CARTOONS OF THE ETERNAL COMPASSION

CLOUGH A. WATERFIELD

CARTOONS OF THE ETERNAL COMPASSION

CARTOONS OF THE ETERNAL COMPASSION

CLOUGH A. WATERFIELD

PRESS OF THE PUBLISHING HOUSE OF
THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH

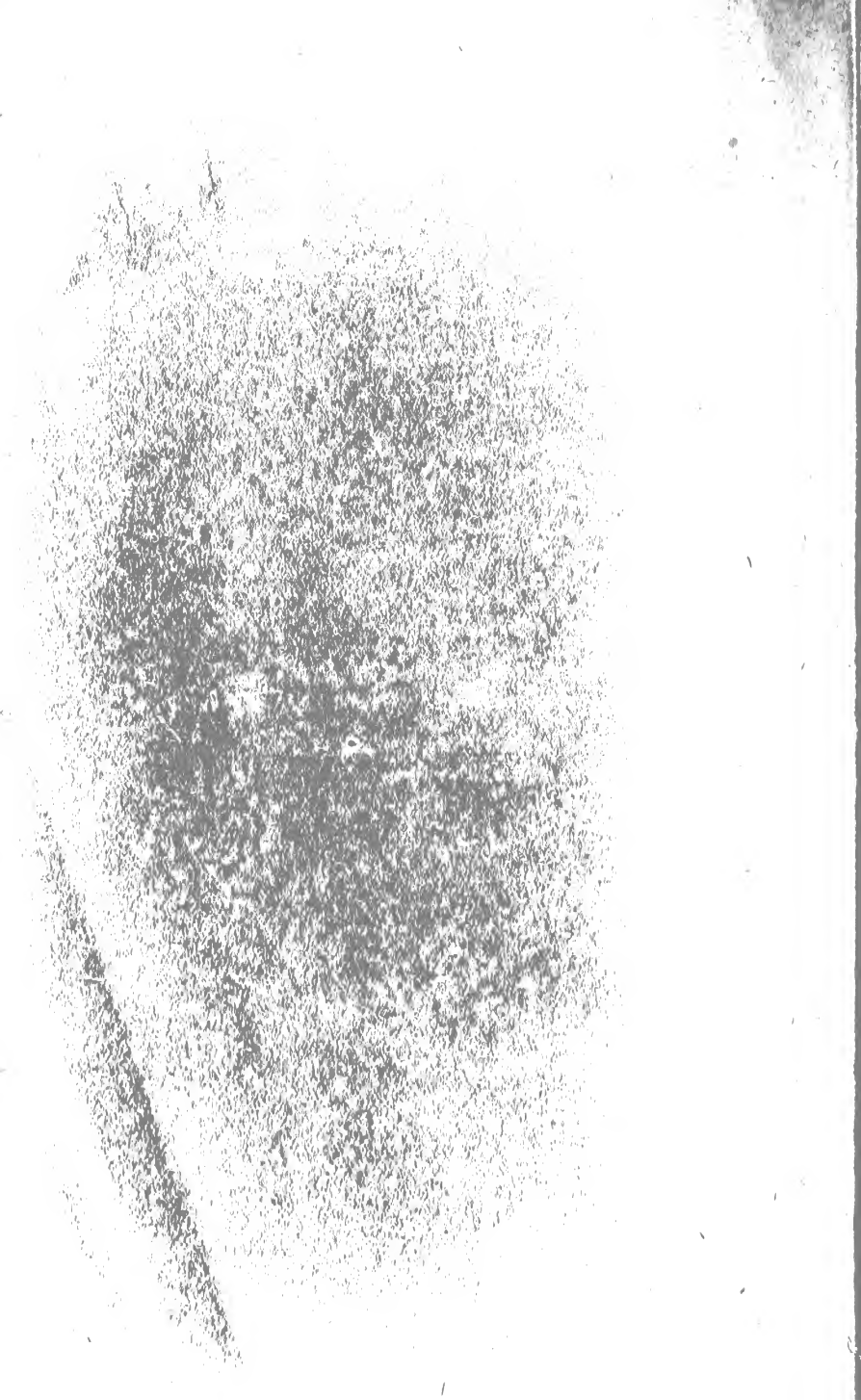
TO ALL PREACHERS

NEAR - PREACHERS EX - PREACHERS
THOUGHT-TO-BE OUGHT-TO-BE
GOING-TO-BE PREACHERS
OUR PRECIOUS SELVES

—BRAVO

AND

AMEN!



WHAT WE HAVE HERE

The horses are led by the pond before going to the pole of their chaff-choking circuit; swart men fresh from the night, whose bedding has been the straw and the stars; teamsters on the wide-winged frames to bring the shocks, whistling, bantering; rattling gear, cracking whips, water boys, a devoted dog or two, and you are there—if you can only keep out of the way.

But principally, as we were saying, the Feeder. Let that capital stay. The universe floats and laves and swirls about him, glancing for a start out from his coign of vantage on the vessel's bridge over an ocean of gold and green and far-away blue. Shirt open at the neck, not after the mode of Byron, but of that better poet, Business. Hat—well, chiefly such as you fail to note at all; it might have been a cap; hardly a tile. Arms brown, bare and brown; muscles corded like the twisted strength of ever-fed mountain brooks running over rocks. And—quiet. The most unspeaking man of the field: not with the omniscient bull-stare of total ignorance, but with the pent eloquence of

the full day's purpose. For his rôle is to be a livelong race against the combined work of all the others—organized, as they are, for what else but to heave up work and trouble to him? Their day of dew and blue and gold is for him an assured day of dust puddled with sweat, of catch and scratch and thrust and strain, and—then more of it and more, with no time nor mind for fine fancies about it. Somebody else finds the partridge nest. The tumult and the shouting over the dog fight dies on his vaguely conscious ears. A race between two laden teams, of which one overturns, one triumphs, and he may hear of it that night.

And all the time from front and flank and side they gather and fetch and hurl to him. From down by the creek border, where the drivers snatch blackberries and talk sweethearts, the darkest, heaviest shocks; from beyond the bosoming upland, over by the road where they cry the day with the constable riding past; from up along the orchard where the women call for a lift in the sunning of the feather beds and reward with a cup or three of

buttermilk—Wheat! Wheat, however, with cockle, darnel, and thistle. Wheat with alien sassafras and unprofitable persimmon. Wheat with smiling but bitter fennel. Wheat with beard, chaff, straw, the very earth mingled, caked, and clinging. It surges up to him and breaks over him in billows—

The league-long rollers along the reef.

While the summer morning whitens, like platinum in the laboratory, up to the glister of the fierce noon and straight on out into the time test of the griddle-red afternoon. While the sun pours down his full quivers of blistering arrows on his back, there on the very seat of endurance, where the ribs grasp the spine. While the dust boils from the sieves beneath him and swarms and chokes at the portals of being—eye, ear, nose, and throat.

Still from shoulder socket and knotted brown arm and old kitchen knife, sharpened, the gleaming strokes leap out for the straw cords of the flying sheaves.

Yet somebody has said to a pastor-preacher: "When are you going to write

something? You ought to write." Why, is not your very word "pastor" the romance language for "feeder"?

Wheat, then, wheat of all the glowing, glorious field. Ah! the best of it is, there's wheat. But the bush, the vine, the tare that come up with it—from the newspapers, the mails, the house groups and neighborhood coteries, the wide-winged literary programs and theology institutes, with a tangle of science and a brush of administration to make it a plenty; from the political dog fights, Sunday school partridge nests, commencement June apple opportunities, women's society feather bed problems, and milk pitcher compliments; with smarting fennel and irritating thistle prick of booksellers' statements and bank overchecks toward the year-end.

Brother Feeder (now we will let the capital stand, won't we?), Old Bringer-Up and Pusher-In of everything you can lay hands on from that quavering, pulpit-feeding funnel of yours—

Two things:

1. Do you wonder sometimes how long you can keep it up? Do you catch your-

self watching yourself over the shoulder to discover with what ease, effectuality, and sustained sincerity you do the shift?

2. And do you ache with inextinguishable desire now and again to catch up, in a way, and to straighten up, step down, and spit on your hands one last time, throw the old knife at a stump, see it stick and quiver there, while you go a little out of the clutter for a good look out over the whole field and to get a little of the range and big relations of things?

Come on, then. For the matter is that of bread and hunger and help—human and divine. And out over the dust of countless common topics and piecemeal problems, of ancient conflicts now burnt out, and of present warrings which will have their day and pass, lo, yonder in the purple and gold of your westering, well-spent day—how, above all, the story gathers itself in a sheaf of cartoons—Cartoons of the Eternal Compassion.

I

THE IMMINENT DUTY

A Cartoon of Adventure

It is told of a famous general that on one occasion, when mounting to make charge on a certain height, the subaltern who helped him to his horse observed that the general's knees were shaking, and remarked on the fact.

"If they knew,' said Stonewall Jackson—"If they knew where I am going to take them, they would tremble more!"

I

THE IMMINENT DUTY

A Cartoon of Adventure

IF the workman is worthy of his hire, yet beyond them both lies the long-neglected third term to the compact, the work itself. When the workman hath heard the angelus and passed from the field, and when his hire is spent and well forgotten, the work itself is still afield and must follow on, we think, indefinitely.

To be sure, even fiction, the Entertainer, cannot seemingly get on without the minister, but must make him its *pièce de résistance,* whilst for his hire and what he does with it everybody is so concerned that Madame Everybody will keep her husband up a weary Saturday night to follow through at a sitting the epic of "A Circuit Rider's Wife." Yet in any serious account of the affair one feels persuaded that it cannot be in the minister himself nor in his wage nor wit-flinging wife, but in the output and value of his work, that this wide romance of interest resides. And this omitted third term in the ancient

ethical proverb, this pith and girth and get-somewhere of the first-class preaching-man's task and prospect, may well be expected to have no little to do with the spirit and effect of the couriers of the Eternal Compassion.

Looked at every way, then, the workman is worthy of his hire, but the great thing is the work. In short, whatever the outcome of any war or income of any non-war, somebody must bear onward the Great Tidings, and the inspiration, the enlistment, and the training of preachers for to-day—that is the imminent duty. And manifestly if it be a duty, it will concern that inspiration, enlistment, and training largely on the human side. The mystical, vital matter of his calling will require other space. All vital and ultimate matters are mystical, and they commonly require other space.

The need for any training of preachers at all has an acknowledgment which is as yet mainly an academic one; and that measure of acknowledgment, like that kind of training alone, will by no means meet the demand.

It is to this day the tenacious sentiment amongst general bodies of religious people that their preachers are men called and sent from God, or that they ought to be and claim to be. And no man who knows the people will care to question that their custom, supported by this pious and time-honored theory, is to follow the line of least resistance and take them as they come. Even when they finally object to their preacher on the ground of his unfittedness it does not follow that they know what they want in his successor; and even when this is true it seldom enough appears that they know what they ought to want. Commonly they seem content to leave both the calling and the fitting to Providence, reserving to themselves the right of "enjoying" him, criticizing him, obstructing him, and, as history has it, of crucifying him in the sequel.

It is, furthermore, the manifest feeling of the preachers themselves that their vocation and mission do in some way exempt them from the same necessity and measure of training to which men of other callings must conform.

Training of preachers for to-day is a notion which holds the acquiescence of some, the suspicion of others, and the working support of a few. And this few, it might be again remarked, are for the most part among the college messieurs and high-grade doctors of the law.

Whether it is efficient or desirable to have this to be the condition of affairs is an inquiry which is not now before us. But the actual state of the matter, I think we will all agree, is that the people and their preachers strongly conceive that there is something exalted, objective, and eternal pertaining to the preaching ministry, insusceptible alike to the innovations of to-day and the surprises of to-morrow, even as it has been in its habit unplastic to the fashions and mutations of the past.

Will it not be, therefore, incumbent on us, out of all scientific and just-minded considerations, to give to these popular and professional conceptions of the case the recognition and the weight to which as facts they are entitled? In other words, is it either fair or efficient for us to call on the body of the ministry and

membership of the Churches to put themselves out of themselves, to relate themselves to objective reality and break from their blind attachment to traditions and prejudices on the subject, whilst we ourselves forthwith plunge headlong into the one-sided study of these, to them, novel discoveries and theories of ours?

The plain truth is, there has been and there is in our interminable talk about the "new" changes, "new" conditions, and "new" demands room enough for the all-but-complete obscuration, if not to many the utter loss, of the saving ideal of a God-sent, Heaven-inspired, Eternity-principled preacher.

The scientific spirit which we profess ought to carry us at least far enough to discover that there is a pre-occupation and a cant of the new as well as a pre-judgment and a cant of the old—a superficial whistling along the curbstones of to-day to match the unwholesome whining along the hedgerows of yesterday. It would seem as little as our confident modern education could do that it should recognize that the trouble, after all, has been not

alone, perhaps not principally, with the untrained preacher, but also and chiefly with the preacher who is uninitiated, with the unsolemnized hurrying into the ministry, when they do enter, out of homes unhallowed and out of a Church which has come perilously near to letting fall from her consciousness and pass from her program the awful issue of life and death in a vagrant endeavor to keep vogue with the Attic curiosity and the Corinthian luxury of that ephemeral demigod which we call To-Day.

In the first year of my ministry I had the honor to serve the Gleason Circuit. And if there are some of you who do not know where the Gleason Circuit is, there are those who do know. On the snowy November morning after my arrival upon the ground a generous and to this day well-beloved country doctor proffered me the use of a horse. For a winter I used him, for a winter tended him with my own hands, talked to him, trained him with all the enthusiasm and resolution of my own romantic theories as to what a Methodist preacher's horse ought to be, anyhow.

Unfortunately, he had never been called to be a circuit rider's mount, and would bring to-day at the prevailing high prices something like sixty-five dollars if he could by any possible calculation be supposed to be yet alive. He had been settled off on me by the shrewd prudence of a kind-hearted, horse-trading doctor who was not averse to finding a winter's keep for his colt, and who was even far more strongly actuated by the religious habit of doing good.

Beloved doctor and faithful friend across the years, you and I and Bonham must go down here together once more as the joint representatives of the Quixotism which has a thousand times attended the initiation and training of the preacher, put up to it by the fond desire of family ambition and held down to it by the expectation of his wife's relatives, all mixed with the sentiment of a noble service, and too eagerly accepted by a romance-minded Church with her own ideas as to what a preacher-called-of-God ought to be, anyway.

Let us ask room, if we are to escape a

callow conceit as well as avoid a stupid bigotry, here to register an earnest belief that the ills of the preaching, which we all have heard and done, spring at bottom, not so much from deficiency in the training for to-day, urgent and alarming as that deficiency may appear, as from the want of a solemn and fitly inspired induction into the holy office on yesterday, and that the remedy will lie, not so much in a better discipline, indispensable as that improvement will be found, as in the recovery and the employment of a more serious and worthy fundamental conception on the part of us all concerning its function, its obligation, and its peerless opportunity in the world's work and in the world's reward. And—

THE INSTRUMENT OF IT

It will be no new instrument. The new thought, the new educational ideal, and the new truth are new in no essential respect. All that is level and lasting in them is cognate with the old. The greatest Innovator the world has known came not to destroy, but to fulfill.

"These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach [literally, "whet"] them diligently unto thy children; and talk of them when thou sittest in thine house; and when thou walkest by the way." (Moses.) "But the word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little." (Isaiah.) "But the path of the just is as the shining light [literally, "light of dawn"] that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." (Solomon.) "For by him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things were created by him and for him. . . . Neither count I myself to have apprehended . . . the excellency of the knowledge. . . . For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, by me and Sylvanus and Timotheus, was not yea and nay, but in him is the Yea, . . . and ye are complete in him." (Paul.) "But grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and

Saviour Jesus Christ." (Peter.) "Come unto me, . . . take my yoke, . . . and learn of me. . . . Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth, . . . and will bring to your remembrance and will show you things to come." (Jesus.)

Now, is not all this pregnant and potent enough with an "educational ideal," with a progressive psychology, and with a sufficient program of new truth? Says Dr. William P. Faunce: "From a purely intellectual point of view, the Bible has performed a vastly greater educative service than the entire classical literature of the Greeks and Romans." And Mr. Gladstone averred in his larger way that the whole body of Grecian culture—its architecture, painting, music, poetry, philosophy, and statesmanship—will be found not to have contributed so much of solace and of light to the race as the single book of the Psalms. Whilst Mr. D. L. Moody ought to be permitted to witness in this cause, that the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, if read once a week, even without note or comment, for seven years,

will absolutely transform the character of any man.

All this Biblical tribute, however, falls far short of the goal; and what we shall have first of all to do for the training of preachers for their task of transforming the character of this world and its men is to carry them back of Faunce, beyond Gladstone, and past everybody else to the Book itself. Not Fairbairn, with his great philosophies of its teachings; not Bruce and Cuthbert Hall, with their deep exegeses and wide applications of them; not Drummond, with his hand grasping the prism of the greatest thing in the world; not John Watson, with his sweeping, resistless harp song of God's message to the human soul; nor Phillips Brooks, with his Bethlehem chant; nor Lyman Abbott, lifting with his firm, cold fingers the curtains to the other room; nor Sam Jones and Billy Sunday, with their pleading tongues that forget their texts, but follow their people; nor Coe and James and Sir Oliver Lodge, with their cautious, splendid, and comforting confirmations; nor Roosevelt, Taft, Bryan, and Ambassador Bryce, with

their multitudinous missionary corroborations; nor the Sunday editions of the big journals, with their salvos of applause, relieving the crime displays; nor even those whole shelves of cold-storage comment in "The World's Best Sermons"—not one of these nor all of them, nor yet the habit of thought which they or any of them have evoked, how invaluable soever their great voice combined, may be suffered for the preacher of to-day to eclipse the great Book itself which has been the lamp unto his feet, and which must, even when lamps have gone to junk and given place to the modern municipal dynamo, make the light unto his path.

And this is not bibliolatry. It is science. For if it is scientific to inquire, is it not also and equally scientific to keep? Is it our notion of science that a man is to be forever running from dune to dune on the shifting desert of human probability, kicking up here a little dust of truth and there a little silica of certainty, like children playing on the fringes of things and crying: "Here, I have it! Here it all is! This new ant heap is the new universal

geography!"? If it is necessary, as it is necessary, in order to complete the sum of knowledge, that we shall inquire and steadily advance, will it not also be possible to spill and waste and dessicate knowledge and life by continually casting away as worthless that which we have already won and at such cost? What is the use, aptly inquires somebody, of having two Isaiahs when we don't read the one we have?

