THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR IN THE NEW AGE

COMRADE—SPONSOR—SOCIAL MEDIATOR

LECTURES FOR 1909 ON THE GEORGE SHEPARD FOUNDATION
BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY
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This little volume is dedicated and inscribed in affectionate honor to my beloved people of the South Congregational Church and Parish, Brooklyn, whose unswerving fellowship has been my joy and song during all the six and thirty years of my ministry among them, and in whose faith and patience and wonderful unity of kindness I have seemed to find both clear warrant and noble witness for that view of the Christian Pastorate which, in tribute to them, is here lovingly, though imperfectly, outlined.

October 24, 1909.

PREFATORY NOTE

President's House,
Bangor Theological Seminary,
BANGOR, MAINE.

My dear Dr. Lyman:

Dr. George Shepard, Professor of Homiletics in Bangor Theological Seminary from 1836 to 1868, was one of the great preachers of his time, declining invitations to pulpits in Boston and New York in order to do his loved work of teaching.

Your lectures were the "George Shepard" Lectures on Preaching and Pastoral Service, named in his honor. You were the fifth incumbent of the lectureship, following Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Dr. Amory H. Bradford, Professor Hugh Black, D. D., and Professor Edward C. Moore, D. D. These lectures came in "Convocation Week," February 1-5, 1909, and your associated lecturers on other Foundations for the year were Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of *The Outlook,* New York, and Professor

Harlan P. Beach, D. D., of Yale University. You and your associates spoke day after day to a great company of Students, Ministers, Teachers, and citizens of Eastern Maine, who, with the most eager and responsive enthusiasm listened to the noble and inspiring addresses.

Your lectures, in addition to their high general excellence, were enhanced in value because you had previously visited our students at Bangor, and had privately conferred with them about their felt personal needs, so that the laboratory or inductive method might be adopted throughout.

The effect of the lectures was moving and profound. It will remain with your auditors all their lives. It will distinctly mark for good many pastorates.

Our Faculty rejoices to learn that you are to give these lectures a wider circulation through the printed page. Nothing is more needed in our time than a renewal of power in the pastorate. If you shall be willing to retain the direct and personal phrasing of the lectures, they will be, I am sure, all the more effective because of their more intimate appeal thereby.

Let me afresh thank you for your work in

the name of our Faculty and Students. Permit me to remain, my dear Doctor Lyman,

Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

DAVID N. BEACH.

October 23, 1909.

FOREWORD

I HAVE yielded, with no little misgiving, to the courteous urgency of the Class of 1909 in Bangor Theological Seminary, reinforced by the generous consent of its President and the Faculty, asking that the Lectures delivered before the class during "Convocation Week" last February, upon the "George Shepard" Foundation, and relating to some aspects of the Pastoral Office in our Modern Time should be put in type.

My misgiving has to do with both the form and the substance of these addresses. As to form, there is none to speak of. The Lectures are informal Talks merely, with no pretension to literary finish,—a handful of hints rather than a treatise, a challenge at the gate, not intended for veterans or for experts, but thrown out, in the manner of quick-fire conversation, to meet, at once and on the level, the eager and high interrogation of a group of young men standing at the gateway of a great vocation. They are therefore much

more suited to the *entente cordiale* of the moment between speaker and hearer, than to the cooler scrutiny of the critical reader.

As to substance, the deficiency is still greater. Speaking under sharp limitations of time, the effort was to bring out a single generic conception of what might be called the modern pastoral consciousness, rather than to present a complete account of the Pastoral Office. The speaker assumes much which a more formal discussion must labor to prove. The talks start with the professional "rein" loose, and do not "draw rein" till the close. This leads to many omissions—and quite possibly involves an impression of incompleteness and confusion.

One must in fairness add also the fact that these Lectures—to call them such—deal with what is supposed to be the more perfunctory and humdrum phase of our professional duty, as contrasted with the preaching phase of it. Preaching and pastoral service do indeed interplay. On the higher level each pole of the ministerial battery is alive with the power shot over from the other pole, and the vital fire in both is one. And this is truer than ever now, for the Modern Age

blends preacher and pastor as no other age ever has, in the figure of the one spiritual teacher and leader.

But the sense of this, which is readily poured into the excitement of oral address, is not so easily imparted to the printed page, and this little volume will at first therefore seem to be a prosy review of the prosy half of the minister's duty.

Still, on the other hand, to rewrite the Lectures, to expand them with ampler citation and discussion, to fill out the gaps they leave open, or to take out from them the spontaneous and personal note of free, spoken address—would be to substitute something else for what was given at Bangor, and which I am so kindly asked to reproduce.

In such a plight, I have only to make a virtue of audacity, and ask the kind reader to overlook the deficiences which the kind hearer did not have time enough to notice, and which, on second thought, both hearer and reader—and above all, the speaker himself—will find it hard to excuse and impossible to explain.

A. J. L.

Brooklyn, New York,
October, 1909.

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INTRODUCTORY. THE PASTORAL SPIRIT

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Faculty and Members of the Classes:

In one brief word may I offer you my salutation, and thank you for the honor of standing here among you, less, indeed, as a lecturer than as a fellow student, to speak with you concerning some of the present practical aspects of our vocation.

It seems fitting that I should at the outset allude for a moment to the personal method we shall employ in our discussion.

I owe my choice of a theme not only to the freedom permitted under the generous terms of the "George Shepard" Foundation upon which I speak, but especially also to the equally generous suggestion of the President.

He informed me that our professional field on its side of preaching had been already covered by previous lectures upon this founda-

tion; but that the pastoral side of the minister's life had not received similar separate presentation; and he encouraged me to select this plainer and more sequestered function of the ministry as our special subject.

Our theme, then, may take this phrasing:

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR IN THE NEW AGE.

I emphasize the latter half of this title, because, if I do not mistake, certain features of pastoral service, always vital, are thrown by the spirit of our age into a new and noble relief.

Indeed, we may put the point even more strongly. Standing in his full free manhood, in closest contact with the age itself, his "bare feet on the bare earth"—to recall Dr. Stalker's phrase in his "ordination charge," the young pastor of our time discovers that the two ideas in human conduct which Modern Sociology counts as of most instant value, viz., personal comradeship and social mediation, are precisely the two which denote the finest pastoral efficiency,—so that we rediscover, as it were, the heart of the ancient Pastorate in listening to the characteristic demand of the New Age.

It is the zest of such rediscovery which gives the present speaker courage to add another word upon this rather hackneyed subject of Pastoral duty, and it is the notion of such a quest which will govern the method of our talks together.

My first business therefore was to learn from you as students in definite particulars what you feel, and want and need. It is the content of *your* mind as a contemporary modern product that is the thing of primary value and authority here. The genius of this lectureship is clinical rather than speculative, and fraternal most of all.

This method also will enable me to set these simple talks into the position where they belong with reference to your Seminary Curriculum. I realize that in the presence of professors accomplished in teaching the technique both of preaching and of pastoral service, any formal review of the theory and duty of the pastorate would be as needless as it would be impertinent. I may assume your general acquaintance with the subject. You know the standard books, the leading authorities, the established divisions and definitions.

It was, accordingly, the attempt to comply with what I felt to be this primary duty of the

lectureship, when I arranged to spend a week with you here last November, to meet the members of the senior class, both as a body and individually, desiring, by the frankest possible conference upon the problems of instant practical import in your minds, to learn from you *what you feel to be vital in the work of the Christian pastor,* not only as to its old genius and spirit, but as to its present arena of action, its immediate conditions and difficulties, and its thrilling and overmastering inspirations. So I might seek, by the analysis of your own present consciousness concerning your vocation, to determine how that vocation itself should now be construed, and how the ancient Pastoral Spirit rearticulates itself in response to modern demands.

You met me frankly more than half way. You disclosed, indeed, your misgivings. I caught the muffled beat of that inner apprehension which a true man must feel, though he does not parade it, in responding to the tremendous challenge of this rocking age.

I looked also upon the vivid picture you drew for me from the life, of the difficulties existing in many of our New England parishes where you had been at work. Listening

to you I felt again, as I did forty years ago, the tremor of the young man's question—and the older man's also—Who is sufficient for these things?

But I discovered also something more, namely, that the picture of the pastoral ideal, which you, as young modern men, are thus carrying in your minds, is really the true delineation of what the New Age is calling for in the Christian Pastor, and I went back to my study, vowing that I had in honor and in truth but one single thing to do, and that was to put into the clearest possible expression these queryings and verdicts of your own minds, swiftly correlating them with the personal experience of an older soldier in the same battle.

I had then in a moment, the warrant for my method, which was to *listen to you,*—to what your modern souls are asserting, not as by intention but half unaware,—and if I could seize upon this, articulate it, and simply arrange it in an order of progression, I should have my lectures: So that you,—and here is the idea,—*you should be the teachers of yourselves.*

You are the sons of the New Age, as we

older men are not. You feel its mother-throb in your veins. In the spontaneous mental movement within you, in the psychological and spiritual forces which have brought you to these halls and which will send you forth from them, do I find the germ and norm of all I have to say.

The main content of this your apprehension of your calling seemed to fall naturally under three affirmations:

1. *The Pastor is a human comrade and counsellor.*

2. *The Pastor is a Spiritual sponsor and guide.*

3. *The Pastor is a social mediator in a distracted age.*

First, COMRADESHIP.

At the very forefront of your thought lay the vivid conviction that the Christian Pastorate must be first and last and all the time fraternal. Your words, moreover, reflected the fact that this principle of human brotherhood, as identifying the pastorate, is receiving, at this very moment, a new emphasis by what is freshest in the movement of our age. It is, you told me, the age of the cosmopolitan fraternity, and upon its unfurling banners burns

forth that very word *comrade* as never before.

Second, SPONSORSHIP.

Hard upon this sense of the primary place of the fraternal spirit in a true pastorate followed, however, something more. It is the reverberation in your modern dialect of an ancient and holy sentiment, as old as Sinai, as old as religious worship itself, and in the Christian centuries sanctified under every type of doctrine and ritual, to the effect that the pastoral office is not only fraternal, but is also, in a true sense, spiritual and priestly, so that the words sponsor and priest convey a meaning which no travesty upon that meaning can wholly discredit.

"As Thou didst send me into the world, even so I sent them into the world," are words which the Fourth Gospel credibly ascribes to Jesus.

They cannot be elided in any Scriptural statement of the ministry.

Not that we are shut up to the sacramentarian view of the method of this divine bestowal, although there is an element of truth even in that view which has attracted many of the noblest Christian ministers, and which we

must honor and incorporate in any complete statement of the pastoral office.

I do not care for the mere word "priest." It is apt to be misunderstood. I have used it for the instant so as to mark the thing I would describe. Perhaps the better word is Sponsor. The Pastor is a sponsor for men—an "Ambassador of Christ," whose relation to his King on the one hand, and to men on the other, is peculiarly intimate. "As though God were entreating by us," is the cry of that perfervid Paul.

All noble religions, and Christianity pre-eminently, unite to present the Religious Teacher as the Spokesman, in some degree, for the Unseen Eternal. The Christian pastor is the spiritual confidant, the confessor, in the worthy sense, of his people.

In the most personal and tremendous issues of human life, its sins and repentance, its calamity and despair, at its crisis of struggle and at the hour of death, the Christian Pastor stands sponsor for men, solemnly realizing and humbly declaring the attitude of the Infinite, as revealed through Christ.

Third, MEDIATORSHIP.

I shall not be misunderstood. The Pas-

tor's mediation is no usurpation of the Mediation of Christ. The human Pastor is the secondary medium, through whom that great Mediation is realized. But as we talked together a few weeks ago, I discovered that your sense of the majesty and delicacy of this higher office of the Pastorate expressed itself in the idea of the Pastor as the social mediator among men in the midst of the confused and warring factions of our time.

You also held to it that the process of such secondary mediation is natural and ethical, not sacramentarian. Christ's Mediatorial power and grace are realized in the Pastor's *character,* not in his mere *office.* It is the beauty of a consecrated and winnowed manhood which becomes the agent for this secondary mediation.

The logic of all this, as we maintain, therefore, does not go to affirm that this quasi-mediatorial function is an official exercise of a specific, and, as it were, extra-human gift, bestowed *de facto* at ordination; but it goes to the point of affirming a certain definite divine assistance to the minister's own faculties in undertaking his specific service.

The true priest is not *made* such by arbi-

trary ecclesiastical enactment or any mere external "laying on of hands" so as to constitute him a vicegerent, a formal dispenser of celestial benedictions. These statutory and exclusive theories of the priesthood dwindle into palpable unreality in front of the terrible challenge of actual pastoral experience. But all the more because you disavow the formalism of the High Church view, do you insist upon the spiritual reality which lies behind that view and behind every profound view of the Christian Pastorate.

You declare, because the heart of the Christian ages, including the present age, declares that only a *mediatorial soul* can exercise a mediatorial office, but *such a soul can.* A noble and consecrated manhood, whose wealth and volume of sympathy is carried up to the point of spiritual indentification with human need on the one side and with divine grace on the other, can be in a true sense priestly.

We reach, then, the conception, in which, translating your own apprehension, I discover the latent consciousness of our age, that the spiritually sponsorlike and mediatorial element in the pastorate is developed out of the Chris-

tianly fraternal. It is not a new endowment or function, coupled on to that sense of comradeship, which a moment ago we called the primary element of the Pastorate. On the contrary, this latter, if carried high enough and fulfilled in Christ's way, involves and leads up into the former.

May I say that the idea of this development is to be our keynote in these addresses?

In the process of this mental development, and indeed from its very inception, something does indeed flow down from Christ into the minister's heart—(so you declared your sense of the thing)—a distinct Divine help, though availing itself of the normal psychological channels, appearing as a deepening of motive, a vivifying of consciousness, a facilitating of growth, an unlocking of latent power, in a word, the realization of an impelling force, which fills the normal channels of mental experience and development with a fuller volume of power, to help the pastor for and in his specific pastoral service.

But we shall maintain that Christlike brotherhood opens the only psychological path along which this higher priestly gift can be realized.

Altruistic devotion in Christ's way and name is the only gate to the exercise of true priesthood in His Name.

You will, of course, recognize in a moment that in thus opening our line of thought, we are assuming, without argument, the essential truth contained in the Irenic Christian Faith in Christ as the Living Master and Divine Redeemer.

