindication of the claims of this Board. For an obligation to do anything always implies the means necessary for its accomplishment.

There comes up an argument in favor of this society from the *very enemies* which we must antagonize in this country. The devils that seem to have roving commissions, so that they are found wherever humanity exists, need not claim our special attention. We have a *trinity of evils*, an infernal trinity in this land, that courts the spear of every knight. Rum, Rationalism, and Romanism are the American triumvirate in evil. It is difficult, in this presence, to tell which is Cæsar's ghost. Either, studied alone, seems the imperiling horror of our civilization. We have no scales in

which to weigh the desolations of *rum*. The plagues of Egypt were a blessing in comparison with this monstrosity. Intrenched in every citadel, commanding every street in the land, violating every law, trampling every right, robbing every public or private purse, threatening every citizen, and filling the whole air with impending horrors, this mammoth monster, that desolates States where slavery did counties, that tortures its favored criminals into objects of pity, and agonizes its innocent victims beyond all expression of sympathy—this monster makes our utmost resistance necessary to our very existence.

On the right of this central figure, like another harpie, stands *rationalism*, with lip of scorn, and eye of contempt, holding in its hands, like a murderous mob, the broken tablets of the Decalogue, with which to wound the face of peace, and trampling beneath its crimson and cloven feet the sanctity of the Sabbath and of every Christian altar. This monster, taking the inspiration out of the Bible, the divinity out of religion, the Savior out of the race, immortality out of the soul, and all hope out of humanity; this monster, tyrannizing in the name of liberty, rioting in the name of

order, robbing in the name of honesty, debauching in the name of purity, assassinating in the name of friendship, and crucifying in the name of morality—this monster calls forth every hand that can resist and every voice that can warn.

On the left of the central figure is another form, *Romanism*, that defies description. Part mortal, part angel, and part demon. With the face of a woman, but painted and brazoned like a harlot; with the form and robes of an angel, but drabbled and stained in the sewer; and with the claws and teeth of a devil, but concealed with slippers and covered with caresses. A purely temporal and political organization, under the name of a Church, kindling upon the altars of the sanctuary the camp-fires for her carnal conquests. She uses all the services of religion, and far exceeds the Lord in instituting sacraments, but she leaves the mass of her worshipers ignorant of the peace of pardon, and strangers to purifying power. She seeks to control all theology with the thumb-screw and the fagot, that she may substitute the fiction of her creed for the God of Revelation. She grasps after all education, that she may teach the lives of fabulous saints instead of the truths of science.

She purposes to corrupt and control the ballot-box, that she may enthrone the Scarlet Woman on the ruins of the republic.

Would you know how she teaches religion? Go study the arguments of the Inquisition, follow in the trail of the Duke of Alva, and listen to the crying blood of the martyrs. Would you know how she teaches science? Go to Italy, the mother of letters and of dead empires, the ancient home of learning, now the block-head among the nations—of all European people the least able to read even the titles of her ancient greatness. Italy, the lineal descendant and rightful heir of the world's rulers; rich with the mightiest dust of all heroes; ennobled by the right-royal line of Julius and the young Augustus; inspired by the voice of Cicero; transformed by the death of Paul, and sanctified by the blood of the saints; mournful, melancholy, magnificent Italy, can tell you what a devoted people learns in this school of bigotry. Would you know how she teaches political economy, how a people grows rich with ecclesiastical princes to legislate in the interest of religious orders, and with vast hordes of indolent professional saints to consume the labor of the industrious? Go and gaze in pity on impoverished Spain, the beg-

gar of the nations. Spain, two centuries ago the banker of Europe, on whose possessions the sun never set, whose people, distinguished in art and in arms, pushed their renown to every zone, and their commerce to every sea; but to-day, by a clerical policy that could find no better use for her prosperous merchants than to torture them in the Inquisition for their treasures, and no better use for millions of her most industrious, intelligent, and honest subjects than to burn them for the gratification of her priests and for the glory of the Church, by this policy reduced to abject penury. Spain, with her ships swept from the seas, her explorers buried in the dust of oblivion, her manufactories consumed in the fires of persecution, and her agriculture dwindled to the verge of barbarism; this dying remnant of a nationality can tell you how nations grow rich with the pontifical leech on their breasts. Would you know how *Rome teaches civil polity*? Go to yonder gem of the sea, green Erin, the Island of the Heart, and study the story of her wrongs and of her ruin. Once the seat of empire and the home of philosophy, the mother of genius and of great institutions, now only a mangled and decaying corpse in the highway along which the nations march

up to greatness. With her sovereignty divided; part, which she loves, on the banks of the Tiber, and part, which she fears, on the banks of the Thames; leaving only the tomb, which she mourns, on the banks of the Shannon; with her patriotism, the marvel of mankind, kindling and guarding the fires on every national altar except Erin's; with her courage filling every army under the sun except the Irish army; with her heroism emblazoning every flag on earth except the Irish flag; and with her genius guiding to greatness and glory every ship of state except the Irish craft. Go to her native bogs, and weep over her famine and her squalor, then you shall see how Rome teaches civil polity, and fosters freedom by manacle and gag.

This great enemy, that corrupts the world's conscience; this great highwayman, that bludgeons and robs nations and continents; this masked assassin, that stabs national freedom, has made a safe landing and sure footing on our soil. Already it has seized millions of public treasures, and become an established Church, except in name. Already it dictates rulers to our greatest commonwealths. Already it has put its blasting hand upon the *Bible* it used to burn, and starts it out of our

public schools back towards this public bonfire. Already it rushes to the polls in great States on avowed principles of public persecution. Already it demands the destruction of the common schools in the absorption of the funds. The day of her modest concealment is gone, and we shall live because she can not help herself. True, she has lost Louisiana, which was hers when she had twenty thousand or fifty thousand population, but she has gained the Empire State. True, she has lost Maryland, but she has nearly or quite gained Massachusetts, and she is intrenched in every city of the land, and hopes through these passes to control the votes and sovereignty of the States. This is no insignificant foe, grown in the short life of our government, from one one-hundredth of our population in 1784 to one-sixth of our entire population in 1874. It is a significant fact that the most sagacious politician of Massachusetts bids for Papal votes, and counts upon the old Bay State, the very cradle of liberty and bulwark of Puritanism, as a Roman State. It is a significant fact that the President of the United States, one of the calmest and greatest of living men; the man of all others who has demonstrated a cool and accurate judgment, who never speaks except

in great emergencies, should deliver his first written lengthy speech on this question to the army, and talk to them of war. It is a significant fact that GRANT in the United States, GLADSTONE in Great Britain, and BISMARCK in Germany, the most prudent and powerful representatives of the three great Protestant nations of the earth, should be driven to sound the alarm against this menacing monster. It is a significant fact that just now, when every great power in Europe is circumventing or banishing the minions of this infallible despotism, as dangerous to the sovereignty of the State, and fatal to the freedom of the subjects; that just now a Cardinal's throne, supporting the rank of a temporal prince, should be planted in our great metropolis, to flaunt in the public gaze titles which are forbidden to every American citizen by the fundamental law of the land. Surely, this is no indifferent foe. Rome lays her plans for a thousand years, and pursues them through successive generations. Her workmen die, but it is her boast that she never changes. She is the same old tiger she was in the sixteenth century. Caged, she seems a handsome creature, with velvet coat and cushioned paws; but out once, among your children, she is the malignant

monster of the jungle. Hear me, and I would to God I could cry it in the startled ear of every American citizen, this is our most dangerous foe. Rum is branded as a demon, and must fight in the open field. Rationalism can not long keep house, for it has neither food nor fire. But Romanism wears the form of sainthood, and crouches, dagger in hand, by the very altars of religion, to assassinate all who will not accept her temporal authority. By our love of freedom, by our love of truth, by our courage to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, by our love of mercy, and by our hope of heaven, we must cry with our fathers, "No peace with the Papacy and no compromise with Rome."

These are our great enemies, and their existence creates an imperative demand for the most vigorous and persistent prosecution of this work. We are shut up to this work. The tiger is at our throat. Hold still, and we are dead. The unhoused and dauntless thousands who are out on the border, empire founding, and the unhoused and patient millions just up from the land of Egypt—these hold the key of fate. They are a fort in the pass between the present and the future. Whoever gets in wins, and dictates law to

mankind. The Board of Church Extension will put us in the fort.

The field to be occupied demands this work. The field is this country, on the belt of power, where the conquering races live. It is a land whose productions can not even be computed. It is a land having single valleys in which every member of the human family could be fed for a thousand years; a land having single States whose iron mines could annually bridge every ocean with iron-clads; whose gold mines could pay every public and private debt on earth; whose silver mines could pave every street in every city on the continent; a land having solitary coal-beds in which Great Britain or many of the European countries could be placed without being in the way. This is the field we are commissioned to capture. This work is thrust upon us, and we must gird on our power or be driven from the field. The United States Census, that *Book of Martyrs*, in which not individuals but States are the victims, sounds the alarm. In 1850 we had 14,234,825 church sittings for 23,191,876 people, or accommodations for 62 per cent, or nearly two-thirds of the entire population. In 1860 we had 19,128,751 church sittings for 31,443,321 people, or ac-

commodations for 60 per cent of the entire population. In 1870 we had 21,665,062 church sittings for 38,558,371 people, or accommodations for 53 per cent, or a little over half the entire population. This is going the wrong way. Ruin is only a question of time. Like the man climbing a smooth tree to escape from wolves, this slipping down must be stopped or we will soon be converted into wolf-bone and wolf-blood.

I need only mention the great *fields in the South*, with her cotton and easy climate, and in the West, with her agricultural empires and exhaustless mines. The children from our homes are scattered all over these regions. They are often too poor to build churches. It becomes our imperative duty to see to it that the churches are built and paid for. This makes the demand immense and magnificent.

The glory of this Church Extension work is manifest in the fact that God especially honors His house. The sanctity of religion itself is first embodied and emphasized in the sanctity of the place of its celebration. Few scenes recorded in the Book of God are as impressive as the appearance of God upon Mount Sinai for the giving of the law. The very mountain itself was hallowed. It was set about with

bounds beyond which the people might not come. For three days and nights the people were compelled to cleanse and sanctify themselves. Then only the chosen priests and prophets were allowed to go up into the sacred summit. The mountain trembled, its sides were wrapped in smoke and darkness, and its top was capped with light and fire. Everything that could impress the sacredness of the event was called into service. Even the prophet, on his return, was so clothed with light and righteousness that the people could not bear the brightness of his face, and needed to be shielded by a veil.

A little earlier we read, when God would speak with His chosen prophet from the burning bush, the very ground was declared to be holy.

No man can read the care with which the temple was made and kept by the holy order of the priesthood, consecrated, clothed in clean raiment, adorned with emblematic regalia, and sanctified with the service, and not feel that God's abode is indeed the Holy of Holies. Study the temple and its service, revealed in the mountain, built by special inspiration, having God to superintend its most minute specifications; with its sacred enclosure, its court of

the women, court of the Gentiles, place of the Jews, its holy place for the priests, and its inner shrine, where was the shining presence of God, to be approached only once a year, on the great day of atonement, with costly sacrifices, only by the High Priest—while, without, priests and people, far and near, prostrated themselves before God. Surely if God had desired to impress the sanctity of His house, it is difficult to conceive of appointments more appropriate.

We can hardly omit the lesson in Jacob's altar-building, on account of the power that followed him for its sake. *Jacob* had no enviable character. He was a representative sinner. He had little of his father's nobility, and much of his mother's craftiness. His natural sharpness was too much for his honesty. He was cold-blooded, calculating, unscrupulous. By deliberate purpose he over-reached his generous, impulsive brother, taking advantage of his hunger to cheat him out of his birthright. He lied to his blind old father, and by fraud obtained his father's blessing. Like all tricksters and villains, he was a coward, and fled from the face of his indignant brother. Alone in the wilderness, with nothing but his staff; oppressed with the sense of

guilt and exile, he lies down in the deepest gloom, with a rock for his pillow. In that extremity he found Him who walketh even in the deep valleys, and saw the way of prayer and hope; and from the visitation of angels he arose, set up a stone for an altar, and poured oil upon it, saying: "How dreadful is this place; surely God has been here;" and he called it Bethel. Here he made a covenant, in this offering, to give the Lord one-tenth of all his prosperity. Years go by—God hears his covenant, and blesses him. By and by his father-in-law oppresses him, and he is perplexed beyond measure, not knowing what to do. He is a poor character, at best. A liar, a swindler, a coward, submitting to every indignity. But he had an altar yonder at Bethel, and a covenant, and God remembered him, and appeared unto him, saying: "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowdest a vow unto Me." God remembered this altar-building. This representative sinner, having many vices and few virtues, is, on account of his altar and vow, remembered and delivered in the time of trouble. Let us not push this example too far. But this we may know, that sinners, however great their sins or bad their character, or des-

perate their circumstances, who still have faith enough in God to erect an altar and vow a generous service unto God, are within mercy's easy reach. The records of the Church are full of instances where the way into divine favor has commenced, as in the case of the centurion in the gospel, who wanted divine help, and of whom it was said, "He is worthy, for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue"—through the building of a church. I know that salvation is not all of works, nor yet is it all of faith. Faith without works is dead, and I have no more confidence in dead faith than I have in dead men. This Board, like every enterprise of the Church, must find living faith, working faith, and living men; then success is only a question of time.