Somebody has gone to college and lost a book into whose depths of wisdom all the colleges of the world could be cast with no very great commotion on its surface. Somebody has stayed away from college and not found the power to fling novels and newspapers, poems and post-office politics, commentaries, belles-lettres, and almanacs into the salt seas. In this age of ink it is going to be a question whether a man of God will be able to cast back the cold type of all human learning of which a man may be possessed into the molten fires of that great, hot linotype pot, the Bible, the mighty message from which it all came, thence to issue again in the

letters of a valid, mobile, and living witness to the affairs of men no less than the affairs of God.

All of which will mean not that we are to know less of science, read less of fiction, fail of apperception to the times in which our lives are cast. For many of us it will surely mean that we shall be called on to know and perceive vastly more, lest we have nothing to cast back into the linotype pot. But it does imply that we who are assuming or striving to be the preachers for to-day shall come somewhere to an end of apologizing and running up the helpless flag of a hump-backed and deprecatory interrogation point before the guesses and opinions of this passing day and world, and that in the heritage of all the days and in the light of all the worlds we shall speak forth in God's name whatever of the everlasting "Yea" his Spirit hath spoken to us. Otherwise we are mere dilettanti of doubt ourselves, going about chirping of altruistic service and the like; and what can we accomplish for any day but add to its darkness and deepen its despair?

Enthusiasm is not a popular word in the laboratory. If words might be imagined to hold personal relationships, as when we look at them more closely they appear almost to do, this word, of etymology dubious, would be supposed to carry in verbal society a sense of being *persona non grata* to its smart, correct brothers with their pedigrees brought along and embroidered on their suffixes.

Yet the thing we are considering is not the correctness of words, but the rights of men—the right of a man to feel; to experience and to express, as the myriad-tongued sea, the rise of the tide which is the resultant of the forces that play upon him and within him from around and beneath and above; in short, to take some interest in himself and in the thing he is doing and in the world he is passing through but this once. Now, the man and his work of which we are speaking is the preacher and his preaching; and we need not shrink from uttering a most firm conviction that, so far as the enlistment of preachers goes, it will be found an ab-

solutely indispensable thing that they win the privilege and generate the passion of a great joy in the business of preaching viewed as a whole.

But there is a class of minds that do not hesitate to pull to pieces the underpinning of a man's faith without going to the trouble even to brace it pending the operation, far less to supply anything in the way of a permanent substitute. In my boyhood, before I learned to swim and as I was standing knee-deep in the river, a big, swift man seized me and flung me out in the current. When I had strangled and fought my way to shore in some way, it was with an oath between the teeth that if I ever lived to be a man I would kill that bully. Well enough, the oath has been outgrown and forgotten. But will not this fairly represent the just indignation which one may confess for the intellectual and spiritual smarty who would drown a soul in despair and rob it of all right to feel and find its own way to the mid-current of the river of life?

Was it not Dr. Richard Storrs who declared that he found himself at the end of

his seminary course a poorer preacher than at its beginning? Let this by no means be taken as an argument against the possible value of such a course. The trouble is with that word, that thing, that spirit of the preaching ministry and, therefore, of the preacher's training, which, for want of a better designation, we may venture to call enthusiasm. What he meant was that, whereas at the beginning of those three years he was able to say, with the ancient and deep-hearted poet, "All my springs are in thee," at their conclusion he could not bring himself to say aught of any springs whatever, seeing that he had only a hydrant, and that with the meter taken out and the supply cut off, pending the reaction in chemics as to whether there were not a trace of H_2S (rotten eggs) in the system, and the problem in ethics as to what ought to be the hours of the stokers at the power house.

Now, if all this, or even a good part of this, be true; if enthusiasm is a state, a working factor, a thing at all; then, so far from its being beneath the just regard of the scientific spirit, the scientific spirit be-

lies itself and is falsely so called when it fails to recognize and rejoice in it and with it.

What, then, are the legitimate grounds and the adequate sources of this honest and effectual enthusiasm, this kind that must suffuse the preaching in which anybody is going to believe a fig's worth, this quality which must sweeten and fire the injunctions that anybody is going to stop any plows to go and execute?

I beg to answer in part: In all the past three interests have prompted and sustained the enthusiasm of life, and they have been Sport, War, and the Passion of Personality.

1. Is it true, as has been asserted, that the aggressive fight for righteousness is the finest sport in the world? Is it just to the solemn dignity of human life to construe this whole grave business of living and of setting life right, as the preachers are called on to do, in terms of a great game? As an athletic pitting of powers against powers? As the marshaling of all good against all evil on the desperate gridiron of destiny? And then to take sides

and go in and lay out all to see that the good game shall not be lost? This, to be sure, is but one way, but it is one way and a telling way of looking at it, and we are studying the working value of this view of life to your young prophets to be. Has it any virile and human appeal to something that is primal and best within them? Men race for the poles of the earth. Is it inconceivable that they should lay themselves out for the gates of heaven? They compete for the supremacy of the realms of the air. Is the same elemental principle not transferable to the quest for the kingdom of God? They drill for war, embark in business, and play politics. Shall the zest for righteousness and the achieving of the will of Jesus be the only goal unworthy and unable to kindle the ambition and bestir the primeval game-lust of young men? Not so in the robust imagination of St. Paul, who, having seen the young men contending on the Roman stadium and writing to the Church at Corinth, shouts with his pen: "I therefore so run not as uncertainly; so fight I not as one that beateth the air." Not so

in the report from our brother prophets yonder in other lands, facing the severest difficulties that anywhere oppose the heralds of the kingdom of God; for they who travel most amongst them and know them best assert that these are the most cheerful of all the serious men of the kingdom. What if there be in the very consecration and solemn severance of their life to one fine and high end the, to us, long-lost secret of a plucky, glad gameness, the want of which has at once blurred our vision and impoverished our ministry! Of whom, after all, was it declared that for the joy that was set before him he endured the Cross, despising shame?

2. Our stirring psychologist, Mr. James, before he passed on, reading well the incentives and responses of men out of the old conflicts with centaur and saracen, with pirate, viking, and marshal, was insisting that what we must find, if we are to continue to enlist men for serious living, is a moral equivalent for war. Well, let us only open our ears to the moral drum-roll, the tremor and rhythm of the moving forces. To have for a man's fa-

therland the Empire of All Goodness! For a national impulse the patriotism of the Kingdom of Heaven! To set before this young preaching recruit the *casus belli* of that opening passage of "The Passion Play," where, following a swift sketch of Creation in its high purpose, the scene is shifted at once to the Temple, wherein the traders have defiled the King's court and made the Father's house a den of thieves with bartering over the ruck and feathers of oil, pigeons, and the like, and wherein the Prince of the world's saving indignation hath come to overthrow their vandal, jangling tables and scourge them forth. The perfect and universal chivalry of every devil to be routed and every palsied life upraised and redeemed; of little children made confident and unafraid in the streets; of the outcast and abused and bedeviled restored and encouraged, having the lamp relighted in the dome of reason, and the hard and bitter and filthy mind melted to tears and transformed to joy; of ghosts of superstition allayed, grinning dogmas baffled, the hearts and hearthsides of all men made

sweet and fragrant and free in the liberty of the sons of God! What other man, like the soldier of the Cross, may invoke sources of a passionate zeal for the blameless war of the skies such as these?

If an old woman of Japan, whose son in the great war would not go to the front for the duty he owed her, herself took the ancestral sword, tied a note to its handle bidding him go, and in heathen fashion cut her throat to be out of his way, what poverty or black death may not come to be felt as cheap and paltry when we have got well in view and kept well in our hearts the war prize, not of a cherry wreath or a mikado's smile, but of a world of brothers redeemed and an empire of the Almighty God, the All-Good Father, and of Jesus, his Son, our Prince, established everywhere?

3. And under the very constitution of human nature it is legitimate to inquire if in this Christian calling provision is made for the appeal of any such incentive as the passion of personality. Can a man know God and Christ? And can he come to love the name and will and personality

of that Being in any influencing, commanding, and sustaining way? In the face of all the science and all the sunlight that ever was, is there any rational answer to the touching leaderless cry of humanity's great heart, "Sir, we would see Jesus"? Is there really any sweet and allpotent romance of the inner life in terms of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul"? Or will this, too, pass with the other religious ragtime?

Richard Steele, the early English humorist, asserted that to love a beautiful woman was the equivalent of a liberal education. Now, a liberal education is a coveted and great prize. It has been found to furnish men with a world of new incentives and mighty staying powers, and that is precisely what we are looking into. If, then—and it is a perfectly legitimate question—if the love of a beautiful woman is the equivalent of a liberal education, what may it not be worth to love God and to find in the imperious, glad regnancy and elevation of that love affair of the whole life of a man the answering, unchanging faithfulness of that Love who,

having loved his own, loved them to the end? One knows what the love of young lovers will do. Who has not witnessed the green of their foolish embarrassment blossom to the purple passion of holy wedlock and ripen on to the incommunicable joy of a golden old age? Who has not gone with the mirthful party to the station and heard the mother, under promise not to cry, smother her sobs at the rending of the roots of her life as her darling passed out into the far country to find her home? We know, too, the love of a strong man, when his face whitens with purpose and you instinctively keep silence and pass from the room and leave him alone. You have seen it alter his business, teach him another trade, twist as a tornado the lines of his natural life, change his residence, illumine his conduct, and touch with mystic transformation the heart and strength of his manhood. Ah! is the love of a man for God and the love of God for a man to be not unlike that? Hush! Men do not talk too much of such things—

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus what it is
None but his loved ones know.

For God so loved the world,
That he gave his only-begotten Son,
That whosoever believeth on him
Should not perish, but have
Everlasting life.

THE PROJECTION OF IT

And, blessed be God, the God of my life, if the spirit of the training of the early years is, after all, the same with the spirit that is to mark the later preaching career —and are we not forever endeavoring to raise it to that?—if, as we have been laboring to teach them, the training time is not only a preparation for life, but a part of life, then also the spirit of those later years, if we may only see and sustain it, will be of one piece still with the spirit and ideals of the training time. This would seem too simple and necessary for argument or statement; but it will be a great day for the world's preaching service when in experience and in practice that relation shall look as good and work as

well one way as the other, when, if youthful training and anticipation are held to be such as to develop no Quixotism which is to prove impossible in the later years, likewise the ministry of the mature years of a Christian preacher shall not be permitted to sag into a pot-bellied pessimism which shall jaundice the promise of youth and belie the oath of his youthful allegiance.

Let it not appear as a heathen and reckless thing when it is declared to be the bottom conviction of the soul of a joyous preacher of Christ that he is not merely a Christ of the past, save in that mystic sense which is almost infinitely above our imaginations to conceive. Of course we all know that in an unspeakable way he gave all of himself up on the Cross. But it will be conceived also that the best of him and the most of him was not on that Cross. The rough Roman billet could not contain him. And as for his death, it was impossible that he should be holden of it. There is one thing better even than the Cross of Christ, and that is the Christ of the Cross. And this living Christ of the unforgettable Cross remains the only suf-

ficient sustaining factor in the training of the young Christian preaching-man. For the only decent basis for Christian preaching is Christian experience; and the only experience that can be adequate must be an experience which will grow and project over the livelong career, expanding with and to all the issues that can ever leap to light.

The young fireman wants to know—and has he not a right to know?—what the prospect is for his becoming an engineer, and how many are to be the years in the grimy left-hand seat. If you do not think so, you have never ridden there with the arm of one of them bracing you as the mighty, leaping, hurtling thing shouldered its way down the land at sixty miles an hour. He is careful and full of present duty, knowing what depends on that; but he lives and walks proudly and literally "waits on" his sweetheart, as she on him, in the willing patience of assured promotion.

So Jesus takes common fishermen and transforms them to be masters of the multitudes of earth; enhances every man's

prospects in life whom he touches; gives every disciple an open door and a wider field; will not suffer the redeemed Gadarene peasant to go with him on ship because he would send him on an ambassage to ten cities; cannot endure to pass a poor man in the aisle of the dim synagogue and see his withered hand, but he must have it stretched forth as whole as the other and turn him afield equipped against the coming harvest time. And the puzzle of the sectaries and doctors to this day has been to make out where the faith and asking came in. The passion of Jesus for completeness again and again leaped the theological hiatus and bridged the tragic chasm. Little children were discovered in the rubbish of the world, their mothers apologizing for their being here and praying but the boon of a passing touch; and he lifted them up, making a cameo of heaven by framing them with his good arms for a whole life. Broken-hearted women were brought up from those slippery downward paths into which they had been thrust by the lechery of their brothers, and their penitent feet

set in the road to their Father's house. The silly prodigal, who thought he had lost all and more than all, as he drew homeward from his wanderings, was met with a welcome, for the ethical basis of which the most religious people on earth could not supply even the imagination. Desolate widows on the way to the tomb with their loved and lost, who would gladly have prayed to be laid in the grave beside their dead, were met at the gates of despair and turned back having their sons restored out of his holy wrath against that robber of the fullness of the years. And they and we and all were taught, as in a cartoon, if only we would open our eyes and see it, that death, so far from being a rusty funnel through which the purple tides of life are swallowed up of the grave, is a flying tunnel wherethrough we pass to the pastures of the life more abundant.

Now, it is going to require this perspective of what the gospel is and of what it is to be to catch the imagination and subdue the heart and enlist the allegiance of the preacher for to-day. It must be this

reach-and-lift-and-thrust of the life, which shall draw to itself the best of our youth once more. It is the supreme adventure of the soul of the preacher on the promotion of his Lord's cause and on promotion from his Lord's hand, the utter and glad risk that I shall find in Christ and in his Empire of All Goodness over the hearts and minds of men that which has haunted me from my boyhood's pillow, and in him, the Prince of it all, come up at last on the shining man I am to be.

II

LOST: JOHN WESLEY

A Cartoon of a Supreme Preacher

The Bible is the word of God in the words of men.
—Frederick W. Robertson.

II

LOST: JOHN WESLEY

A Cartoon of a Supreme Preacher

THE lost man of the Wesleyan movement is John Wesley himself.

As, in the battle of the Wilderness, Stonewall Jackson was lost in the execution of his own orders and, in the universal tumult and gathering darkness, was slain by the guns of his own devoted men, so, in the wide clash of Methodism through the tangled world, the key to the field has been apparently misconceived, the issue obscured, the original orders mangled, and one of the most gifted, versatile, and devoted leaders whom the world has known has been lost sight of, misinterpreted, and all but slain at the hands of those who of all men ought to maintain his standard and project his spirit even as they bear and boast his name.

It is an astonishing thing that, whilst through all the past and passing quadrenniums Methodist preachers have been required to read and annually to reëxamine Wesley's "Sermons," Wesley's "Notes on

the New Testament," and other so-called Wesleyan standards—though it does not appear entirely ascertainable what these "standards" might be—yet hardly so much as a hint has been held forth to them of what is perhaps the most enthralling record in fiction or fact of heroic purpose, wide service, and high achievement this side of the Acts of the Apostles—namely, John Wesley's own Journal.*

One does not cheerfully take the voice of reproach, but there is no way round the assertion, out of a somewhat wide and varied personal knowledge of these preachers, that not one in one hundred of them has even a faint acquaintance with this moving, speaking, teaching auto-romance of his life, any single volume of which will avail more for every purpose that a preacher might have than all the sermons and notes the restless Wesley ever wrote, and all the innumerable "lives" of him since compiled, and all the

*Since this was first published, John Wesley's Journal has been introduced into the course of study for certain Methodist preachers.

unavailing braggadocio of our shouting tongues.

Furthermore, though it may seem strange to see in print what it is certain many have long felt, neither the Sermons nor the Notes of John Wesley are longer of any particular wonder or surpassing value as they are read. We may as well face and state the fact. They are little, if at all, read to-day outside our denominational constraint. To be sure, they ought to be and will be read by us, but not to the utter neglect of other and better matter from the same author. Numbers of inquiries have, without exception, evoked the truth that a mute feeling of their inadequacy has lain in the hearts of the brethren these years. And one fine fellow on his glorious circuit hit off the whole inward essence of the matter when he said he had often felt, though never uttered, a surprise that these proffered and required Wesleyana could ever have produced the effects of the Wesleyan awakening. There is the point precisely: they never did it.

And what more deep and telltale mark

do we want of the dreary and fatal emphasis which we have set on doctrine over deed, on organization over human interest, on the theology of an experience over the experience itself, and on a handful of musty books and a mouthful of pious opinions over the chivalrous, brilliant, and steadfast life which stirred them into being?

It is true that Mr. Wesley himself at one period, in the absence of any more available criterion at the time, constituted certain works of his a test for eligibility to the trusteeship of property in the young societies. And it is fair to suppose that this was the beginning, as it may be the apology for that sort of thing among the people called Methodists. But, in the first place, it is not a question of trustees holding property. If so, let the trustees read them! In the next place, Mr. Wesley had before him no such life of spirit and example as he himself later afforded his followers. Furthermore, nobody can be conceived as farther than he from halting at such a point. And, still further, if he did, he would be in error, and the glo-

rious thing about him was that no man would more gladly recognize and correct an error.

> Tues., 3. I crossed over to St. Neat's and had an hour's friendly conversation with Mrs. V——. O that all men would sit loose to opinions! That they would think and let think! I preached in the evening to a numerous congregation with much enlargement of spirit.—*

In order to some more just knowledge of the real and the whole John Wesley, we may well review here out of his own personal Journal, rather than from his religious teachings alone, the life that he lived. And this may be best done, within these limits, by regarding that life from the several and various viewpoints which follow, and making sure that the whole story is told, as far as possible, in his own words.

JOHN WESLEY AND THE WORLD ORDER

And if this is talking in a large way, yet no mortal is exempt from the reality

*All close-set matter here is in quotation from John Wesley's Journal, save at the end of all, where an older prophet speaks.

of the subtle relationship that lies back of the talk. Helen Keller, blind, deaf, and dumb, puts it in a fascinating book, "The World I Live In," and makes her world ever larger. But do we not all make unto ourselves some such volume also, written or unwritten, larger or smaller?