If the position of the extreme rationalism be adopted, if the objective reality of this spiritual realm be discredited, if Christ's life continues effective only in the way of noble example and the heroes and martyrs of faith in their vision of a living and present Christ have been gazing only on dreams, then a portion, and perhaps a main portion, of all this working philosophy of the pastorate falls to the ground. But not all of it fails, even in that case, for the historical basis of Christianity, whatever it is held to be, may be so vividly realized by the mind as, in a sense, to live again and forever; and thus the ideal picture of Christ's life, shining through whatever imperfections are assumed to exist in the Gospel record, continues to maintain an inspiring influence upon the mind similar to that which

such a Christ Himself would exert if He were still alive.

At this point, then, the vista of our whole theme suddenly opens before us with a kind of thrill and wonder, and we imagine that we can perhaps state, in some approximately compact phrase, the proposition which is our thesis now namely that the genius of the Christian pastorate is the principle of the humanly fraternal developed through fellowship with the Figure of the human Jesus and carried high enough to become spiritually mediatorial through God's grace as reflecting and articulating the Great Mediation of the Divine Christ.

And just here we again discover, with a curious start of surprise and joy—that as the present age and era is the era of the comrade, so it is also, and with equal urgency, the era for the social mediator. The time cries aloud, not only for mediatorship between man and God, but for mediatorship between man and man, class and class, nation and nation. We may perhaps put this point very strongly and assert that just now, in the midst of the upheaval and dissolution of traditional assumptions, in the midst of perilous and glorious dislocations and realignments in the intellectual

and social world, in the midst of fresh and acute shocks between opposing classes, even in the rise and sweeping surge of a socialistic propaganda, half mad, half prophetic, is disclosed as never before, both a peremptory need of and a passionate outcry for precisely this genuine social mediatorship.

Oh! for a battalion of ministers who shall go forth now in Christ's name, so nobly comrades as to be also true mediators among men. I see the holy and beautiful lips of the Gallilean moving again as of old, saying "Blessed are the peacemakers," the intellectual and spiritual mediators of the new age. Christian pastors are called of the time and of God to be such. Nobody else can be such so well.

The minister must be a mediator now or fail. He must explain men to themselves, and to one another. He must explain man to man, class to class. He must be the link of fellowship between what else would fall asunder.

He must humanly mediate between men, in order that he may articulate and reincarnate the spirit of his Master's mediation between man and God.

Here, then, in vital and even inevitable

succession, rise before us the main terraces of our theme; or if the simile of steps be hackneyed, let us consider these divisions, which will be taken up in the lectures to follow, as several rooms, opening upon one central rotunda, which we may denominate the *Pastoral* Spirit.

THE PASTORAL SPIRIT

A word, therefore, of this Pastoral Spirit as we close to-day.

May we not assert that each of the great professions possesses its own peculiar genius, a sentiment characteristic of it alone, and in a sense non-transferable?

Medicine has its distinctive enthusiasm; the law its own. So of journalism or art.

Accordingly, I would lay a double initial emphasis upon the truth that here, in this identification of our specific pastoral spirit, is the very crux and talisman of our calling. "In hoc signo vincimus."

And yet there is perhaps some reason to fear that this is precisely the matter to the importance of which we are least alive, and which is least emphasized in many excellent manuals upon the pastoral office.

Last summer, in the wish to meet a little less

meagrely the responsibility of this lectureship, which I had then consented to assume, I spent several weeks in Oxford, at work in the Bodleian Library, endeavoring to look with some care through the numerous volumes, both by the more recent and the older writers on this subject of the Christian Pastorate. Two discoveries surprised me; First, the comparatively limited amount, as well as literary inferiority, of the material specially relating to the pastoral function, as compared with that devoted to preaching. And the second, and still more surprising fact was, that in all these forty or fifty volumes, so far as I was able to examine them, almost the entire weight of the discussion, both by Anglicans and by Nonconformists, seemed to be thrown upon rather prolix and conventional tabulations and descriptions of the objective functions of parish duty, while comparatively little effort had been made, apparently, to render forth anything like a vivid and thorough conception of what the pastoral spirit itself really is; how it differs from other enthusiasms in the mind, what constitutes its dynamic secret, how it kindles and masters men, and how a minister may recognize it, and employ it, as he would drive

some splendid high-bred horse, housed in his stall.

Our simple series of talks can certainly enter upon no ambitious attempt to present a complete analysis of this pastoral spirit; yet our whole effort will break down unless we get some clear impression of its specific psychological distinction, its curious aliveness, its gentlemanliness, its leap and glow, its Christ-like brooding and yearning, its subtlety and vivacity of mental impulse, like the movement of quick-silver.

Perhaps a better symbol would be the sparkle of cold water. Indeed, the cup of pure crystal water, conceived of as the union, strange to say, of those two quick and imponderable spirits of flame, oxygen and hydrogen, one denoting the heavens and the other the earth, is hardly a fantastic similitude of that indefinable vitality and vivacity by which the pastoral spirit exhibits its integral union of the human comradeship with the heavenly mediation.

But is this so? you ask. We are plain matter-of-fact men, and we challenge you. Are you not simply "up in the air," idealizing our vocation and drawing a fancy picture of a subjective condition which a mystic here and

there may realize perhaps, but which is not a necessary concomitant of most men's ministry?

Well, that is for you to determine as our discussion proceeds. I am certainly not advancing the theory of any abnormal or mystical or extra-human faculty conferred upon pastors; but I do hold to this as a psychological fact, capable of ample verification, that the development in a man of the pastoral spirit, —the genius of comradeship, carried up to the level of spiritual sponsorship and social mediation, which is the true priesthood in Christ's name, is attended by the release into action and more and more into definite consciousness of a certain unique enthusiasm, which is under God, *the* force upon the pastoral side of our calling.

And yet this pastoral spirit rather laughs at any attempt to analyze it, so simple is it and manly, swiftly moving and all alive. It does not like to sit down before a lecturer's camera. Like Dr. Brown's high-bred Scotch collie, "Wylie," my saint and hero among dogs, it would rather be away on the moors tending the sheep. But if we can catch the noble, eager, tireless creature, and hold it long enough for any inspection, we shall marvel at

the quiver of its life and thank God for the privilege of making it our own.

Ah, gentlemen, I check myself at this mention even of the wonderful collie, for it is the shepherd himself whose figure emerges in the sweet and sonorous Latin word entitling these studies of ours, who is our most perfect image of that which we would describe. The "Pastor" is our Lord's own image of Himself and of His minister,—a symbol reproduced from the noblest Old Testament prophecy.

The Pastoral spirit is the *Shepherd* spirit, reproducing the spirit of the "Chief Shepherd," as St. Peter calls our Lord, and developed in the minister by his personal fellowship with that Human-Divine Personality. The image is ideally perfect. Seen dimly in the dawn against the upland horizon, or more clearly beneath the blaze of noonday, appearing in all song and story, in the homeliest as well as the lordliest literature and in the rural life of the ages, the shepherd offers the finest model which human avocations afford of personal fidelity. Tireless watchfulness, valiant protection, tender care, sagacious, indomitable devotion unto death, are all combined in him

"who giveth his life for the sheēp." Not the wolf that howls in the night, not the thunder of raging storm, not the serpent that slides through the thick grass, not hunger or thirst or the robber's knife can sēparate the shēpherd from the flock he loves.

You will pardon what you will regard as the over-florid emphasis upon these similitudes. Yet similitudes even such as these are, as I understand the matter, not far-fetched, as illustrating that specific temper which we discover in the Christian ministry. It is both an intuition and a feeling, realized together in one indivisible impulse, in whose peculiar motive and particular errand appears the blending of the two sentiments already indicated, that of red-blooded human brotherhood, and that of religious sponsorship, fused in the thrilling sense of a special divinē commission.

But a little more in detail. In any attempt to characterizē such a compound mental impulse, which is partly disclosed in consciousness and partly not, our best way, as I suppose, is to describe it in its practical action.

I shall, therefore, single out and specify five main features of the Pastoral Spirit in action, by which, in their combination and interplay,

this spirit of the Christian Pastorate is known. They are these:

The chivalry of Christian honor for men.

The tenderness of Christian sympathy with men.

The genius of rescue.

The passion of spiritual sponsorship.

The cheer of the invulnerable Christian hope.

These features of the Pastoral Spirit will come up for successive mention in the lectures to follow; but the actual work of our calling itself does not thus segregate and disunite them. They are all realized together, as one glowing impulse, pervading the pastor's service in each of the four great rôles which we are to consider, and which are these:

First—The Pastor in his primary relation as *Human Comrade and Counsellor.*

Second—The Pastor in his supreme office as *Christian Sponsor* and *Social Mediator* in Christ's name.

Third—The Pastor, so developed, launching his personality upon his church as the *Parish Organizer* and *Leader.*

Fourth and finally—The Pastor in his pulpit, as *Preacher* and *Public Religious Teacher.*

LECTURE II

THE PASTOR AS COMRADE AND COUNSELLOR

THE PASTOR AS COMRADE AND COUNSELLOR

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, writing in June, 1883, to his friend W. E. Henley, concerning the literary art, remarks:

"I beg to inform you that I, Robert Louis Stevenson, author, etc., am merely beginning to commence to prepare to make a first start at trying to understand my profession."

Behind the joke is an ache. The whimsicality is only the mask for a kind of *self-despair.* Self-despair is the word. Said one of you to me last November, "It is not self-distrust I feel, it is self-despair; but I won't let men know it." This is a mood which often falls upon a sensitive, ingenuous young mind, when alive to the ideal of a great vocation. A gentleman does not parade his faint-heartedness although he feels it so keenly. He masks it under a quip or a jest.

No man feels this more than the young minister; no man save one, and that one is the *old* minister, because this sense of an almost hopeless discrepancy—half whimsical, it is so

absolute—between the loftiness of the pastoral ideal and the meagreness of one's own performance, increases rather than lessens as life goes on.

Over against this self-despair comes in, more and more it is true, another feeling, that of trust in the divine help, and the conviction also that God often employs very poor tools at very fine tasks; but still the sense of incompetency remains so keen as to shut off all assumption, and I cannot say a truer word at the outset of this second lecture-talk than to enter a demurrer against any apprehension that the present speaker assumes a right to lay down rules for your practice in our arduous but fascinating calling.

You are to be yourselves. We have, it is true, carried the legend of individuality in pastoral practice so far as almost to shut out clinical appositeness from lectureships on the pastoral function. And this is a pity, for surely the cure of souls involves principles of spiritual therapeutics as definite and as verified as those accepted by our brethren of the medical profession in their healing of men's bodies.

Still, at the heart of it, the genius of our

profession is preëminently that of the adaptation of individuality to individuality, as St. Paul declares in a famous autobiographical passage.

The pastoral impulse, when fully developed, is subtle, nimble, lightly moved. It is a constant passion in an individual man for personal religious ministry. It adopts, therefore, spontaneously, many varying types of endowment as its agents, and many methods of address as its channels.

In these talks I bring to you only a few hints from one man's work. They are sprinkled—let us suppose—with one man's heart's blood, and are for him—let us admit—the best working rules he has. But still sift them, gentlemen, eliminate the personal equation from them. Pardon any chance note as of dogmatism.

I seem to myself hardly more than a novice still. Challenge, therefore, everything I say. Test it by the Scriptures and by the witness of other men. Fear not to trust your own judgment in correcting it. If you find any fragment which may serve your turn, remodel it, so as to make it fit better upon your own individual errands.

Our special topic to-day is:

The Pastor as a Human Comrade and Counsellor.

What is this comradeship?

How is it developed in the Pastor?

What is the demand for it, especially at the present time?

These are the questions which suggest the simple divisions we may follow.

First. As to the first question you are bearing in mind the boldness of our thesis.—Our key note in these lectures is to the effect that the pastoral spirit—the pastoral soul—is, as we conceive it, the result of the humanly fraternal carried so high through fellowship with Christ as to become the spiritually mediatorial in His Name. You will, therefore, have been asking—What sort of comradeship—what style of brotherhood must this be which can bear the weight of such a tremendous sequel?

We are to trace the rise and development in the minister's mind, under psychological law of a very unique and wonderful temper, and the question is peremptory whether in fixing upon a basic mental impulse so plain and simple as human brotherhood we are providing adequate foundation for a structure so lofty.

And yet that is precisely what we do. We take this plain, human sentiment, and no other, as our psychological starting point. We can in reason take no other. Why seek for any broader foundation than love in building up the Christian Pastorate? Love "never faileth" while "tongues" may fail. On that floor you stand brother to every man on earth, and whatever edifice of sacramental ministry be built up upon the "Great Bases" of unselfish love shall stand fair and sure forever. This human fellow feeling is indeed, as we shall see, taken up into the realm of Christian faith, and becomes irradiated with the light and life of Jesus Christ, but yet essentially and radically it is in itself natural and human, with no esoteric refinements or supranatural additions.

The Pastor, indeed, need not cultivate the extreme of boisterous bonhomie satirized by Cowper:

> "The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
> And proves by thumping on your back
> His sense of your great merit
> Is such a friend, that one had need
> Be very much his friend indeed
> To pardon or to bear it."

This "hail fellow" style is not necessary, and yet what we have in mind in Pastoral

Comradeship is after all at bottom plain Brotherliness, of the "out and out," practical, red-blooded kind,—this, however, made Christian and surcharged after the manner of Jesus, with democratic and spiritual fire. It is friendship raised to the point of spiritual incandescence, but also especially *grounded in honor*—honor for the human creature.

HONOR FOR HUMANITY

Indeed, the word comrade, etymologically speaking as well as in the light of current usage, carries with it a note a little more deeply respectful as well as vividly vital even than the word friend. It is friendship,—then one hand-turn more.

A friend may look a little down on you. A comrade's glance is level. A friend comes to aid you. A comrade stays with you. A friend counts you in with him. A comrade counts himself in with you. A friend can wait till to-morrow about helping you, and yet be comfortable. The word of comradeship is now. Friendship affiliates. Comradeship identifies. Friendship talks across. Comradeship walks abreast. There is no essential difference between the two; but comradeship

keeps one stick more in the furnace. Friendship is not cool; but comradeship is blazing flame. Comradeship to-day is friendship raised to the highest power—the fusion of man with man in God's great blast-furnace of the modern time.