There is a vast amount of power in this church-building. It is aggressive, and aggression is the condition of life. There is something in the very presence of the church that rallies its friends. Constantine conquered by the Cross; Christianity is to-day conquering by the Church, as of old. Once, when Israel faltered before the Philistines, Eli sent forth the ark of the Lord. But Israel was routed, the sons of Eli were slain, and the ark was cap-

tured by the Philistines—and all Israel wept and mourned. True, when Israel undertook to make the ark fight for them, instead of being ready to die for it, they were disappointed, and their enemies seemed to conquer. But the Philistines had captured their own destruction. They could do nothing with the ark. They put it in the temple of Dagon; but the false gods could not stand before it. They were dashed to pieces. Alarmed at this strange power, they sent the ark from city to city, only to find that it smote them everywhere with plague. Amazed and terrified, they could find no place where it could be kept. There was no safety for them with this ark of God, this dwelling-place of the Almighty in their land. Heathenism can never stand against the house of God. Even the gates of hell are powerless in this conflict. The Philistines in solemn council determined to send the ark back to Israel. So helpless were they that they were glad to send with it costly gifts and offerings. They would give anything or everything to be rid of it. They made a new cart and yoked up two cows, and sent it away wherever the cattle might take it. In God's good order it was drawn back to Israel. Then wherever it tarried,

there the people were blessed and prospered, till the king saw that it was the center of power, and took it on behalf of the nation.

So it must be in our day. Wherever we plant our churches we are destined to triumph. Possibly in the heat of party strife or amid the confusion of intestine war, some may siege our sanctuaries and seem for a season to conquer us by our own weapons. But God's house will prove fatal to them; all party gods must fall before it, and wiser counsels will constrain them to return the instruments they can not use. Say to the whole Church, go on with this church building. It is a safe investment. It insures victory. Even if our edifices will be captured, they will be returned laden with treasures and peace offerings. If we do not see it under the sun, we shall see it to-morrow in the light of the excellent glory.

This wondrous Book of God is full of displays of power centered in His altar. Go yonder to Carmel's summit, and gaze on the gathering hosts of Israel. It is a high day. God's prophet has met the apostate king, and has challenged him to a contest of altars. It is not an argument of the theologians. It is not a trial of the logic of the philosophers. It is

not a tilt of warriors. It is higher and grander than any or all of these. It is a trial of altars. God's altar is to be tested by the side of Baal's altar. Baal's altar is served by hundreds of well-trained priests, and is encouraged by royal favor. God's altar is served by one solitary prophet, and he not accustomed to serve in the presence of kings. Elijah, the stern old prophet of the mountains, clad in the garb of the desert, with a sheepskin cloak wrapped around his shoulders, and with his black and waving locks streaming down his back, a stranger to the comforts and courtesies of civilized life, familiar with nature in her grandest moods; Elijah, the stern embodiment of justice, who could stand undismayed amid the displays of divine wrath, with his foot on the heaving bosom of the earthquake, and his eye on the whirlwinds of fire that were howling about him—this man came forth alone against all the hosts of Baal to a contest of altars, and the answering fire from heaven declared the power of God's altar. *The battle of the world is a conflict of altars.* When our altars are kindled from above, they are as strong as the Almighty.

ADDRESS ON CHURCH EXTENSION

Delivered in Philadelphia, at the annual meeting
of the Church Extension Society.

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ADDRESS ON CHURCH EXTENSION

MR. CHAIRMAN: We can not but ask why we are here? What is the object of this organization? What is the reason of this Society? These are questions that the Church has a right to ask and to expect satisfactorily answered. Indeed, I will concede that no society has a right to tax the public sympathies, burden the public mind, and exhaust the public pocket, that can not make satisfactory answers at the bar of the public judgment.

This present time is bracketed by two words—"science" and "organization." Everything must bear the shadow of both of these terms. I sometimes almost fear that these are the devil's crutches, on which he hobbles into the public sympathy and confidence. Every movement must be chartered and funded. It has come to such a pass that a man can not raise a fast colt or a fat calf without a president, secretary, and an executive committee; and a woman can not patch a ragged garment, or punish a bad boy without a constitution and by-laws, and the consent of the majority.

Ought it not to be an indictable offense to press the claims of any society that could be dispensed with, without substantial loss? Even under this strict rule we have full access to your attention. For we come, as you are already persuaded, with almost imperative claims. I will base my plea for your co-operation on

THE CHRISTLY CHARACTER OF THIS SOCIETY.

It needs, and must have, divine sanction and authority. Its claims must have the foundation of eternal truth. Its voice must penetrate with the accents of divine necessity. Its first affirmation is,

1. *The Church Extension Society is providential in its birth.* It was born in the fullness of time. It has been said by our press that it came one decade too late. Even if that were so, it would not be outside of providential uses. The great apostle, whose work was only second to that of the Master Himself, was born out of due time; but he was nevertheless born into a mighty work. So this Society, even though it missed its right decade, was yet born into a mighty work. But I am not persuaded that it did miss its proper advent. In the di-

vine economy some things are incapable of being stored. Faith can not accumulate.

Spiritual power is not reservable. The man with the withered arm had no spare power. He used his mustard-seed of faith, and, in the necessities of time, it was made omnipotent. This Society could not have wintered and summered in the dry-dock. One year would have made it unseaworthy. True, other Churches were in the field before us. The Congregational Union was launched in 1852. The church edifice department of the Baptist Church was organized in 1854. The Presbyterian Church erected this work into a distinct department in 1864. But they had been long in the field, in the Home Mission work. We followed in the same year with our systematic, recognized labor in this field. But we had all the conditions of immediate, available power in advance of our Society. We are a unit. Any new movement can go from the brain of the Bishops, if it happens to be born there, into the heart of the last member of our Church in a single moon. We need only opportunity—we have organizations. The decade by which the other Churches had the advance, was their need to organize and get into line. The child was born into a well-

regulated family, and had no bad habits to unlearn. True, it had a giant's work to do as soon as it was christened; but it was born a giant, with a giant's strength. It was not like a young kangaroo or an opossum, needing to be pouched for months to be protected, it was born with double teeth all around.

See the conspiring events in the order of providence that made room and work for this Society. *The great war opened* vast empires where Churches must be planted. The school-house must crowd out the whipping-post. The Church must succeed the auction-block and the gang-pen. The war was the great event in the department of government. Then, in the department of science, came the great railroad movement of all times, pushing forth into the wilderness by the thousand miles, and planting cities by the hundred. Before this, civilization had gone forward in the ox-cart, and the border men of the more compact front were in condition to supply their own demands about as well as the churches behind them. Now, civilization goes forward by rail.

The repulsions of possible slavery and of an unsettled political state being removed, and the attractions of thousands of leagues of free

and available soil, brought into the world's market, being put into their places, the tide of emigration pours out into the opening infinite West, beyond all precedent or dream.

I spent part of a night last spring in a town well up towards the Sierra Nevadas, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, where there had not been a sermon preached in more than five years. These towns were planted by the old miners; now they and all the millions of square miles are cast down at our feet. Then in the department of religion came the blessed centenary year. The Church in the first century was but little more than a Church Extension Society itself. It was making its way out of the barns and kitchens into the school-houses, out of the school-houses into the meeting-houses, and then into churches, and then into cathedrals. The centenary year made us open our eyes and see that we were no longer on the town—no longer living from hand to mouth. We learned that we had some money, some disposition, and we looked for some opportunities. These providential facts called forth this Society in the nick of time. Scripture tells us that a star led the wise men to the infant Christ. Kepler, the astronomer, tells us that the conjunction of

Jupiter, Saturn, and the constellation Pisces, produced that guiding star. So it seems to me that the conjunction of the great war, opening the South to the Church; and of the great railroad opening the West to emigration; and of the great centenary year, opening the pocket-book of the Church of God—this conjunction in our firmament has guided the wise men of the East and of the West to the manger where this Society was born.

It comes in the order of Providence, like all the distinctive features of our Church. It is a branch on the old vine. We had first the conditions for a work; and then the work has naturally fitted into the place. It is in its anticipations, a growth. You know the Church was not a plan or plot; it was a fact. After awhile it was a recognized fact, and that christened it a Church. Mr. Wesley went about preaching salvation, a knowable salvation, and organizing seekers and sending out teachers. That was his work. He never left the old Church, and hardly knew that he had founded a new spiritual empire. Class-meetings, in the same way, grew to their place. The system of government also grew from consultations to its present exact, efficient organizations. The itinerancy, the banner of

our polity, was no far-sighted purpose. It grew out of events. The Church has always had the advantage of being suited to its place because it has run into the providential mold. It has the advantage of practice over mere theory. The Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the greatest English politicians of the seventeenth century, and Locke, the most celebrated philosopher of his age, invented a government for Carolina. It was perfectly modeled, from the laborer to the earl, and in the charter it seemed to organize victory in advance. But, dropped upon the soil of the New World, it was fractured into countless fragments. The laborers took to the woods. The officers were not needed. The high dignitaries came down to the hard scrabble of a new country for bread. To *this* soil came a common-sense man, with no protection but his broad-brimmed hat, and no government but such as he could dig out of the ground. The theory of the statesman and of the philosopher perished in the very decade of its birth, leaving neither child nor monument to mark its grave. But this government of William Penn, in substance, abides to-day. It was not a plot, but a growth in events. That is precisely the character of the Church Extension Society. It is

a growth in events. It is thus a radical part of our Church. It came just as soon as there was room for it. First the Missionary Society, planting the truth, then the other societies that grow out of the truth, then this Church Extension Society, with tools, constructing its temples for the permanent lodgment of the truth. It can not be inappropriate to have a society with its builders and carpenters walking in the train of yonder carpenter's Son. This comes as soon as it has room, and so in the order of Providence.

2. *This Society is Christlike in its foundation principles*, by which the Church is looked upon as a family with a common interest, supplying the wants of the needy by the abundance of the fortunate. While this law is put at its best in Christianity, it still is a law of wide application. Even in the order of nature, supply is forever flowing into the bosom of demand. Thus, an eye argues a sun; lungs pre-suppose air; a hungry man means food somewhere.

Then, in this body, this universe which we control, how this law holds true! Let one sense give out, and immediately the other senses come up to its support and do its work, and make up what is behind. Your eyes grow

dim, then your ears double their skill. See how subtly this law works among the vital organs. One organ is afflicted; immediately the whole system is in profoundest sympathy with the afflicted one. If one of your fingers is disabled, all the others seem to act for its defense and protection. They do not pick at it and pull it about, and aggravate its inflammation. They become its defenders. These are the rude shadows of the deeper spiritual law that underlies the Church of Christ. Here, it is one all-dominating principle. Self is sacrificed for others. Christ comes out for us, seeking that which was lost. He comes from the purity of heaven to wade through the sewer of our abominations, that He may help us up to purity. He leaves the glory of the eternal court for a manger in a Jewish stable, that we may be elevated above the beastly to the spiritual. He turns away from the rapturous songs of the seraphs to be greeted by the yells of the hooting mob, that we may be delivered from the discords of hell, and learn the melodies of heaven. He exchanges the scepter that waves over all intelligence, for the spikes of a felon's cross, that we may be freed from the bondage of sin, and be set at liberty in the truth. He laid aside the glory

which He had with the Father before the worlds were made, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, that by His dying we might have life. He was rich—rich in mines, the original mines out of which the Ophirs, and the Australias, and the Californias were made; rich in navies—navies whose ships are suns and stars, sailing the infinite seas; rich in empires—empires whose dominions are whole realms of nature. “He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.”