Not to go back to his large-minded sire nor to recall the marvelous mother nor trace the ways of the other eighteen children, it stands out patent and all-potent that young Jackie Wesley—for it is good to feel that he was once just that—although he never got to weigh more than one hundred and twenty-two pounds, came into his British mystic land-and-sea-and-sky order something alive all over, built like a Switzerland watch, with delicate fiber of truth-telling steel, a face nobly compassing the full round message of his times, and a spring and ring of inward poise and health which more than fifty years of all-but-unparalleled effort and hardship could only make better. And our gusto of eugenics and theories of prenatal preparedness were anticipated a century by the assembling of this man.—

I preached at five at Gwennap on a little hill. It rained from the time I began to the time I concluded. I felt no pain while I spoke, but the instant I had done and all the time I was with the Society my teeth and head ached so violently that I hardly had any senses. I lay down as soon as I could and fell asleep. In the morning (blessed be God!) I ailed nothing.

He was mobbed a score of times and half as often in immediate jeopardy of his life, but was rarely touched and never once received an injury that he was willing to call serious. Kept out all of a wet night by a rabble who marched him across country from place to place and tried to trip in order to finish him, though others slid and fell, he neither slipped nor stumbled, and came off with not a scratch on his body nor a ruffle in his temper. After a smashing, long drive to reach an appointment (and the records show not more than three missed in the course of his life, though many were made without his knowledge and to his great inconvenience), he would dismount or "step out and preach immediately" without eating.—

[In a mob] from the beginning to the end I found the same presence of mind as if I had been sitting in my own study, but I took no thought for one moment before another. Only once it came into my mind that if they should throw me into the river it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt but I should swim across, having but a thin coat and a light pair of boots.

Many a rough journey I have had, but one like this I never had between wind and hail and rain and ice and snow and driving sleet and piercing cold. Our horses several times fell down while we were leading them. But it is passed. Those days will return no more and are, therefore, as though they had never been.

Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
Whate'er molests or troubles life,
However grievous in its stay,
It shakes the tenement of clay;
When past, as nothing we esteem;
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.

We agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and money, if we should leave off drinking of tea. I expected some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six

and twenty years' standing; and, accordingly, the three first days my head ached more or less all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day my memory failed almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my headache was gone. My memory was as strong as ever; and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this.

I walked over to Burnham. I had no thought of preaching there, doubting if my strength would allow of preaching always thrice a day. But, finding a house full of people, I could not refrain. Still, the more I use my strength, the more I have. I am often much tired the first time I preach in a day, a little the second time, but after the third or fourth I rarely feel either weakness or weariness.

In the evening we went to Lympsham, but not without some [!] difficulty. The waters were out. . . . My horse got in over his back in water, nor could I get my lodgings the foot way till an honest man took me on his shoulders and so waded through.

I was faint and feverish when I began; but staying an hour in a cold bath (for the wind was very high and sharp) quite refreshed me, so that all my faintness was gone, and I was perfectly well.

I preached at eight, . . . at eleven, . . . and at five in the afternoon. I lodged at a gentleman's, who showed me a flower which he called a gummy cystus. It blooms in the morning with a large, beautiful snow-white flower. But every flower dies in the evening.

I had a visit from Mr. B——, grown an old, feeble, decrepit man! Hardly able to face a puff of wind or to creep up and down stairs! Such is the fruit of cooping one's self in a house and sitting still day after day.

At five in the evening I preached in the natural amphitheater at G——. I think this is the most magnificent spectacle which is to be seen on this side heaven. [It held thirty thousand listeners, and his voice was distinctly heard by all.] And no music is to be heard upon earth comparable to their singing.

O what a dull thing is life without religion! I do not wonder that time

hangs heavy on the hands of all who know not God, unless they are perpetually drunk with noise and hurry of one kind or another.

The piano wires will receive and record more of what is doing about them than a wooden table. The Marconi wireless outfit and the modern telescope will gather and register more of the pageant of sea and sky than a broken bottle. And Mr. Wesley observed, penetrated, analyzed, and absorbed the pulse and hidden inwardness of the world order in which he was, in which we all are, immersed.

No flower nor animal nor work nor man nor thing escaped him. He had an avidity and a sensibility like Shakespeare in its wide-openness to men and truth of all kinds and times, the difference apparently lying in the fact that, while Shakespeare had a genius for men as they were, Wesley had a genius for men as they were to be. If Shakespeare was the myriad-minded man, Wesley was the God-minded man.

His physical, natural, social, literary, political, and philosophical observations

and criticisms alone would, if extracted from his Journal, constitute a volume of the most astute scientific interest, not always accurate by the test of present knowledge, a few times far from it, but awake, poised, luminous, fearlessly veracious, and, in the sum total of it, in consideration of his other activities, altogether astonishing.—

> We walked from thence to Coalbrook-Dale and took a view of the bridge which is shortly to be thrown over the Severn. It is one arch, a hundred feet broad, fifty-two feet high, and eighteen wide, weighing many hundred tons. I doubt if the Colossus of Rhodes weighed much more.
>
> I preached at Winchester, where I went with great expectation to see that celebrated painting in the cathedral, "The Raising of Lazarus." But I was disappointed. I observed: 1. There was such a huddle of figures that, had I not been told, I should not ever have guessed what they meant. 2. The colors in general were far too glaring, such as neither Christ nor his followers ever wore.

Being at Osmotherley, seven miles from the cliffs, on Monday, and finding Edward Abbott there, I desired him the next morning to show me the way thither [the scene of a recent earthquake]. I walked, crept, and climbed round and over a great part of the ruins. One part of the solid stone is cleft from the rest in a perpendicular line and smooth as if cut with diamonds. [And so forth for three pages of minute, discriminating analysis and attempt at scientific explanation.]

I went to Birmingham. I was surprised to hear that a good deal of platina was used there; but upon inquiry I found it was not the true platina, an original metal between gold and silver (being in weight nearest to gold, even as 18 to 19), but a mere compound of brass and spelter.

. . . Mr. Hoare's gardens at Stourton. I have seen the most celebrated gardens of England and Europe, but these far exceed them all: 1. In situation. . . . 2. In the vast basin of water. . . . 3. In the delightful interchange of shady groves and sunny glades; above all, in the grottoes. . . . On one side is a lit-

tle hermitage, with a lamp, a chair, a table with bones upon it. Others were delighted with the temples, but I was not: 1. Because several of the statues were mean. 2. Because I cannot admire the images of devils. 3. Because I defy all mankind to reconcile statues of the nude, either to common sense or to common decency.

From Dr. Franklin's letters I learned: 1. That electrical fire (or æther) is a species of fire infinitely finer than any yet known. 2. That it is diffused and in nearly equal proportions through almost all substances. 3. That as long as it is thus diffused it has no discernible effect. 4. That if any quantity of it be collected together, whether by art or nature, it then becomes visible in the form of fire and inexpressibly powerful. 5. That it is essentially different from the light of the sun; for it pervades a thousand bodies which light cannot penetrate and yet cannot penetrate glass, which light pervades so freely. 6. That lightning is no other than electrical fire collected by one or more clouds. 7. That all the effects of lightning may be performed by the artificial electric fire. 8. That anything point-

ed, as a spire or a tree, attracts the lightning, just as a needle does the electric fire. 9. That the electrical fire discharged on a rat or fowl will kill it instantly, but discharged on one dipped in water will slide off and do it no hurt at all. In like manner lightning, which will kill a man in a moment, will not hurt him if he be thoroughly wet. What an amazing scene is here opened for after ages to improve upon!

Between Northampton and Towcester we met with a great natural curiosity, the largest elm I ever saw. It was twenty-eight feet in circumference, six feet more than that which was some years ago in Magdalen College walks at Oxford.

I heard "Judith," an oratorio, performed at the Lock. Some parts of it were exceeding fine.

To-day "Douglas," the play which has made so much noise, was put in my hands. I was astonished to find it is one of the finest tragedies I ever read.

I saw the Westminster scholars act the "Adelphi of Terrence." O how

these heathens shame us! Their very comedies contain both excellent sense, the liveliest pictures of men and manners, and so fine strokes of morality as are seldom found in the writings of Christians.

Easter Day, Apr. 7. After preaching I went to the New Church and found an uncommon blessing at a time when I least of all expected it—namely, while the organist was playing a voluntary.

I was desired to take a ride to the celebrated Giant's Causeway. It lies eleven English miles from Coleraine, . . . doubtless the effect of some subterraneous fire. Just such pillars and pumices are found in every country which is or ever was subject to volcanoes.

Hence we went to Land's End. . . . I clambered down the rocks to the edge of the water, and I cannot think but that the sea has gained some hundred yards since I was here forty years ago. [He was now eighty-three years of age.]

In this journey I observed a mistake that almost universally prevails,

and I desire all travelers to take good notice of it. Near thirty years ago I was thinking, "How is it that no horse ever stumbles while I am reading?" [History, poetry, and philosophy he commonly read on horseback.] No account can possibly be given but this, that I then throw the reins on his neck. I then set myself to observe, and I aver that in riding above a hundred thousand miles horseback I scarce ever remember any horse except two (that would fall head over heels anyway) to fall or make considerable stumble while I rode with slack rein. To fancy, therefore, that a tight rein prevents stumbling is a capital blunder. A slack rein will prevent stumbling if anything will, but in some horses nothing can.

I met with Pern's "Treatise on the Gravel and Stone." I had long supposed that there could not be in nature such thing as a medicine that could dissolve the stone without dissolving the bladder.

I spent two or three hours in the House of Lords. I had frequently heard that this was the most venerable assembly in England. But how

was I disappointed! What is a lord but a sinner appointed to die?

It is out of all question even to name here the books reviewed, the music and art criticized, the phenomena analyzed, the stories of life—humor and tragedy, the behavior of men and animals—recorded, with natural objects observed.

Now, in a certain old and excellent Record it is written that a certain man said, "I will now turn aside and see this wonderful sight," and that, when God saw that he did turn aside to see, he called to him. And history has not been the same thing since that day.

Let us honestly ask, Is our preaching impoverished? Is our ministry dull and unalluring, not even worldly in the sense in which it ought to be worldly, that is to say, in having some contact and concern and masterful experience of it? And how much of all this has been and yet remains lost to us in the little of Wesley we have known? And without it what can the pious professionalism of our anæmic foothold and half-inch outlook in God's world avail?

There are people who are said to be handsome only as they are in motion. And John Wesley's attractiveness and influence in the world, notwithstanding his impressive personal appearance, are impossible to account for apart from the unrivaled extent, variety, and incessancy of his travels. It was Mr. Wesley in the way, all his long life on those surprising, tireless journeys, that came at first to bewilder the eyes and at length to bewitch the hearts of the people of the British Isles. His continual passage up and down and throughout the whole country, from city to hamlet, from hamlet to sea, always with a book before him, his grasp of steel on the present duty, his face and voice upward lifted ever to the full possibilities of life as it ought to be—namely, at its best—gave to his personality the quality of living water. Such lives are of no composition, merely, of two parts of hydrogen with one of oxygen, together with whatever else may have been dumped or leaked in upon it. They spring and sing and gleam and live. The heart of the

race claps its hands by such a stream, and its deepest soul is refreshed.

It has been a favorite saying of one of Wesley's eminent followers in recent years that a man in his mental life has for his capital not only what he possesses of stored-up learning at any given time, but the energy of that which he is now learning also. That is to say, there is a power which makes for efficiency in the mind at work. The deep solace of that truth may well be extended to apply beyond the mental faculty to all there is of a man. It is not only, often it is not so much, where a man has been as how lately he has come and where or which way he is going and how soon he may be expected to arrive. It is not alone what a man has confessed or prayed or ventured, but what he has brewing and is about to realize in tongue or soul or feet at the present hour, which smites imperiously the droning attention of the inhabitants. Wherefore it was this kinetic, never static Mr. Wesley who grew to such a volume of interest and power amongst his people.

After a few years of this travel, the apostolic name and face and voice came to have little or no need of any appointment previous to his coming. The multitudes by the thousands ran together at the first report of his approach or upon the first note of his hymn striking up by the table in the street or beneath the tree on the hill. They were, to be sure, not disappointed in him when they came. No man without a tremendous message could have held or dealt with the throngs that came. But it was beyond all question also, and first, that the most of them would never have heard what he had to say had he not come in the way he did, and had he not kept coming and—going. Times without number Mr. Wesley recites the striking excellence of the sermons he hears by clergymen of the Established Church, his unvarying and lifelong practice being to attend its worship and never to preach or hold any meeting whatever that would conflict with its exercises. But everywhere, as we know, these were delivering their messages to empty benches, while in his unhalting itinerancy he

literally took the people off guard, and they came to expect to be surprised—and to love it.—

> We crossed over the enormous mountain into lovely Wenandale. . . . As I rode through the town the people stood staring on every side as if we had been a company of monsters. I preached in the street; and they soon ran together, young and old, from every quarter. I reminded the elder of their having seen me there thirty years before, when I preached in Wensley Church, and I enforced once more, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." When I rode back through the town, it wore a new face. The people were bowing and curtsying on every side. Such a change in two hours I have seldom seen.

It is a haunting question what these easy Pullmans and luxurious hotels and episcopal summer resorts and pompous personal attentions of the Church of Wesley after a century and a half would do for Mr. Wesley himself or he for them. Why, when a bishop coming in from the Philippine Islands chose to get mixed up

with his fellow travelers in the steerage the other day, the spectacle was rare news and got on the telegraphic nerves of the country. An additional piece of news was that it was an Episcopal bishop. *Voila!* What a reversal!

The most strenuous and physically accomplished man in the world's public life, when President of the United States not long since, drew the admiring or complaining attention of the nation by riding ninety-eight miles in one day as a military feat on perfect roads in perfect weather, with picked horses awaiting him in easy relay. John Wesley on innumerable journeys rode fifty, seventy, and ninety miles, preaching from two to four times a day, over any and sometimes horrible roads, with what mounts and accoutrement he might command, through storms that made his horses reel and suns that smote fever to the bone, and this at a weight of a hundred and twenty-odd pounds. Once it was one hundred and ten miles; and again, from Wednesday to Friday afternoon, it was from Congleton to Bristol and return, a total distance of two hun-

dred and eighty miles, in two days and nights and "feeling no more tired (blessed be God!) on my return than when I left." Nor were these journeys simply athletic feats or isolated episodes or varied and happy changes of exercise. They were wholly incidental and habitual till his life had reached a length of more than eighty years, when his Journal recites that for more than fifty years he had traveled, by land or sea, horseback, coach, chaise, or foot, a yearly distance of forty-five hundred miles—which is an average of twelve miles every day for more than half a century.

Now, what can all this physical movement have to do with the high and holy matter of religion, or with the recovery of a lost power in the ministry of his more recent "assistants"? Much every way. His own laborious Journal is crowded with the record of such physical efficiency and expenditure. But not one intimation of it all is given in the Wesleyan masterpieces we have been called on to read. Many—if the truth may be told, one hundred to one—of us have pored over Wes-

ley's "sacred" writings as selected for us by the authorities, or inflated the pride or chastened the sorrows of our ministry with his great name, and have given no recognition whatever to the splendid, irrepressible physical mechanism he had—and used.

The Orient-born, far-traveled Bishop Lambuth said one day that the brains of the country was going into business. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) told the young Yale preacher-men that no robust gospel need be expected of men with feeble and undeveloped bodies. And a beautiful young woman, who should have known, since she was the daughter of a church magnate, was saying the other day, after witnessing the physique of the classes received into an annual conference, that she saw nothing to turn a young girl's head at the prospect of becoming the wife of a Methodist preacher. Where in all the test and type of our present-day Wesleyanism is the lost spirit of the puissant, virile, irrepressible John Wesley himself?—

Friday, 19th, came a message from Jo. Magor, dangerously ill at Sidmouth, four or five and twenty miles off, to tell me he could not die in peace till he had seen me. So the next morning, after preaching, I set out, spent an hour with him, by which he was exceedingly refreshed, and returned to Tiverton time enough to rest a little before the evening preaching.

I preached at Swansea at five, in Neath between eight and nine, and about one at Margum. Between this and Bridge-End we had the hardest rain I remember ever to have seen in Europe. . . . We were wet to the toes. In the evening I preached in Old Castle.

About eight I was so tired I could hardly stand. But after speaking another hour at G——, I was as lively and strong as at eight in the morning.

I rested (!) the four following days, preaching only morning and evening. In the intervals of my time I compiled an Irish grammar.

I left Leeds in one of the roughest mornings I have ever seen. Our hands bled. The cold had an effect I

never felt before. It made me downright sick. About nine I preached at Bramley; between one and two at Pudsey. Afterwards I walked to Fulneck, the German settlement.

We took horse at four. It was seventy miles to a friend's house, where I preached at three in the afternoon; and, procuring a fresh horse about the size of an ass, I rode on with more ease than state to Aghrim.

I preached abroad at five. Again at Black-Burton at eleven. Thence we rode to Long-Preston. Hence I rode to Skipton and preached in the evening near the bridge. Nor did I feel any weariness after preaching four times and riding fifty miles.

I took horse a little after four and about two preached in the market house at Lanidloes, two or three and forty miles distant. At three we rode forward through the mountains to F——. . . . We came back to the mountain again about seven P.M. After riding an hour, we found we were quite out of the way. We were then told to ride back the same way, but our path soon ended in the edge of a bog. . . . We turned and rode on to where we inquired again (it

being a little past nine) and were once more set exactly wrong. And, having wandered an hour on the mountains, through rocks and bogs and precipices, . . . between eleven and twelve we came to the inn [eighteen hours in the saddle].

Wed., 12, I took coach. The next day we reached Grantham, and London about seven on Friday evening, having run that day a hundred and ten miles. On the road I read over Seller's "History of Palmyra" and Norden's "Travels into Egypt and Abyssinia."

Friday, 13th, after preaching at Road, Pensford, Trowbridge, and Freshford, I preached at Bath.

Sun., 12. Dr. Coke read prayers, and I preached in the New Room. Afterwards I hastened to Kingswood and preached under the shade of that double row of trees which I had planted forty years ago.

Mon., 13. I visited one confined to her bed and in much pain, but unspeakably happy.