And because in our new social era, the word of fellowship among the rank and file of men is comrade, therefore, the kind of Pastor wanted and needed among men is the kind of Pastor who makes that name good.

Honor for humanity, as well as fellowship with humanity, is thus the ground-tone in that comradeship of which we are now speaking as being the primary germ in the pastoral evolution. It is the first of what we termed the five essential features of the Pastoral Spirit.

Honor for humanity is a familiar phrase to-day, although for generations it was tabooed as being inconsistent with orthodox views of human depravity. And, possibly, you may lift a cautious hand and tell me to choose my words narrowly at this volcanic point. Not so, gentlemen! Why should I mince the matter? I am here to attest, so far as I rationally and scripturally can, what I

believe you believe and have a right to believe, and I am sure you are right in your conviction that a "mystery of iniquity" *in* human nature is not the "total depravity" *of* human nature.

A sincere but provincial interpretation of that phrase, "total depravity," threw its dark pall too long across the New England Hills; so that one hardly wonders when, a century ago, the father of Horace Bushnell, coming out of the Episcopal church into the Congregational, in New Preston, Conn., complains of what he calls the *"rather over-total depravity of the Sermon!"*

But this interpretation of the word total is no part of an irenic orthodoxy. In true Christianity, pity starts with honor, and the impulse to save springs aloft out of the sense of radical worth in the thing to be saved.

The prodigal son was his father's child. He was not a whelp of the desert, a pariah of perdition. With whatever sense of the nameless horror and woe of that infernal irrationality which we call moral evil, the true Pastor carries at the bottom of his manhood the chivalry of honor for that which he is trying to serve. This is both a conviction and a

sentiment, having its ethical foundation in the dual doctrine of the spiritual Fatherhood of God and sonship of man, and its scientific corroboration in the modern testimony concerning the countless and strenuous ages through which, under evolutional law, this wonderful human creation, the crown of nature, as well as its paradox and problem, has been slowly brought to its present stage.

Out of this conviction concerning man, at once spiritual and scientific, springs a sentiment which is a veritable knighthood of the ministry, a *noblesse oblige* which takes its cap off, not only in the presence of women, but of humanity everywhere.

This spirit is not merely courtesy. It is elemental equity. Its gracious but tremendous logic springs straight from the fundamental truths of man and revelation.

If the universe is old, then is humanity great.

If God be parental, then is humanity great.

If Christ be Mary's Son, then is humanity great.

If Calvary be worth while, then is humanity great.

The intensest conviction of human sin is the

reflex of the sense of the greatness of that upon which the sin has fallen. Pity and honor always dwell together in the pastoral soul.

The late Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham, whose "Nine Lectures on Preaching," delivered thirty years ago in Yale Divinity School, still remain nearly or quite at the head of modern manuals upon the homiletical side of our work, quotes George Eliot to illustrate the difference in mental attitude between two sorts of ministers—Mrs. Poyster in "Adam Bede," speaking of the two parsons of Hayslope, remarks—"Mr. Irwine was like a good meal o'victual, you were the better for him without thinking on it; and Mr. Ryde was like a dose o' physic, he gripped you and he worreted you, and after all he left you much the same."

"Mr. Ryde" represents the "judicial," fault-finding, condemnatory attitude toward humanity; and it is false and bad. On the contrary, the true Pastor sounds as his keynote Sir Thomas Browne's sentiment, "Nature is the art of God." Human nature is, therefore, looked upon as the highest of that art. Nor does any sense, however poignant, of human misery and error, or even

of the black depths of that iniquity in which humanity is engulfed, neutralize the Pastor's underlying reverence for the human creature.

Indeed, this sense of honor for humanity is so constant that it will not be denied, and is not discouraged, even in front of the poorest specimens of men, but searches steadfastly in the poor, coarsened, peasant face, eager to catch, and believing that it will catch there, "some glint i' th' een," as the Scotch say, some dash of sunlight upon cheek and brow, which, to recall our Wordsworth, shall convey the true hint of "that imperial palace whence we came."

You observe that what I am speaking of is not the dutifully conventional and often mournfully pious assertion of the "value of the human soul," in quotation marks. It is the actual sense of the innate and inalienable *beauty* of human personality, body and soul together, and without any quotation marks at all. It is a kind of shock and quiver of manly joy at the sight of a human face, like that of the botanist finding a rare flower on a high Alp. The pastoral impulse is not merely to save, but to honor humanity so much that saving seems inevitably worth while.

Naturally also this pastoral sense of the greatness of human life is quite irrespective of all accidents of culture or station. It is a note of manners and mental attitude which never leaves the true Pastor, but clothes him like a garment, and walks with him down the street, pervading the most casual interview, not laboriously, as if with "deliberate premeditation aforethought,"—to parody a judicial phrase—and never with any slightest touch of mawkish pose, either explicit or implicit, any more than you say "Dear Madam" to your mother.

The labored mawkishness of pastoral manner sometimes seen is the counterfeit of the thing we are speaking of, a clever counterfeit perhaps, enough to deceive the very elect; but a counterfeit for all that.

The true article is not over-serious. It is own cousin to humor and laughter. Our seriousness is often two-thirds vanity and spiritual pride.

The true honor for men appears in a certain careful and genial considerateness as to the mood and the need of the man you meet, an instinctive and delicate scrupulousness in "taking the man fair," as we say, a habit of

seeing him against his own horizon as well as yours, yet giving him the benefit of the divine landscape which you think you see, a certain assumption of the high-bred as existing of necessity in the very understructure of his soul.

A Christian minister ought to be able even to walk down the white clanking corridor of the State's prison bearing to the wrecked and wretched congregation assembled there to meet him, an honor for "the man within the man" still eloquent in his eye.

In a word, the pastoral spirit is stamped upon its very front with a dignity of fellowship with humanity which does not willingly leave upon even the briefest interview a memory which lowers the tone of life.

COMRADESHIP, HOW ATTAINED

Second. But how shall the reality of this high comradeship be attained? By what method shall the young Pastor develop within himself this spirit of lofty fellowship with men? Here we reach the heart of the inquiry before us today, and here we get the best light upon the nature of pastoral comradeship itself.

I answer the question by insisting at the

very start that we must accustom ourselves to a more natural way of regarding people, instead of the perfunctory, professional way. We must, I imagine, go back to the very beginning of the young preacher's ministry, and clear away an assumption of callow officialism which too often clogs his footsteps even at the gateway of his calling.

It is one of those unfortunate legacies of mediæval tradition, which are all the more persistent and baneful because hidden and unnoticed, that the young Pastor so often enters the arena of his profession by the wrong door, *i. e.*, from the side of ministerial formalism rather than the side of human fraternalism. He tries to begin where he ought to leave off.

The gentlemen of the Faculty will forgive me if I avow a fear that the curriculum of our Theological Institutions, alive as our professors are increasingly to the practical needs of men, is not, even yet, quite so far reconstructed as to set the young theologue into his work through the gate of human fellowship rather than the gate of clerical assumption.

For nothing is clearer in the study of the Gospels than the fact that the psychological

development which issues at last in what is most nobly ministerial and mediatorial in our profession begins in simple Christlike brotherliness.

Pentecost is to be reached via Emmaus and the walk thither. First Gennesaret, then Calvary. "That is not first which is Spiritual, but that which is natural, then that which is spiritual." As opposed to this, is it not true that we have been apt to start in our ministry, assuming to be little spokesmen for the Eternal, and thus, all unaware to ourselves, stiffen at the outset into an odd and more or less conceited religious exclusiveness, only to spend the latter half of life in trying, with difficulty, to climb down to where people really are? That is both an awkward and a pathetic piece of gymnastics. We have to learn, sooner or later, what Jane Addams of Hull House aptly calls "the futility of the individual conscience."

I put the point extravagantly, in order that you may omit the extravagance and put it truly; but the point itself is worth thinking about.

We shall maintain that the normal evolution of Christ's minister as a Pastor to-day is like that of the disciples of old, from wayside

companionship to apostolic prerogative, not the reverse. We reassert our main proposition that the fraternal sentiment in the pastorate, if genuine and carried high so as to be Christ-like, develops into the mediatorial; and we must disown the topsy-turvy psychology, which, unfortunately for the credit and power of our calling, has been allowed to reverse this natural order. Dr. Bonar after listening to a minister who was preaching with great gusto said to him, "You love to preach, don't you?" "Yes, indeed I do." "But," said Bonar, "do you love the men to whom you preach?"

To carry the criticism a little further, one may discover reasons enough why we fall into this mistake. That deep and altogether sacred experience in the heart of a young man, which he interprets as a "call" to the ministry, may seem to him at first to segregate him somewhat from his fellows.

Then too, more and more, the pressure of his special and non-secular studies tends to side-track him a little, unless he is on his guard. Add to this the amiable coddling of the devoted group of his well-meaning and admiring personal friends who so often keep a little, low fire of incense burning, beautiful

and blinding, identifying the young minister with something separate and saintly, the acolyte of a vocation supposed to be set apart of God. The young pastor is also secluded from many average temptations; is treated with more than the average consideration; moves in a social environment in which sentiment takes the place of the rough and tumble which the young man training for a business career is apt to receive. Says Galton in his work on "Hereditary Genius," "A gently complaining and fatigued spirit is that in which Evangelical Divines are apt to spend their days."

It is easy, therefore,—it is almost unavoidable, that before he is quite awake to the danger, a certain subtle perfunctoriness will have spun its gray yarn over the young theologue's mind. He takes himself *very* seriously. Well, he ought, and yet, *and yet*, it is quite possible that he will have to spend hard, sad years later on in edging back and down to the plain, sane, human ground-floor and in getting this incense out of his eyes.

"But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, though we thus speak."

You will even now in these student years and from now resolutely on, hold yourself to

the basal note and tone of simple, human friendliness, as the starting point for everything else in your profession. You will abjure fustian and make yourself meet men on the level and on the square; availing yourself, deliberately and gladly, of all influences from nature, from literature, from current life which make you one with your fellows.

But further and more especially, the spirit of comradeship with men is developed in the Pastor's mind chiefly by forming and maintaining the habit of mental companionship with the figure of the human Jesus, as set forth in our Gospels. Here is truly the live nerve of the whole matter. For Jesus first introduced and embodied to the world the thought of *human* comradeship. He discovered the cosmopolitan fraternity. He first taught the unhorizoned hospitality.

Our proposition that the true and normal initial attitude of the pastoral mind is the fraternal, bases itself primarily and chiefly upon the careful study of the New Testament record of the method by which the disciples were developed into apostles under the tutelage of Jesus Christ, both before and after the Resurrection.

He is, indeed, no longer living in material form before us, but it is a part of that irenic Christian faith, which these lectures assume, and do not seek to argue, to believe that the inspired Gospel records of Jesus' life furnish the channel through which He Himself *in propria persona* and in living power still communes with men and impresses His personality upon our minds, even as He did upon His immediate disciples of old.

A study of the effect upon them of their companionship with the Master is, therefore, applicable to ourselves in our mental companionship with Him through the medium of our use of the Gospel annals.

These plain men were at first adherents, then followers, then comrades of the Beautiful Galilean, "walking with Him in the way," and so along that same "way" they became "disciples" and "apostles." The earliest germ of what was to be apostolic in their minds and in some true sense mediatorial in their service was in the pulse-beat of plain brotherhood, into which they entered with Jesus as their Friend and Teacher and Leader.

If there were time, one would love to try

to sketch that wonderful Syrian idyl, how "friendship grew from more to more"—to readapt Tennyson's delicate phrase—as that little band of men trudged to and fro in Palestine, along the curving, crowded shore of Gennesaret, across the flower-strewn plain of Esdraelon, over the rugged uplands of Judea, for those three swift, gentle years, sailing in a boat together, camping together at night, and resting side by side at noonday in some green outlooking glade of the hills. The tone was that of a steadily deepening human fellowship with Jesus. They heard the Galilean intonation. They saw the evenly parted flowing hair. They gazed into His face. They became familiar with the mild, strong brow, the ineffable lit look, the comrade-compelling eyes. They became one with Him, with the body and soul of Him; so that it had become natural at last for St. John to lay his older head upon the bosom of his young Master.

But this familiarity did not breed satiety, least of all disrespect. The better they came to know Him, the more they came to love Him; then love whitened into reverence, and reverence hushed itself in a kind of wondering homage and blessed trust, until the mental soil

had become mellowed and sifted and prepared for the thrilling enlargements of faith and consecration which followed the Resurrection, in which they took up their Master's mediatorial commission in His name.

But this process of mental development was from the beginning in accordance with normal psychological law, proceeding from the palpable to the ineffable, from human contact to spiritual ascendency.

Indeed, as I have re-read the Gospels and the Book of the Acts carefully through in connection with these simple lectures, I have failed to discover any line as of demarcation, any incident, any moment, any act of the Lord at which and by which the man was, all at once and by enactment, made over into an apostle. He *develops* into the apostle, I do not say by his own power and law of growth *alone*. I do not mean that without the co-operation of the gift of the Lord he attains the apostolic grace.

I mean that Christ's spirit worked with their spirits through perfectly natural, human channels, and not by the invocation of any extra-natural mental law. No one of the disciples ceased to be himself. His training was the

training of a human companion. Together with his Master, he was occupied most of the time in rendering simple immediate services to sick and needy people. The environment was human. The relations throughout were common and natural. The culture was that of plain friendliness.

In a word, the initial training of these men for their subsequent pastoral office was through intensifying and consecrating the *fraternal.*

So to-day. In the mental habit of incessantly communing with the Figure of Jesus, as presented in the Gospels, human though ineffable, the minister comes in sight of the ultimate meaning of comradeship with all men, and so begins to apprehend a little of what the wonderful rhythm of Christ's Divine *Style* of living was, and thus enters what is almost a new consciousness as to the vital reach and wealth of our religion and the beauty of the fellow-life it may bring.

I am persuaded that here is a field of personal experience in the Pastorate, the subtle vitality and charm of which we have not fully realized. Many of us older men have to lament our early failure in this direction, be-

cause our natural approach to the Nazarene was checked by the presence of a vague and oppressive theological preconception.