This Society comes in this same spirit, founded upon the same law, working out the same conceptions. The Church is a family. As the members multiply and colonize, they must have shelter and help; they must be put on their feet and allowed a fair chance. This does not mean that when a man is down we must go and trample him, as the thieves along the road to Jericho did their victim, nor must we walk by on the other side, as the priest did; nor must we simply look on him like the Levite; but the good Samaritan must be our model. Our wine must be given to his thirst, our oil must be poured into his wounds, our beast must carry his helpless form, even

though we have to walk and lead the beast; our money must pay his charges, even though it takes the last penny; and our credit must secure his future comfort. This is the spirit of this Society. It is the spirit of Christianity itself. It is the well man carrying the sick. It is the man with the eyes leading the blind. It is the brave man encouraging the timid. It is the wise man teaching the ignorant. It is the rich man feeding the poor. It is the strong man helping the weak. This is the foundation on which this Society acts. Having the spirit of Christ, the Church is sure to do this work as soon as it comes to it. When a man is full of a truth he breaks out first at the thinnest place. He feels, then he talks, afterwards he acts. First, a prayer, then a missionary, then material aid. This Society is Christly in its great principle.

3. *This Society is Christlike in its unselfish beneficence.* It not only cares for the needy and helps the weak, but it does it without reference to the interests of the fortunate and strong. It is not a new thing for the powerful to help the weak. This is an experience as old as society. This is the exact sphere of human government. Men combine and thus concentrate

power for self-defense, for self-aggrandizement, or for some selfish end. The old patricians and powerful families of ancient Rome spread their strong arm out over the plebeians that gathered about them. They were as ready to work for their retainers as for their kindred. But this protection from the rapacity of the avaricious and the outrages of the lawless was repaid by veneration in society, service in labor, honor in legislation, and loyalty in war. The feudal lords of the Middle Ages acted upon this same principle. The castle on a crag or in a crevice, with its moat and draw-bridges and heavy gates and high walls, overlooked the village of the peasantry, and stood like a protecting providence for their defense. In time of war, in hours of peril, they fled over its draw-bridges, through its gate-way, and into its solid embrace for safety. But their presence, their arms, their blood, made it safe for them and for the lord of the castle. The old planter who maimed or murdered his slaves was not only a fiend but also a fool. It was his interest to protect and provide for them. The great problem that agitates Europe to-day, that makes the British ministry tremble, that keeps the Czar writing notes, that arouses Italy, that alarms

Austria, that amazes Spain, is not so much whether William shall treat with France from the inside or outside of Paris, as it is this question of where the balance of power will crystallize. All the powers cried out for Prussia when France seemed to be on top. It would not be safe in Europe with Napoleon on the Rhine. Now they cry out for France, when Prussia seems to be on top. It would not be safe in Europe with William in Paris.

Thus they are only too willing to help the weak. All this is human. It is too human. But Christ helped us for the sake of helping us, because we were in great need. He had everything. We had absolutely nothing. He came to us because we were lost. He became our friend because we were sinners. It is in the very nature of His love to come out to us because we were suffering. He loves us always, loves us good or bad, loves us in our sins or out of them. He loves us any way, tries to love us out of our sins and out of our suffering. There is no alloy of selfishness in His love. It is as pure as the light and strong as the Almighty. He stops at no questions of race or family or position or culture. He recognizes no human boundaries, but overleaps all arbitrary standards, asking simply, Where

is there sorrow to be comforted, suffering to be relieved, want to be supplied, guilt to be pardoned, corruption to be cleansed; where is there weakness to be walled about by my power? This is the law of Christ. This is exactly the work to be done by this Society. Money comes into this treasury to help the nameless and unknown poor. You know only that it goes to help the weak somewhere, and that is enough. Christ is in it. We see it as His legacy. These, crying in the dark for help, are His children, and we accept the charge. A stranger dashed across the street in front of a team and snatched a child from under the very necks of the horses. The driver reined up, saying: "Is that your child?" The gentleman, letting the child bound away in the joy of rescued life, said: "No, sir, but it is somebody's."

This Society, in the spirit of its conceptions, in the purpose of the men who ordained it, in the thought of that Supreme Power above all Boards, and free from all local prejudice—the High Council, the Parliament of the Church; this Society in that supreme judgment, made its election between that hack-driver and that heroic gentleman, and it can never, *never*, NEVER, be reversed. No admin-

istration that fails to apprehend this good law of unselfish beneficence can abide. The Church will look to it, and God will look to it. So I affirm boldly that the principle under this Society is unselfish beneficence. It is not necessary for a Christian man to expend his money upon himself in order to stimulate his own industry.

It is not necessary to put one-half of our own benevolent contributions into our own pocket, in order to hire ourselves to give the Lord His dues. Such estimates underrate the intelligence of the Church. The true spirit of this Society is told in the collection taken in this Church yesterday morning. I think I never rejoiced more over any announcement than that. I can go back to my brethren over the mountains and tell them that Arch Street Church, in the midst of its dedication, stopped and gave a large collection to this Society. Though meeting great home obligations, they were ready to heed the cry from the needy, and send away their money to the destitute. I can tell them that our general Church interests are safe, and this Society will revive the spirit of unselfish beneficence. If I mistake not, more strength will come to the cause of God from this example than from any other single

act in our history as a Church. If I were a member of this Church, I had rather be the author of this collection than of this church building itself. Like the woman in the New Testament with the alabaster box, you have a memorial, and wherever this Society goes with its blessings, this shall be spoken of you, and the fragrance of your ointment shall be mingled with the fragrance of the gospel long after you are gone. God grant that you may go late home to the angels.

I wish you could go through the South and West. I wish you could look upon those regions where millions are unable to have any service in the cold months for want of buildings. Give them money enough to buy the glass, and cheap hinges, and a few nails, and they will hew out logs, and put up churches by the hundred. The loyal men of the South, and the men from the North, and the colored men, are shut out from the shabby churches of the Church South. There is no hope for that country but in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Moses Sullivan, a white member of the Alabama Conference, was beaten with hickory whips by disguised Ku Klux. His skull was fractured by a blow upon the head with the butt of the hickory.

ADDRESS ON CHURCH EXTENSION

Strokes across his breast were so severe as to cause injury from which he will never recover. His persecutors demanded that he should leave the Methodist Episcopal Church and join the Church South, threatening to murder him unless he should do so. This is the usual demand made by the Ku Klux when they attack our preachers, white or colored. Senator Aikins, of Georgia, a white member of First Church, Atlanta, was assassinated for his loyalty to the Government. Rev. A. S. Lakin, Presiding Elder of Huntsville District, Alabama, has been threatened, followed repeatedly, his house surrounded by Ku Klux in disguise, and shots fired through his rooms.

Rev. James McHenry (colored), a minister of Georgia Conference, was driven from his circuit last summer, and his home broken up by robbers. Rev. C. C. Johnson (colored), of Georgia Conference, was shot at in broad day, when returning from his appointment in the country, and again while sitting by his fireside. Hon. Malcolm Claibourn (colored), a member of the House of Representatives, Georgia, an influential and valuable member of our Church, was shot dead on the steps of the capitol. Uncle Peter (colored), an exhorter, was shot, and his throat cut, and his

body thrown into a ditch in Grantville, Georgia, because he was loyal to the Government, and a Northern Methodist. Rev. Mr. Varnel, received on probation in the Alabama Conference at its late session, was shot dead by the Ku Klux. His body was pierced by forty balls. His son was also murdered. Mr. Randolph, one of the most promising colored men in the South, was shot dead while standing on the platform of the cars. The falsehoods told, wrongs and persecutions inflicted on the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South can not be told. Our people and pastors there have the heroism of the martyrs.

One-half of all the churches (including town and city) in the Gulf States, have neither windows nor fires. There are about five hundred churches of all denominations within the Dalton District, Georgia Conference. The value of these houses does not average much over twenty-five dollars each. Many of these are mere log huts without windows or fires. In the Gulf States but few religious services are held in the winter outside of the towns. Morgantown, Buchanan, Guntersville, and other villages which are county seats, have not, and never had, any church of any sort or denomination.

The Church South intends to drive us out, but we can not leave there any more than we can leave India. The Church South is to-day not so strong in its members by two-fifths as in 1844, nor in moral strength by three-fifths, nor in money by four-fifths. The calm laymen of that Church say we are their only hope and must abide. We have settled in that country, and intend to move from there to heaven—when we move at all. Methodism was never known to let go when she once had hold. Our brethren risk their lives, and we must give them forts with which to hold the country for Christ.

Go into the great West; yesterday a prairie, to-day a locomotive pushes by. The snort of the steed starts a city out of the ground. To-morrow there must be a church. The first people will control the community; we must come to their aid if we would hold the country for Christ. This certainly is His cause, to go in His spirit to these His purchased ones.

Standing by His Cross, raised for us, we can not do other than help His children. I read somewhere of two miners in a bucket being hoisted out of the shaft. They had come up several hundred feet, when they heard a

sharp twang and felt a little jar on the bucket. By a sort of horrible instinct they looked at the rope; one strand had broken, the others were unwinding. Both could not be carried up; one might. Which should die? That was the terrible question. Only a moment for choice. One of the miners was a Christian, the other was not. The Christian said: "I am ready to die, you are not; John, do n't let my children suffer," and sprang out of the bucket. The other was carried safely out. Think you he could ever see those orphans go hungry while he had a morsel? Christ, dying, says: "Do n't let My children suffer." Can we gaze on the Cross and fail to do His work? The work of this Society is backed by this obligation and is Christlike in its unselfish beneficence.

4. *There is another argument for this Society in its Results.* He that giveth the increase must be with it. It is only the good ground that yields thirty or sixty or a hundred-fold. There has been some feeling in some sections that this Society was not doing much; but such feeling must depend upon the views of the demand rather than of the actual work. Too much has been expected and too little has been done. But I would ask, would there not

have been much greater disappointment from the old way of irresponsible begging? Compare our figures with the other societies. This Society was organized in 1864, in 1869 raised by collection about \$60,000 and for the Loan Fund about \$114,000 on subscription; aided seventy-nine Churches in about twenty-six States and Territories, and in 1870 over \$100,000 aided one hundred and seventy Churches in thirty-six different States and Territories, extending from Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf.

The Baptist Union, with a membership of one million two hundred and twenty-two thousand, raised in the first thirteen years only \$30,000. In 1869 they raised over \$100,000, aided fifty Churches in seventeen States. The Congregational Union, organized in 1852, raised, in 1869, \$50,000. The Presbyterian Church, in both branches, raised, in 1869, \$73,000; aided one hundred and twenty-five Churches. It seems to me that we have great reason to rejoice at the rapid strides we have made, and take new courage for the future.

The returns that come in from the investments are marvelous. When \$50 will secure a church to accommodate three hundred persons and give a home to a believing society, there

can remain no doubt of this readiness of the harvest. Reports from seven charges show that the investment given by donation and loan, \$1,417.67, secures \$11,430 worth of church property, makes seatings for two thousand one hundred and forty, and homes for seven hundred and twenty-seven members, with one hundred and seventy-four probationers, having one hundred and twenty-two conversions and two hundred and twenty-five additions to the Churches in a year. Surely this must be good soil. If you want to do good with your money, here is your chance. It could not but bear vast increase. A church is a home, and so must win the homeless. It is a fort; the party within must hold the country. Raids may agitate and alarm a people, but nothing less than well-planted forts can subjugate a land; and our mission is to hold the country for our Lord Jesus Christ.