Fri., 17. The house would not contain half the people. Again about eleven I preached at Caste-Cary and

in the evening at Shepton-Mallat. [And all this at eighty-one years of age!]

JOHN WESLEY THE PASTOR AND SOCIAL WORKER

Whether preaching to the crowded thousands, poring over his studies, fighting his way in the teeth of a North Ireland blizzard, or examining the state of one of the ever-multiplying societies, there was a compact solidity and balance in all his work. In Wesley's mind there was no hitch nor lost motion of fad practice. He literally went about doing good and, by the ultimate apology of well-doing, stopped the mouth of opposition. His sermons were only his life making itself vocal; his pastoral and social service was but his golden message substantiating itself; and the passage from the one to the other was but the open door of opportunity.—

Sun., 13. I went in the morning in order to speak severally with the members of the Society at Tanfield. From the terrible instances I met with here, I am more and more convinced that the Devil himself desires

nothing more than this, that the people of any place should be half awakened and then left to themselves to fall asleep again. Therefore I determined, by the grace of God, not to strike one stroke in any place where I cannot follow the blow.

Thur., 25. I was more convinced than ever that the preaching like an apostle, without joining together those that are awakened and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer.

Let us rather [in giving account of our work] speak under than above the truth. We of all men should be punctual in all we say, that none of our words may fall to the ground.

Wed., 21. I visited more of the poor sick. The industry of many of them surprised me. Several who were ill able to walk were, nevertheless, at work; some without any fire (bitterly cold it was); and some, I doubt, without any food, yet not without that "meat which endureth to everlasting life."

Mon., 10. The four following days I wrote a catalogue of the Society, now reduced from eight and twenty

hundred to about two and twenty. Such is the fruit of George Bell's enthusiasm [wildfire] and Thomas Maxfield's gratitude.

Fri., August 2. We made our first subscription to the building a new chapel, and at this and the two following meetings above a thousand pounds were cheerfully subscribed.

Mon., 9. I began what I had long intended, visiting the Society from house to house, setting apart at least two hours in a day for that purpose. I was surprised to find the simplicity with which one and all spoke both of their temporal and spiritual state, nor could I easily have known by any other means how great a work God has wrought among them.

Mon., 10. I began the unpleasing task of visiting the classes. I still continue to do this in London and Bristol and Cork and Dublin. With the other Societies their respective assistants supply my lack of service.

Sun., 21. Returned to Norwich. I wish all our preachers would be accurate in their accounts and rather speak under than over the truth. I had heard again and again of the in-

crease of the Society, and what is the naked truth? Why, I left in it two hundred and two members, and I find one hundred and seventy-five.

Tues., 4. . . . So on this and the four following days I walked through the town and begged two hundred pounds [$1,000], in order to clothe them that wanted it most. But it was hard work, as most of the streets were filled with melting snow, which often lay ankle-deep, so that my feet were steeped in snow water nearly from morning till evening.

Tues., 8. At our dispensary . . . within the year about three hundred had received medicines occasionally, about one hundred regularly, and had submitted to a proper regimen. More than ninety were entirely cured of diseases they had long labored under.

Our rule in the lending stock company for the poor is, to lend only twenty shillings at once, which is repaid weekly in three months. No less than two hundred and fifty persons have been relieved in eighteen months. [Doubtless as large a number as in some of the most successful modern philanthropies of the kind.]

Mon., Dec. 5, and so the whole week, I spent every hour I could spare in the unpleasing but necessary work of going through the town and begging for the poor men who had been employed in finishing the New Chapel. It is true, I am not obliged to do this; but if I do not, nobody else will. [In London, over seventy years old.]

Sun., 12. I preached morning and evening for our little Charity School, where forty boys and twenty girls are trained up both for this world and the world to come.

The greatest charity is to awaken them that sleep in sin.

JOHN WESLEY THE DOCTOR AND HEALER

These facts stand out as clear as stars from the mists of the history of healing:

1. The foundation of it all is as firm and open a grasp as possible of the facts of the laws of living, as these are written in nature and found in experience. No expert in modern hygiene and preventive medicine can for a moment surpass John Wesley in his recognition and practice of this fundamental truth.

2. There is, so far as any special or divine healing is concerned, no healing through prayer and tactual influence as a specialty. There was in Biblical days and since divine healing, but never a "divine healer." The cure comes down and off from the fullness and potency of a big life, as a by-product of what one may almost say is another and even larger purpose. Jesus's cures all wear something of this appearance of the incidental. He is going somewhere, he has been speaking of the Father, and he has been showing forth life at its full—that is, in the Father. Somebody in the throng touches the border of his garment or calls sufferingly to him by the wayside, and virtue goes out of him. It was the same way with Peter when they declared that his very shadow falling on the sick could heal men, or when about the same time he and John were going up to teach in the temple through the gate called Beautiful. Life was at high tide. And so with St. Paul, it will be found, in every case. And so with John Wesley. And the sorrow and the reproach is that with us, their

followers, life has ebbed so low that, on one hand, ugly things like Eddyism, Dowieism, Russellism, and Yoakumism find their day and emerge; and, on the other, a brood of smug specialists and sanitarians misconceive that there is no connection whatever between a healthy life and an honest and adequate view and goal of life.

3. Absolute and unvarying absence of a money consideration. People are at least stupid historians who will send Pastor Yoakum five dollars and receive a handkerchief from his body.—

> Thur., 14. I read prayers and preached in Clutton Church; but it was with great difficulty, because of my hoarseness, which so increased that in four and twenty hours I could scarce speak at all. All night I used my never-failing r e m e d y, bruised garlic applied to the soles of the feet. This cured my hoarseness in six hours, and in one hour it cured my lumbago, the pain in the small of my back which I had had ever since I came from Cornwall.
>
> Sat., 10. After traveling between

ninety and a hundred miles, I came back to Malton and, having rested an hour, went on to Scarborough and preached in the evening. But the flux, which I had had for a few days, so increased that at first I found it difficult to speak; yet the longer I spoke, the stronger I grew. Is not God a present help?

Sun., 11. I experienced a second time what one calls *febris ex insolatione.* The day was cold, but the sun shone warm on my back as I sat on the window. In less than half an hour I began to shiver and soon after had a strong fit of ague. I directly lay down between blankets and drank largely of warm lemonade. In ten minutes the hot fit came on, and quickly after I fell asleep. Having slept half an hour, I rose up and preached. Afterwards I met the Society; and I found no want of strength, but was just as well at the end as at the beginning.

Wed., 4. I called on an honest man and, I hope, took him out of the hands of an egregious quack, who was pouring in medicines upon him for what he called "wind in the nerves"!

In going to Lurgan I was again surprised to find that I could not fix my attention on what I read. . . . I sent for Dr. Laws, a sensible and skillful physician. He told me I was in a high fever and advised me to lay by. But I told him it could not be done, as I had appointed to preach at several places. He then prescribed a cooling draught with a grain or two of camphor, and my nerves were universally agitated. This I took with me to Tandragee and Derry-Aghy. Here nature sank, and I took my bed. . . . I sent for Dr. McBride, who soon had me restored. If he keeps on in his present way, he will surely be among the most skilled physicians of Europe.

Sat., 20. I advised one who had been troubled many years with a stubborn paralytic disorder to try a new remedy. Accordingly, she was electrified and found immediate help. By the same means I have known two persons cured of an inveterate pain in the stomach and another of a pain in his side which he had had ever since he was a child. Nevertheless, who can wonder that many gentlemen of the faculty [profession], as

well as their good friends, the apothecaries, decry a medicine so shockingly cheap and easy as much as they do quicksilver and tar water?

Tues., 9. Having procured an apparatus on purpose, I ordered several persons to be electrified who were ill of various disorders, some of whom found an immediate, some a gradual, cure. From this time I appointed first some hours in every week, and afterwards an hour in every day, wherein we might try the virtue of this surprising medicine. Two or three years after our patients were so numerous that we were obliged to divide them, part at the Foundry, others at St. Paul's, the rest near the Seven Dials. And to this day, while hundreds, perhaps thousands, have received unspeakable good, I have not known one man, woman, or child who has received hurt thereby.

Mon., 18. I found Mr. Greenwood (with whom I lodged) dying, as was supposed, of the gout in the stomach. But, on observing the symptoms, I was convinced it was not the gout, but the angina pectoris (well described by Dr. Heberden and still more accurately by Dr. McBride, of

Dublin). I therefore advised him to take no more medicines, but to be electrified through the breast. He was so. The violent symptoms immediately ceased, and he fell into a sweet sleep.

Wed., 6. About one I heard a shrill voice in the street calling and desiring me to come to Mr. ——. I found him ill in body and in an agony of mind. He fully believed he was at the point of death, nor could any arguments convince him to the contrary. We cried to Him who has all power in heaven and earth and who keeps the keys of life and death. He soon started up in bed and said with a loud voice: "I shall not die, but live!" And so he did.

Fri., 16. . . . Immediately a strange scene occurred. I was desired to visit one who had been eminently pious, but had now been confined to her bed several months and was utterly unable to raise herself up. She desired us to pray, that the chain might be broken. A few of us prayed in faith. Presently she rose up, dressed herself, came downstairs, and, I believe, had not any further complaint. In the evening I preached

at High-Wycombe and on Saturday returned to London.

Sat., 12. Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. . . . Whence came this woman's pain (which she would never have told had she not been questioned about it)? From fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines while that fretting continued? Why, then, do not all physicians consider how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind and, in those cases which are utterly out of their sphere, call in the assistance of a minister, as ministers, when they find the mind disordered by the body, call in the assistance of a physician? [So anticipated the Boston Emmanuel Institute, and the like, near two hundred years.]

Wed., 24. The floods kept me shut up at Longwood house; but I got to Halifax, where I found Mr. Floyde

lay in a high fever, almost dead for want of sleep. This was prevented by violent pain in one of his feet, which was much swelled and so sore that it could not be touched. We joined in prayer that God would fulfill his word and give his beloved sleep. Presently the swelling, the soreness, the pain were gone, and he had a good night's rest.

Tues., 31. At eleven I preached in the avenue again. It rained all the time. . . . Afterwards a decent woman, whom I never saw either before or since, desired to speak with me and said: "I met you at Caledon. I had had then a violent pain in my head for four weeks, but was fully persuaded that I should be well if you would lay your hand on my cheek, which I begged you to do. From that moment I have been perfectly well." If so, give God the glory.

JOHN WESLEY AND BOOKS

If Wesley as a horseback rider took coach-ridden England by surprise—Wesley the reader, student, and writer would be an amazement even to this day of books.

The many-sided versatility of the man is not simply bewildering; it is entirely deceptive. It is not that he did so many things that one could not tell what he was doing save in the sequel of his undertakings. But the concentration and excellence were so intense and characteristic that whatever he undertook or happened to be engaged in was as though it were the only thing he did or could do.

As a connoisseur of scenery, architecture, and the arts, whether music, sculpture, or painting; as a raconteur of the endless episode and revelation of animals and of human nature; as a student, a traveler, a writer, a rider, a debater, a house-to-house pastor, a peacemaker, an organizer, an uplifter, an upturner, a councilor, a speaker commanding as many as twenty thousand hearers at one time, doctor, financier earning and giving away some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, patriot, and saint—not in a hodge-podge of general jack-at-all-goodness, but specifically and prolongedly—he excelled.

As a preacher of intense, clear, unpadded exposition and application, he so

eliminated every other element and interest that it was as though he neither did nor knew anything else. How much of all his bigger, richer, fuller life, the headwaters of all his great preaching and influence, do we apprehend in his printed Sermons or in anything which we have been required or accustomed to read? Nothing whatever. For any knowledge of this seeing, singing, preaching, humorous, suffering, radiant, red-blooded, lost John Wesley we would almost as well be reading an algebra. And so it comes about that a jostling, conference-attending, personal-column-reading army of us Wesleyans are going up and down the land or sitting around the land who know no Wesley, men whose sources are little deeper or farther up than the surface waters of the foam and garbage of the daily papers, whose mental strength is little more than the driftings of the curb-stone philosophy of the town. Not in a few, but in many quarters, whether of city, country, or town, it is in bad taste and embarrassing even to speak of books.

Nor shall I shrink from recording here

the astonishment, discouragement, and humiliation which have been time and again the experience of thoughtful and loyal men in more than one annual conference through the cheap sophistry and coarse ridicule of some of our Methodist leaders putting their audiences, from pit to gallery, in gales of unctuous mirth at the expense of any claim or need of a life and ministry of sanctified learning.

This "Mr. W——" of ours, as he designates himself through the pages of the Journal—for his mind was so engrossed and fed with the myriad of other interests that he neither found the time nor nursed the care to have his name spelled out in print—was a man of books. Nay, but throughout the length of his fourscore years (how he did it with all the other defies analysis!) he fingered, loved, read, knew books, and bore about a mind welling with the inspiration and consecrated power of their contents, and started in their dusty beds the watercourses of a new intellectual and spiritual life in England and the world. Time will afford no space for even the briefest mention of

those books he read and, in the privacy of a Journal which was never meant for the public eye, criticized and reviewed. Moreover, so far from being confined to works which, when we are talking through our noses, we call "sacred literature," here is everything which the alphabet will hold, from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" and "A Chinese Fragment" and "A Creed of Common Sense" to Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," Wilson's "Treatise on the Circulation of the Blood," and Xenophon's "Memorabilia of Socrates."

But we shall be under the necessity of confining the list, even of those named, solely to some, not all, of the volumes mastered on horseback and in coach. "History, poetry, philosophy," the Journal recites, "I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times."—

> On the way to Canterbury I read Mr. Baxter's "History of the [Church] Councils." What a company of wretches, perpetually cursing one another! . . . In riding from Manchester to Bolton I read the "Life of

Theodore, King of Corsica." In riding to Rosmead I read Sir John Davies's "History of Ireland." I took coach for London. On the way I read over Seller's "History of Palmyra" and Norden's "Travels into Egypt and Abyssinia." On the road to Bath I read Dr. Campbell's "Answer to David Hume on Miracles" and Dr. Brown's keen "Animadversions on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury." In my fragments of time I read Dr. Priestley's book on "Electricity." In the coach going and coming I read several volumes of Mr. Guthrie's "History of Scotland." Last week I read over, as I rode, a great part of Homer's "Odyssey." In a little journey, etc., I finished Dr. Burnet's "Theory of the Earth," . . . Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," Mr. Hooks's "Roman History," "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy," "History of America," "On the Slave Trade," "History of Charles the Fifth," Dr. Byrom's "Poems," Dr. Lee's "Sophron," Lord Herbert's "Life," Lord K.'s "Essays on Morality and Religion," Dr. Swift's "Letters," a volume of Latin "Poems," that elegant trifle, "The Correspondence between Theodosia and Con-

stantia," Mr. Boehm's "Sermons," Lucian's "Dialogues," the "Iliad," "Affairs in the East Indies," Gray's "Poems," Dr. McBride's "Practice of Physic," Voltaire's "Memoirs," Lord Bacon's "Ten Centuries of Experiments," Huygen's "Conjectures on the Planetary Worlds," etc., etc., etc.

This week I endeavored to point out all the errata in the eight volumes of the Arminian Magazine [now the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, London].

I began to execute a design, long in my thoughts, to print an accurate edition of my works [including a system of natural philosophy, translations of books from French and German, essays, tracts, books and sermons on medicine, music, electricity, statecraft, theology, in all some two hundred and thirty-three volumes, besides one hundred edited or compiled and thirty shared with his brother, and besides the Magazine and the Journal, the latter alone being a bigger product than many eminent literary men accomplish.]

Conceive this avid, all-searching, all-serving man, whose modesty we have

turned into brag, whose deeds we have forgotten or never known, whose spirit we have lost, and whose name we have worn slick—conceive of what he would say about the laziness and ignorance of many of us who are ministers to-day in the Church he founded and fathered—and what he would do.

Here was the supreme objective of all the countless journeys, the inspiration of the wonderful health, the motif of the amazing energy, the shining torch to the insatiable studies, the *je ne sais quoi* (to employ a favorite French expression of his own) of his strange engagingness and deathless zest in life.

If he was a peerless rider, that was purely incidental, and he rode to the great goals of God. If he was ever a student, it was that he might know him and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings. If he was a statesman, whom historians have accredited with saving England from revolution and Europe from a return to medieval dark-

ness, it was because he saw and sought first His kingdom and His righteousness. The first of all his hundreds of publications was a volume of daily prayers. And the last exultant cry of his great heart was: "The best of all is, God is with us!"

This is the virile, life-engulfing, world-transforming, personal holiness of John Wesley. The holiness of a theology alone, though he had a theology, and the holiness of tradition alone, though his attitude to tradition was ever conservative, can have little to do with it. The holiness of the "Sermons" and the "Notes" of the annual conference examination rooms have not been able to sweeten one conference session nor to impel our solemnly resounding resolutions through the first quarter of any succeeding year. It is not there. We would as well be making ornaments of the saddles he rode. If the pride of an empty professionalism and the vanity of an impotent self-seeking and the childish hull-gull of a useless and half-observed secrecy have at times befallen us; if we have come to a time when we can hardly

do our work for looking to the next annual conference; if, when we arrive there, we find the assembly divided into three equal parts, one-third knowing by special faculty or favor the appointments they are to receive, another third whispering and running and writing in uncertainty, and the rest standing off and playing the game as it is pretended to be played; and if in the purest and most vital form of Wesleyan Methodism in the world, in England, there is no such thing as this un-American, un-Wesleyan secret cabinet—if these are the afflicting facts of Methodism, then no holiness nor system nor name whatever shall avail to cure them, save that which as a living virtue comes forth from a life big with a higher purpose and with an efficiency which the world can use.

Winston Churchill, in his acute, spiritual story, "The Inside of the Cup," emphasizes "that profound and elemental truth, that the world grows better, not by organized, soul-saving machinery, but by personality." As for John Wesley, he

cries out in his Journal: "I spoke to them with all the authority of love!"—

. . . Call me Jew, Turk, infidel; but do not call me bishop.

Sun., 10. I began reading and explaining to the Society the Large Minutes of the Conference. I desire to do all things openly and above board. I would have all the world, and especially all of our Societies, see not only all the steps we take, but the reasons why we take them.