I have not time to enter into this fully now; but it seems to me as though God by His Spirit had taken certain traditional scales off the eyes of you young men of the present age, so that you could enter into a new, vivid, sense of human companionship, even with the incomparable Personality of the Son of Mary.

A profound change is coming over the face of the waters. One meets it among the ablest and most earnest younger scholars and Christian workers everywhere. Its note is, in a word, this: *Realize Christ as the first disciples did, and get together in Him.*

It is a new keynote in the Christian consciousness of the time, and one of the most pregnant significance.

OBJECTIVE DEMAND

Third. We come then to the question as to the present objective demand for this spirit of comradeship in the Pastor.

I would not ask you to delay at this point if I wished only to recite the familiar commonplaces concerning the universal desire of men for blood-warm human sympathy in their minister.

You are hearing this every day. It has always been true, and always will be true, that "a minister must be first a man," that a parish made up of homes desires in its pastor a home-friend; but what I do ask you to notice is that this old parish cry for brotherly manhood first, as the prerequisite of priesthood, is sharpened into a fresh acuteness of accent as the twentieth century gets fairly under way. Go abroad among men and what do we see? New forms of social organization. Go into the Colleges and what do we find? New chairs of social economics.

Within less than twenty years a new science has been born, the science of Sociology. I might almost say that a new social consciousness has also been born. Socialism, which is beyond question the most dynamic word and movement of the hour, a movement which is a *mêlée* of true and false, of right and wrong, a movement half-wild and mad and big with peril, yet not without signals of noble promise, is at bottom not a novel social philosophy, not a new economic scheme. At bottom it is a new note as to what is dreamed of as possible in human fellowship. John Spargo must be reckoned with as well as John Calvin. We are entering upon the era of the world-wide

fellowship. An average American Parish,—especially a New England manufacturing town, to say nothing of our great cities, is a parochial polyglot. You will have to learn brotherhood in ten dialects. At first a certain academic fastidiousness in the student may shrink away from this pastoral democracy. Do not shrink. Shrinking is shirking.

Socialism, in its usual overt surface propaganda, is an illusion and a suicide. Its logic would sacrifice both freedom and faith, and ultimately ruin both the home and the state. It does not know what to do with either genius or sin or death or Christ and is a grave digger rather than an emancipator of the people.

But socialism, in the sense of that human ache and longing which lie in its depths like a broken rose in a boiling cauldron, is a "bitter cry" for Christianity itself *under terms of comradeship,* and the pastor for to-day must know that bitter cry and be alive to it, and be able to say in response to it: In the Great Comrade's Name, I am here.

All men always want friendliness in what stands for the Highest.

One of your own number uttered to me a

sentence which I have been remembering ever since and which voices us all. I quote verbatim. He said:

"We fellows take in here a lot of knowledge; but it is and must be mainly theoretic. How can we take it up, work it over, and then give it out so that" (mark these words: they are the very words of the student to me)—"so that plain people *will understand by what we say the thing we mean when we say it?*"

Ah, that *is* the question indeed! It cuts right down on living nerve. Now, what I suggest in answer is this, for substance,—that all merely intellectual effort to accomplish this translation of the subjective into the objective will fail.

The bridge of interpretation between your mind and the mind of Jones the blacksmith, or Johnson the carpenter, must be brotherhood;—Christ's sort of brotherhood—not the mere intellectual conception of brotherhood (critics and gossips may have that when they stab their neighbors), but brotherhood itself, friendship incandescent, a pulse-beat, a fellowship-fountain as genuine and spontaneous as a spring shot out from the granite ledges of old

Katahdin yonder (which I once climbed on my way to the ministry).

Such human fellowship is as fraternal and realistic as Bethany itself. Jesus was the Divine Realist in such friendship.

If you do not feel it in your heart to be such a kind of comrade with men as this, then ask the Lord for a knock-down blow, which will give *you* the sense of need for that which all through your ministry, people will be wanting from you every week of every year. Possibly in answer to prayer, God will give you some vision or love or trial even which will melt you and recast you into the embodiment of a live fraternalism, such as you would have gained by beating about in Palestine for three years with Jesus, for this is the *sine qua non* of a really effective Christian pastorate to-day.

And, further, it is out of such a Christ-trained comradeship that the adequate and welcome pastoral *Counsellor* is evolved.

THE COMRADE-COUNSELLOR

And this, too, is a necessity, for a pastor must be a counsellor. I check myself here against possible intrusion upon your curriculum. It is the province of the technical teaching in pastoral theology, which province

I am trying not to usurp in these lectures, to set before you in detail the various occasions in the parish life upon which pastoral counsel is apt to be sought. Suffice it to say here, that all parish problems revolve around *homes.*

People come to a true pastor, more than you might think, with their home problems, how yonder invalid is to be provided for, how this son or daughter is to go to college, when there isn't bread enough to go round, how a neighbor who is a born mule is to be made over into anything else. The real problem in such a case is usually that of *two* mules! The pastor must have a sane, wise word to say in reference to a hundred practical questions.

A young minister settled in a farming community, gained a reputation without knowing it by the way he answered a question which two farmers brought to him, thinking to entrap him. "Shall that piece of land be put to corn or to oats?" they asked him. The young theologue, who had mother wit, but no more knowledge of farming than of Sanskrit, answered with solemnity, "I should let it *go to grass!*" They took the reckless bit of slang as an expert judgment, and his reputation was made. (But, gentlemen, just

one suggestion here. *Close your own interviews!*

If a man be a mere pulpit performer, he will interest an audience, and when they have become familiar with his special variety of stage show, they will gently insinuate that Providence has other fields where, no doubt, that particular style of performance will be freshly appreciated, and never having touched the home, the home will not miss him when he goes. But the man who means to mean much as a Christian minister will discover that the home is the nerve of the Parish. Why should it not be? The child is there—and the dead. The very dwelling, as I once heard Beecher say, is "stained through and through with soul-color," and everything pastoral depends upon the way in which the pastor is able to enter that home door.

Now what such a home needs in its minister is a comrade who is so much a comrade that by the sheer weight of wise love he becomes fit counsellor. The function of counsel grows naturally out of the fellowship of the friend.

The pastor must incarnate that combination. No one else can do so quite so well. The position and power of the family physician come

nearest to it, and in certain respects are superior. But the arena for counsel is not so wide as with the pastor, and the pastor lifts his hand when the doctor lets his fall.

And just here it seems worth while to say in passing—cultivate special friendship with high-toned medical men. Their way of looking at life is apt to be saner than yours. Your profession and theirs meet in the care and cure of the same complex human personality. The age-old instinct which has so closely affiliated the two professional offices is just and profound—but not to the point of confusing the two arenas, as some of our mushy modern cults undoubtedly do.

Never usurp the physician's place; but always respect the physician's point of view. Correct your own by it. There is no better corrective for your doctrinaire tendency. All good theology can walk arm in arm with good physics. Do not take such a "header" into the "Emmanuel Movement" or any other, that you cannot stand out in honorable, manly, humble friendship with medical men. They know more about curing people than you or I know, or ever will know.

But, resuming the direct course of the dis-

cussion, we here in this conception of the Pastor as the family comrade-counsellor come in sight of the second and third of the five qualities which were mentioned in the introductory lecture as vital to the pastoral spirit, viz.—sympathy with men and the genius of rescue.

SYMPATHY WITH MEN

May I say a word of these as we close to-day? Not sympathy *for* men. Sympathy *for* men is sympathy *pro forma*. It is sympathy standing at a distance with its gloves on.

Sympathy *with* men is being "touched with the feeling of our infirmities?" Touched with *a* feeling *for* their infirmities?

O, no! the great author of the Epistle to the Hebrews saw deeper than that—"touched with *the* feeling *of* our infirmities."

Sympathy is a trait half-masculine, half-feminine and, therefore, wholly pastoral. It is the instant instinct to realize the other man's point of view, the quick sense of his muscle-strain beneath his load. Sir Walter, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," hits it off well when he calls it:

> "The silver link, the silken tie
> Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
> In body and soul can bind."

In this sympathetic insight is the first half of wise counsel. Pastoral counsel is both *understanding* counsel and *fellow-feeling* counsel.

Then another point right here. Do not merely pity pain; respect pain.

The famous Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, author of "Rab," said, you may remember, speaking of medical men, that sympathy lessened as a sentiment only to reappear as motive. But I think that in the instance of the pastor, sympathy both deepens as a sentiment and strengthens as a motive; but first of all, it doffs its cap at the mystery of grief. I remember a story which John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer of a generation ago, used to tell with strange dramatic effect, of an interview he had with a small street messenger boy in London, who said, "O yes, Sir! I delivers all sorts of letters. Sometimes they is black-edged, Sir, then I always lifts my cap, *'fore I ring,* Sir! Then the laidy turns white, when she sees the black. Then I *lifts my cap again,* Sir!" Gentlemen! always, somewhere or other in the Parish, there is the home where you must lift your cap *"'fore you ring,* Sir."

Pain is clairvoyant, is telepathic. It in-

stantly detects your mental attitude toward it, and this mental attitude is the real comforter. That keen, roused, delicate, reverential outreach and yearning over the personal pain, anxious first of all to do justice to it, to understand it, not to intrude upon it, to treat it with equity, then to relieve it if possible,—such sympathy as this is all but almighty.

"What shall I say to the afflicted?" one of you asked me. Say? Nothing, perhaps; just a grip of the hand, and one straight look into the sad eyes. What is eloquence? What is consolation? What is counsel? I tell you, the quiver of loving human fellowship in such a silent instant is more eloquent, being human, than God's singing seraph himself could be. Thank God that our Christ was born of woman!

Then again, and at the opposite pole of the psychologic balance, sometimes humor, if gentle, is better than tears. A smile, with a choke in your throat at the same time, goes far.

"Do you always pray in a sick room?" one of you asked me. No, I should need to be prayed for myself if I did. Only I'm apt to pray when a hard man lies low and doesn't expect prayer, though the prayer is just as

likely to be made standing, in the quarter minute when I grip his hand as I rise to go. God hasn't much use for prayers that depend on kneeling, though kneeling is well, too, in its place.

There is a humor even which prays well because it loves much. There is a gaiety that is born of the Resurrection. In a word, it is the natural, the spontaneous, the fraternal that is ever straining on in Christ's way towards the advisory, the intercessory, the mediatorial, that wins and masters.

Do as you would like the other man to do by you, if the case were turned round; yet ever we revert to the principle, that the goal to be reached is something so delicate and subtle and fine, that no rule can reach it; no formal premeditation can compass it. Have the Christian comrade-soul, and then trust its spontaneous intuition and impulse. A preacher said to McCheyne, "I have been preaching on the doctrine of Eternal Retribution to-day." "Did you preach it *tenderly?*" said McCheyne.

THE GENIUS OF RESCUE

So finally to-day we come in sight of our third quality in the pastoral spirit—the genius of rescue; and here again I do not mean a

mere helter-skelter rush down upon the shore where the surf is thundering.

Mark also this, our phrase is not a genius *for* rescue—(only the adepts and rare experts have that) but there is a certain genius *of* rescue, which may dwell and ought to dwell constantly in any man who is fitting himself to be a pastor.

What I mean is the constant effort at a large, fair grasp upon helpful horizon conditions. It is a quick sense of the criticalness of moments, an alertness as to possible recombinations of the elements of situations. It is the habit of instant translation of sentiment into action. It is something at once tense and tender, rapid and practical, dwelling in the constant mood and turn of mind. This is what I mean by the genius of rescue.

You will realize at once that the scope of this impulse and motive is very broad. Every parish has its tragedy. Rescue is not a conventional revival-meeting word, alone or mainly. It means incessant watch and incessant fight for some imperilled life. Satan's crew are on the heels of men, and they do not know it. Young men are crowding the gay vestibules that open back into seductive cor-

ridors that curve, away and away, into the hells of shame.

All along the moral line the Pastor rides, runs, calls aloud, stands and pulls like a Titan when he cannot call. No other man is sentinel. No other man is messenger. No other man cares or dares to assume the rôle of moral rescuer. The Pastor cannot but assume it. Practically it is the Pastor or nobody.

He *always* sees humanity against its tremendous back-ground of moral danger, and this vision is an integral part of the pastoral consciousness.

Nor is this saving, rescuing impulse the mere reflex of some problematical eschatology. It is not a mere crude evangelistic fervor. The rescue it seeks is both physical and moral rehabilitation. It can carry a loaf of bread, and then pray all the better while the man eats. Nor is there anything mawkish or overdone in the expression of this ardor to save.

One of the men I know in our profession who has it most, shows it least, as you might casually meet him.

Let me illustrate. I used to do a bit of climbing in the High Alps. Your first-rate guide, as I have had some occasion to know,

will not show what there is in him, all waiting and ready, until a rope snaps or a man stumbles, and then his movement is quick as a leopard. But the genius of rescue is all the time alive in him. He never hesitates. He is "all there," as we say, on the instant, and all ready.

So the rescuing, pastoral power in a man is a life-line, *coiled,* and coiled so that it doesn't kink in the sudden, swift uncoiling.

Such a comrade-counsellor, combining the spirit of sympathy with the rescuing genius, is therefore, always a man *on an errand;* and here is his professional freedom and power. Have your ministry charged with this burning sense of errand. For this is the note of supreme practical efficacy, the indentification of a man at the full pitch of his roused power, with an errand that matches the power.

The Pastor will have the manner of the errand-man. He will be as good-naturedly but inflexibly chary of the waste of time as the driven physician is. The street will come to know him as a man whom you mustn't stop for desultory chat, any more than you would stop a physician answering a hurry call, and when some officious saint stops you at the corner to

obtain the latest information as to the family you have just visited, you will dare to say, with the merest flicker of a gentle smile: 'my friend, the ministry listens, but never speaks.'

A hand-grip, a cordial word, then swiftly on! Don't dally and be repetitious either in the pulpit or out of it. From pious prolixity save us, Good Lord! Let every hour mean something. Christian comradeship is athletic. Pastoral counsel is given on the march. It carries an instant practical meaning which every one can recognize.

I once preached a sermon on the Parables. After church, at dinner, my kind host turned to his little daughter, who had attended church with her father, and said: "Well, Sadie, can you tell now what a Parable is?" "Yes, sir," said the little Sadie, promptly, and without a suspicion of incivility. "What is it, my dear?" "It is this, papa: A parable is a heavenly truth without any earthly meaning."