5. *This Society is Christlike in the laws of its beneficence.* It gives on principle. It does not see the individual hand that is extended for aid; it only knows that aid is needed. It does not dole out its gifts to the pressing solicitor simply to get rid of him, doubting a little his genuineness, and doubting more whether he can raise enough to pay

his expenses. It takes the fact of need and pays its money into the hands of men whose business is to know the necessities of each case and see to it that the money has safe transit to its destiny. The great need of the Church is the universal application of this law of giving on principle. Could all Christian men come up to this elevated and simple standard, and the Lord's treasury receive its just dues, to use the peculiar and ultimate argument of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Verily, verily, I say unto you," this generation should not pass away till the Kingdom of Heaven would be fully come. We have too little systematic and intelligent giving. We look at the *zeal* of the beggar and then at the liberality of our brothers. We strike a sort of balance between these, and then extract the cube root to see how little we can give and get any sleep. This Society goes all over the land, from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf, and hunts out the needs of all the people. It finds out how much is absolutely indispensable to the work. Then it goes over all the income reports of the saints to see how much we can give. Then, prayerfully, and by its best judgment, it divides up this need for this ability, and tremblingly in God's name asks us to give it. Now, it does

seem to me that this is Christ-like in its law. He always asks how much He can do for us; this ought to be our inquiry. You walk out on a beautiful afternoon with your little brother; now he has your hand, next he is running alone, and so you go on together, you two, cradled on one knee, having the same blood. By some mischance he is knocked down and a loaded cart stops on him. There he is under the wheel, sinking into the mud; you look into his face; that is enough; the blackened skin and starting eyes and contorted features tell the story. That cart-wheel must be lifted. Do you say to the by-standers, "I will lift my share?" Do you calculate how little you can lift, and have the others lift the rest? No, you spring the wheel, crying: "Come here! here! help! quick! quick!" You seize the wheel and straighten every muscle and cord, and by the inspiration of your anguish the wheel goes up. Our brothers are being crushed. We have only to ask, "How much can we lift?" This is God's law.

THE PHYSICIAN

SEEN FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A LAYMAN

Delivered at the Commencement of the Medical College
of San Francisco in 1891.

THE PHYSICIAN

SEEN FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A LAYMAN

A FEW months ago we and our fellow townsmen crowded the shore and covered the bay to see the *Charleston* slide from the land into the sea. It was a most impressive and inspiring spectacle. As the steel monster leaped into the waves, shaking the foam from her prow, we held our breath, and our hearts almost stood still. A new king had been crowned, a new force had been turned loose to roam at large over the high seas, and ask all evil-doers the reason why, and give all enemies the reason why not. It was a short glance and a brief prophecy to see her defending our homes and harbor and coast and honor. We found ourselves poised between the wonders of her construction and the wonders of her mission. Sixty centuries of science were welded into her steel garments and mighty engines and cunning appointments and accurate displacements and supple movement and resistless projectiles. From these mysteries

our thought sprang forward upon the history she shall write with her prow. We saw her like a hound running down the fleeing foe, or sinking the haughty invader, or pushing up under the eyes of threatening nations, like the defiant fist of a great free-fighting race. As I gazed at her, lying on the sea, light as a gull, beautiful as a swan, swift as a shark, resistless as a leviathan, I uncovered my head, saying: "Wonderful factor of life and death! More wonderful still the brain that created you! Most wonderful of all the Supreme One who eventuated and potentialized that brain!" So this hour I stand on this honorable and historic platform, gazing at these cruisers now being launched upon the shoreless sea of human weakness and want. As they glide down these steps into the actual storms and voyages of life, my interest is too intense for statement. I am divided between the wonder of the infinite patience and skill of these high workmen who have wrought the common human clay that came into their hands three years ago in these shapely and promising potentialities, and the wonder of the all-enduring patience for the patients and the patience of the patients that shall make up the achievements of the oncoming future. I see these

men clad in the armor you have wrought upon them, impelled by the forces you have stored within them, and inspired by the spirit you have breathed into them, pushing out into the great currents of life to confront our mortal enemies, to stand in the breach where crowding perils threaten, and sit quietly in the slaughter-pens where deaths reach the familiarity of companionship. I am compelled to admire the skilled forces that are here liberated in human society, and wonder at the greater skill that has caused and liberated them, and adore the Supreme Wisdom that has made it so great a dignity to belong to a rational race.

I know that these new doctors are in the soft veal of their profession. Yet I am anxious to honor them for what they are to be. For who can say that it may not yet be my highest good fortune to secure their services in that critical hour that for us all is only a question of time. Young men, if we do meet at that Philippi, remember that I want you to come at the top of your possibilities and give me a new chance, a new lease of life.

With these personal relations settled and established, I want now to tell you what a layman thinks about you and your profession.

It is a great and honorable profession. It is great in its great men. It is fair to demand the production of great workers, great characters, great leaders, of any profession that aspires to a foremost rank. It would be easy to find great names, from Galen to Harvey and to Lister, but I will not give a catalogue of these worthies. The peculiar studies of this profession cause the profession to overflow into other fields. It not only has a full quota of renowned men in each age and in each generation when there has been any intellectual activity at all, but it has given a helping hand to lift men into other saddles. Not a few of the great leaders in the different departments of science are the just product of the medical profession. They are known to the admiring world by their achievements in some highway or byway of science. But those who come nearest to them know that this profession opened the door to them. It seems not too much to say that the domain of knowledge owes the larger part of its advances to physicians and missionaries. These often work back to back, but they work and march into new fields and meet in the antipodes. By a curious turn of thought your profession frequently kindles great beacon lights that give

their radiance to my profession. Among my late great colleagues the renown of Bishop Simpson and Bishop Wiley are enough to establish the claim of the physicians to fair consideration. The Great Physician was early followed by Luke, the skillful physician, and He has had hosts of heralds ever since, who widened and strengthened their intellectual forces in the study of medicine.

This profession is great in the materials used. We have one standard of measurement for men based on what they handle and master. The man who never rises above a saw-buck or a plow-handle is graded by his work. The cowboy is under the same law. The machinist who turns bars and bands of steel into all the cunning utilities of our civilization climbs up the scale of life. The jeweler creating the rich ornaments from the precious metals has a cost-mark of his own. What shall we say of the physician who works on this most wonderful of all substances; viz., living tissue? Nerve tissue is the most costly substance known in the universe. It can be put to more varied and delicate uses than anything else. It takes longer to build it up. It costs most to produce it. It brings the highest price in the mart of Nature. It is difficult to grade too highly the

workmen who manipulate these delicate and costly materials.

The October *Harper's* gives a detailed account of how a surgeon transformed an idiot into a bright child, with a soul and a chance. A few cuts across the skull not far from the lines where Nature sews her life seams let in the light. The feet and hands straightened out and acted under purpose, the eye caught the light of intelligence, and the *thing* was wrought over in a single month into a *man child*.

A little boy in Brooklyn fell from the dooryard fence. Soon he was changed from the best to the worst of boys. There was no living with him. He was taken to the hospital. The doctor lifted out a little piece of his skull. Soon he recovered his former gentleness and was as lovable as before his fall. I have seen other children and some adults that ought to be sent to that Brooklyn hospital.

I doubt not there are scores of divorced and wretched people in our beautiful city that would have been living together in honor and happiness if they could have fallen into the hands of the doctors instead of the lawyers.

It is too early, I fear it may always be too early, as with Koch's remedy, to say that

the bichloride of gold will supplant or superannuate the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but this much is manifest, that if any medical treatment will take the fever of liquor out of a man's blood and neutralize his appetite for alcohol, then it will restore the victim to a better probation and give him a better chance for achieving moral character. Surely it must be a great profession that works in such costly materials and produces so much like the products from God's workshop, so much like the achievements of His re-creating grace.

The medical profession is great in its spirit. This, after all, is the supreme test. The quality of one dollar is the same as the quality of a million dollars. The difference is not one of use, but of numbers; not one of quality, but of quantity. Talents, like possessions, receive their moral character not from their greatness, but from their use. Physicians hold a high rank by the spirit of their labor. The *Hippocratic Oath* has run its high purpose through the profession. Not every doctor lives up to it. Not every Christian adorns his Church and honors his creed. But it is good soil that will make such an Oath possible.

God's order is this: "Judged by the deeds

done in the body." Applied to physicians, I must give them a high rank in character. They do a larger per cent of purely charitable and unremunerated labor than any other class of men in the round of my acquaintance. They are pulled out of their warm beds and hurried through dark and filthy streets into poor hovels and sheds to perform the most unpleasant and repulsive duties, at all hours of the night, in all sorts of weather, with the least chance of financial profit. They spend hours and nights in most disagreeable places, laboring with the least desirable people, in contact with the most dangerous diseases. Their charities cost them something. The gift of money, if one has much, may not be costly. I never reflect upon the sacrifices and charities of an average physician without thinking of the Great Physician, who went into soul-healing through body-healing. You have a magnificent opportunity for maturing the highest Christian virtues. While I am charmed with the great bulk and abundance of noble work done by physicians, it is not necessary for me to forget that these acts of charity afford only opportunities for the maturing of virtues, not necessarily the virtues themselves. Let us not be deceived. We are too familiar with the

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nexus between motive and virtue, a nexus so strong that no power known in the universe can sever it, to find reward independent of the intent. If you will come into my lecture-room as I am now in yours, I will tell you that salvation is the gift of God, and being saved by grace we are rewarded according to our works. Maintaining a life-touch with the Great Physician, you can, through that love of God which "is broader than the measure of man's mind," transform these wondrous works of love and good-will into sources of everlasting rewards. This is my sermon to-night.

You, many of you, remember little "All Right," who traveled with a troop of Japanese jugglers. He used to perform on the trapeze, and especially on a long pole which his father held. The performance was made hideous by the pounding and clatter of Japanese music. But through all the performance and with all the music, the father gave forth a minor chord that penetrated the boy's ear in spite of all the din and kept his attention. He listened to that, and forgot the perils of his position and the clatter of the Japanese music. It assured him of his father's care and steadied him for every effort. I ask you to accept my little sermon to-night as a minor chord run-

ning through this talk, that may give you a glimpse of the fact that "the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

The average physician stands head and shoulders above men of other secular callings in the faithfulness with which he attends to the poor and rich alike, in the liberality with which he often furnishes the needed medicines which the poverty whose summons he has obeyed is unable to procure. Often these men tarry, in spite of their weariness, in these uncomfortable and pestilent quarters, to act as nurses when other help can not be secured. The appeals to them come, like cries on the field after a battle, as a most exhausting tax upon the nerves. Surely this must be a great profession, measured by its heroic and exalted spirit, and by its opportunities for achieving eternal rewards.

The medical profession is great in the courage of its membership. Courage is no mean virtue. It is not limited to charges on battlefields. It is not monopolized by the bulldog who takes hold and does not know how to let go. It is not confined to the blind determination of the grizzly bear. It partakes of a higher element. It rises into the field of moral purpose and personal sacrifice.

It is possessed of calculations. It sees the danger and marches up to it. That is the courage that characterizes the young man who deliberately selects the profession of medicine and sits down to earn bread and fame in that field.

It is the most *overcrowded* of all the learned professions, if we rule begging and tramping out of the list of the learned professions. To enter it requires the courage of a soldier and the repose of a philosopher. Think of the United States, with only sixty million people, sustaining and operating about twice as many medical colleges as all the great empires of Europe and Asia with a population of one billion. Our sixty millions of people employ over one hundred thousand physicians, one for every six hundred persons. In France, according to Dr. Doering, there is one to two thousand; in Austria, one to twenty-five hundred; in Germany, one to three thousand; in Italy, one to thirty-five hundred; in Sweden, one to seventy-five hundred. If there is any moral in these figures, this must be true. If Europe is properly doctored, then there must be in America either a great many sick people or a great many sick physicians. The prizes must be very great, though not so

numerous. It must be like mining; the one mine in twenty-four hundred must be a great success to float so many corpses. The prizes for the physicians ought to be very great to reward them for their severe labors and narrow chances. None but heroes need enter this field.

The medical profession is great in its possibilities. It is the *most progressive* of the learned professions. Theology does advance, but most of our successful advances are like the apparent advance of the crawfish, backward—backward toward the Word of God; forward indeed to better interpretations and to wider and wiser brotherhoods. Law advances only with the state of the public mind. It keeps step with the wish or thought of the people. Medicine seems to push on by a law of its own. It has no supreme authority simply needing interpretation. It has a wide field of experiment. Its experiments are guesses. With so great an army of experimenters and all the race to experiment upon, it would be worse than the total depravity of inanimate things if double sixes did not come up occasionally.

I need not take much time in pointing out these fortunate throws. Yesterday doctors are

said to have prescribed by streets. All the sick people on A Street must be bled to-day, and all the sick people on B Street must take an emetic. Then to-morrow the order is changed and the streets reversed. Now the physicians prescribe according to the individual case, not for the whims of the patient, but according to the facts of the disease. Not every young doctor can correctly interpret the sounds he hears in listening to the voices from within the physical nature of his patient, and it is often very costly to teach him this new language. It is said that it takes a peck of eyes to make an oculist. Yet that peck saves bushels of other eyes. A worthy doctor does not regard himself equipped till he has learned the language of the healthy and diseased nature. In these days he does master that occult language and directs the relief forces along the available approaches to the center of the strife.