Wed., 29. I returned to Cork and met the classes. O, when will even the Methodists learn not to exaggerate? After all the pompous accounts I had had of the vast increase of the Society, it is not increased at all—nay, it is a little smaller than it was three years ago. And yet many of the members are alive to God. But the smiling world hangs heavily upon them.

As none of them thought of unharnessing the horses, the traces were soon broke. At length they fastened ropes to the chaise and to the stronger horse; and, the horse pulling and the men thrusting at once, they thrust it through the slough to the firm land.

. . . While I was walking a poor man overtook me who appeared to be in deep distress. He said he owed his landlord twenty shillings rent, for which he had turned him and his family out of doors; and that he had been down with his relations to beg their help, but they would do nothing. Upon my giving him a guinea, he would needs kneel down in the road to pray for me and then cried out: "O, I shall have a house! I shall have a house over my head!" So perhaps God answered that poor man's prayer by the sticking of the chaise in the slough!

Wed., 28. Finding the unaccountable apprehension of I know not what danger, which had been upon me several days, increase, I cried earnestly for help; and it pleased God in a moment to restore peace to my soul. Let me observe hereon: 1. That not one of these hours ought to pass out of my remembrance till I attain another manner of spirit, a spirit equally willing to glorify God by life or by death. 2. That whoever is uneasy on any account (bodily pain alone excepted) carries in himself his own conviction that he is so far an unbe-

liever. . . . And if he bring the matter more close, he will always find, beside the general want of faith, every particular uneasiness is evidently owing to the want of some particular Christian temper.

Sun., 28. O how has God renewed my strength, who used ten years ago to be so faint and weary with preaching twice in one day!

Sat., 20. . . . We begged of God to increase our faith. Meanwhile her pangs increased more and more, so that one would have imagined, for the violence of the throes, her body must have been shattered in pieces. One who was clearly convinced this was no natural disorder said, "I think Satan is let loose; I fear he will not stop here"; and added, "I command thee in the name of the Lord Jesus to tell if thou hast commission to torment any other soul." It was immediately answered: "I have: L—— Y—— and C—— R—— (two who lived at some distance and were then in perfect health). We betook ourselves to prayer again and ceased not till she began about six o'clock with a clear

voice, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Sun., 30. One came to me by whom I used to profit much; but her conversation was now too high for me. It was far above out of my sight. My soul is sick of this sublime divinity. Let me think and speak as a little child. Let my religion be plain, artless, simple. Meekness, temperance, patience, faith, and love, be these my highest gifts.

Sun., 14. I began preaching about five o'clock (a thing never heard of before in these parts). . . . And the victorious sweetness of the grace of God was present with his word.

Wed., 24. In the evening the word of God was indeed quick and powerful. Afterwards I desired the men as well as the women to meet; but I could not speak to them. The spirit of prayer was so poured upon us all that we could only speak to God.

Thur., 20. . . . When the mob of Walsal came pouring in like a flood. The mob from Darlston made what defense they could; but they were

weary as well as outnumbered; so that, in a short time, many being knocked down, the rest ran away, and left me in their hands. To attempt to speak was vain; for the noise was like the roaring of the sea; so they dragged me along till we came to the town, . . . but a man, catching me by the hair, pulled me back in the middle of the mob. I now continued speaking all the time to those within hearing, feeling no pain or weariness. . . . I stood at the door and asked: "Are you willing to hear me speak?" Many cried out: "No, no! Knock his brains out; down with him; kill him at once!" Others said: "Nay, but we will hear him first." I began asking: "What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?" And continued speaking for a quarter of an hour, till my voice suddenly failed. Then the floods began to lift up their voice again, many crying out: "Bring him away; bring him away!" In the meantime my strength and my voice returned, and I broke out aloud in prayer. And now the man who had just before headed the mob turned and said: Sir, I will spend my life for you;

follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head."

Mon., 24. In the evening, as I was reading prayers at Snowfields, I found such light and strength as I never remember to have had before. I saw every thought (as well as action or word) just as it was rising in my heart, and whether it was right before God or tainted with pride or selfishness. I never knew before (I mean at this time) what it was to "be still before God."

Tues., 25. I waked, by the grace of God, in the same spirit, and about eight, being with two or three that believed in Jesus, I felt such an awe and tender sense of the presence of God as greatly confirmed me therein; so that God was before me all the day long. I sought and found him in every place, and could truly say when I lay down at night: "Now I have lived a day."

Aug. 4. I preached at five and returned to my brother, whom I had left at Leeds. At noon we spent an hour with several of our preachers in exhortation and prayer. About one I preached to a crowded audience

of high and low, rich and poor; but their number was abundantly enlarged at five, as was my strength both of body and soul. I then waited on Mr. M—— for an hour. O how could I delight in such an acquaintance! But the will of God be done! Let me acquaint myself with him, and it is enough.

Thur., 24. Just as I began to preach, the sun broke and shone exceeding hot on the side of my head. I found, if it continued, I should not be able to speak long, and lifted up my heart to God. In a minute or two it was covered with clouds, which continued till the service was over. Let any who please call this chance; I call it an answer to prayer. [Such experiences are recorded again and again in the Journal, even to the breaking of calms and deliverances from storms at sea. They are never unduly emphasized and always transpire when his life and strength are stretched to their utmost in communion and service to God and men.]

Mon., 5. . . . And in the meantime we are laboring to secure the preaching houses to the next generation. In the name of God, let us, if possi-

ble, secure the present generation from drawing back to perdition! Let all the preachers that are still alive to God join together as one man, fast and pray, lift up their voice as a trumpet, be instant in season, out of season, to convince them they are fallen; and exhort them instantly to "repent and do the first works."

Mon., 28 June. To-day I entered on my eighty-second year and found myself just as strong to labor and as fit for exercise of body or mind as I was forty years ago. I do not impute this to second causes, but to the Sovereign Lord of all. I am as strong at eighty-one as I was at twenty-one, but abundantly more healthy, being a stranger to headache, toothache, and other bodily disorders which attended me in my youth. While we live, let us live unto Him!

[The following when he was eighty-five:] Wed., 12. I had no thought of preaching at Collumpton, though we were to pass through it; but I yielded to importunity and preached at one to a numerous audience. Thence we went on to Exeter, where I preached at six. We set out at three on the next morning and

reached Plymouth between one and two in the afternoon, where I preached to a large audience; and although the day was extremely hot, yet I found myself better yesterday and to-day than I have been for some months. . . . The best of all is, God is with us!

And now—once more—it is Sunday. The myriad-myriad wheels of toil are hushed; while other myriads of pleasure craft are running fast and far and heedless. Between and above them is the stillness and the peace of the American Sabbath afternoon. Here in this Methodist church, from which the people have so lately dispersed, is a veritable focus and whispering gallery of it all. The reflection of the strong-faced men of the world's work and thought is on these walls; the challenge and inspiration of the wistful women, from youth to homesick and thoughtful age, with many children amongst them, are in this air; the echoes of the best hopes of the people in aspiring hymn, the radiance of their friendship, the beauty of their praise, the

fragrance of their charity, the heaviness of their burdens, the traces of their temptation, the confession of their sin, the sanctity of their many sorrows.

From the outside float back in here upon their minister the honk of the gay seekers for pleasure, the love-making of the youthful pair in the church lawn, the song of a mother to her child, the crunching step of the slow-walking laborer out for the only airing of the week with his family—all gathered up and multiplied here as in some divine acousticon of the Eternal Compassion.—

> It pleased the Lord, for his righteousness' sake, to make the teaching great and glorious.
>
> But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses: they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore.
>
> Who is there among you that will give ear to this? Who will hearken and hear for the coming time?

III

THE BOOK OF BOOKS

A Cartoon of the Good News

The soul and body make a man. The spirit and discipline make a Christian.

Have your parishioners the life of religion in their souls? Have they so much as the form of it? Are the people of W—— in general any better than those of S— or N——? Alas! sir, what is it that hinders your reaping the fruit of so much pain and so many prayers?

How is this? Do I yet please men? Is the offense of the Cross ceased? It seems, after being scandalous near fifty years, I am at length growing into an honorable man.

—John Wesley's Journal.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS

A Cartoon of the Good News

IT seems good, at the close of the first century of its recognized history in America, to review the Supreme Book once more somewhat in the entirety of its constructive place and influence in the whole drama of modern civilized life.

Have we not had all but an excess of pious piecemeal explanation, magazine interpretation, graded literature, canned comment, and baled annotation about the Bible? Is not a man lonesome now and again for the Big Book, for the whole sweeping, self-attesting, wonder-working Word of God, with its old far horizons, bottomless fundamentals, topless inspirations, and the majestic thunder-and-whisper movement of its oceanic bearing along the whole shore line of human life? It is wearisome, and often next to wholly unprofitable, to be squinting over the Scriptures, attempting to measure their grand message by an endless inductive

examination, as though one would pulverize a statue to understand it, or analyze the anthems of ocean by the sputterings of innumerable skillets.

To be sure, there is a *literature* of the Bible; for that single volume has been for ages a sort of linotype melting pot into which the cold forms of human utterance have been cast and re-cast, to be remelted and brought forth again in due time white-hot in the throbbing terms of living experience. The Bible is not merely literature; it is and has been and will be the very mother of literatures, for the excellent reason that in it, as nowhere else, form is legitimately wedded to thought, and there is an absence of that tawdry intellectual bastardy of expression divorced from experience.—

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts;
All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.

Assuredly, the *logic* of the Bible has formed the concrete categories of modern definitive thinking, for the reason that man is himself a unit and always limps

along on three legs mentally, save when the shock and appeal of reality command or inspire him to put the other foot down. Man is ever a thinker—when he has really lived. Thinking is but an aspect of living. In the Bible, art and experience are met together, reason and reality have kissed each other; and the coil of its logic in the high argument between God and man might well tie Aristotle hand and foot.

Ethics is what others find in the Bible —an insistent, imperious, and inexorable morality. All the music of its literature and movement of its logic urge the one solemn accent of righteousness; all the ocean roar of its wide romance through nature and the generations throbs as the sea to the one ever-recurring key of righteousness; all its very fragments and detached texts echo, as the sea conch on your grandmother's parlor floor, the one mystical, deathless call to righteousness. Only, when excellent gentlemen, much concerned for the regular collection of their monthly rentals, insist on appropriating the whole Bible to the village gos-

pel of paying one's debts and keeping out of jail, one reads the twenty-third Psalm or the tenth of St. John and is not convinced.

As a *chart of supernatural relations* also, the Bible commends itself to yet other people. Somewhat better than a Book of Magic, yet of that order; the literature of transcendence, draped with superstition even while guiding the race out of the same; the code of the supernatural; the leaves of the Cumæn Cave; the oracles of God. Let us all repeat the Golden Text! One hastens to register a solemn respect and a reverent valuation for this historic and indispensable service of the Scriptures. Not without reason has the Arminian Bible inscribed across its cover in letters of gold, "The Breath of God." Yet when no more is won from these portentous pages than a sort of acute piosity in higher superstition, while we march forth on Sabbath mornings with the sacred volume under our arms, it may well be wondered how long it is to be before the Bible is superseded by Dr. Spook and all the other spooks of the So-

ciety for the Advancement of Psychical Research.

What, then, if not literature, nor logic, nor ethics, nor transcendence, is the Bible? And where is its distinguishing characteristic and function? One may humbly but boldly, as in a swift cartoon, offer his twofold answer:

First, God.—God the Utterer, God on His Word.

There is, we all know, a sort of pale Christianity with Christ left out, an endless essaying and thumbing of revelation, with no recognition of the Revealer, a profession of divinity with Deity unknown, theology as a science with Theos ignored, which at last all comes to no more than a refined atheism.

Now, the essential characteristic of the Bible, wholly and fairly regarded, is that here is heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the cool of the day, ever calling, "Adam, where art thou?" Many are the by-ways and little bridges, and often the open, shoreless sands. But whether by the desert road or riverside, whether in the sweeping mountain fires, or among

the gentle sheep of the valley, or by the glistering gate of the King, the soul of man comes at length face to face with his God. In Homer, the Koran, and elsewhere we may gather vague report and traces of him. Here we cannot miss him. If "the universe is the garment of God," the Bible is his articulate will in terms of human history—the voice of what somebody has startlingly called "The Human Life of God." Up and down all the ways of earth, across the centuries, a Something outside humanity has been trying to get itself said in terms of human speech. Men have now and again caught syllables of it and have not on the whole been surprised: it was what they had half been waiting for, their most ancient expectation. At times to some open soul the scattered syllables have marshaled themselves into a sentence, a law, a prayer, a prophecy, an interpretation. Then men's hearts have burned within them while the Unknown has talked with them by the way; and they have felt as the woman of the African bush, who, after hearing her first Christian sermon,

touched her companion on the arm and said: "There, I always told you there ought to be a God like that!" So this Book, deep and human and crude and divine as it is, is at last no mere blind alley of *belles-lettres.* It is the voice of One who even deeplier reserves himself, who has many things to say to us which we cannot bear now, whom we half see and half feel in his beauty beyond the brow of the green hill, or marching by on the night wind outside the door, or breathing in the face of a sleeping child—a tireless Power making for light, a measureless and eternal Energy working for good, an infinite, all-mastering Personality rejoicing in life and friendship and holiness, and inspiring in us the hope and glad will of it all.—

Hush, I pray you!
What if this friend happen to be—God?

But answer number two: Man—man the animal, the eater, and the artist; man the sinner and the conqueror of sin, the moral coward and the moral king.

Looked at this way, the Bible may be said to have for its work and effect

hardly more the revealing of God to men than the revealing of men to themselves. The great Book, the very Utterance of God, with an enormous human plus. If it has been the Word of God calling for Adam, nevertheless it has been grounded in the garden of Adam's earthly affairs also. Viewed in its vast bearings on the educative and formative processes of the world and in its emergence out of them, it has been a heavenly seed in human soil. Nor could it have been brought to the full corn save under the sunshine and showers of the slow-succeeding seasons of human experience. How much dearer, grander, diviner than any album of celestial literature or treatise of iron logic or spell-book of fiat mystery, that we may trace here, in their simple human beginnings, in the sweep of their history across the centuries, and in their dynamic power on modern life, the primordial and formative ideas which have been imbedded in the minds and unfolded through the generations of men!

Consider, for example, the beginning and growth, as we actually have it in the

Scriptures, of *the idea of God.* At first it is as the faint far blush of silentest dawn. How slowly it rises out of the infinite murk into the cold-steel glint, the tremulous lavender bannerettes, and at last the golden all-enfolding wings of the day-spring from on high! In the earliest conception of God, even among the purest and best, he is no more in representation than a mud doll which a pretty and lying woman may hide under her saddle. But later he is the Righteous One whose fear is the beginning of wisdom, and the Answerer of Elijah's prayer. In the end, the open password of universal approach to him is a confident "Our Father." And having caught this open secret, a great saint in one of the most tender and exalted passages of all letters declares, to our astonishment, that, just as we proudly teach our infant children to call our names, so he hath sent forth his Spirit, bending above the cradle of our hearts crying, that we may at length learn to cry after him, "Abba, Father!"

Or, let us trace the origin and increase of *the estimate of a human life.* How

meager, cheap, precarious in the beginning! Whether at the hands of nature or of men, it was a thing to be stabbed and ambushed, scoffed at and sold and damned. Even God, who called Cain to his terrible account, could not seem to secure that a man should not sell his wife or drive his child through the flames. The great Abrahamic episode of human sacrifice by no means manifests the commonly supposed blind obedience to an inscrutably cruel command, but the infinitely better struggle in a God-believing man's conscience over the value of a human life. Others around him are offering up their first-born to appease the wrath of their angry gods. The great patriarch is coming out of all this; and his daring faith, that broke with the conventional religion of his barbaric day and trusted God for a higher estimate of human personality, marked a mighty turning point in human history. But progress was slow; and even the great and gentle Moses, the early amanuensis of the Almighty, who in that first chapter, the "poem of Creation," portrays man as

made in the image of God, must needs decree an eye for an eye, and suffers men to be bored through their ears like cattle. Yet farther on in the unfolding Scripture one sees men begin to straighten up from the sweaty mire of oppression and wretchedness and storm the very stairways of God in the pathetic and imperious assertion of a character closer to him than cattle or slaves: "My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread. My bones cleave to my skin. I am like a pelican of the desert. . . . Will the Lord cast off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone? Doth his promise fail? . . . Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" And in the finish of the matchless romance of man's life in these writings the genius of St. John and the inspiration of the open skies are taxed fairly to set forth the happiness and the honor of men's glorious nature and estate: "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes. . . . Therefore are they before the throne of

God, and they shall see his face, and they shall reign forever and ever."

A short survey of the conception of *sacrifice* in the Bible will give the same impression of dim birth, slow growth, and grand elevation. At first it is crude, cowardly, repugnant. Recall that fragment of the family quarrel which Moses had with his half-heathen wife over the dedication of their two sons to Jehovah in the rite of circumcision. One can hear the tent door snap as the woman passes within, yielding with the proverbial last word: "A bloody husband thou art to me!" The very origin of incense, commonly thought to have been so acceptable to God, was in the effort to allay the stench of slaughtered animals about the sacred places. But farther on David will not drink the water which comes at the hazard of his comrades, Jonathan forfeits kingship to keep friendship, and up the slow, tortuous ascent of Scriptural history are at length heard the accents of some soul sick of slaughter rites: "Mine ears hast thou opened. Sacrifice and burnt offering hast thou not required. Then

said I, Lo, I come. In the volume of thy Book it is written, I delight to do thy will." While later, down from the open pastures of Galilee, comes the voice of One saying of himself: "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." And out of the blood and wrongs of the ages emerges the voluntary, sacrificial Cross of the Son of Man as the symbol of an infinite loveliness and gain: "Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the Cross, looking down on the shame, and on the right hand of the throne of God hath sat down."

Immortality also, that summit of the soul's demand on life—is it to be supposed that the divine dream of it shines forth alike on every page of this Holy Writ? On the contrary, in the opening of the great account it seems fairly to have been left out of the program. Nevertheless, the restless dream came on, and rose from the pluri-personal nightmare of a witch resort to the daring filial clamor, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave. . . . At thy right hand are pleasures forevermore"; till in the thrill-

ing experience of life more abundant it comes to be a sort of sixth sense, so vital that in Jesus it is no longer a hope nor an argument, but a demonstration. "Because I live, ye shall live also." Paul stretches to the full height of a man made in the image of God and cries: "This mortal must put on immortality!" And from that day the faith of man soars from the lowlands of the grave to the endless life, as the sea bird makes wing to the open sea.