She didn't understand the burst that followed. I did, and burned that sermon.

Gentlemen, make your pastorate, however high and heavenly, have *earthly meaning*.

LECTURE III

THE PASTOR AS SPIRITUAL SPONSOR AND SOCIAL MEDIATOR

THE PASTOR AS SPIRITUAL SPONSOR AND SOCIAL MEDIATOR

You have been, I am sure, alive to the danger, which in our course of thought, up to this point, we have incurred. In our threefold endeavor in these lectures, first to avoid trenching upon the right of eminent domain belonging to your professors; second, to maintain simplicity of address, without rhetorical embellishment, just as we talked the ground over two months ago; and, finally, to approach the higher levels of the pastoral ideal from the plain, human ground-floor of Christian experience and psychological law, rather than from the assumptions of an *ex cathedra* ordination, we have risked this serious danger—that of seeming to belittle the greatness and sacredness of the pastoral office itself. That such a charge does not lie legitimately against our scheme of thought, considered as a whole, I wish to-day to make clear.

I do not indeed seek to hide from anyone what by this time is evident enough, that we

adopt on the whole what may be called the naturalistic rather than the sacramentarian conception of the Pastoral office, and yet the word naturalistic does not express the whole of it. If our friends insist upon a label they will perhaps call it the "Broad Church," rather than the "High Church" view. And they will summon as its sponsors men like Bushnell, Beecher, Brooks, rather than Liddon and Newman. But we protest against being thus labelled. We insist indeed that our view is not the technical Broad Church view as such at all. We hold that the view we are presenting, if taken in its totality, includes the vital content of the High Church conception though not in its usual form of statement. Possibly this will be more evident as we proceed.

Our topic, which you will recognize in a moment, as the center and heart of the series, is *the Pastor as Spiritual Sponsor and Social Mediator in Christ's name.*

Restating briefly our main position, our apprehension is something like this, that according to the record of the New Testament and the witness of Christian experience, the normal development of the pastoral spirit proceeds from

the humanly fraternal to the spiritually mediatorial; that in the pastorate the Christian man and comrade becomes the Christlike counsellor; and the counsellor the sponsor, and the sponsor Christ's social mediator among men. He becomes the under-shepherd of souls, and in that sense a priest of God, clothed with the dignity and holy power of a truly sacramental function, declaring Christ's great mediation between man and God, and so mediating socially between man and man. "Stewards of the mysteries of God" is the simple yet daring Apostolic phrase. But in all this, as I take pains to reiterate, he crowds nothing of himself into Christ's place any more than the ambassador ursurps the throne of his King.

The ministry is "in its inmost nature, a bearing testimony, and its most effective operation rests principally upon the giving of a living and spirit-filled testimony," says Theodore Christlieb.

Nor is it meant that this mental advance or transition from comradeship to sponsorship is a matter of time or of mechanical division.

From the very start the two great constituent elements, the brotherly and the priestly,

are interwoven in the Pastor's life. The order of development we are tracing between the two is—(to employ again the word I am using with a wearying frequency), psychological rather than chronological. A minister doesn't work ten years as a comrade, then after that go on as a divinely commissioned priest. On the contrary, every throb of comradeship swiftly re-appears in the earnestness of the sponsor and the efficiency of the mediator.

I adhere to this word, mediator and mediatorship, because it describes the fine, golden goal of our ministerial race. I trust to your intelligence and fairness not to misunderstand the word, because although now captured by the ecclesiastical specialists and clothed with a ritualistic badge and uniform, it yet remains a broad and mighty human word, and in its etymology and especially its new social significance to-day, it means the very thing I mean.

But while brother and priest are ever joining hands in the Pastor's mind, yet there is a development from one into the other as the years go on. In this lecture I am to speak of this development. Unless I mistake it is essentially the reflex of the Pastor's own deepening acquaintance with Christ. Just as the

Pastor learns comradeship by fellowship with the human Jesus, so he learns sponsorship through fellowship with the Divine Christ. In the depths of personal Christian experience, the minister enters more and more into living fellowship with his Lord, as the growing branch roots itself more and more within the vine, and Christ is apprehended not only as the Beautiful Galilean Companion and Teacher, but as Divine Mediator, Redeemer and Master.

Henchman the minister becomes, and knight of the Crucified. Christ's spirit breathes upon his spirit and what follows is a real, though indefinable oneness of life between them. So the New Testament teaches. And this moral and spiritual sharing of life with life between minister and Master works to winnow and purify the man's own soul, so that it shall become a little more *achromatic*—if I may venture a pedantic word, transmitting, in juster color and outline, something, if God will, of the image and message of Christ. The Pastor thus himself becomes a true sponsor and after his manner a social mediator in Christ's name among men.

It is to three aspects of this maturing proc-

ess in the Pastor's mind and to three fields of its objective expression that I am to ask your attention to-day. But, my fellow students, I confess to a feeling of shrinking and of awe even, in endeavoring to put into what must be poor, pale words, any hint of this inner story of the Pastor's heart. You remember how at this point in our talk together we swore the oath against all mawkishness, and pledged our manhood to simplicity, lest we should parody or profane this deep experience.

So sternly ethical is the law of it, yet so preciously spiritual in its sequel, with such a mortal loneliness sometimes, yet with entrancing visions of the pastoral ideal, together with an unrelaxing clench upon first-hand human reality, that one is daunted by any notion of describing it; and I am fain to fall back upon your prayers, in some such words as those of the fervid and devoted St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, who, at the outset of one of his addresses, thus confesses his inadequacy:

"Behind these curtains of words, I feel that an indescribable holiness and sublimity are veiled, which I dare not touch, save at the command of Him who guards their mystery."

"But in His Name," St. Bernard continues, "I pass on. It will devolve upon you meanwhile, by your prayers, that we may the more readily meditate upon a subject which requires attentive minds, if it may be that the humble knocker at the door, by his humility, may perceive that which the over-confident explorer would seek in vain."

THE ETHICAL SUBSTRATUM

First, then, let us notice and weigh well *the constant ethical substratum* in the Pastoral consciousness.

We start where we left off in the last lecture,—with our feet upon the solid human floor of character and comradeship—as recognized, brought into relief and trained into action by the habit of personal fellowship with the life of the human Jesus. Now the thing to insist upon is that no additional or subsequent spiritual illumination supersedes or minimizes this ethical substratum.

May I assert with all the care and force at my command that the Christian Ministry stands or falls by its ethic. This must be even more than an average or conventional ethic. It must be the common ethic of high human-

ity and it must be Christ's ethic too. The earnest young minister, before he has gone very far in his pastoral experience, finds himself within the swing of a mood, at once of immitigable sternness and of overpowering attraction. He comes sharp upon the conviction that he must not only be personally noble, but noble in a way high and unique, if he would be worth much as a pastor.

One of your own number asked me this question, substantially:—"How can I make my ideal of manners at once gay enough for the young and grave enough for the old?"

I answer, one cannot, except by rising to a summit, a moral ridge so lofty that the vision extends and the streams flow in both directions at once.

Gentlemen, I am preferring to quote you rather than to quote from the books, because the books deal chiefly in generalities; but your questions are hot from the furnace of personal debate and endeavor.

The pastor realizes, to the core, that his pastorate is an offense and a farce before God and his own soul unless it be the reflex of an uncommon striving after all that is high and

fine in personal character. He enters thus upon the *Via Sanctissima* of his life.

In the tremendous annals of early and mediæval asceticism, he reads the century-old witness to this principle, that a lofty personal ideal is the pastor's first prerequisite.

The method of this ascetic self-discipline, seems to him mistaken, but its spirit he must honor; and the very method itself, perhaps, he half unaware invokes, to some extent, in the intimate places of his life, where no friend goes.

Goethe says that something of the hero lies latent in every man. Certainly a kind of moral heroism denotes the pastoral vocation. This latent moral heroism flashes up within the man. The young minister trims the lamp of his own moral freedom, God's firelight in his mind, and in the exhilaration of free choice, with a strangely mingled sense of the duty of honor and the glory of privilege, he sets himself, in every live stitch and inch of him, into the strain of an unrelaxing race to read his title clear to high-terraced manhood.

"Every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things." "Now

they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." "I buffet my body." The English weakly renders the energy of the Greek. The truer paraphrase would be, "I strike myself beneath the eye." "I beat myself black and blue." So cries the warrior Paul. "Lest by any means after that I have preached to others I myself should be rejected." So the young pastor pursues his stern and glad struggle of which no man knows.

Alone in his room, or walking the forest aisles, or upon the crags of the mountains, for the pastor is a cragsman, he woos his moral ideals, trying to make of himself God's courteous and courageous gentleman. If he meets Apolyon, as he will, disguised, he detects him, closes with him and throttles him. He becomes possessed with the conviction that his pastoral instrument is his own soul and that like unto the graver, who first tempers his tool in the furnace, then adds the edge and the burnish with delicate and patient care, so he must hammer and refine himself, grind down and temper his own mind and spirit in order that he shall be fit (or rather let me say a little less unfit, for we dare not use a bolder word)

to be a pastoral graving tool in his Master's hand.

I anticipate your obvious criticism. You are saying that in all this account of the pastoral *morale* there is nothing new. Certainly there is not, but the relation of that *morale* to the challenge of the present age is new, and each man's task in meeting that challenge is an experiment as new for him and almost as exigent as was the voyage of Ulysses.

But this ethical endeavor is not the end. The Pastor "follows on to know the Lord." He comes more and more "to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Here in reverence we draw near to that deeper revelation of Christ within the soul as the Supreme Mediator and Divine Shepherd and Master, which is the "Holy of Holies," not less in pastoral development than in Christian experience.

THE SPIRITUAL DISCLOSURE OF CHRIST

Second: Still following on in the analogy of the Gospels, we discover that this initial wayside fellowship with the Figure of the Nazarene as perfect human Friend and Model, deepens by imperceptible gradations into the adoring

realization of His Divine Supremacy and Redeeming Power.

This is no matter of theological technique, or of orthodox limitation. In the roster of these worshippers we find Channing and Robertson as well as Wesley and Fénelon.

The spiritual quality in the Sacrifice of Christ appears. He is the Son of God. He is the supreme Incarnation of the Supreme. He is the Holy Mediator, the Saviour and Lord of the renewed and transformed life, and the growing apprehension of this spiritual loveliness and ascendency floods the mind.

Thus the young Pastor comes to live and work in a strange kind of wonder at the totality of his Lord's human-divine personality, upon the physical and spiritual lineaments of which he dwells with a lover's loyal joy, so that he literally "walks with Jesus" every day through Palestine on his way to his own parish, and in any pastoral service seems to himself to be only Christ's servant.

"Slave" was Paul's quivering word. Nothing else, indeed, seems to him of comparable value, beside this effort to make himself a creature not wholly out of key with the

mediating Divine manhood of his Lord and with the rich privilege of being His Spokesman. This is his quest of the "Holy Grail" and he pursues it with an earnestness at once ethical and spiritual, the severity of which he must not evade, yet the glory of which he cannot describe.

You will pardon, gentlemen, what I fear you are finding a somewhat unrelieved seriousness in the tension of our discussion to-day. But I wish to avoid fancies, and at this vital point in the entire course of our thoughts, do justice to the glimpses, which you did me the honor to give me in our personal talks together, into the inner longing and spiritual purpose of your hearts.

I would not speak in the language of mysticism, yet I am speaking of what words cannot tell. While the fundamental note of the inner life remains ethical, the young Pastor goes not far along this holy way of manhood-culture for the pastorate before he perceives the wondrous figure of his Lord by his side, and it seems to him almost as if this Chief Pastor of Souls, and his own soul, reaching him, turns and walks with him, to teach him the

art of the under-shepherd. The essence of this experience is probably coincident with that of all true Christian hearts which enter into the spiritual fellowship of the Life of Christ; but the special accent under which this experience is apprehended is given by the specific thought and purpose of the minister's own vocation.

In this mood the pastor swings into the midstream of his calling. He clears that peril of self-centered-ness and masked pride, which dogs the heels of the zealot or the mere ethical expert. He escapes what Lecky calls "the melancholy of introspection." He realizes that he must not only be noble, but noble in Christ's beautiful and symmetrical and out-giving way, in order to be Christ's pastor, because only Christ's way of living is the helpfully mediatorial way. The moral movement within him is now modulated into a finer and more thrilling key. It rises into the light. His ethical struggle becomes a *companioned* struggle, and his Companion is not only his Model and Master but his Saviour and Helper.

His moral ideal itself also becomes more

finished and illumined and adds the altruistic touch. 'How shall I make goodness seem beautiful?' the Pastor asks, 'blending justness and gentleness?' 'What is possible for me in taking into my heart something of the very spirit of the Crucified and Risen One, so that I may not fumble in being the medium of that *beauty* of blessing which is the authentic mark of His mediatorial grace?'

You will say again, all this is vague and mystical. So in a sense it is. But the inner pastoral experience illustrates the truth of that maxim of Professor William James as to "the reinstatement of the vague and inarticulate to its proper place in our mental life."* In the field of realized motive, at all events, there is nothing vague. A great spiritual aspiration, perhaps the sublimest motive that can drive a man, takes possession of the young minister, to become in some little, far-off way, at least, a medium between a realized Christ on the one hand, and a realized human need on the other.

Only character, he thinks, can accomplish this, but it must be Christ-like character blossoming in Christ-like service.

"What's white?" is still the pastor's stern

* As quoted by Pres. King. in "Rational Living."

cry for himself. What is sheer, naked, ethical honor? But what's warm as well as white in Christ's way of living as related to others' needs? This becomes not less the question.

THE PASSION OF SPONSORSHIP.

Third: Thus in the depths of the pastor's soul, almost before he knows it, is born what I have called, in default of a better phrase, the *passion of sponsorship.*

This perhaps you will remember is the third of the five features under which in the opening lecture we defined the pastoral spirit.

I wish I could describe this ardor of the sponsor so as not to be misunderstood. The sentiment is not an official specialty. Its roots, as I repeat, are in that spiritual experience which is generic in the Christian heart. And this surely is the reason why so many "lay preachers" are good preachers and pastors too. But in the pastor's mind this common Christian experience seems to rise into the sense as of a spiritual accrediting,—a humble and daring hope that through companionship with Christ and struggle to be like Him, one may share with Him under His direction and

in His behalf and Name something of His "watch and care" for and with and over the flock of His love.