Every yard of the modern journey of this great profession is marked by some wonderful discovery. The *stethoscope* itself in importance is not much behind the discovery of the circulation of the blood. How many songs of life and death it sings to the practiced ear! Who can estimate the value to the suffering

race of the use of the microscope? A single glance at a single tissue from some tumor has given unconditional discharge from the prison house of fear, as the doctor has known with absolute certainty that the tumor is not cancerous.

We have no arithmetic with which to compute the relief and comfort that have been secured by the discovery and use of *anæsthetics*. I had rather be the author of that blessing for my kind than of any other physical comfort. The only thing I can place above it is the displacement of a malignant Pagan fatalism by a free gospel of peace. In my youth I was pulled around the office of a country doctor by a stubborn back tooth for two hours, till I tired out the stoutest doctor in the county. Do n't you think I would gladly have given my last penny to have pontooned that chasm with harmless unconsciousness? Not long ago I went into the office of a scientific physician with fear and trembling to have my throat burned out. He swabbed it with cocaine, which only tickled a little. In a few moments I smelt something, like cooking beefsteak or veal cutlet; rather an agreeable sensation, and the trouble was all over. Add to the quietness of the great army of sufferers under the sur-

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geon's knife the increased certainty of success that the improved conditions give him, and you have a debt of gratitude due from the race to this great profession that even the gold of our beloved California could not discharge.

Who can enumerate the blessings to countless homes in the continued care and love of the mother that have been secured by the triumphs in *ovariotomy*? Think of the faces that have been made presentable and happy by *skin-grafting*! See the great army of useful men and women whose limbs or spines have been straightened and strengthened. Wait till you look upon the apparently warping spine of your infant son, and in one moment see him twisted into an interrogation mark, an interrogation mark which with despairing and almost rebellious hand you dash upon the front of the very throne of God, and then feel every drop of your blood boil up into one purpose and every fiber of your being twist up into one everlasting determination at all costs to leave him above want and certain of social recognition; then you will have some faint idea of what this great profession is worth in a life where Nature's defeated harmonies often need restoring. See the advances made in the preparation of the remedies! In-

stead of the coarse barks and bitter and flooding teas, which made the springtimes of our youth a horrid nightmare, now, when we must be remedied, we have some delicious extract that gives us no trouble. It may be heroic to insist on nasty doses for others, but we would like to have their advocates take them. The doctors and the schoolmasters have advanced a thousand years in my short lifetime. Then we wanted to cry when we saw either; now our children mourn if we are prevented from seeing them.

The luminous path up which this profession has come to its present character is only a promise of infinitely more useful achievements in the future. The vast storehouse of Nature's resources is at hand. Its key hangs at the belt of the intelligent experimenter. Surely, with such chances for development and with such a momentum of success, this must be a great profession. Honor to whom honor is due!

Having said so much about your profession, allow me to say something to you—things suggested by my standpoint as a layman. Allow me to follow the order of a sermon once repeated to me from the text, "Enoch walked

with God, and he was not, for God took him." After an introduction on the points that Enoch was no idle vagabond because he walked, he did not ride, and he was a believer in God because he walked and did not run, the preacher said, we will now tell what *Enoch was not*, for the text says he was not; first, he was not a Baptist, because he walked, he did not swim; second, he was not a Presbyterian, because he walked with God; third, he was a roaring and shouting old Methodist, because God took him. Without adopting the spirit of this sermon, which shows zeal at the expense of breadth, we will only borrow the form and tell you what we do not want in a physician, *what our physician is not*.

1. He is not *on the side-track*. We have seen engines about the great depots that made a great deal of noise, pushing and pulling, going and backing, ringing the bell, and taking on just as if they were actually going somewhere. But they are not. They are only running up and down on the side-track behind the depot. They never go anywhere, unless it be when some real engine pulls them into a repair shop. Some doctors are always on the side-track. They are switched off by politics or

by some speculations. Back in the old days, when Chicago had only eighty thousand inhabitants instead of its eleven hundred or twelve hundred thousand, I used to see a physician who speculated in canal lands, and he gave his pills on canal time—one quarter down and the rest in one, two, and three years. He made more money out of land than out of pills, but he ceased to be a physician. Our doctor avoids the side-track.

2. *He is no mere hobbyist.* I can find a great physician who, they say, will cut your palate if you have the leg ache. I know another, who, they say, will cut your eyeballs if you have corns. In old days the physician, the barber, and the midwife were practitioners in separate parts of this great profession, and each was punctilious not to do or know anything that belonged to the others. But now the physician is supposed to round up all this knowledge in one bosom. He may not practice surgery and midwifery, but he knows thoroughly about the practice of each. If you perfect yourself in some specialty, let that specialty be backed and sustained by a thorough knowledge of your great profession. There is but one Shasta on the earth, rising out of a plain. The highest peaks rise out of vast

ranges. The peaks standing alone are over-estimated. Measured, they are usually only hills or hillocks.

3. *He is not a theologian.* Now and then a superior man masters one profession, then masters another, but these are rare exceptions. Our doctor does not dabble in theology as if he were an authority. That is work for all the faculties and all the forces of the greatest minds. The doctor who is to help best in the hand-to-hand struggle for life has not those forces to spare. When I want medicine I want it prescribed by a regular physician. I do not want a quack about me. When you want theology, go to a regular theologian and get a good article. Quacks in theology are as offensive and harmful as quacks in medicine.

4. *He is not a skeptic.* There is an opinion abroad in certain quarters that physicians are usually skeptics. This is an overstatement. Many physicians have drifted from their moorings on many things taught by theologians. But a large per cent of the leading minds in the profession are in hearty accord with the principal doctrines of the Bible. Many of the greatest lights, like N. S. Davis, of Chicago, and leading men in the faculty of this college, have a personal acquaintance with

saving grace. In a revival in a community in Ohio a young lawyer professed to be converted. At the close of the meetings the pastor was receiving the converts into the Church. The young lawyer did not come forward to unite with the Church. When asked why he did not, he said: "I can not. You know I am a lawyer." The preacher said: "Come along, you are not lawyer enough to hurt." So it happens in this profession that some who are not doctor enough to hurt or are just enough to hurt count themselves as skeptical. There are some great characters who are not in loyal support of Christianity. It is one of the penalties paid by exclusive or exacting attention to one great department of truth. Other departments do not have a fair chance. Alexander von Humboldt, busy all his life with the scientific study of the material sides of the world, said: "I am of the religion of all men of science," as if all men of science ever had anything in common. His equally great brother, William, studying the problems of life and society, of human wants and human history, bore simple testimony to Christianity. If all the energies are drawn off in one channel, they will not be found in some other as abundant. While this profession furnishes its

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full share of doubters, yet we do not want an atheist or skeptic as our physician. Approximately correct ideas of God, of accountability, of the moral government, of heaven, of hell, of the judgment and of eternity, can not but enlarge the mind and set it about the work of life with renewed vigor. There is some comfort in feeling that your doctor believes in God and is in league with his Providence and with events. One feels the steadiness and sustaining power of an enlightened conscience to be great allies in the struggle for life, where every atom of energy and every possible advantage must be utilized. It is also assuring to know that the inner and private history of one's family are in the keeping of a conscientious man. Build we never so carefully our houses and homes, yet sooner or later we must hand over the key to the family physician. It means much to all of us, Christian or non-Christian, to know that that key is held in the hand of a great moral obligation as under the scrutiny of the Supreme Ruler, to whom a strict account must be rendered. Our doctor is not a skeptic.

5. *He is a man.* He is a *manly* man. He is robust in body and mind. He does not threaten to outrun the patient and get into the

grave first. He is a substantial, broad-souled, many-sided man, who is too large for the little trickeries and pettinesses of life. He imparts vigor to us by the enswathements of his presence and greatness.

6. *He is a wise, scholarly man.* He keeps up with his calling. He keeps in touch with the leaders of his profession. He is at home with all the new achievements in his science. We excuse but few mistakes in him. Napoleon said a blunder in a field marshal is the worst of crimes. So our doctor must make no blunders, or the fewest possible, none that any one else could avoid. We have too much at issue. We read the little girl's composition on anatomy, in which she says that anatomy consists of three cavities; the first is called the *skull*, and is intended to contain the brains, if they have any; the second is called the *thorax*, and contains the heart, lungs, and giblets; the third is called the *bowels*, of which there are five, A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y. We smile at this bright ignorance. But when we hear a young doctor say: "Well, if that patient has caught the convalescence, it will go hard with him, for people seldom survive that complication," then we shudder. Our doctor must not make serious mistakes. Dr.

Arnold, lecturing before the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Baltimore, says: "A distended bladder is mistaken for dropsy; a tumor for pregnancy; strangulated hernia for colic and constipation; tubercular meningitis for gastric derangement; effusion into the right pleura for enlarged liver." Our doctor must have such thorough acquaintance with his business that he will not make such blunders in treating us. We are glad to have him gentlemanly and neat and well dressed and compact and held closely together in his raiment, body and mind, but he must know his business and be able to do the best possible for us every time he does anything.

7. *Our doctor must have character.* This is the sum of all other gifts, abilities, acquirements, appearances. This rounds up all else. I remember to have read in the address of the honored President of this noble institution, delivered on the occasion of the dedication of this building, these wise words: "Your Faculty strongly believe and diligently teach that the professional character is sadly incomplete unless high scientific training be conjoined with equally high morals." In emphasizing the value of character, we distinguish charac-

ter from reputation. For reputation is only the appearance; character is the substance; reputation is the dust which frightened swine may start in the street; character is the diamond that sparkles on the brow of royalty; reputation is the breath of the mob; character is the verdict of God; reputation is the meteor that flashes a moment athwart the gloom and vanishes in the darkness. Character is the sun that blazes on in the firmament forever and forever. Our doctor must have this divine patent of nobility that will make him the younger brother of the truth itself, so that truth everywhere will be in league with him and adhere to him.

Gentlemen of this ancient and noble profession, brother toilers on the plains of time, we are all alike sent to till and keep the farm of the world. Some of the workers in their haste about the stumping and clearing of this farm do not come near enough to the great paternal mansion to hear the music and enjoy the feast, but they are helping to subdue the wild farm. It is not the best use of our energies to club each other. Let no worker be clubbed from the farm. God can be trusted to distribute the pennies, even though it be in the shade and cool of the evening.

THE SEAL OF THE COVENANT

Written on behalf of a Committee appointed by the Board
of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church
as an appeal for a week of prayer, and
published March 1, 1900.

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WE, the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after careful review of the work and prayerful self-examination, ask the Church to unite with us in a week of fasting or abstinence and prayer, that the spiritual life of all our members may be renewed and deepened; that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon us as a Church and as individuals so abundantly that every member may have the witness of the Spirit to adoption, and to fullness and completeness of redemption in Christ Jesus; and that the unsaved members of our families and our unsaved neighbors may be converted and brought into the Church; and that all our ministers may have such a baptism of power that God's word, spoken by their mouths, may have such success that it may never be spoken in vain, but be followed by results bringing glory to God's name and spiritual power to His Church; and that wisdom and a sound mind may be given to the General Conference for all its deliberations,

and that its decisions may insure the enlargement of Christ's spiritual kingdom.

The Marquis of Argyll, one of Scotland's noblest heroes, a statesman and a leader, brave and resolute, openly committed himself to the cause of Protestantism and signed the Solemn League and Covenant. He became the recognized leader in council and in the field. Captured and imprisoned, he was sentenced to death. He spent the last morning busily attending to last things and receiving his friends for the last time. He was marching up to the last hour with the courage of a soldier and the quiet firmness of a Stoic. Away in a remote part of Edinburgh, in a private room, his devoted wife and pastor were on their knees before God, praying: "O Lord, seal unto him now Thy covenant, and say unto him, '*Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee.*'" At this very hour the marquis in his prison-room walked over to the fireplace and was poking the fire, when suddenly he turned round, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed to his friends: "*This will not do. I must declare what the Lord has just done for my soul. He has this very instant sealed my charter in these words, 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are*

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forgiven thee.' " The triumph of his martyrdom illumined all the sky of Scotland. Who can tell how much Protestantism owes to that devoted wife and pastor?