Surely the Bible, read in a large and just way, discloses first the dawning impression and at length the overmastering certainty of a vast harvest of truth. "Light has been sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." It is the Book of Mankind. Other great books—and we ought not to forget that there are other great books—have been the books of their respective countries or ages or stages of development. Homer or the Vedas, Confucius, the Koran—these and all the others are strictly answerable to such limitations. Mrs. Baker Eddy, of Boston, Pastor Russell, of several places,

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, of everywhere, with their new thought and their no thought, their stray thought and their stolen thought—what do they signify? In a recent fresh reading of Homer's "Iliad" in Bryant's classic translation (safer for the most of us than the original Greek!) the writer was forced to confess, even out of a considerable store of Hellenic enthusiasm, that the actual art of Homer is little less crude than that of the colored supplement or of the movie vestibules; whilst the moral order of it all, when it is not grossly disgusting, need hardly be taken more seriously than the supposedly humorous cartoons of Messrs. Mutt and Jeff.

On the other hand, the Bible has fairly found a home for itself

> Where'er a human heart doth wear
> Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves.

In every land and language its message and whole effect are the same, and that message and that effect are peerlessly forward and upward. The plummet of mankind's sinning and suffering and the

summit of his aspiration and destiny are here, as in a cartoon of the Eternal Compassion. And it is all here as he himself has lived it—dimly at first and slowly, pitifully, shamefully, but at last prevailingly; till as the whole history of a man's physical life may be read in the state of his body at a given time, so in this Book of Books lies imbedded and may be read the history of the race.—

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ.
  And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone;
Each age, each clime, each kindred adds to it
  Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
  While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

IV

TO MEN OF ARMS.—OF LEGS ALSO

A Cartoon of the World's Work

There's a lot o' brothers knockin' about as people don't know on, eh what? See what I mean?

—Charles Rann Kennedy.

IV

TO MEN OF ARMS.—OF LEGS ALSO

A Cartoon of the World's Work

IN the ancient Book of its origins the Church is designated variously as the House of God, the Place of Prayer, the Sanctuary, the Assembly of the Righteous, the Flock of God, the Temple, the Body of Christ, the Bride of the Lord, the Congregation of the Saints, the Body of Believers, the Holy City—these designations, and perhaps as many more, from this source alone. Assuredly there has been no want of effort in the literature of religion to give name to this organ of religion. Yet the effort nowhere even approaches success; and the result, notwithstanding the wealth of poetic, philosophic, and practical suggestion lavished upon it, is left fragmentary and incomplete.

In the centuries that have followed, the ultimate description has remained equally as elusive. Whether regarded as the politico-ecclesiastical establishment of Moses, as the spiritual fabric built by

Christ on the fisherman's confession, or as the ganglion center of our modern mingled reverence and complaint, there has been found no word nor way of thinking in modern life with which one may feel sure at once of grasping and of setting forth this historic and elemental institution. She has been with us from of old, seldom satisfactory, never negligible. On the human side, like a sort of wife of the world, sometimes hard to be got on with, always impossible to be got on without. She may be loved, feared, fought, hated, adored, but not despised. And she is with us this day, the greatest institution, looked at every way, amongst men, to be reckoned with by all who think or work or care.

Why not be glad that she is not so rigidly definable? The growthless image of Diana, that fell from heaven at Ephesus, was that. Why not understand that the Church, the real, the living Church, whom age cannot wither nor custom stale, does not seek to set up for one time and country the definitions and ideals of another time and country? Why not

dare think that the Church was from the beginning intended by her God to be all that men, her sons, through all their passing generations, should need her to be? Why not dare say that there has been at last found what has been well named the common denominator of all these multiplied denominations; and that that common denominator consists of the actual religious, social, and industrial lives being at any given time lived by their members? In this day of self-adding and self-subtracting machines men of the world are no longer left incapable of reducing the religious appeals and the ecclesiastical claims of the Churches to this common denominator. And in the long run it will be found that the Master's paradox, "Whosoever willeth to save his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for the sake of others shall save it," is no less applicable to Churches than to individuals.

To raise the value of this common denominator, to enrich the volume of this common service, to bear onward the banner of this common life on the earth to-

gether—this is the determining law of a Church, as power is the determining law of an engine or beauty of a flower. And in this function and effect, whatever the false emphasis which for a time she may have seemed to put on some one side of the truth, she has achieved a record unmatched and is invested with an opportunity unparalleled. The fraternal orders are proud to dispute with her a fragment of her beneficent program and to borrow of her oil of consolation in the hour of death when the Bridegroom comes, the great journals plume their editorial pages with the stolen glory of her good tidings, and what secret society or modern brotherhood can offer to a loyal son of the living Church a single additional incentive to what he already possesses for a just and generous bearing unto any other man? The highest and best instance of brotherhood and social service which the world has witnessed or will soon witness is the foreign missionary program which she had pursued for centuries before we had even discovered our like problems at home. There is not a

ligament of the larger-minded modern relations of men that did not grow up out of the gospel she has urged through the ages. And the best ideals and the best language of men, when they have supposed that they have cast her off and have gone apart in special industrial or social organizations to realize their own ends, have been always unconsciously reconvertible into the very speech with which her whole history has been saturated and into the very ideals with which her whole career has been crowned.

In a newly settled and exclusive suburb of a leading Southern city, less than a decade ago, there was no church. The people were just throwing the slopes into additions and selling the additions in lots. Concrete walks superseded gullies, terraces shouldered away the ragged hack forests, and houses multiplied as in fairyland. These things, together with the journeys downtown to select their furniture or clip their coupons, consumed the neighborhood interest for some five years. They had burned out on musicales, lectures, and theaters before having moved

out there. The Sunday newspaper, little formal, tiresome journeys down to the city churches, which, however, gradually ceased, a day of lounging, mixed with some interchange of aimless visits, wore the day of rest and religion wearily away. And there was a neighborhood as dumb, awkward, and miserable as any backwoods village party when the boys and girls are "on the jury," and nobody has risen to the emergency of stirring them up.

But there came a day when that was precisely what occurred. Something happened to them from outside themselves. One of these inevitable denominations, with the least possible solicitation from the citizens, thrust out an arm and dropped at the mouth of one of their best streets an insignificant-looking little portable church building. It appeared piously hopeless, celestially quixotic. But a few of the children, afterwards some youth and women, then strong men, and at length everybody crowded the little chapel till it was doubled in size and thronged again. That was not five years ago. To-day they have a handsome build-

ing, a vigorous, enthusiastic membership, an aggressive young minister specially fitted for the very needs of such a congregation. The old Church followed them, overtook them, rediscovered them to themselves, and became to them what they most needed.—

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true, thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

Of Industry also it may be said that she is from of old, has been gifted with a manifold expression, yet has never come into her own. The spirit of toil has had the whole of human history for her workshop and for her temple the four walls of the world.

Of Labor, no less than of Religion, might the seer have said:

The Lord formed me in the beginning of his way.
Before the hills was I brought forth;
While as yet he had not made the earth,

Nor the fields,
Nor the beginning of the dust of the world.

When he established the heavens, I was there;
When he set a circle upon the face of the deep;
When he made firm the skies above:
When the fountains of the deep became strong:
When he gave to the sea its bound,
That the waters should not transgress his commandment.

When he marked out the foundations of the earth,
Then I was by him,
As a master workman.
. . . And my delight was with the sons of men.

But whilst the Church has kindled the altars of her superstition, Industry has clanked the chains of her slavery. If the Church has suffered the curse of priestcraft, Industry has bitten the dust of peonage. And as the Church is seen today, coming from the inside of the world's sacristy, casting off the impeding gown of her excessive individualism, to enter her larger service and to claim her richer reward, Industry is seen coming from the outside and knocking at the doors of the world's conscience with the petition that she be permitted to help build that Kingdom of God in which the

workers, their wives and children, hold, with us and ours, a common stake. And, with that petition, she brings along the just claim that, while the workingman of America is now receiving an average daily wage of one dollar and a half a day, a just apportionment of the increase of wealth which he is helping to produce in this country year by year would yield him from ten to twelve dollars per day. How much would his ability to coöperate with us be affected could he and his family have that daily difference? What becomes of that money? And if neither God nor man has any use for a Church which does not serve to lift and gladden human life, what shall be said or thought of these modern temples of toil, with their smoking altar forges of human sacrifice? What difference, though their smoke-stacks are a hundred feet high and we call them factories? Are we, with all our boasted prosperity, no farther along than when John Stuart Mill a century ago reminded us that all the machinery ever invented had never lifted a single burden from human society? Or are we just ar-

pel of paying one's debts and keeping out of jail, one reads the twenty-third Psalm or the tenth of St. John and is not convinced.

As a *chart of supernatural relations* also, the Bible commends itself to yet other people. Somewhat better than a Book of Magic, yet of that order; the literature of transcendence, draped with superstition even while guiding the race out of the same; the code of the supernatural; the leaves of the Cumæn Cave; the oracles of God. Let us all repeat the Golden Text! One hastens to register a solemn respect and a reverent valuation for this historic and indispensable service of the Scriptures. Not without reason has the Arminian Bible inscribed across its cover in letters of gold, "The Breath of God." Yet when no more is won from these portentous pages than a sort of acute piosity in higher superstition, while we march forth on Sabbath mornings with the sacred volume under our arms, it may well be wondered how long it is to be before the Bible is superseded by Dr. Spook and all the other spooks of the So-

ciety for the Advancement of Psychical Research.

What, then, if not literature, nor logic, nor ethics, nor transcendence, is the Bible? And where is its distinguishing characteristic and function? One may humbly but boldly, as in a swift cartoon, offer his twofold answer:

First, God.—God the Utterer, God on His Word.

There is, we all know, a sort of pale Christianity with Christ left out, an endless essaying and thumbing of revelation, with no recognition of the Revealer, a profession of divinity with Deity unknown, theology as a science with Theos ignored, which at last all comes to no more than a refined atheism.

Now, the essential characteristic of the Bible, wholly and fairly regarded, is that here is heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the cool of the day, ever calling, "Adam, where art thou?" Many are the by-ways and little bridges, and often the open, shoreless sands. But whether by the desert road or riverside, whether in the sweeping mountain fires, or among

the gentle sheep of the valley, or by the glistering gate of the King, the soul of man comes at length face to face with his God. In Homer, the Koran, and elsewhere we may gather vague report and traces of him. Here we cannot miss him. If "the universe is the garment of God," the Bible is his articulate will in terms of human history—the voice of what somebody has startlingly called "The Human Life of God." Up and down all the ways of earth, across the centuries, a Something outside humanity has been trying to get itself said in terms of human speech. Men have now and again caught syllables of it and have not on the whole been surprised: it was what they had half been waiting for, their most ancient expectation. At times to some open soul the scattered syllables have marshaled themselves into a sentence, a law, a prayer, a prophecy, an interpretation. Then men's hearts have burned within them while the Unknown has talked with them by the way; and they have felt as the woman of the African bush, who, after hearing her first Christian sermon,

touched her companion on the arm and said: "There, I always told you there ought to be a God like that!" So this Book, deep and human and crude and divine as it is, is at last no mere blind alley of *belles-lettres.* It is the voice of One who even deeplier reserves himself, who has many things to say to us which we cannot bear now, whom we half see and half feel in his beauty beyond the brow of the green hill, or marching by on the night wind outside the door, or breathing in the face of a sleeping child—a tireless Power making for light, a measureless and eternal Energy working for good, an infinite, all-mastering Personality rejoicing in life and friendship and holiness, and inspiring in us the hope and glad will of it all.—

Hush, I pray you!
What if this friend happen to be—God?

But answer number two: Man—man the animal, the eater, and the artist; man the sinner and the conqueror of sin, the moral coward and the moral king.

Looked at this way, the Bible may be said to have for its work and effect

hardly more the revealing of God to men than the revealing of men to themselves. The great Book, the very Utterance of God, with an enormous human plus. If it has been the Word of God calling for Adam, nevertheless it has been grounded in the garden of Adam's earthly affairs also. Viewed in its vast bearings on the educative and formative processes of the world and in its emergence out of them, it has been a heavenly seed in human soil. Nor could it have been brought to the full corn save under the sunshine and showers of the slow-succeeding seasons of human experience. How much dearer, grander, diviner than any album of celestial literature or treatise of iron logic or spell-book of fiat mystery, that we may trace here, in their simple human beginnings, in the sweep of their history across the centuries, and in their dynamic power on modern life, the primordial and formative ideas which have been imbedded in the minds and unfolded through the generations of men!

Consider, for example, the beginning and growth, as we actually have it in the

Scriptures, of *the idea of God.* At first it is as the faint far blush of silentest dawn. How slowly it rises out of the infinite murk into the cold-steel glint, the tremulous lavender bannerettes, and at last the golden all-enfolding wings of the day-spring from on high! In the earliest conception of God, even among the purest and best, he is no more in representation than a mud doll which a pretty and lying woman may hide under her saddle. But later he is the Righteous One whose fear is the beginning of wisdom, and the Answerer of Elijah's prayer. In the end, the open password of universal approach to him is a confident "Our Father." And having caught this open secret, a great saint in one of the most tender and exalted passages of all letters declares, to our astonishment, that, just as we proudly teach our infant children to call our names, so he hath sent forth his Spirit, bending above the cradle of our hearts crying, that we may at length learn to cry after him, "Abba, Father!"

Or, let us trace the origin and increase of *the estimate of a human life.* How

meager, cheap, precarious in the beginning! Whether at the hands of nature or of men, it was a thing to be stabbed and ambushed, scoffed at and sold and damned. Even God, who called Cain to his terrible account, could not seem to secure that a man should not sell his wife or drive his child through the flames. The great Abrahamic episode of human sacrifice by no means manifests the commonly supposed blind obedience to an inscrutably cruel command, but the infinitely better struggle in a God-believing man's conscience over the value of a human life. Others around him are offering up their first-born to appease the wrath of their angry gods. The great patriarch is coming out of all this; and his daring faith, that broke with the conventional religion of his barbaric day and trusted God for a higher estimate of human personality, marked a mighty turning point in human history. But progress was slow; and even the great and gentle Moses, the early amanuensis of the Almighty, who in that first chapter, the "poem of Creation," portrays man as

made in the image of God, must needs decree an eye for an eye, and suffers men to be bored through their ears like cattle. Yet farther on in the unfolding Scripture one sees men begin to straighten up from the sweaty mire of oppression and wretchedness and storm the very stairways of God in the pathetic and imperious assertion of a character closer to him than cattle or slaves: "My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread. My bones cleave to my skin. I am like a pelican of the desert. . . . Will the Lord cast off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone? Doth his promise fail? . . . Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" And in the finish of the matchless romance of man's life in these writings the genius of St. John and the inspiration of the open skies are taxed fairly to set forth the happiness and the honor of men's glorious nature and estate: "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes. . . . Therefore are they before the throne of

God, and they shall see his face, and they shall reign forever and ever."

A short survey of the conception of *sacrifice* in the Bible will give the same impression of dim birth, slow growth, and grand elevation. At first it is crude, cowardly, repugnant. Recall that fragment of the family quarrel which Moses had with his half-heathen wife over the dedication of their two sons to Jehovah in the rite of circumcision. One can hear the tent door snap as the woman passes within, yielding with the proverbial last word: "A bloody husband thou art to me!" The very origin of incense, commonly thought to have been so acceptable to God, was in the effort to allay the stench of slaughtered animals about the sacred places. But farther on David will not drink the water which comes at the hazard of his comrades, Jonathan forfeits kingship to keep friendship, and up the slow, tortuous ascent of Scriptural history are at length heard the accents of some soul sick of slaughter rites: "Mine ears hast thou opened. Sacrifice and burnt offering hast thou not required. Then

said I, Lo, I come. In the volume of thy Book it is written, I delight to do thy will." While later, down from the open pastures of Galilee, comes the voice of One saying of himself: "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." And out of the blood and wrongs of the ages emerges the voluntary, sacrificial Cross of the Son of Man as the symbol of an infinite loveliness and gain: "Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the Cross, looking down on the shame, and on the right hand of the throne of God hath sat down."

Immortality also, that summit of the soul's demand on life—is it to be supposed that the divine dream of it shines forth alike on every page of this Holy Writ? On the contrary, in the opening of the great account it seems fairly to have been left out of the program. Nevertheless, the restless dream came on, and rose from the pluri-personal nightmare of a witch resort to the daring filial clamor, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave. . . . At thy right hand are pleasures forevermore"; till in the thrill-

ing experience of life more abundant it comes to be a sort of sixth sense, so vital that in Jesus it is no longer a hope nor an argument, but a demonstration. "Because I live, ye shall live also." Paul stretches to the full height of a man made in the image of God and cries: "This mortal must put on immortality!" And from that day the faith of man soars from the lowlands of the grave to the endless life, as the sea bird makes wing to the open sea.

Surely the Bible, read in a large and just way, discloses first the dawning impression and at length the overmastering certainty of a vast harvest of truth. "Light has been sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." It is the Book of Mankind. Other great books—and we ought not to forget that there are other great books—have been the books of their respective countries or ages or stages of development. Homer or the Vedas, Confucius, the Koran—these and all the others are strictly answerable to such limitations. Mrs. Baker Eddy, of Boston, Pastor Russell, of several places,

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, of everywhere, with their new thought and their no thought, their stray thought and their stolen thought—what do they signify? In a recent fresh reading of Homer's "Iliad" in Bryant's classic translation (safer for the most of us than the original Greek!) the writer was forced to confess, even out of a considerable store of Hellenic enthusiasm, that the actual art of Homer is little less crude than that of the colored supplement or of the movie vestibules; whilst the moral order of it all, when it is not grossly disgusting, need hardly be taken more seriously than the supposedly humorous cartoons of Messrs. Mutt and Jeff.

On the other hand, the Bible has fairly found a home for itself

> Where'er a human heart doth wear
> Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves.