I express the feeling poorly, but you will perceive that, while it carries much of the spiritual content of the High Church conception of the Pastorate, it is at the opposite pole from the pride of ecclesiastical assumption, or the arrogance of official prerogative.

The growth of this peculiar consciousness from its fraternal germ has been natural, psychological, ethical. Its prevalent mood is joyful and brave, although sane and humble. In it is what Burns calls "Ae spark o' Nature's Fire," and yet also something of the "indwelling Spirit" of St. John.

A true Pastor's sponsorship thus becomes to him a beautiful spiritual necessity. It simply, as we say in our vernacular, *has to be*. It is the reflex of the Pastor's own most intimate sense of Christ and of Men.

And I call especial attention to the further fact that the impulse of this sponsorship is, in a true sense, mediatorial. The Pastor does not indeed look upon himself as the source of pastoral efficiency, nor does he assume any primary prerogative. He *seconds* Christ's

care for the flock. And he feels that only so far as he is personally worthy, can he thus represent his Master. But the Pastor does aspire to express in human and social type and form something of the spirit and power of the Great Mediation of Christ. He assumes indeed no authority as of himself.* He is interpretative. He is ambassadorial, to use St. Paul's eloquent word. He is distributive.

Do not be afraid of this human use of the great words. Surely nothing else than this is the New Testament idea. How does Christ himself become the supreme Mediator? Through His Incarnation, through the glory of personal character carried out to its ultimate loveliness and offered with love's own self-sacrifice to effect moral restoration. Incarnation is the true antecedent of mediation.

So the Pastor, as the under-shepherd, shares in a true mediatorial function, but he attains to this by virtue not of a statutory commission, but through the medium of his own earnestness and elevation of spiritual endeavor, seeking to realize Christ's life within his own, and so represent Him to his flock.

* "It is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2: 20.

I hear you say again that I am becoming still more esoteric, mystical. No, my comrades. I am seeking to be Scriptural. I am seeking to recall the genuine pastoral experience of the Christian ages. There is a condition of the inner spirit at once fraternal and sacramental, charged with the sense of Christ and of His errand, which affects the man through and through, like some quick fire or wine of God, reaching even to the outward bearing, and keeping the frame erect, the movement alert, the eye clear, the hand steady and kind, the whole man on a quick pitch of beautiful power, eager to understand, free to judge, ready to serve, able to save.

And how is this pastoral sponsorship illustrated? It is shown in a constant temper of gentle reference to the invisible Chief Shepherd. Christ is always invoked.

The pastoral temper incessantly endeavors to carry out the Divine shepherding of Christ. It is full alike of power and humility, of firmness and tenderness. It has the keen, patient intentness of the watch. I have called it a passion. It does grow to be such. The Pastor would rather care for his flock at whatever cost than do anything else.

May I allude to still another feature of this temper? Charged with comradeship, it also charges itself with responsibility. It would *guarantee* the flock. Sponsorship desires to take the place of that for which it cares, as in that almost fierce apostrophe of St. Paul (Rom. 9.3:) "I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake." He speaks to the Galatians of "travailing in birth" for his people. The Pastor would be true at once in both directions, towards the very heart of Christ and towards the very heart of man. Out go both his arms, the one to grasp Christ, the other to grasp his brother man; and if this figure of the extended arms implies a kind of crucifixion, in love's ache to save, here also he is "crucified with Christ."

He cannot minister the water of life,—so he feels,—unless his very hand touches the hand of his Lord in taking it. He is the cup-bearer. How? By what he conveys? Yes, but more by what he *is*.

And on the other hand he identifies himself with the flock. He gives his bond for them. To employ our current vernacular, he "*signs*" for them. He is their sponsor. Their life is

his life. He gives himself as their hostage. He stands voucher for them, and for their future, and he means to make his vouching good. In this brave yearning he summons the picture of his flock before his mind. What does he behold? All abroad on the mountains the sheep are scattered, and into the cleft of the rock falls the lamb. Valiant and patient, a veritable shepherd, he watches, ranges, waits, feeds, fights, if need be. He is always keyed to his calling. He never forgets or ignores his flock. That flock is *his,* as being his Master's. A love without a name, so fearless is it, and gentle and strong and self-forgetting, dwells with him night and day for that flock. He is, before God, its representative. "We were gentle in the midst of you," writes St. Paul to the Thessalonians, "as when a nurse cherisheth her own children." "Well-pleased to impart unto you not the Gospel of God only, but also *our own souls,* because ye were become very dear to us."

While taking nothing away from their own direct and individual responsibility, the Pastor yet holds his people in his arms as he might his own child at the Baptism. And that won-

derful word Sponsor, in the etymological essence of it, in the sacramental sweep of it, entitles the rhythm of his life.

Then, too, the same great music of mediatorial sponsorship is heard in a multitude of little wayside notes rippling along through the days.

Christ's Pastor will be very thoughtfully courteous in little things, not "touchy," not fussy, not garrulous. "Full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy." He will have that finish on the edge which marks the gentleman.

You will observe all along the interplay of the two pastoral tones, one of which we have called the comrade-like or the fraternal—and the other the sponsor-like or the mediatorial. The genuine pastoral spirit of which I am so poorly speaking is the sanest thing alive, in perfect tune with plain, ordinary human life, and yet the Pastor is ever striving to echo and re-embody something of the mediating energy of the Divine Personality which so entrances him. He emulates Christ's exquisite balance, His spiritual symmetry, His fellowship with nature and little children. Yet at the same time he dares repeat even to the

most wretched of sinners his Master's solemn adjuration, "Go and sin no more."

The Pastor will hate mawkishness as he hates the devil. He simply cannot let any mean mood master him. He smites at all "blue devils" and keeps himself strung and sunny. He has no patience with sanctified stagnation. He will be martial and dare to dare. O! this Knight-note in our vocation!

And yet on the other hand and in the same breath the same man is all alive to express the Infinite Compassion of Calvary, and his tones will tremble with some far-off throb of the gentleness of Gennesaret as he grieves over human error, and murmurs in the ear of penitence, "Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace."

"What is your prevalent feeling and mood as you face your great congregation?" I once asked Mr. Beecher. He looked at me a moment silently, then at something beyond me. The great eyes grew humid and the face royal and tender. "Compassion," he replied.

The Pastor's pulse-beat is thus ever in two scales which yet are one. He is at once comrade and priest. He pushes the pace, and yet

he will put into every day some Christ-like considerateness for him who cannot push the pace, or who even drops by the way.

He keeps himself sane by a pinch of those two preserving salts of the higher life—humor and humility, and yet he keeps in touch with the wide world through sympathy and pity. He is enamored of the fine art of fidelity. He is severe with himself, "downs" petulance and jealousy, or better, bows them out of court with a curious little smile; but towards others he is not severe, cultivating rather that sweet candor which springs from steadily trying to be gently just.

He holds his tongue and keeps his temper: yet Christ helps him to combine hatred of shams with fairness to the shammer. He is emulous of the high and incorruptible life, and yet is spokesman for the All-forgiving and All-renewing Love.

In a word, he mobilizes his whole energy into the dual dialect of his vocation, both in the direction of personal ethical nobleness and of sacrificial Christ-like ministry to other men. He takes other men's moral ideals as only the scaffolding for his own, and practices the "one touch more" in service which

only the Chief Shepherd knows, and for which he is never paid. He seeks the beauty of the holy, the valor of the true; but not less the outreach of the rescuer and the might of love's self-sacrifice.

Ah, my Brothers, my words are thin and far away indeed from the greatness and glow of that of which I would speak; but if I do not mistake, it is along some such path as this that your own thoughts were moving as we spoke together of the Pastor's progress into the increasing apprehension of that sacred and high and spiritually mediating function which Christ commits to him in his calling.

SOCIAL MEDIATION

We come, then, in our closing division today, to a moment's glance out upon the scenery of that threefold field where this comrade-like, sponsor-like spirit, so nobly ethical, yet so finally spiritual, charged with the sense of Christ, and, therefore, in some degree the agent of His mediatorial grace, is to be exercised.

This field comprises the individual, the home, the community.

1st. The arena of individual conference and confession.

2nd. The home problems of your people on their spiritual side.

3rd. The religious life of the Parish and the community at large.

We cannot here do more than glance at these wide domains of pastoral duty, endeavoring to determine simply the Pastor's essential relation to them. It is, in a word, *Socially Mediatorial.* You will rigorously bear in mind our constant proposition that the Pastor is not an official dispenser of heavenly blessing. But he mediates through the natural agency of personal trustworthiness, and his mediation consists in his Christlike service as the explainer, the interpreter, the harmonizer, the peacemaker, the spiritual inspirer.

In other words this mediation is distinctively social. In our scheme of thought this point is the one chiefly emphasized. Pastoral mediation has to do with the relations between man and man, class and class, as determined by the relation between man and God. The Pastor helps everybody to understand everybody else, and in doing so to understand Christ most of all.

THE INDIVIDUAL

Is it a fancy to discover an element of mediation in even the most personal and individual conference? Here the Pastor mediates between the two men in the man before him. He must be able to explain the man to himself. He applies to him the seventh chapter of the Book of Romans. This profoundly beautiful style of mediation appears to perfection in the conversations of our Lord with individuals, which, as Nicoll observes, "make up so large a part of the Gospels."

Here opens the confused and critical realm of personal wrong-doing, where misfortune and fault, heredity and perversity, ignorance and sin welter together. How infinite the complexity of the individual moral problems that are laid sorrowfully, and sometimes savagely, almost, before the Pastor's eye.

Most people who individually will seek your counsel will come to you under the bewilderment or paralysis of some false preconception.

"My little summer parish," said one of you to me, "has been burned over and over with fanaticism!" How often the words have recurred to me! How the fires of false religion have burnt over and scorched our beautiful

New England! Well! You will deal very patiently with these preconceptions, not identifying the real intent of the man with them. You will illumine the interview with some unexpected turn or touch. Great is the power of the unexpected, and all thorough mediation is full of that power. Prediger remarks, "Get others to talk; what a man says to you has more influence upon him than all you can say to him."

The Pastor mediates in this dim tangle of human wrong by explaining the evil part of the man to the good part of him, and claiming the good part as still on God's side in the fight, not confusing, in the crude, common way of average human judgment, the whole of the man with his fault. The man hadn't thought of that distinction, and in your power to present it is your first hold upon him.

Out on the Southwestern plains the air is so clear that the Mexicans have a proverb that you can "see into day after to-morrow." The Pastor must see into "day after to-morrow" for his man; and you will not forget to grace the talk with

"Some touch of Nature's genial glow,"

to quote another phrase of the great Sir Walter.

The Pastor studies human nature, as he

studies his Bible. He is sedulous of the "higher criticism" of men's lives, and he is not content with mere driftwood knowledge either. He collates his observations of human nature, writes them down, and tries to get at a definite group of working principles and maxims. So he can recognize the wrong in a man and yet keep on caring for him, not merely as an object of pity—men resent that and ought to—but as still his Father's child, and susceptible of rescue. You can say almost anything to a man if you make it evident that you say it because you honor what is good in him and that your anxiety for him is not a professional pose. In the City of Brussels the Socialists have erected a People's Palace. In one of the halls, behind a screen, is frescoed upon the wall the figure of Jesus Christ. So in many a worldly mind, screened even from his own consciousness, is the similitude of Christian ideals. The Niagara of nineteen Christian centuries has not for nothing poured itself into and upon the modern mind.

But just one word here as to these personal interviews:—better be luminous than voluminous!

Now this sense of the moral dualism in a

man and of the duty and privilege of mediation between the two selves of him gives to the Pastor a curious spiritual daring, an independent and good-humored fearlessness in dealing with men in the wish to explain them to themselves and to segregate the good from the evil. 'You can't make me anything other than your brother,' Christ's minister says to every man; 'and I will show you why.'

Then the explanation of Christ to the man follows naturally. The Pastor more than preaches; he would *incarnate* something of his Master's spirit and attitude; he interprets Christ through his own lit and tender personality, playing upon and in sympathy with the good half of the man he is talking to.

And thus with reference to all the innumerable moral problems in individual lives which the confessions and questions of his parishioners will bring to him. The Pastoral mood is not only intelligently responsive and humanly sympathetic, but it is also that of a spiritual priesthood in Christ's name. The Pastor is Christ's own under-shepherd directly at work, his own nature roused and playing free, out towards his parishioner.

Robert Browning, who of all modern poets

comes closest to the Pastor, in depicting the moral scenery of human life, has in his "Saul" presented one of the lordliest pictures in English literature of the truly pastoral ministry, as the young shepherd-singer deals with the dark despair of the great chieftain, as he hangs "drear, and stark, blind and dumb." That "black midtent's silence" is the similitude of many a human heart. And the wonderful, varying, upward curve of the harpist's melodies, ranging from rural trolls to the sublimest religious adjuration and prophecy —is the strangely complete and eloquent prototype of the Christian Pastor's many-toned plea. Even that sinewy and sunny line, which gives the dominant key-note of the entire poem:

"How good is man's life—the mere living,"

is not unaptly paraphrased by our answering cry: How good is the Pastor's life—the mere *loving*.

With his own mental windows ever open towards Christ, he realizes the Unseen; he realizes also the spiritual background of the life he is trying to help. This twofold outlook imparts a wonderful steadiness and

blitheness to pastoral service. The Pastor is not an idealist but a realist, only he sees the whole of the man in Christ's way:

> "He looks at all things as they are,
> But through a kind of glory,"

and he is alive to the tips of his fingers with an active, buoyant friendliness which interprets to the man his own problem and rouses the good in him to fight the evil.

THE HOME

Then the home! Ah! the home. Hats off again, gentlemen! Every home possesses for the Christian Pastor something of the sacredness which for Jesus hovered about that home in Bethany.

In the previous lecture we have spoken of the pastor as the family comrade and counsellor. Let me add a word here as to his more distinctively religious office in the home. Here also he must mediate, between one home and another perhaps; or in the home itself, avoiding intrusion, he must deftly mend the break between different factors and currents in the family life. He is the interpreter between the home as it is and the same home as it might be, should it realize its own latent possibilities. In the family interview his motto is:

> "Fear not to touch the best,
> The truth shall be thy warrant." *

"All these matters of pastoral service seem vague to me!" said one of you to me. They will not seem vague when you get to them, dear brother, if you make your own soul so nobly fraternal that it becomes, perforce, mediatorial in the true sense. And you can form no idea beforehand of the solemn and gentle joy of it all.