METHODISM CONFRONTING A SERIOUS SITUATION.

To-day our Methodism confronts a serious situation. Our statistics for the last year show a decrease in the number of our members. Year before last our advance was checked. Last year our advance column has been forced back a little. The lost ground is paved with the dead. We are surrounded by powerful enemies. The attack is on every side. It is high time for every Methodist to take himself or herself to prayer, to call mightily on God for help, that each one may know for himself that he is accepted of God, that in this testing time each one may hear the Lord say, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee."

Methodism was called into being to teach and illustrate the seal of the covenant, the witness of the Spirit, and that to every state of grace, conviction, justification, regeneration,

adoption, and sanctification. As Protestantism really began when Martin Luther, on his knees, climbing the *Scalæ Sanctæ* in Rome, heard the Lord say, "The just shall live by faith," so Methodism really began when John Wesley, studying the Epistle to the Galatians, "felt that strange warming in his heart," and knew that he was adopted into the heavenly family, having the witness of the Spirit whispering within, "Abba, Father." Methodism began in experience. It has been strong in a personal conviction, deeper than logic, more certain than argument, as deep as the very depths of personal consciousness. It has, therefore, never been obliged to go away from home to learn about itself; nor has it ever had schism or quarrel about doctrine. It has illustrated the statement, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." There are many saints in the world who have the seal of the covenant and know that their sins are forgiven, who do not know that they are essentially Methodists, and testify that their sins are forgiven. And there are now, unhappily, many Methodists who lack present knowledge of New Testament salvation. They have slipped a cog in their experience, and, like many old families, who have to date

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back to some buried ancestor to find their virtue and title to their nobility, have to date back to some dead experience to find their assurance and title to spiritual nobility.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE STATISTICS.

It is this slipped cog in our experience that ails our statistics. We have much else worthy of thought and needing attention. But let us not be deceived or diverted. The difficulty is right here. When we talk about other things and enumerate our hindrances as explanations of our statistics, we are imitating the logic of the old Middle Age theologian who said: "The reason why God did not make the world better was not on account of any lack of power in Him, but on account of certain stubbornness in the materials." In our case it is simply lack of spiritual power, of personal experience, lack of the witness of the Spirit, lack of the seal of the covenant, that makes the difficulties so prominent. There are no hard cases with God. Faith, like a grain of mustard seed, removes mountains. The old faith "laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It must be done."

THE OPPORTUNITY OF METHODISM.

We have much for which we should render glad thanks to God. His providence has given us a great task in this New World civilization. Our opportunity is as wide as the republic, as wide as Anglo-Saxon dominion, as wide as "the world." God has "set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Opportunity is power. It is for us to determine whether we will enter in and reign, or hesitate and let another take our crown. We have a great spiritual ancestry; we are born of heroes. We are the heirs of the men "who turned the world upside down." We inherit their weapons, their armor, their defenses, their fields, their foes, their banners, and their obligations. We must not fail to perpetuate their spirit, duplicate their scars, and match their victories. We have vast resources—church property estimated by the hundred million dollars; Church members, more than two million; Sunday-school children, nearly as many more. We have missions in every quarter of the globe and in almost every important country. We have great organized benevolences in nearly every field of human want. We have successful revivals reported

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from hundreds of our Churches. We bow with grateful hearts, remembering what God has done for us. But when we see how little we have done for Him, how we are retreating in spite of all our appliances, we feel our lack of power, and we can only fall on our faces and cry to Him to have mercy upon us and “not cut us down, but spare us another year,” and dig about us and fertilize us and see if we will not do better. We can hear Him “who walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and carrieth the stars in His hands,” saying to us, as to the beleagured Church in old Ephesus: “I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: . . . and hast borne, and hast patience, and for My name’s sake hast labored, and hast not fainted. *Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.* Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.” O God, pity us and give us, as far as we can bear it, some approximate sense of our poverty and helplessness and need of Thee!

THE GREATEST NEED OF METHODISM.

Our greatest need is the sense of our need. Quietness is not security. A man sleeping in his boat drifting in the rapids of Niagara may dream that he is a child again, rocked by his mother's hand. But that dream will not change the fact that he is shooting like an arrow toward death. It is possible to so embrace and hug a fatal error that we may carry it in our arms to the judgment bar as proof of the justness of our condemnation. We must take "heed how we hear" and "what we hear," and, hearing, heed. God's Word warns us concerning some who "received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness" (2 Thess. ii, 10-12). Let us beseech God to show us ourselves as we are, that we may properly realize our need.

Let us not deceive ourselves. This decline in our membership is not an accident. It comes from a sufficient cause. *That cause is the slipping cog in our experience, our lack of spiritual power.*

SPIRITUAL FAMINE IN THE CHURCH, AND ITS SYMPTOMS.

The heroes who starved in the old prison pens had many signs of their famine. They became thin, raw-boned, stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested, and hollow-eyed. Their joints were stiff, their bones ached, and their muscles were sore. They lost all the signs of youth. These were not distinct disease. They were only symptoms of one awful disease—*famine*. Suitable and sufficient food would drive away this horrible brood of ailments and restore youth with its beauty and power. So it may be in our Church life. We have one dire disease—*spiritual famine*—lack of the witness of the Spirit, lack of personal experience, lack of spiritual power. And the symptoms are many and varied, but the disease is one. We will only enumerate some of the symptoms.

The gulf between capital and labor threatens us on both sides. On one side, “not many mighty, not many noble, are called.” On the other, strange forces are alienating the poor. The labor unions, organized most compactly, are much influenced by men hostile to the Church. Their gatherings are generally on

the Sabbath, thus keeping the men out of our reach.

The submerged tenth has been allowed to pass out to other agencies. We seem in some places above our business.

One border of this Church has been frayed out by the thin speculations and vagaries of Christian Science.

The powerful camp-meetings of our fathers have been superseded in many localities.

The literature found in our homes is too often too light to nourish strong religious characters. Books that furnish the companions for our youth are not selected with the same care with which we choose their friends.

Amusements are sought after as if they were a necessity. Like little children, people of all ages think they must be amused.

The moral and spiritual forces of the Church, necessary for the building of great and Christlike characters, seem to be side-tracked. In many places the spirit of the world is dominant, instead of "the spirit which is of God." With some of our people the services of God's house receive attention when it is convenient. Inclination is toward society and its enticements. Self-denial is not always practiced.

The searching of the heart, that must precede every great work of revival, is often avoided as the fanaticism of a past age. Revivals, studied only in their most ridiculous phases, are sometimes ridiculed as the ephemeral phenomena of shallow natures. Thus some of our Churches are contented to nurse their dignified uniformity and neutrality, and so fail in their saving work.

In some sections criticism is extended to everything sacred. The preaching and the preacher are handled in the home circle with severity. The family is trained to regard the services of the sanctuary as common and routine. Our children are robbed of their respect for the Church, and the Church is robbed of their presence.

Higher criticism attacks the Bible itself, denying its supernatural character and divine authority. While this higher criticism is limited to a few centers, yet its influence is filtered down through much of our literature, taking the authority out of the teaching and the power out of the preaching. The Bible loses its divine authority. Sin loses its fatal sting. The law loses its sanction, and God's government is reduced to a few rules concerning æsthetics.

These are among the principal symptoms indicating the famine that enervates our Zion. We are retreating, when we should advance at double-quick to keep abreast of the rushing events of our time. The trouble is in the slipping cog in our experience, our lack of power. The old heroes who fought Calvinism with a short sword, and scattered the forces of ridicule and social contempt with a "Thus saith the Lord," would have coveted a contest with these little difficulties.

METHODISM MUST NOT TURN BACK.

With this feebleness upon us we are confronting a crisis. Asia is open to us. The ambitions of the great Powers and the demands for markets wide as the world may master and overlay with "circles of influence" all heathen territory in the next few decades. Our Methodism can not turn back. No matter how much we may covet the more quiet policy, the die is cast. God is asking Methodism, "Will you see and seize your day of opportunity?" The Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church and the Lutheran Church and the Church of England have great histories, and have served in the devel-

opment of Christ's kingdom, but we do not look to them for the evangelization and spiritual quickening of the world. In the maturing of Christian life we have reached a point where weighty responsibilities rest upon the Protestantism of America. Methodism, born with the republic and strengthened with the nation, can not now break step. She is forced, with the discipline of a century and a quarter, to march with the nation's flag and the nation's commerce. Whatever be the duty of the nation, our duty at least is clear to enter every open door. We are in a crisis. We must carry the gospel into these old lands and new fields. Are we ready? Is our spiritual life up to the requirement? Are we keeping our spiritual life so strong and pure that it can safely and successfully inoculate these great heathen empires? We seem to hesitate on the thresholds. May God give us courage and consecration and sacrifice and heroic leadership! This work must be done by this generation. Soon these empires will be preempted. These empires are vast forts; the forms of Christianity first in will have dominion. In the next generation it will be too late for us.

THE APPEAL IS TO GOD FOR HELP.

In the presence of these symptoms and our underlying spiritual famine, and in this stupendous crisis, our appeal is to God. He is able to speak us into life and restore our vigor, and restore His great salvation unto us as a people. The Church is the Lamb's Bride, and He is ever anxious to bestow upon her every good gift. Mr. Lincoln, in the dark days of the Civil War, said, "The way to get God on our side is to get on His side." This law holds forever over the Church.

Brothers in the ministry, the situation presses us to our closets and down onto our knees. The people are what we inspire and lead them to be. We are called of God, anointed of the Holy Ghost, and set apart by the Church to be the leaders in spiritual things. Our lives type the lives of the laity. If we are anxious about personal ends, about place or salary or grade, so as to do less than our best spiritually, the membership will sink to lower levels and become worldly. If we have not a passion for souls, our people will not agonize between the porch and the altar. In the beginning of our Church life the min-

isters went out into unoccupied fields and created a society, and found a preaching place as best they could. The preacher embodied the society. His word was law, his authority was the Bible and his divine commission. If men attached themselves to his society, it was to accept his teaching. His lot seemed hard and full of trials, but sorer trials have come to us in these days. Large churches and fine parsonages and welcoming societies await our coming, and we are spared many of the old cares and anxieties. But with these great appointments have come great influences to modify our work. We still hold our *first accountability to God*, but we are unconsciously *pressed with a secondary instrumental accountability to the pews*. The free lance of the itinerant is in danger of being lowered a little. We need more grace, more prayer, more courage, and more of the spirit of the martyrs than our fathers had, to walk in their exalted and kingly way among men. We have mightier agencies within our reach, mightier weapons to wield, and wider fields open to us than they had, and our responsibilities are measured by our opportunities. There never was a time when we had such

severe criticisms, such intense competition, such multiplied forms of activity as at present. The ages are rolled together at our feet, and the tide of events, freighted with destiny, is rushing by us. To be ministers for this age, we must be princes in Israel, prevailing in prayer, conspicuous in spiritual power, and ubiquitous in holy activities.

Brothers, in a critical time like this we must plant ourselves in the breach and call our Churches up about us. Our waving white plumes must indicate where our people can find the front.

THE CHURCH MUST CULTIVATE FAITH.

We must cultivate faith as recruits cultivate courage. The recruit, by forced fighting and frequent exposures, acquires indifference to peril. So we must cast ourselves upon the sword of promise till we acquire the habit of victory and the habit of assurance. The Spartan mothers inspired their sons with heroism by making them familiar with the achievements of their heroes. We can kindle the spirit of faith in ourselves and in our people by keeping ourselves and them familiar with the lives and victories of our spiritual

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heroes. We must have less skeptical inuendoes in our literature and less vagueness and uncertainty in our pulpits, and more of the triumphs of the saints and greater familiarity with the promises.

The Church is questioning about our retreat. We must answer with the bugle call to the front. We must lead to the experience of the seal of the covenant, the witness of the Spirit. We must emphasize the old and essential doctrines of the Bible. We must exhibit sin as the one thing which God hates, which overwhelms the unrepentant sinner in irretrievable ruin, against which the ocean of God's wrath flows forever like a shoreless sea of fire, from which there is but one escape, and that through faith in Jesus Christ. Men must be made to feel that they are lost and need salvation. They must be made to confront the judgment bar of Almighty God. They must know that a pardoning Savior is only for *penitent* sinners. The old gospel that has made its way through all the brutality of heathenism and through all the conceit and pride of skeptical philosophy for nineteen centuries, has not lost its power. Give it a chance.