In every land and language its message and whole effect are the same, and that message and that effect are peerlessly forward and upward. The plummet of mankind's sinning and suffering and the

summit of his aspiration and destiny are here, as in a cartoon of the Eternal Compassion. And it is all here as he himself has lived it—dimly at first and slowly, pitifully, shamefully, but at last prevailingly; till as the whole history of a man's physical life may be read in the state of his body at a given time, so in this Book of Books lies imbedded and may be read the history of the race.—

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ.
And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone;
Each age, each clime, each kindred adds to it
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

IV

TO MEN OF ARMS.—OF LEGS ALSO

A Cartoon of the World's Work

There's a lot o' brothers knockin' about as people don't know on, eh what? See what I mean?

—Charles Rann Kennedy.

IV

TO MEN OF ARMS.—OF LEGS ALSO

A Cartoon of the World's Work

IN the ancient Book of its origins the Church is designated variously as the House of God, the Place of Prayer, the Sanctuary, the Assembly of the Righteous, the Flock of God, the Temple, the Body of Christ, the Bride of the Lord, the Congregation of the Saints, the Body of Believers, the Holy City—these designations, and perhaps as many more, from this source alone. Assuredly there has been no want of effort in the literature of religion to give name to this organ of religion. Yet the effort nowhere even approaches success; and the result, notwithstanding the wealth of poetic, philosophic, and practical suggestion lavished upon it, is left fragmentary and incomplete.

In the centuries that have followed, the ultimate description has remained equally as elusive. Whether regarded as the politico-ecclesiastical establishment of Moses, as the spiritual fabric built by

Christ on the fisherman's confession, or as the ganglion center of our modern mingled reverence and complaint, there has been found no word nor way of thinking in modern life with which one may feel sure at once of grasping and of setting forth this historic and elemental institution. She has been with us from of old, seldom satisfactory, never negligible. On the human side, like a sort of wife of the world, sometimes hard to be got on with, always impossible to be got on without. She may be loved, feared, fought, hated, adored, but not despised. And she is with us this day, the greatest institution, looked at every way, amongst men, to be reckoned with by all who think or work or care.

Why not be glad that she is not so rigidly definable? The growthless image of Diana, that fell from heaven at Ephesus, was that. Why not understand that the Church, the real, the living Church, whom age cannot wither nor custom stale, does not seek to set up for one time and country the definitions and ideals of another time and country? Why not

dare think that the Church was from the beginning intended by her God to be all that men, her sons, through all their passing generations, should need her to be? Why not dare say that there has been at last found what has been well named the common denominator of all these multiplied denominations; and that that common denominator consists of the actual religious, social, and industrial lives being at any given time lived by their members? In this day of self-adding and self-subtracting machines men of the world are no longer left incapable of reducing the religious appeals and the ecclesiastical claims of the Churches to this common denominator. And in the long run it will be found that the Master's paradox, "Whosoever willeth to save his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for the sake of others shall save it," is no less applicable to Churches than to individuals.

To raise the value of this common denominator, to enrich the volume of this common service, to bear onward the banner of this common life on the earth to-

gether—this is the determining law of a Church, as power is the determining law of an engine or beauty of a flower. And in this function and effect, whatever the false emphasis which for a time she may have seemed to put on some one side of the truth, she has achieved a record unmatched and is invested with an opportunity unparalleled. The fraternal orders are proud to dispute with her a fragment of her beneficent program and to borrow of her oil of consolation in the hour of death when the Bridegroom comes, the great journals plume their editorial pages with the stolen glory of her good tidings, and what secret society or modern brotherhood can offer to a loyal son of the living Church a single additional incentive to what he already possesses for a just and generous bearing unto any other man? The highest and best instance of brotherhood and social service which the world has witnessed or will soon witness is the foreign missionary program which she had pursued for centuries before we had even discovered our like problems at home. There is not a

ligament of the larger-minded modern relations of men that did not grow up out of the gospel she has urged through the ages. And the best ideals and the best language of men, when they have supposed that they have cast her off and have gone apart in special industrial or social organizations to realize their own ends, have been always unconsciously reconvertible into the very speech with which her whole history has been saturated and into the very ideals with which her whole career has been crowned.

In a newly settled and exclusive suburb of a leading Southern city, less than a decade ago, there was no church. The people were just throwing the slopes into additions and selling the additions in lots. Concrete walks superseded gullies, terraces shouldered away the ragged hack forests, and houses multiplied as in fairyland. These things, together with the journeys downtown to select their furniture or clip their coupons, consumed the neighborhood interest for some five years. They had burned out on musicales, lectures, and theaters before having moved

out there. The Sunday newspaper, little formal, tiresome journeys down to the city churches, which, however, gradually ceased, a day of lounging, mixed with some interchange of aimless visits, wore the day of rest and religion wearily away. And there was a neighborhood as dumb, awkward, and miserable as any backwoods village party when the boys and girls are "on the jury," and nobody has risen to the emergency of stirring them up.

But there came a day when that was precisely what occurred. Something happened to them from outside themselves. One of these inevitable denominations, with the least possible solicitation from the citizens, thrust out an arm and dropped at the mouth of one of their best streets an insignificant-looking little portable church building. It appeared piously hopeless, celestially quixotic. But a few of the children, afterwards some youth and women, then strong men, and at length everybody crowded the little chapel till it was doubled in size and thronged again. That was not five years ago. To-day they have a handsome build-

ing, a vigorous, enthusiastic membership, an aggressive young minister specially fitted for the very needs of such a congregation. The old Church followed them, overtook them, rediscovered them to themselves, and became to them what they most needed.—

City of God, how broad and far
  Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true, thy chartered freemen are
  Of every age and clime.

How purely hath thy speech come down
  From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
  Of freedom, love, and truth!

Of Industry also it may be said that she is from of old, has been gifted with a manifold expression, yet has never come into her own. The spirit of toil has had the whole of human history for her workshop and for her temple the four walls of the world.

Of Labor, no less than of Religion, might the seer have said:

The Lord formed me in the beginning of his way.
Before the hills was I brought forth;
While as yet he had not made the earth,

Nor the fields,
Nor the beginning of the dust of the world.

When he established the heavens, I was there;
When he set a circle upon the face of the deep;
When he made firm the skies above:
When the fountains of the deep became strong:
When he gave to the sea its bound,
That the waters should not transgress his commandment.

When he marked out the foundations of the earth,
Then I was by him,
As a master workman.
. . . And my delight was with the sons of men.

But whilst the Church has kindled the altars of her superstition, Industry has clanked the chains of her slavery. If the Church has suffered the curse of priestcraft, Industry has bitten the dust of peonage. And as the Church is seen today, coming from the inside of the world's sacristy, casting off the impeding gown of her excessive individualism, to enter her larger service and to claim her richer reward, Industry is seen coming from the outside and knocking at the doors of the world's conscience with the petition that she be permitted to help build that Kingdom of God in which the

workers, their wives and children, hold, with us and ours, a common stake. And, with that petition, she brings along the just claim that, while the workingman of America is now receiving an average daily wage of one dollar and a half a day, a just apportionment of the increase of wealth which he is helping to produce in this country year by year would yield him from ten to twelve dollars per day. How much would his ability to coöperate with us be affected could he and his family have that daily difference? What becomes of that money? And if neither God nor man has any use for a Church which does not serve to lift and gladden human life, what shall be said or thought of these modern temples of toil, with their smoking altar forges of human sacrifice? What difference, though their smokestacks are a hundred feet high and we call them factories? Are we, with all our boasted prosperity, no farther along than when John Stuart Mill a century ago reminded us that all the machinery ever invented had never lifted a single burden from human society? Or are we just ar-

riving where Goldsmith said England was when he wrote that melancholy indictment of English aristocracy—

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay?

Surely from the day of the Adamic doom, be it evil or good that in the sweat of their face men should eat bread, Industry also has been intended by God, who wrought the world, to be all that the sons and the daughters of men should need her to be. And Gerald Stanley Lee, in his wonderful book "Crowds," is right: "There is really considerable spiritual truth in having enough to eat."

As for the call of the New Social Order, why not?

Do men longer with their own hands toss wheat up in the air, that the wind may drive the chaff from it? Or stampede armies by pitchers with torches in them? Or ride to Congress horseback? Or weave their own cottonade trousers? Has there not been a process of combination and coöperation in trade, production, and the making of money? And shall life be made social in production and com-

merce, but not in distribution and human service? Shall legislatures be social-wise in the way of getting there, but not in the effect of getting laws that make life reasonable and decent? Shall banks, biscuit factories, and perfume companies be social-minded and social-handed in clipping off more dividends, turning out more ovens, and filling the earth with the smell of their prosperity, whilst bent women and cowed little children and muttering, unbrothered men scowl by, shedding the murk of their darkened lives into our windows? Can we not pass each other in the streets without knocking the skin off each other as we go by? Can this nation long endure half social and half savage?

What is prosperity? One man of my acquaintance said that it was something that a man could have to share with another man, and straightway he went out and took a corner policeman out of a beating cold rain and put on him the best rubber outfit to be found.

What is the Kingdom of God? Jesus said it was that thing that happened one

day when a man of Big Business came down out of his high place in a sycamore tree and with a new light on his face cried: "I'll give half of my fortune to the unfortunate; and if I have taken anything from anybody by wrong semiannual report or newspaper advertisement, I'll make it good four hundred per cent."

If Zaccheus got tangled, to the jeopardy of his soul, in the simple business relations of his small day in that obscure land, how shall an American of affairs, who looks not to his business as well as to his soul, escape?

If that was evidently for him the obstruction to the coming Kingdom, which his conversion or salvation, or whatever you want to call it, had to take away, how can an American business man or any other business man be indifferent to the social bearings of his business?

And if he found the re-organization of his business a great joy and took the Master home with him for the richest and best day of his life, why do not our sharp-scented men of trade get his secret and adopt his method?

But to take the Master home with one for a day is by no means enough. It is a beginning—yes, the beginning, but only the beginning. It would not seem at all like God to bring all this down to a mere personal affair between him and Zaccheus, or even to a simple matter between Zaccheus and the tax dodgers or real estate victims or day laborers, who had dealt with him to their sorrow. There was all Jericho, and Judea, and Perea, and Sicily, and Samoa, and New York, and Borneo, and Atlanta, and Memphis, and Manchuria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. It is precisely these others, the community, the public, the national, aye, the international neighborhood, who compose a third party in the struggle to realize the Kingdom.

When shall the individualists and the socialists, the aristocracies and democracies, the employer and the employed, the provincials and the nationals, step out of doors, straighten up, and look above this scuffle of civilization into the face of their ultimate, inextricable, mutual interests, and those of us all? Why shall we not

have these "bullies of wealth" and "bullies of poverty" alike, these potentates of war and these preachers of peace alike, to understand that they and all of us have infinitely more in common than we or they can possibly find to divide us?

Let Capital, as well as Labor, comprehend that the only trouble with the hungry and discontented is that they are not hungry and discontented enough, that they are hungry and discontented only for themselves. What we want them to do is to go on and be hungry and discontented for all the members of their class and of the capital classes and for all of us.

Let Labor, as well as Capital, comprehend that men who sweat at their shoulders are by no means the only laboring men; that big brains, great grasp of wide relations, tracing crooked lines over paper for days and years, fighting to keep one's faith in men, and going on with the big enterprises indispensable to the common welfare, is a task which would put most so-called workingmen into the madhouse or into premature graves. These capital-

ists and rich people enterprise not too much, win not too much wealth, but only not enough. If they would only go on and enterprise more and grow more rich for themselves and their class and ours and everybody's!

It is a grand thing to find that men are coming to think vastly more of the right relations and uses of things than of the mere possession of things. It has been finely said that, just as men strove in the days immediately succeeding the great New Testament age to cast their new convictions and experiences into scholarly and logical formula and creed, and in the medieval ages to express their deepest conceptions and feelings in physical art and architecture, so now we everywhere discover an effort to conceive and realize men in their right relations to one another and to their place and work in the world.

That is really what is meant by being social. And that is what, by many tokens, blessed be God! we are coming to.

What, then, is the message of the Church, the whole Church, the simple,

social-hearted Church, the old, great-souled Church, to men of modern Industry, whether sweating outwardly with toil or bleeding inwardly with care, whether suffering from their own and others' injustice or waiting wistfully for the consolation of all?

It is the message of the Mother to her children:

Do you talk of justice, my Children? Of brotherhood and the uplifting of all together? These have been the foundations of my house from Sinai to the Sermon on the Mount; the vines at my window, from Rome and Geneva and Plymouth Rock; the tears of my nights and the inspiration of my days, from the Bartholomew massacres to the Wesleyan revivals, from the Reformation in Europe to the wonderful missions in Africa, schools in the Orient, industries everywhere.

The ancient law, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, seems harsh and disgraceful to you? You should have been back there with me, my Sons. That law was one of the longest strides of justice

I ever induced my family to take. Before that time and all around us, it was kill, raze, burn, obliterate in retaliation for the smallest offenses and often when there had been no offense whatever. It was a world of hurt and bleed, kill and damn; and well do I remember the load that fell from my heart when I got one branch of our House to agree to stop with what seems to you now a bitter barbarism. Do you remind me of abominable sacrifices, priestly infidelity, fool-hearted dogma, pious pretense, modern ecclesiasticism, and dead professions? They who practice these things, my Sons, are my selfish, spoiled, stubborn children, and your backward, ignorant Little Brothers. Be patient and trust them to me. They are indeed often worse prodigals than the Prodigal, for the Prodigal was spendthrift with money and wayward in passion; but these are reckless with justice and snobs in their Father's house. They have been, indeed, farther from the old home than any prodigal, in that distance that is not measured by miles, but by moral perception and the chords of the

heart. But you are young, my Children, and I am old. In the very household talk and the songs of the old inner courts, which they think they monopolize, are the ancient, heart-searching good tidings imbedded, with all that you are saying of human justice and brotherhood. And they themselves cannot always miss it. They shall be your backward brothers, but they are your brothers surely, no less than these of the factories and streets. Be patient.

Two notes of the Eternal Compassion my Message must have. And you must not forget. One is, *Come.* And one is, *Go.*

One of my pastors in a certain town on a blazing afternoon called on a certain human mother who lived in a rosy cottage upon a clean slope. Their talk was of the blazing sun, of the sleepy little town, of the Church (Myself), and of her handsome, rich, famous young son down in the village who had bought her the house, with its furniture and all that made so winsome the well-beseeming place. But in the end of the visit, coming around to the topic of her son, from which

she could never long refrain, the tears fell as she poured out to the pastor her sorrow over the fact that she had recently sent requesting her son to come to see her, and he had replied by sending her a ten-dollar bill! There is the point, my Beloved Sons. It is not your money. It is yourselves I call for. The Church does not, in the first place, need money to make her happy or great, does not crave half-million-dollar temples to seat less than a hundred pious pets. But you must not leave me for these things. You must the more come! I need you for them. They are in your Big Brotherhood also. I need you for the honor of our Ancient House and for the hope of our new and ever-widening program. You will not, when you understand, send me a contribution and remain absent yourselves. You will come to me, O my Sons, and we will sit in the old seats and sing the old songs and kindle the old memories and feed the old purposes awhile.

Awhile! There is the word. Not to whine and chant around these perfumed altars when the ways of men are foul

with injustice and choked with wrong. Not to pray and to preach about the doing of the Father's will when we have sacrificed nothing, risked nothing, and done nothing to see to it that that will is done.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not as the nerveless fatalist,
Content to trust and die:
Our faith springs as the eagle,
That soars to meet the sun;
And cries exulting unto thee,
O Lord, thy will be done!

Thy will, it bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to crave,
No brow to seek the dust!
Wherever man oppresses man,
Beneath thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there, thine arm make bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

And, O Men of the world's work—all of it! I say to you, Go! Go out into all the fields, fraternities, factories, shops, unions, parties, and departments of the world's whole big life, and there honor and establish the good name and fame and principles of the Old Home, which will be the New Kingdom.

V

THE CALL OF MICHELANGELO

A Cartoon of Steadfastness

Hallowed be Thy name, hallelujah!
Infinite ideality,
Immeasurable reality,
Infinite personality—
Hallowed be Thy name, hallelujah!

Hallowed be Thy name, hallelujah!
We know we are nothing, for all
Is Thou and in Thee;
We know we are something—that
Too has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing, but
Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name, hallelujah!

—Unknown.

V

THE CALL OF MICHELANGELO

A Cartoon of Steadfastness

MICHELANGELO had called on his friend and fellow-artist and found him absent. Seizing a crayon, he made one stroke on the canvas and departed. The friend on returning saw the mark and exclaimed, "By my soul, Michelangelo!"

A man's ideal is that which may be expected of him. And all work and experience, of whatever sort, are ever under an ideal of some sort.

Yet it has been our one-sided supposition that the matter of ideals is the concern alone of poets, seers, a few kings and world tinkerers, and that annual bevy of white-gowned girls who read us their ribboned dreams of the Italy that lies somewhere beyond the Alps.

The conservation of the human record morally will come when we have cleared away that flat conceit that, so soon as we have quit the school and got well past the adumbration of the honeymoon, we no

longer have to do with ideals, and ideals have no longer anything which they can do to us.

Jehu, the drayman, does not curry his horse, and his fellow drivers know him afar off by the condition of his beast. His ideal, none the less actual though unworthy and none the less regnant though unrecognized, is to do as little work as possible and charge as much as possible for it. And Jehu cracks the whip in many a craft other than draying.

A certain household has no path to the school; its daughters dress not tidily in the nose of the town. And you and I and all of us comprehend the dull and filthy ideal of that murk-minded cottage under the hill. So also the brave forewoman who died yesterday fighting through the choking smoke of the burning printery for her girls, and the gallant engineer pinned beneath the wreck of his engine and refusing the offered stimulant till men had smelled his breath to make sure his record was clear, and dying so—these have left us not without a misty discernment of the working ideals which sweeten

or degrade the great life of the people from sun to sun.

It will be a grand time when the power of these unconscious life patterns is recognized; that from the world revivalist to the world pugilist, from the President to his coachman, wisdom is justified of all her children; that a man's ideal is that which may be expected of him, whether he has taken time to acquaint himself with it or not; and that no man, home, municipality, or empire can be found without it.

Now, in the thought of the world's creation, our ideal has been cataclysmic. We have read the romance of our mother earth in terms of flood and titanic commotion, of glacial epoch and volcanic upheaval.