Ah, gentlemen, let us pray God that we may have the right mood at the threshold of homes, delicate, reverent, with a grain of humor and a pound of cheer, remembering ere the door opens, the unseen shapes of joy or sorrow which may be waiting within.

Have you a voice, a look, for the weeping ones in the dim, chill room where the living has just become the dead? Yes, if you are Christ's man, you have; not otherwise. And Christ's man, while he lingers long at Calvary, does not stop there; he goes on with Christ to the Resurrection.

Here, too, your office is to mediate, i. e., to interpret the unseen in the terms of the seen

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

—to help the sad eyes to *see* what Christ gives *you* to see. They must often see through your eyes if they are to see at all.

And aside from these more acute challenges, your spiritual sponsorship will be called upon in reference to the common run of home questions all the time. How many a misunderstanding is to be set right! This young fellow, caught in a business snarl, when the case involves more folly than fault, is not only to be helped out, but the moment is to be seized upon instantly, tactfully, and availed of to swing the young life towards its God. This girl is to be sent on her way to college rejoicing, but also resolute for Christian service. Here an inevitable burden is to be set a little more easily on the galled but patient shoulders; there a rift of Christ's sunshine sent across the invalid's room; yonder an old saw or song made to tinkle pleasantly again in the dulled year of age.

How can a man do it all? He cannot, except as he is a medium for the exquisite mediation of the many-toned Christ. You will be careful also not to trench upon the field better occupied by other advisers. Be sensible, or

else don't try to be saintly. Don't make a fool of yourself by stealing the doctor's job or the lawyer's, or the business man's. They can give better counsel than we can in their own fields.

What then is your office? It is to bring a kind of Resurrection Morning into evening all the time, comradeship into struggle, rescue into failure, in a word bring *Christ* into the home life. Is not all this work in some true sense mediatorial?

THE COMMUNITY

Then, last of all, and following inevitably upon the individual and the family sponsorship comes the Pastor's office as mediator in the parish, and in the community at large. Here we instantly feel the hot breath of the new age. The age gasps for *adequate mediation.*

What a rocking time! "A conflict of methods," says Sabatier, "is a graver matter than a quarrel between doctrines."

What is upon us now is a conflict of methods, each method represented by a class rather than by a man. So furious is the current that we have a *mêlée* of groups. I make no attempt at novel or recondite analysis of these

social phenomena, but the broad, patent facts of the situation constitute such a challenge as never met Christian minister before.

The age is full of the detonations of class hostility. Prejudice, jealousy are not indurated, half-ossified, as of old; but are breaking out into overt and acute conflicts, where "ignorant armies clash," to recall Arnold's phrase, in the midst of the dust and smoke of a kind of economic chaos.

What is needed? *Mediation, mediation,* on the part of some one so plainly disinterested, so fair and fraternal and good-humoredly brave, that men can't help liking him and trusting him—a Christian minister in short, who, first a comrade with men, can in Christ's spirit be mediator and peacemaker among men.

Who else can so well explain men to men and "keep friends" with all? This gives glory even to "preaching in a sawmill," as one of you told me he was privileged to do.

Here opens before us in its new and acute phases what Professor Ely used to call the "effort of men to live the life of men." One of these modern issues is the "Propaganda of Socialism"—to employ the epithet of Labor

Commissioner Charles P. Neill. American Society to-day is a vast and tumultuous sea of social conflict, a congeries of whirlpools, where precedent meets experiment, as when at the "Falls of St. John," the mighty downrush of the river meets the still more mighty inrush of the tide.

What an hour to live in, gentlemen! Peril and opportunity come in on the same flood. In this very social unrest is the potency of social regeneration. What we are awaking to is what Dr. Stelzle terms the "economic interpretation of history." Changes, realignments vast and vital are in rapid progress. The balance of our population and power is becoming urban. Industry is everywhere organized. Not less than one hundred and twenty international organizations are affiliated with the "American Federation of Labor." Twenty-five million socialists in the civilized world are bent upon a revolutionary propaganda. There are fifty socialist periodicals in the United States alone. Again we ask, what is needed? And again we instantly answer,—intelligent and loving mediation more than anything else, so securing mutual understanding and co-operation. But who

shall thus mediate? Who if not the Christian Pastor?

The priest of God now must be a practical expert in promoting a better harmony of social movement in the community.

The Pastor is the one man in town who, by virtue of the associations of his calling, and especially by virtue of whatever pure nobleness of soul he possesses and the high, fine style of his manhood, can bridge these chasms between classes and so warrant on his own that best epitaph on any man's grave, *The man who helped to make men one.*

You ask, "Who in our profession is trying to do this sort of thing?" Who? Why, such men as (to mention only two of whose work I personally know) Ozora S. Davis, late of New Britain, Conn., now President of Chicago Theological Seminary, and Charles R. Brown, of Oakland, Cal. They not only try to do it, but they do it.

Davis has toiled to master four languages besides his own, in order to speak to the foreign-born operatives in the New Britain mills.

Brown of Oakland has gone into the Labor Unions and stood fearlessly forth for the fraternity of the Church with all men, high

and low, and all men high and low, in California, love and honor him for doing it.

That sentence of Lessing, though one-sided, is suggestive: "The Christian Religion has been tried for centuries. The Religion of Christ remains yet to be tried."

So we may say that the Pastorate of Christ, charged with His spiritual democracy and beautiful with His spiritual mediation, is yet to be brought to bear fully upon the social confusions of our time.

For the Pastor's function is not limited by his Church walls. A splendid breadth of light falls upon the modern Pastor in the sense that he belongs to the community through his Church. He is every man's man in the Master's name.

So it is that the Pastor, tuned to the very mind of his Lord, and having brought all men nearer together, can fitly stand at the Table of the Holy Communion, declaring the Message of the Cross, and the assurance of the pardoning grace of God.

One of you asked me this question, and it hits the eye of its target,—I quote verbatim: "Which is the better, to devote one's self to making fine sermons for the edification of

a few saints, or to get out, even at some sacrifice of pulpit preciseness, and try to reach outsiders with the simple Message of Salvation?"

From the *pastoral* standpoint, one doesn't hesitate five seconds for an answer. Which is better, carefully to fodder one prudent, self-satisfied sheep, or pull ninety-nine heedless lambs out of the ditch? And yet the alternative which the question proposes does not really obtain, for that "simple Gospel message" which you have in mind is really better preaching, even intellectually considered, than is your labored academic essay.

Sylvester Horne's great Church in London bears this motto, "No quest, no conquest." The logic of the view of the pastorate presented to-day makes the Pastor a broad, live, many-sided man. He is the Pastor, not merely of the Church, but of the community. The exclusive, seclusive theory of the pastorate is the worst possible for the saints themselves.

The line that separates the Church from the general public is partly arbitrary and illusory, the relic of false standards. Christ's man is for men, wherever he finds them. Some are

out of the Church that ought to be in; some possibly are in that ought to be out.

My friend, Bishop Leonard of Ohio, told me this story: He said he sent a young curate, blazing with zeal and ready to tackle anything, to one of the hardest, toughest, little, side-tracked parishes near the southern border of the State. After a time, back came the curate to report.

"Well," said Bishop Leonard, "how many new members have you got into the Church?"

"Bishop, not a one," was the answer; "but, by the grace of God, I've *nearly cleaned out all the old members.*"

The best way to cultivate the saints is to make them go out with you, *to seek and save the lost.*

Ah, men, that is what you are for, till the sunset gun, to get hold of men, anywhere and everywhere, explain them to themselves, mediate between them, create among them the basis for an intelligent and lofty social fellowship, help them to understand Christ, and so bring them back to God—to the Church, do I say? Yes, to the Church, if it be a true Church of God, for the Church will be, as it was at the

beginning, the natural and necessary social form in which this Christ-Life among men will nucleate itself and organize itself for action.

What some of these forms of Church action are at the present moment, and how the Pastor is to avail himself of them and lead them, will be the subject of our next talk together.

LECTURE IV

THE PASTOR AS PARISH ORGANIZER AND LEADER

THE PASTOR AS PARISH ORGANIZER AND LEADER

THE field which, in rapid and informal fashion, we shall traverse to-day, differs widely from its predecessors in the series. Up to this moment our keynote has been personal, possibly even introspective. We have tried to draw near to that wonderful inner flame of the pastoral spirit which, like the fire of God in the burning bush, illumines but does not consume.

We have described this peculiar fire of our calling by its essential traits, its fundamental note of honor for men, its sympathy with men, its genius of rescue, its passion of sponsorship in Christ's name. We have thus traced a course of mental development which, though attended at every step by the presence and grace of the spirit of Christ, is yet normally psychological, and by which the human comrade and counsellor becomes also Christ's under-shepherd, the spiritual guide and minister of his people, fulfilling the supreme offices of a mediator in our distracting time between

rival groups and classes in the community, and so embodying and applying something of the spirit of the Great Mediation of Christ.

In our highly complex and socialistic era, however, such pastoral work in the community, in order to be effective, must avail itself of the principle, never before half so much emphasized as now, of social organization. Thus opens before us, in logical order, the function of the pastor as the parish leader. We shall bear in mind that what we are to discuss is not the field of parish machinery itself,—that would require a volume—but only the pastor's relation to it.

A most notable feature of church life in the new age is the immense expansion of the principle of subsidiary organization in the parish. This is in response to the dominance of the new social note in the development of civilization. This new note, however, is more than a mere rediscovery of the social idea or a fresh insistence upon social method. It is the distinct emergence of a specific theory and style of social organization, namely, that of the subdivision of classes into groups, each of which shall remain semi-independent and yet be an organic unit.

What Graham Taylor calls "the irresistible tidal movement from individualism toward solidarity" is to be analyzed by reference to this further principle of subdivisions into group independencies.

As to this heated and changeful field, generalizations are easy and easily fallacious; but it seems reasonable to suppose that we are approaching that new conception of the higher individuality which, to employ the language of Prof. Shaler of Harvard, "includes lower individualities in itself."

What seems to be coming in upon us in Church and State is not only a new sense of the significance of corporate social life, with its new science of sociology and its new social economics, but also the further discovery and application of what might be called—running a clear risk of pedantry—the *ganglionic* model of social structure, as in physical organisms, namely, the idea of organizing by classes of more or less independent groups, these groups themselves being composed of more or less independent clusters. It is the notion of the correlation of a number of independent social centres of subdivision. The new energy of the social unit thus developed, together with the

multiplication of wondrous and novel agencies of modern science, and our enlarged facilities for intercommunication, is remodeling the face of our civilization.

To this style of remodeling the church must conform. In all the great convocations held this last year, denominational and interdenominational, at Edinburgh, London, Philadelphia, this fact has been recognized. Modernism is not, as the Vatican conceives it, a foreigner, an immigrant, a pert invader making a descent upon the age. It is the age itself rebuilding its fabric of faith under more rational forms. The new age is the old age, remelted and recast. The church of the new age is the church of the old age, readapted. You cannot preach to an express train unless you are on the train; and the social laws that at any epoch operate throughout the entire community, operate not less in the church, which is integrated in that community. There is also abroad everywhere a freshened and immensely enlarged notion of the breadth of the relations in which the church may legitimately stand, as affecting the community, especially in the field of child-culture, of humanitarian relief, and in the work of home

and foreign missions, which is a supreme test of the true Christian spirit.

The relation of this very briefly and crudely stated philosophy of modern social development to our line of thought will be evident as we proceed. On the whole, this organizing passion of the age (for it is almost such) is to be welcomed in the church. The life of the age is in it, the providence of God behind it; it carries the energy and the prophecy of our time.

But a very vital question for the minister is as to how he shall hold himself in relation to it. Shall he leave this field of departmental expansion to others? No. Shall he surrender himself to its mechanism, making its technique of foremost importance? Emphatically, no.

But if you ask me exactly how to steer between these two opposed extremes, I have only to make that confession of inability to answer which is good for the lecturer's soul, and which may remind you how we are all in the same boat with one another in this complex and difficult matter of handling a parish to the satisfaction of modern men as well as to the glory of God.

Nevertheless, I may perhaps hazard a few

hints, drawn out of my own pastoral experience, which must in every case be modified to suit the individual pastor's own idiosyncrasy and the circumstances of the parish in which he labors.

The general ideal of parish administration, and especially the pastor's relation thereto, which I am to suggest, will be characterized in three particulars by the controlling presence of three sentiments:

1. *Personal Considerateness.*
2. *Federative Independence.*
3. *Social Enthusiasm.*

PERSONAL CONSIDERATENESS

You, gentlemen, will be able to find a better brace of words than these by which to express, in a single epithet, the entire quality which I have in mind. It is that note of personal solicitude, equity, and adaptation which is imparted to all the organized activity of the parish by the pastor's care for individuals, based upon his knowledge of them, his respect and love for them, and his desire for their due and proper freedom of individual action.

What I have in mind is the opposite of the machine tone in parish life.

Right here, on the threshold of the discussion, rises before us the truth which in this whole field is probably the most vitally important thing to remember, namely, that while the pastor must in our day be an administrative leader, he is not to shift from his normal and constant pastoral attitude, in order to accomplish this administrative work. True parish economics presents the *pastor as organizing,* but not the pastor turning himself into something else for the sake of organizing.

President Tucker, in his Yale Lectures on Preaching, delivered ten years ago, remarks, with that union of rare insight and finished expression which make his words precious, "There is a strong, though subtle influence at work toward the unmaking of the preacher coming up out of the social situation." So we may say there is a subtle influence at work toward the unmaking of the pastor coming up out of the administrative situation. Against this tendency we must set our whole force.

The very key-note of wise and fine parish direction is that the pastor shall not cease to be a pastor in order to be a parish promoter; but on the contrary, shall carry the rich, full, devoted tone of the pastoral spirit into every

fibre and filament of his administrative functions. Is it not true, however, that the contrary is often assumed by young ministers?