The false prophets in the days of Jeremiah, who prophesied "peace, when there was no

peace," though pleasing to the king and princes in Jerusalem, did not save Jerusalem from the armies of Babylon, nor the king and his princes from slaughter. The false gospel of our times, which denies the malignity of sin, abolishes the terror of hell, and neutralizes the work of the Savior as unnecessary in settling human destiny, will prove helpless in the path of retribution, and leave its votaries and disciples without escape and without hope.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE LAITY.

Dear brothers and sisters of the laity, you are now very largely and increasingly the Church; you have increased responsibility. We are all co-workers with Christ. For this work we all greatly need the seal of the covenant, the witness of the Spirit testifying to our adoption into the heavenly family. We bear the name, wear the uniform, and carry the burdens of Methodism. It is our privilege to have her joy and assurance and conquering power. If we are not as useful as we wish we were, let us go into our closets of prayer and settle at once on whose side we are. Ask ourselves, Do we enjoy religion? People who have it, do.

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Brothers, as you pay the bills with hard-earned money, we ask you not to be content with less than the best of the wine. It is important to have a popular preacher with whom the Church will seem to run easily. But it is also more and supremely important to have a preacher who will give the pure gospel, instructing in spiritual things. Let us insist on being instructed in the work of God and in the plans and campaigns of the Church. Let us insist on being taught the art and practice of usefulness, of showing the power of grace, of teaching the beauty of this new life, and of soul-saving. True success turns on the spiritual life of both preacher and people.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF BELIEVERS.

The next great truth of Methodism after the witness of the Spirit is the *priesthood of believers*. Great laymen are great in business life, and also in prayer, in testimony, and in good works. As your chief pastors, we feel that we are rich in the material out of which great laymen are made. We appreciate your liberality; we are mindful of your abilities. But we feel that we and you are neglecting our richest resources in your undeveloped and

unmeasured capabilities for *individual Christian work*. Let us obtain and keep constantly the joy of the indwelling and witnessing Spirit. Then love of the great truths and doctrines of the Bible will make it difficult for any one to waste the too few hours of pulpit instruction with little, trifling themes of the passing hour. Let us insist on a vigorous diet in the presentation of the great truths for which heroic souls in every age have been willing to die. This is the diet on which stalwart characters are nourished and on which martyrs are matured. It will give a good, strong measurement to start with in the world to come. It will secure eminence in heaven. If you are receiving a mess of pottage for your birthright, the fault is your own. It is for us all to remember that, when the grasshopper is a burden in Church life and duty, then spiritual famine approaches a crisis. In our retreat in our statistics we must see danger signals.

It is our hope in such a time as this that we have a God who can do things. He is a covenant-making and a covenant-keeping God. He has a record of prayer-answering running through all the history of man. When we seek Him with all our heart He is

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found of us. He is anxious to bless the Church. Nevertheless, He will be inquired of by the House of Israel to do this thing for them.

CONQUEST BY SELF-SACRIFICE.

In this contest we conquer by dying. When we are willing to lose our lives, then we save them. Jeremiah was brought before the princes of Jerusalem for declaring that the city would certainly be destroyed, and the priests said: "This man is worthy to die; for he hath prophesied against this city." But Jeremiah said: "Amend your ways and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord your God; and the Lord will repent Him of the evil that He hath pronounced against you. *As for me, behold, I am in your hand; do with me as seemeth good and meet unto you.*" As God's prophets we must declare the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. Like Jeremiah, we are in the hands of the princes. Let them do what seemeth good and meet unto them. But our accountability is unto God. When we count ourselves out and the success of His cause in, we always win. When with the nervous hands of sacrifice we reach up in the

darkness, take hold of His promises, and hang there, letting the world spin round beneath us unheeded, willing to die, if need be, for the triumph of His cause, then we always prevail.

That Greek mother from Syro-Phœnicia overcame all obstacles. Her daughter was vexed with a devil, and she cried unto Jesus, "Have mercy on *me*." Her daughter's cause was her cause. Jesus walked away from her, not heeding her cry. Even the disciples interceded for her. Then her courage came up. Jesus rebuked them, saying: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the House of Israel." The very purpose under His coming was against her, a heathen woman. But, mother-like, she *must save her daughter*, law or no law, in spite of everything. So she came and worshiped Him, saying, "Lord, help *me*." Strangest words ever found on Jesus' lips! He said to her, as she knelt before Him: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." This was so different from all that had been told her of Jesus. He had never before refused one pleading sufferer. Yet she *must save her daughter*, and said, as she fell at His feet: "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their

master's table." Then Jesus said to her: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And her daughter was made whole from that very hour. Brothers, on our faces before God, confessing our own unworthiness, willing to be dogs if need be, that some of the crumbs of His infinite table may come to us, we shall certainly be heard for His Church, His bride, and we shall see her clothed in beauty and reigning in power. He will rebuke the adversary and make us a holy and conquering people.

Jesus came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, where He had talked with Moses and Elias concerning the world's redemption, to find His chosen disciples, the instruments with whom He was to save the world, defeated, powerless in the presence of one devil. The poor father whose son was tormented came kneeling to Jesus, saying: "Lord, have mercy on my son; for he is . . . sore vexed. . . . I brought him to Thy disciples, and they could not cure him." Jesus said: "Bring him hither to Me." And Jesus rebuked the devil, and the child was cured from that very hour. Like this poor father, if the disciples fail us, let us go di-

rectly to Jesus. Every man for himself securing the seal of the covenant, and we shall have a healed and holy and conquering Church.

WE MUST BETAKE OURSELVES TO PRAYER.

Jesus says: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." "And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do." "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." In one of the fishing seaports of New England the inhabitants gathered on the beach just at sundown to see a whaling vessel in the offing come in from her long three years' voyage. But an adverse wind sprang up and beat back the tacking craft. The wind was soon a gale, and as the night shut down it seemed impossible for the vessel to long survive. The anxious friends walked the beach and waited. But one poor woman, a widow, whose only son was on that craft, went away to her lonely cabin, and there on her knees she poured out her soul to God. She laid hold upon Him by faith, urging His

promises. All that terrible night she wrestled with God, and would not let Him go. Just at dawn her cabin door flew open, and in bounded a stout young man, who caught her up in his arms, saying: "Mother, I knew you would pray me ashore." Dearly beloved, in this troubled time, when the ship which contains all that is valuable to the race, all that makes the race valuable, is being beaten about and driven toward the breakers, we must partake ourselves to prayer, and plead the promises, and lay hold on God, crying: "We will not let Thee go unless Thou bless us." Then God will certainly bless us. We shall have power with men and with God, and shall prevail. And the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, will make us perfect, stablish, strengthen, and settle us.

Brothers, when we count ourselves as nothing, as dead, if need be, and cry unto God for Israel, we are always heard and answered. Our Methodism, by her history, by her experiences, by her doctrine, and by her past conquests, stands as a representative of supernatural power to save the lost. It is in the world as a convicting power. It means for the sinner repentance, faith, salvation, and a new life.

It means that God can save the worst, that He can take the poorest human material and make it over into good men, new saints—ultimately into angels. It must not be found at our doors that we let this Church die in our hands, and let supernatural power depart from our altars; that we let sinners cease to fear our gospel, and allow them to sport with us as with their own yoke-fellows, or laugh at us as at straw men. We must not be found dead on the highway, with a card pinned onto our bodies bearing the fingermarks of Satan, saying: “This man quenched the fire on the altars of Wesley and Asbury.” O Lord, only if Thou wilt forgive our sins, we are in Thy hand. Do with us whatever seemeth good and meet to Thee.

THE WEEK OF FASTING AND PRAYER,
MARCH 25TH TO APRIL 1ST.

Dear brothers and sisters in the Church, we ask you to set apart the days from March 25th to April 1st, inclusive, as a season of fasting or abstinence and prayer. We ask you to assemble yourselves in your accustomed places of worship at least once each day, humble yourselves before God, worship Him, per-

sonally lay aside every weight and the easily besetting sin, and make earnest supplication to Him. We ask, also, that in your private and family prayers you will daily implore God's mercy for the revival of His work of grace in each heart and throughout all our borders. Let us implore God for help that a family altar may be established in each Methodist home, where the Scriptures may be daily read and His blessing secured in rearing our children on His Word for Him, and also that in the time of our thank-offering we may bring to His altars at least two million penitent seekers who shall find peace and security in His Church.

DEDICATORY PRAYER AT OPEN- ING OF COLUMBIAN EXPO- SITION

Delivered at the invitation of the Commission of the
Columbian Exposition at the dedicatory ceremonies
held in Chicago, on Friday, October 21, 1892.

About one hundred and thirty-five thousand
persons were present in the Manu-
facturers' and Liberal Arts' Build-
ing, where the ceremonies
were held.

DEDICATORY PRAYER AT OPEN- ING OF COLUMBIAN EXPO- SITION

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, Thou art the one only true God, eternal, immortal, invisible, blessed over all for evermore. We come before Thee to worship Thee, to render unto Thee thanksgiving, to confess our helplessness, and to invoke Thy blessing upon us. Thou art God. Thou hast created all things. Thou hast made the world and all things therein. Thou art Lord of heaven and earth. Thou hast made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation. As a people whom Thou hast exalted, we worship Thee. Before the majesty of Thy power, and the all-consuming glory of Thy presence, angels and arch-angels veil their faces. Thrones and dominions and principalities and powers prostrate themselves. Yet we, the members of a fallen race, children of a wayward family, urged by our

dire necessities, encouraged by Thine unbreakable promises, emboldened by Thine infinite love, inspired by Thy life-giving Spirit, and sheltered by the all-sufficient atonement, press our way up to the very steps of Thy throne and worship Thee, because Thou hast told us that in spite of our littleness and in spite of our sinfulness we may come, in the way Thou hast appointed, with boldness, even to the mercy-seat.

Thou hast that supreme power which is incapable of wearying, and that supreme wisdom which is incapable of blundering, and that supreme love which is incapable of upbraiding, and we come unto Thee, asking that Thou wilt strengthen us in our weakness, guide us in our blindness, teach us in our ignorance, father us in our orphanage, pity us in our penitence, and save us in our faith, and so help us that we may acceptably worship Thee. We bless Thee, we praise Thee, we laud and magnify Thy Holy Name.

We thank Thee for the overflowing goodness which Thou hast manifested to us, exceeding abundant above all that we can ask or think.

We thank Thee for the revelation of Thyself in Thy Son to take away all sin, in Thy

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Spirit to quicken every virtue, in Thy Word to dispel every superstition, in Thy Providence to protect from every peril.

We thank Thee especially for Thy favoring Providence, which has ordered the unfolding of our history as a people and the shaping of our destiny as a nation. Thou didst keep this New World in the thick clouds that surround Thy purposes and didst reserve it for the high honors of Thy maturing kingdom. In the fullness of time, Thou didst bring it to the knowledge of men by Thy wisdom and prowess and faith of Thy servant Columbus. Thou didst so inspire his mind and direct his thought by signs on the surface of the sea and by the flight of birds through the depth of the air that the southern continent of the Western Hemisphere was open to Southern Europe, and this northern continent was preserved for another people and another destiny. Thus Thou didst launch upon the tide of history in the two continents of the New World two new and great and mutually helpful nations. We thank Thee for Thy favoring Providence.

Thou didst speak to our fathers, heroic and great men, men of prayer and of power, and bid them come to this open land and plant

here in the wilderness great institutions for the elevation of the race, to consecrate these vast valleys and endless plains to freedom, to free ideas and free conscience, to the sanctity of the private home and the inalienability of individual rights. We thank Thee for the glorious history we have inherited; for Crecy, for Smithfield, and for Marston Moor, for Lexington and Fort Sumter, for Yorktown and Appomattox, these throbbing achievements of our patriotism. We thank Thee for Washington and Lincoln, for Webster and Clay, for Jefferson and Jackson, and for Grant—these beacon lights of the Republic.

We thank Thee for the mighty hosts of the heroic dead and for the priceless lessons they have taught us in patriotism, in valor, in statesmanship, and in sacrifice. We thank Thee for sixty millions of free, heroic, patriotic citizens; for the open Bible, the open school, and the open church; for unprecedented growth, abundant prosperity, multiplied inventions, unnumbered libraries, countless newspapers, many colleges, great universities, ubiquitous benevolences, universal peace, uninterrupted happiness, and untarnished honor. We thank Thee for emancipated manhood and exalted womanhood.