In respect of the political order, our way of thinking has been revolutionary. History, in the main, has been thought and recorded in the annals of princes and fine ladies, their laws and liaisons; whilst the short and simple annals of the poor—which class has comprised the great majority of those of us who are concerned—have been turned over to the elegies in

our churchyards or to the sermons there, which have sometimes differed from the elegies chiefly in being on the inside of the house.

In the matter of the Christian experience, the conception has been largely convulsive. The epic of the inner life has been handed down to us with a mighty weight laid on the capture and conviction of the rebel and on the burst of bliss, immediate, sufficient, and final, which followed. God's evangelist has at times been lost in the religious attorney-general bent on indictment, glorying in conviction, and famed for incarceration; at other times he has lost himself in the passionless ecclesiastical eunuch, waving perfumed generalities to dope the soul.

What the first-class preaching-man shall have to possess for his sustained career across the fluid, moving world is an outline survey in the back of his own head and the bottom of his own heart of the Christian religion in its relation to another ideal—namely, the educational ideal. And the field of this relation will be triangulated with three clear lines:

The Educational Ideal in Religious Experience, The Educational Ideal in the Work of a Christian Church, and The Educational Ideal in the Realization of a Christian Lifetime.

THE EDUCATIONAL IDEAL IN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

Notwithstanding its errors and sometimes in certain hands its horrors, the revival, which might better have been called a mission, will still be the indispensable instrument of the Heavenly Rescue.

If the professional evangelist treads a perilous way, and if not one in a score has been able to continue a decade without mental or moral obliquity, yet the living pastorate may never lose from its vision that silhouette on the sky line, of the tender herdsman coming over the hill bearing the wanderer in his arms. Even if he could dismiss the sense of obligation and lose the faculty for pity, yet, and then more than ever, it were doubtless beyond us all to trace how far the safety of the myriad undershepherds themselves lies in that cartoon of the Eternal Compassion.

Nevertheless, one may be permitted to

draw his perspective in such matters from the teaching of Jesus rather than from the headlines of the newspapers. If the big yellow-and-brindle dailies are serried with human malfeasance and hurt, yet there is a Volume of purple and gold in which it is set forth that some remained in the fold while the good shepherd went to bring back the sick and helpless and ready to die; and, though it is not in the language that he made some provision for the ninety and nine pending his return, or that he hastened his return for their relief, one finds it hard to think that such a shepherd would fail at a point like that. We might recall that the recovering process was preceded and much of it avoided by the folding process. It would seem worth the trial, when we think of saving men, not alone to keep in mind that blessed ballad about throwing out the life line, but to get in mind another one on the sturdy old anchor line, even if somebody must write it out for us one of these fine mornings when no storm is on. Salvation is more than salvage. At all events, one feels sure in the trust that

the program of Jesus is no less to keep than to convert.

Reverting to that familiar metaphor of the spiritual marine, would it not be something near a just view if one should regard the work of religious rescue and of religious world service, respectively, as standing in about the same proportions as those in which the work of rescue and of world service stand to each other, say, on the Atlantic Ocean? Without question, it is a perilous thing for those who go down to the sea in ships. For the first quarter of our Christian year the common papers are a living library of the romance and risk and sad loss of it all. Furthermore, for all who go down to the deep and at all times there is the possibility of this fateful end; and it would be criminal and is now internationally unthinkable that those in command of seagoing craft should fail to equip their vessels or to improve themselves in the instruments, methods, and spirit of rescue. Yet would it not be a strange conceit for any life-saving crew to conclude that the whole traverse and traffic of the ocean

exist for their life-saving craft and not their rescue profession for world service?

At any rate, if we in modern church consciousness, in respect of religious experience, have tended to satisfy ourselves with an easier ideal which is critical and sensational rather than practical, and convulsive rather than continuous, such is not the original and Biblical ideal.

If the Bible has been the world's wonder book, it has also been its textbook; if it has recorded miracles, it has supplied a curriculum. Your very word "repent" means change your mind, and that for the most of us will be about equal to a university course. Disciple is learner; Master is Teacher; "and this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Surely it has been our hasty and unhistorical thinking and sometimes our refusal to think at all which in vast areas of religious consciousness has resulted in the arrest of Christianity and our moral incompetency.

But let us look once at the classic passage of religious experience in the Pau-

line ideal. It may be of a relevant interest and of some worth to the inquiry we are making to state that the following declaration came to the writer as in a vision more than twenty years ago, that he can put his hand on the maple tree where it first shone, and that for these two decades as he looks back it has stood to him as the complete argument and idyl of an initial and continuous religious experience, which, how far soever it has fallen short of the pattern, yet remains absolutely the clearest fact in consciousness: "For, if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved *in his life*." There it is: the reconciliation—yes, and the life flowing on! The argument and advance of God's grace from and after the atonement; the much-moreness of God's way of saving and of the Christian's way of seeing his salvation.

The Cross can no man discount.—At once the blessed symbol and standard of the Eternal Innocence and Compassion! But the Cross is not all—nay, but hear Paul and not one of us—it is not the

greatest factor in the Gospel. God's love, bridging the quarrel and spite and perdition of human sin; God's life, flowing forth and finding the dead veins of man's nothingness; God himself in uprightness and holy love seeking afar the sons that bear his image—is greater than his Cross. And our life, our life "in him," from and beyond that Cross, and not alone our having been reconciled out of our horrible mutiny and disaster—this is the just construction of that Divine Event in his love's greater quest.

It cannot be the central fact of Christianity that God was angry, that the Divine Holiness meant and was that more than anything else, and that if his Son had not died he himself could never have taken any interest in our state.

It cannot be that Jesus was somehow better than God, and that, while it would not have been exactly right for God to get mixed up with us, yet Christ came pleading:

> The Father hears Him pray,
> His dear anointed One;
> He cannot turn away
> The presence of his Son.

It cannot be that the devil had some rights which had to be respected; that he threatened to make some sort of trouble if, after we had so transgressed, his claims on us were not regarded; and that God and Jesus and Satan got together out there in the infinite somewhere—we being, like sheep in the shambles and not the sheep of his pasture, omitted from the council, our intellect unenlisted, our moral nature uninvolved—and worked out a "scheme of redemption" whereby God might be just and the justifier of many.

No, no! God was out there seeking for his children, whithersoever they had wandered and fallen in the wilderness and pitch-black maze of our moral despair. And he, the Father, was bent on coming in, as he had a right to come in; on making his way past the old deadening of our brush-heap moral laws and barbed-wire oppositions; and he made it all tremble and darken and shudder where he passed that day; and the Cross is the place where he rent his blessed side on the spear of our cruel unbelief! The earth itself has

never been the same since it drank that royal and innocent blood, and human history is forever another thing with the shadow of that Cross athwart it. But the great, joyous, unspeakable thing is that he was coming in! and that he did come in, crowding humanity's heart and consciousness with the reformation of a better hope and the transformation of a better likeness "in his life."

If a man's little child must needs be punished; and if, on being forgiven and sent on to her play, she comes again tear-stained and still grieved with the old offense, he gathers her in his arms and, assuring her once more, kisses her shining head and walks out to give her a good start for the day. But if she continues to come and cry about him, plucking his sleeve to the interruption of his work and the spoiling of her own happiness in a perpetual eddying round that dark reconciliation, still beseeching a forgiveness which has been already abundantly bestowed, and unable to think either of his love or of her play and work and life in his home by any other terms than of a

conflict, even of a conflict which has been composed, then the good man will see her mother about a doctor. And—let us ask it reverently—what if in moral indolence and morbid egoism the Church, the little daughter of God, has been found pouting out many of her golden hours and decades in a dead and deadening eddy about the reconciliation point in religious experience?

Doubtless it will be far from any of us to suppose that all this goes to the bottom of the meaning of the Cross. The red murder and black mystery of Golgotha were something more than a violation of the color scheme of good taste in the communication between heaven and earth. Infolded with the sanctity of heaven's ambassage and of humanity's holiest sacrifice, it represents in some mystic and immeasurable way the whole solemnity of what man is to God and what God is to man. It is the insignia of the state of God's mind toward the fathomless horror of sin, and toward the present condition, indeed, of those who remain in unbelief. But it is a poor use of

insignia to mistake them for that which they signify, as one has seen frivolous women dangle little golden crosses on their necklaces as ornaments in the streets. A soldier's epaulettes are not to be confused with his courage and loyalty and fighting will. And the wedding ring may not compass all the love and devotion and life-in-life which it symbolizes. If there had never been an epaulette or a wedding ring, there would surely, nevertheless, have been marrying and fighting. And had there been no Golgotha with its dark tree, one cannot bring himself to think that the Father had not fought for his children, nor that the parable of the Bridegroom and his Marriage Feast is but false.

At all events, it is Paul, and none other, who at once confesses and at the same time construes the atonement, blesses the Cross, and from it discovers the path of the fuller life projected.

THE EDUCATIONAL IDEAL IN THE WORK OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH

A jaybird is said to build her nest equally as well as jaybirds did three hun-

dred years ago, and no better. And an ancient religious poet has written:

> The sparrow hath found her an house,
> And the swallow a nest for herself,
> Where she may lay her young,
> Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
> My King and my God.

The question would be, whether this exquisite tribute to the Church applies to her method and administration or to her sweet and spacious hospitality toward our buffeted little lives.

Some scientists tell us, as though we needed any telling, that a human mind could not be put into a simian brain. And our problem here is to ascertain whether a Church that is solely or excessively traditional and statical in the conception of its own function will answer for a religious experience to which, as it appears, there has been set absolutely no bound save the breadth and depth and height and length of the life of God. Could it be otherwise than that the improvable experience, which we have seen to be the program of the Bible, the ideal of St. Paul, and the injunction of Jesus,

would work itself out in an improvable policy and practice in the Christian organization?

No argument will here be made for the institutional Church nor against it. The question is not as to the theory of the value of any given method or equipment. The inquiry shall be whether an institution that is based and builded on human experience—that is to say, on the aggregate of personal experiences—which human experience under the Biblical and Christian ideal is found to be educational and educative—whether this institution itself will not also develop a corresponding educational and advancive quality; whether, the more the experience enhances "in his life," it will not also the more express itself in his service; whether, the bigger the humanity grows, it will not develop a farther reach and cast a bigger shadow, "that at the least its shadow passing by might overshadow some of them." If it be not inconceivable that somebody is one day to write another hymn intrinsically as good as "Jesus, Lover of my soul," will it be ecclesiasti-

cal treason to have faith enough in the Church to believe that she may retain her power of approach to humanity when, say, the "mourners' bench" has gone—her approach, if need be, being to a carpenter's bench, as in the beginning?

But, furthermore, when we look into all the parallel lines of human interest, it is apparent that every other organ, institution, or implement with which the human spirit realizes itself or performs its work comes under this like law of betterment, this thought, view, and habit of improvement in work. Let one cast away his ratiocinations and take a walk down to the car shops or secure a half hour in his wife's kitchen, if he will agree to keep out of the way there. From the building of a bridge to the baking of a biscuit, it is seen that every other human thing—fashion, tool, process, and point of view—is subject to the blessed law of improvement and of hope. One's dear old aunt in the antiquity of forty years ago took cotton and carded, spun, wove, cut, and made it into one's little cottonade pantaloons—all under the shade of the

same big silver poplar tree. But she would not do that now. She would not even pause to call them that, but would cut them off at the first syllable. And that is the reign of the educational ideal from and beyond the spinning jenny. Is it to be all otherwise in the work and life of the Church? Is our thought of the divine program for the organ of religious service, an institution which has been so invested with human nature and so freighted with human need, to be inferior to this? Is the Church of God but a growthless image of Athena among these myriad other-interests-of-life?

To such questions one of three answers seems inevitable.

Either the Church of yesterday was made perfect and supplied with perfect methods and instruments for the performance of its perpetual task and therefore has no need to alter them.

Or it was at least made as good as it was capable of becoming, serving noble ends in the past, but manifestly a transient and not a permanent institution, for the reason that, unlike every other insti-

tution in the service of man, it is incapable of adjustment with him along the upward path to his goal.

Or it is susceptible of a vital adaptation and progress in instruments, methods, and measures. And the Church, like the Sabbath, was made for man and not man for the Church.

THE EDUCATIONAL IDEAL IN THE REALIZATION OF A CHRISTIAN LIFETIME

In any business a man would justly expect to recover his principal. On investments in realty men are entitled to the expectation of coming out whole, save, it would appear, on the investment of themselves, save in the realization of a Christian lifetime.

Within the last century we have discovered the children; in the last quarter century we have recognized the women; and since about the day before yesterday we have been attempting to corral the men.

It ought in accuracy to be said that we have been re-doing some of this; for Moses was found in the reed-rocked cradle, and Jesus escaped the bore of the

crowd in the society of little children before Raikes had ever rung his bell, or Froebel found what was already growing in the kindergarten. Woman's ultimate right and rationale was secure from the first rib, "for no man ever yet hated his own flesh"; and Miriam, Deborah, and Hannah, with that Mary group holding their own against the faithlessness of the mere disciples and the fury of the mob about His Cross, have little to ask of anybody's precious recognition; whilst Brother Joseph of Arimathea, Brother Cornelius of Cesarea, and Brother Good Samaritan, with all the shining lists of like-minded good men, were going down to Jericho in a better manner than some priests and Levites before Brother Vociferous Frockcoat had apparently waked up to the meaning and obligation of the Christian laity. Let it go at that. But what nobody in Christendom has yet put into a discovery, recognition, or movement is a Christian old age—that is to say, an honest notion of a whole hundred-per-cent human life. How rarely in the hymn of grace we go on to the stanza,

The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures!

Here and there, to vary the monotony, somebody "puts on" an old folks' meeting; and if it goes well, we love to ride the crest of the wave with—

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love.

But if a man regards this as an idle inquiry, if it is supposed that the question is only an economic one, affecting the aged of the poorer classes alone, then let him get leave to go with his pastor six afternoons in the year. Let him witness the wistful and sometimes, what is worse, the insensate silences, excuses, deprecations, and dodges of and for old age. Request the pastor to draw forth his portfolio of experiences in the evening and recount the old people of a decade's ministry, recalling how many, rich or poor, have realized a sustained, sweet-minded afternoon and life end, unterrified by the rustling of the sear and yellow

leaf, but gathering through its refined transparency the green-turning-to-gold of a perfect evening hour, wherein

> The weary sun hath made a golden set,
> And by the bright track of his fiery car
> Gives promise of a goodly day to-morrow.

Question: Has the God of life bungled? Is life to be left unsuccored at just the point when the legitimate dividends on its investments would be needed and supposed to accrue? In the Christian economy what is old age for? If Oslerism was a ghastly joke, and if the noble physician was misrepresented, what gave the joke a vogue so wide, and who has taken pains to offer and emphasize a welcome substitute for it? Are these nine-out-of-ten Jacobs from mid-life and on, whom we hear calling their days few and evil and preferring to die "in the harness," warranted in this quadruped conception of the human career? When we say, as we are forever saying, that we hope to pass out before we become helpless, do we mean that we wish to go to our own graves with a spade in our hands? In the matter of making out a lifetime, are we

so immersed in our own animalism that, despite all our resentment and bitter denial, our progress from infancy through maturity to decay is at last limited and conditioned thereby? Is the road to heaven—"and the Way ye know"—well surveyed and safe, after all, if the last quarter of it is broken by a morose, disappointed, and thumb-twirling old age?

Now, if there is any reality back of all this questioning, if we have before us any such depletion and life need, then, as in the rediscovery of the Christian gospel of childhood, of womanhood, and of manhood, we shall have also to consult our Christian program afresh here. That program has been found to unfold far enough backward to recover to us the lost significance of infancy and youth; far enough laterally to rehabilitate womanhood, on the one hand, and to reinterpret manhood to itself, on the other. What has it to say for us on this embitterment or anæsthetization of our life's later years? on this *cul de sac* of senility and unhappiness? Surely, in view of its historical adequacy, it will yield some

guarantee, inspiration, and blessing which shall serve not simply for an hour's rally or a big collection, but for the sum total of my selfhood; not alone for its new birth and martial enlistment, but for its honorable discharge and peaceful retirement; some unsounded word of the Eternal Compassion, which, recovered, will transpose this heart-breaking anticlimax.

My own glad belief is that this word is waiting and that, being interpreted, it would come to something like the following:

Ye precious semi-pagans! As far as ye have gotten with the golden gospel I gave you is to have opened your eyes to the mystic morning splendor of it; to have reveled in the spectacular medieval art and allegory of it; and, latterly, to have engrossed your anxious thoughts and kneaded your sweaty hands in the organized administration and numerical competition of it. Not that any of this or all of it is too much; it is only not enough! But ye have the industrial ideal; ye would still Uzzah my Ark and underpin the Kingdom of Heaven. The princes of this

world have exercised lordship over you, and ye have borne those burdens till ye cannot straighten even when ye stand; your arms are bent even when your hands are empty. And something of that weary crook is in your minds. Ye have the notion of serving and come in my presence talking of "morning services" and "evening services," when there is really nothing there for you to do save to listen and rest and learn.

Henceforth ye are to cherish the notion of serving, and ye are to practice the joy of living also; ye are to break the menial habit, for I have called you sons and friends, not serfs and Gradgrinds, least of all officials and strutting tetrarchs. Ye must recover your lost mysticism and walk with me again in the cool of the day. There is as much of mysticism and of communion in the evening as in the morning. If your mountain passes resound with my going forth in the morning, your vespers shall reflect my twilight return. I will not leave you nor forsake you; I have not called you to take of my life because I need you to do my work;

but I am sure you will want to share in my work, because I have given you to enter my life. Keep your industrial ideal, but accept the ideal of my school. Still learn of me; learn not simply to bear my yoke, but to live my life. Ye shall not merely earn your wage; ye shall win your freedom and find your peace.

If the faith of our Christ has gone with you only till ye have grown weary and full of need, he is a better Brother than ye have known, and he has had things to say to you which ye could not bear until now. And the Father—he still sits on the stairway of the stars. Everywhere those faithful stars keep their downward watches; everywhere his presence brushes your spirits, as your mothers' skirts swept your faces when ye played on the floor at their feet. Be steadfast! As certain of your own poets have said:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made:
> Our times are in His hand,
> Who saith, "A whole I planned";
> Youth sees but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.