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We thank Thee for a free conscience, by a free Church, in a free State, for a free people. For these precious and priceless blessings that make life valuable and kindle quenchless hopes for this world and for the world to come, we thank Thee.

Now, O Lord, our God, grateful for America, with her great republics and civil governments and free institutions, we ask Thy continued blessings upon us. Bless this nation, so heavily freighted with benedictions for mankind.

Bless the President of the United States in his high official character. Hear us while we tarry to pray Thy blessing on his family in the stress of this hour. While the warm sympathies of the nation are poured into this our foremost and representative home, may the comfort of Thy grace abound in that Christian family, and may Thy tender care preserve it unbroken for an example for many years to come.

Bless the Secretaries, the President's constitutional advisers, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators and Congressmen of the United States, the Governors of the several commonwealths, and all in official and responsible places.

Bless the officers of the army and of the navy, and the men who stand for the defense of our flag.

We pray Thee to bless the women of America. Favored above their sisters in all the world with open doors to varied activities, with honorable recognition in the responsibilities of life and of character, and with large room in society for the use and development of their gifts and acquirements and abilities, may they show to all the women of the world the true dignity and glory of Christian womanhood.

We pray Thee to bless the great body of our citizens, that they may improve and perpetuate their patrimony.

Bless the honorable and learned professions in our land, that we may have wise laws, just administrations, efficient remedies, benign faiths, and helpful sciences.

Bless the great body of the wage-earners, and may labor and capital meet, mingle, and thrive together on the basis of the New Testament.

Bless all the people from every land that flow into our population, that all, of every clime and color and race, may enjoy the blessings of righteousness and justice and protec-

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tion and security under our flag and on every yard of our soil.

Bless us as a people with enlarging intelligence and widening charities and every improving health and abounding liberality. Sanctify our homes, multiply our children, and continue our prosperity. Above all things, make us eminent for righteousness, a nation whose God is the Lord.

We pray Thee to bless the President and General Manager of this Exposition, and these commissioners, and the men and women who have toiled amid many anxieties and uncertainties for so many months to crown this undertaking with success. May they have such wisdom and help from Thee for their difficult and delicate duties that they may deserve and receive the grateful remembrance of their fellow-citizens.

We invoke Thy choicest blessings upon our guests, upon those who come hither from distant lands and climes to unite with us in this great enterprise, whether they come from the rulers of the earth that they may see and report what is doing in these ends of the world, or to represent the arts that have matured through the ages, or to set forth the triumphs of genius, the mechanical and industrial

achievements that are enriching our times, we pray Thee to bless them and keep them in health and safety while they are in our midst. Keep their families and interests in their distant homes in peace and prosperity. May their return to their homes be in safety and comfort, carrying with them many kindly memories of this land and of this city.

Bless, we pray Thee, the great nations they represent. Bless the great Republic of France, that rising sun of liberty on the shores of Europe. Bless the Republic of Switzerland, and the republics of South America, and the Republic of Mexico, and the republics of Central America. May the torches they hold up in the world never go out or burn dimly.

Bless the free government of Great Britain with her many and vast dependencies. Bless the lands of Scandinavia with their heroic sons and daughters. Bless the Empire of Germany with its advancing millions.

Bless Italy, the cradle of Columbus, with her history and her hopes. Bless genial and sunny Spain, the land of Ferdinand and Isabella, the helpers of Columbus.

Bless Russia, the steady and fearless friend of the United States, with her millions of sub-

jects and of acres and of wants. Bless Austria. Bless China, populous China and India, and Japan and Corea, and Turkey and Africa, and all the nations of the earth, whatever their form of government or type of religion. May the truths they hold be nourished. May the light they have received grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day. May the liberties they have reached be perpetuated and multiplied till all the nations of the earth shall be freed from error, from superstition, and from oppression, and shall enjoy the blessing of righteousness, of liberty, of equality, and of brotherhood, with Thy perpetual favor.

We pray Thy blessing upon America in an especial manner, according to her responsibilities. May she come up to the high character Thou requirest of her. May she accomplish the exalted work of helping to draw the nations of the earth into a close and friendly brotherhood that shall practice the arts of peace and go forth to war no more forever. May our Republic grow stronger in the hearts of the people and in the respect of sister nations as the ages roll by. May she grow rich in intelligence, in educational resources, in the fine arts, in the sciences, in the productive

industries, and in that great wealth of noble and righteous character that shall make her the friend of all nations, to whom the needy nations shall turn for help, the bewildered for counsel, the weak for protection, the strong for wisdom, and all for fellowship; and may she fill the world for future ages with the gladness and glory of our Christian civilization.

O Almighty God, we are gathered here within these walls and within these gates from our National Capital, and from every city and section of our wide domain, and from all the lands of the earth to acknowledge Thee, and in Thy name, and in the name of the Government of the United States, to dedicate these buildings and these grounds to the uses and purposes of the World's Columbian Exposition. We pray Thy blessing upon this undertaking that it may bring glory to Thy name and benedictions to mankind.

Now, O Lord, our Father, we pray Thy blessing upon this multitude. In Thy great mercy forgive the sins of each of us and bless us with eternal salvation. As this assembly will scatter and soon be gone, may each one be ready to stand in that great assembly which shall gather before Thy throne and be per-

PRAYER AT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

mitted to hear the supreme sentence: "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And unto Thee, our God and our Father, through Him who is the friend of sinners, will we, with the angels that stand about the throne, ascribe "blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might for ever and ever. Amen."

DEDICATORY PRAYER AT OPEN-
ING OF PAN-AMERICAN
EXPOSITION

Delivered at the invitation of the Commission of the Pan-
American Exposition at the dedicatory ceremonies
held in Buffalo, N. Y., Monday, May 20, 1901.

DEDICATORY PRAYER AT OPEN- ING OF PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we worship Thee, we praise Thee, we adore Thee. Thou art our Father. We bless Thee that Thou hast revealed Thyself through Jesus Christ as our Father. We are gathered here out of all the republics of this Western Hemisphere, out of all the lands of the earth, from under all the governments among men. We are here speaking all the languages in all the families among men, and Thou hast taught us to call Thee *our Father*. None of us has a monopoly of this inheritance, this childship. But as Thou art our Father, Father of us all, therefore we can each of us plead our sonship and Thy Fatherhood.

When Thou didst pour out the fullness of Thy Spirit upon Thy people at Pentecost, "devout men out of every nation under heaven" received the divine quickening of the language of the heart, so that "Parthians and

Medes and Elamites, the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and in Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," did all hear, every man "in his own tongue wherein he was born," the good news of Thine everlasting purpose of redeeming love. So now as we come to Thee, out of all lands and using all languages, and worship and praise and adore Thee as *our Father*, may every one of us feel in his own heart and hear in the tongue wherein he was born, both hear and feel the good news of Thy Fatherhood and of our Brotherhood, giving to each the glad sense that we are in our Father's house.

"Thou hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and Thou hast determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." Thou hast made the one blood of all peoples to tingle in our veins, and whatever interests any man interests us. Nothing human is alien to us.

PRAYER AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

Thou hast thickened the one blood of our kinship by the one blood of our redemption. "For by the grace of God, Jesus Christ tasted death for every man," and He sends forth all who hear into all the earth to tell the good news to every creature, saying: "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Thou art Our Father; help us to rise above the mists and idiosyncrasies of our individual environments into the purity that is in Christ Jesus and into the light that enswathes Thee, that we may be all one in Thee, living "the life which we now live in the flesh by the faith of the Son of God who hath loved and given Himself for us."

There is a wideness in Thy mercy like the wideness of the sea, which we are utterly unable to comprehend, we are so little and narrow, and shut in by such hard limitations. Thy love and favor are a perpetual and limitless summer, a garden of exotics from the skies, burdening every breath with the fragrance of paradise. We are the offspring of a race of sinners, deforming and distorting Thine image through an atmosphere of guilt.

Yet we have an accessible mercy-seat, and sheltered by the atonement we come boldly to Thee as Our Father, and undistinguished by blood or race or tongue, untitled and uncrowned, pleading our one blood of kinship and one blood of redemption, we hold up our naked hearts to Thee, and ask Thee to turn aside from the countless ranks of beings that worship about Thy throne and look upon us and hear us and bless us, and accept the little tribute of worship which we offer unto Thee.

We thank Thee for this privilege of free worship purchased by our heroic ancestors. We thank Thee for the faith of the martyrs and the courage of the patriots, for the charred stakes where the fagots were kindled, and for the fields paved with the bodies of heroes where patriots' lives were quenched. We thank Thee for mighty warriors, great rulers, and wise statesmen. We thank Thee for incorruptible judges, honest lawyers, and unselfish preachers. We thank Thee for a free Government, a free Church, a free Bible, a free conscience, and a free press. We thank Thee for universal prosperity, exalted literature, and a stable currency. We thank Thee for a government that pays its honest debts whenever due, that protects its innocent citi-

zens wherever imperiled, and that makes our flag respected wherever unfurled. We thank Thee for an administration that speaks to command, that moves to conquer, and fights to free. We thank Thee for soldiers that tread the earth in triumph, for mariners that walk the sea in power, and for diplomats that secure justice by the use of simple truth. We thank Thee for our rich inheritance, our vast domains, and for our infinite possibilities. We remember that every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from Thee.

Almighty God, our Father, be patient with us and forgive all our sins and transgressions which we have from time to time most grievously committed against Thy Divine Majesty. The remembrance of them is grievous unto us. We are too often selfish and forgetful of Thee. We too often want our own way and do not always heed Thy will. We are alarmed lest we are too much submerged in worldliness. Forbid that under the glare of our civilization we should be too content with merely making ourselves better animals with worldly desires, absorbing appetites, and narrowed brows. Forbid that we should ever be content to dwell forever in the cellars of our being, missing thus the great outlook to Thee. Forbid that

we should be content to starve on husks when we may feast at our Father's table. Forbid that, in the search for the fleeting riches that perish with the using, we should become blind to the riches that cost the tragedy on Mount Calvary. O Lord, help us to see and seize upon the great spiritual forces that sweep on through the centuries, lifting men to more exalted lives, and races to higher levels. O Lord, God Almighty, our Father, have mercy upon us and forgive us all our sins that are past. Quicken our moral sense, exalt our spiritual nature, reveal unto us Thy pleasure, and help us to serve Thee in spirit and in truth. May Thine infinite and all-enswathing love so warm our hearts toward Thee that we will gladly follow with quick scent Thy blessed will. May the tender pulsations of Thine infinite heart prove stronger than the coarse gravitations of our lower natures. Lift us into Thy purity, whose fragrance shall charm us out of our lower desires. So inspire us with Thy love that all our selfishness may be smothered and we be not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of our minds, that we may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

O Lord, we pray Thee to bless the Presi-

dent of the United States and his advisers. Bless our Vice-president, who may become our President. Bless the Governor of this Empire State. Bless all the governors of all our commonwealths. Bless all the presidents of all the American republics. Bless all the rulers of all the nations in any way represented here. Bless our guests from every land. May they have a profitable sojourn in our midst and a safe return to their distant homes.

Bless this beautiful city of Buffalo, and all the men and women who have contributed in any way to secure this magnificent result. Bless the Board of Directors, giving them quick sight to determine Thy will, and courage to do it. Bless all who take part or have interest in these ceremonies. May this day's service and the service of all the coming days of this Exposition be so under Thy favoring care that all patrons and visitors so far as possible may be kept from sickness, from accident, and from too great discomfort.

O Almighty God, our Father, we are gathered here, within these walls and within these gates, from all the republics of this Western Hemisphere, and from many lands of all the earth, in the name of the people of this beautiful city, and of the

people of this Empire State, and of the people of the republic of the United States, and of the people of all the republics of all the Americas, to offer unto Thee and for Thy service and for the glory of Thy name, these buildings and grounds, and to dedicate these buildings and these grounds to the uses and purposes of the Pan-American Exposition. We know that we are not worthy to offer unto Thee anything belonging unto us. But we pray Thee now to arise and come into this place, Thou and the ark of Thy power, that all these displays of the achievements Thou hast granted unto men may redound to Thine honor and to the glory of Thy great name. And we will ascribe all the glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.



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