Does not a vague idea prevail, accepted almost without challenge in certain quarters, that old-fashioned pastoral service was one thing, with its individualistic note of devotion, but that this new, insistent, absorbing business of parish organizing is quite another thing, more quasi-secular in character, as though the minister must needs possess no less than three suits of professional clothing, one to wear in pastoral service to the sick and afflicted; another — a kind of smart spiritual "cutaway" — to wear as a man of affairs in running the parish machine; while a third,— cut, Heaven only knows how, but different from the others — is reserved exclusively for the pulpit! Somewhat in this vein is an advertisement which, as I am credibly informed, a senior seminary student inserted in the columns of the village paper: "Wanted, a good strong horse to do the work of a country pastor!"

All this is away from the deep truth of our calling, and from the best influence of church life upon our civilization. Such professional segregation, as of different *rôles* in the ministry,

is fallacious and mischievous. It is also needless.

The truth is, the genius of fruitful parish discipline is profoundly permeated by the pastoral spirit. The pastor first of all considers individuals, justly and gently. He adapts the worker to the task and adjusts the task to the worker. The clatter of cold cog wheels is hateful to him. 'If nowhere else in modern society, then all the more in the church,' he exclaims, 'will we, by Christ's grace, realize an organic life characterized by that spiritual freedom and elevation which spring from a delicate and just regard for each man's personality.' Now it is precisely this note of fraternal sponsorship, genial, yet charged with religious earnestness, which makes church life different from and spiritually superior to other forms of organization in our modern society.

In other words, the parish machine must not be a machine. It must have soul, and its soul must be love. All the numberless subsidiary departments and agencies of the church propaganda are to be shot through with a peculiar temper and glow, which is distinctively pastoral, which nobody but the live pas-

tor, who is never anything other than a pastor, can introduce and maintain. In its peculiar considerateness, its accent on fellowship, its loving care for the remnants, fringes and fag-ends of the social life, parish organization should be the equivalent, in corporate and organic form, of those qualities which we have specified as denoting the pastor's shepherding. In a word, the parochial must be the pastoral, in Christ's vital and humane sense of that title, and if it is not, then, while there may be a great deal of social stir in the parish, the finest ends of the church life will drift out of sight, both unrecognized and unreached.

Here, therefore, we come upon what, I cannot help thinking, is the most valuable practical rule for our guidance as ministers, in dealing with economic and administrative details: Decide them *in the pastoral way,* that is, get into the full glow of the pastoral firelight, and then decide them. Do not decide them in any rattling mill of mere committee conference, or in the icehouse of an unwarmed church study.

For example, shall we permit people, whose hearts are warm, but who have little education, to teach in the Sunday-school, or shall

we insist upon pedagogic accomplishments? The pastoral spirit would answer: accept the former class as teachers to start with, then work toward better education as fast as you can.

Here is another question which you will meet. Shall we give free rein to everybody, especially the young people, to multiply social entertainments, bazaars, fairs, secular shows within the church walls, all "for church purposes," of course; or shall we be a trifle conservative in these matters? The pastoral spirit, in the sense as we have defined it—the reëmbodiment of the Master's spirit—would reply: take the conservative line to start with. But when you have run up—not so high either as to be out of sight—the great flag of spiritual fidelity, then admit beneath it all social amenities and enthusiasms possible which are not inconsistent with it. The easy habit of disregard, or even forgetfulness, in attention to secondary enterprises, of the great, constant, spiritual errand of the church, is a policy fraught with a profound peril; it loses more than it gains, and in the long run will cost the church the loss of the deeper respect and confidence of thinking men.

The instances are legion to which this principle of parish judgment applies. Decide the little local question in the light of the *roused pastoral sentiment, i. e.,* the sentiment at once of comrade and sponsor. Yet do not sit up so straight even as Pastor as to lean backward. Keep in sympathy with your vivacious young people, or with some possibly over-economical business man, even when you oppose them. Let them feel that you understand them, and very genially and patiently explain the contrary ground to them. Very possibly they may be right and you wrong.

"Would you admit dancing in the church?" one of you asked me. Yes, if I would in the little room upstairs at home where my mother goes to pray. That, I think, would be the *Pastor's* answer. There is a fitness in things, and the common sense of the community, if frankly appealed to, respects that fitness. Only you must learn to say "No" in these matters with a smile that means genuine kindliness, and with a quick tactful suggestion of something else in place of the thing forbidden, that shall be attractive and yet shall preserve the sense of moral fitness.

Sometimes an unexpected turn helps. "May we have a little game in the church parlor?" was asked of a minister friend of mine, a tactful man. "Certainly," he answered. "And we'll rehearse some songs at the same time. Then the next day we will all rally and tramp out two miles to a poor little hospital on the outskirts of the town and sing those songs to the poor fellows lying there in their pain!" And the scheme went through, too. But the young folks didn't want to play that game in the church parlor every week!

Get down to the pastoral undertone in your parish economics. The Church is the Church, not a trade-union, nor a business corporation, nor a social club, primarily, though in a secondary sense it is all of these. It is a human-rescue brotherhood, working for moral and religious ends. Bring Christ's love-note in. Parish economics is not mechanism. It is the natural fulfillment of Christ-like outreach for men, appearing in modern socially organized forms.

This very level question was asked by one of you: "Shall a minister in our day of organized activities concentrate his effort on

his parish machinery and let domestic parish calling go?" I answer, No. Why? Because that wouldn't be pastoral. The home interview is what will most help the minister intelligently and kindly to guide the committees and interject the fine considerateness of Christ into the methods of departments.

Still, in this matter of common "parish calling" we must remember that times have changed. New demands have multiplied and time seems shortened. A pastor is an overdriven toiler, preacher, teacher, leader, watcher over his flock. He must be a stern yet tactful economist of his moments. He has no time for garrulous gadding about the parish. A parish call is a salutation, not a conference, and, as a rule, ten minutes are more to the purpose than sixty for such salutation, unless in connection with some definite professional errand.

We complain of parish gossip. Let us see to it that we are not gossips ourselves, especially in committee meetings. The habit of indiscreet garrulity in committee meetings digs many pastoral graves. It is a good rule never to talk to one person in the parish about another, and never presume upon your *ex*

officio chairmanship to recite personal narratives.

Gentlemen, do not let the twentieth century turn you into that curious parochial prodigy—a universal committeeman, a polyglot chairman. Don't try to be captain of everything; and when you are captain, don't forget that you are Christ's under-shepherd and humanity's servant first and all the time. Let the deacons moderate some of the meetings. Occasionally have the sprightliest deacon do it, if you think the very term "moderator" is invidious in that connection. And, by the way, have some sprightly men on your Deacons' Board. That is a part of the modern era in church enterprise.

FEDERATIVE INDEPENDENCE

But we pass to the second feature of our parish ideal, which will perhaps let us a little further into the social philosophy of our subject. Closely joined with the spirit of considerate loving-kindness which, emanating from the pastor himself, should pervade all the church organizations, is another quality—the quality of freedom, a concession of inde-

pendence to official associates and subordinates, based upon trust in them. This also is a direct emanation from the pastoral attitude of mind.

"Ye, brethren, were called for freedom; only use not your freedom for an occasion to the flesh, but through love be servants one to another." (Gal. 5, 13).

Here, in a sentence, St. Paul describes the genius of church organization on its side of liberty.

In order to measure the value of this principle in modern church life, we must more carefully recur to that analysis of present social conditions which has already been outlined.

Ezekiel's ancient and dazzling vision of the beryl wheels is fulfilled in an age such as this, which is characterized by the impulse, not merely to organize, but to multiply subsidiary organizations within organizations. Perhaps the most distinctive note in the organizing impulse of to-day is that it so loves the "wheels in the middle of a wheel." It is a very demon of federative subdivision which is upon us; or rather not a demon, but the little wizard of social efficiency. Modern power is largely in

the ratio of the subdivision of semi-independent agencies. Now the logical consequence of this must be an ultimate appeal either to a very rigid mechanical discipline, or to a very lofty voluntary fraternity, as the force to coördinate and harmonize these many subdivisions; for each desires to maintain a certain independence.

As soon as you get fairly started in practical parish development you will be at your wits' end to keep track of your "train sections" (or keep them on the track, for that matter). In my own parish organization, I have no less than fourteen presidents of things, besides vice-presidents, and more than that number of subordinate chairmen! I counted them this morning; and my church is a quiet family tea-table compared with the infinite institutionalism of some churches.

I do not deprecate this growing multiplicity; I welcome it. The heart-throb of the age insists that it should be thus. We shall soon have an office of some sort for every man, woman and child in the church. And the people like it; they must have it. They work well under it; they won't work without it; the twentieth century forbids them. Labor it-

self is welcome, if only people can have enough "division of labor"; and everybody finds reason for being a Dorcas, who can only be secretary or something of a Dorcas society.

I intend no slant of satire; but pay my compliment to the spirit of the age. In this minute subdivision of corporate life, in this multiplication and distribution of official responsibility, is a hidden dynamic of vast and hitherto undeveloped power. Thirty and more separate presidents and chairmen in one church implies an unlocking of human energy little short of terrific! Indeed, right here, in this ingearing of departments, this interplay of groups, each group an organized unit, this free union of legitimate official ambition, with unlimited organic subdivision, we hear the very "*chug chug*" of the motor-car of the modern parish race.

Under these circumstances, two theories of parochial administration offer themselves for your adoption: the one, the more centralized and autocratic; the other, the more federated and distributive. In the former, the pastor is not only the nominal but the actual manager and dictator of all these multiform activities.

His word is law. He holds all the strings in his hand. He rules—tactfully, if he has the grace—but he rules. The whole parish is like a great army, a factory, or commercial house, with one absolute head, from which all departments and sub-departments are graded down. The amazingly effective "Salvation Army" organization is a supreme instance of this religious autocracy. What it lacks is freedom for individual development.

The other parochial method is that of *federated fraternalism,* in which, while the pastor is at the head, each department of the parish organization is treated and trusted as being an entity in itself, with its own head—the Sunday-school, Senior, Intermediate, Primary, Kindergarten; the Mission School; the Woman's Mission Circle; the Men's Club; the Young People's Alliance; the Junior Guilds, half a dozen of them, all and each regarded somewhat as "free and sovereign states," in a federal union. Here freedom is maintained and the community of action is secured, not so much by official discipline as by a common and burning spirit of religious earnestness and mutual faith and honor glowing at the centre

of the parish life, which spirit it is the business of the pastor himself to cultivate and even embody.

Now, as between these two administrative theories and methods, the former, the centralized and autocratic, is probably the more businesslike, the more army-like, the more effective for *machine* ends, the better agent for mere church propagandism; and the more recent drift in what we call "up to date" parish enterprise is, I am inclined to believe, on the whole, tending in that direction.

But I seriously question whether the higher ends of personal Christian culture and a fine-toned Christian civilization are reached so nobly as by the federation plan. To quote a phrase of Edmund Burke, we "pardon something to the spirit of liberty."

Take what most pastors discover to be a somewhat "burning" question, that of the *choir,* for instance. There is considerable reason to believe that an average church choir can be managed best on the federation plan. Ministerial autocracy is usually checked at the organ loft. One instance to the contrary is, however, reported from a colored church down South, where the minister, having suf-

fered many things for many days, announced one Sunday morning, "De choir will now sing dat beautiful piece, '*We ain't got long to stay heah,*' after which dey will consider demselves discha'ged and will file out quietly, one by one. We'se gwine to hab con'gational singin' heahaftah in dis yere chu'ch."

Nathaniel Schmidt, Professor of Semitic literature at Cornell University, in his eloquent though radical book, "The Prophet of Nazareth," published three years ago, remarks, "A greater importance is given in the teaching of Jesus to the perfecting of human society than to the future of the individual." This may be a rather one-sided generalization, but there can be no question but that the exhibition of free and voluntary brotherhood, in organized action in the church of Christ, is now and is to be our finest socially educative force; but in order for this, the organic affiliation must be voluntary and free. As Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye" are subservient to a centralized parish administration? No—"if ye have love one to another."

If Christian churches represented an ethical and intellectual level no higher than that of

the masses of society at large, autocracy, let us concede, might be the best method for utilizing their energies. But the churches are composed of Christian men and women, i. e., of people who, in the free exercise of educated reason and moral purpose, have chosen Christ, His truth as their law, His service as their joy. Now, among such people, the federative plan, while it has its dangers, has also its immense advantages. It develops personal character and the responsibility of free initiative. It promotes mutual respect and voluntary courtesy. It makes Christian courtesy rather than parish red tape the arbiter of differences between departments. It makes the parish a brotherhood of honor, between free groups of coördinated workers, "stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men," to use a superb phrase of Milton, not mere cogs in parish wheels.

In a word, this method is morally educative rather than mechanically coercive. It may not "get there," as we say, quite so quick; but we get more when we do "get there." I throw in my vote, therefore, for the federative ideal of parish administration.

"Tell us," said one of you to me, "when

you come, what has been your own experience? Where do you put the emphasis?" Well! One man's experience doesn't count for much, but it is the best he has. I may say, therefore, perhaps without impropriety, that in the course of my thirty-five years' pastorate in a single church, I have had the amplest possible confirmation of the moral and spiritual value of this freer, more voluntary, and, as it seems to me, more finely fraternal method.

Now, where does the logic of all this couple on with our general scheme of thought? At this point, namely, that the genius of this federative method is *preëminently pastoral,* in the sense in which we have used the word in these lectures, namely, comrade-like and socially mediatorial. It is full of a noble fellowship and equally full of a noble freedom trust. The deliberate habit of exercising this faith in your department leaders, daring to let others besides yourself have their way — (at all events until they discover that your way is better) this large, brave, free trust, I say, in your fellow Christian workers, is the direct product of, and the constant incitement to, what we have called the pastoral spirit at its full bloom.

Indeed, the glory of the federative idea in

parish economics is that the one indispensable requisite for making it effective is precisely that pervasive spiritual glow throughout the parish which it is the first business of Christ's pastor to maintain. In the spirit of his Master's grace, he substitutes the appeal to love and honor and mutual considerateness for the mere discipline of arbitrary command.

In fact, the alternative is sharp. If you are really comrade and mediator, in Christ's Name, you are distinctly *not* autocrat. "Ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake," writes the man of Tarsus, even to that little mongrel and quarrelsome church in the dissolute Corinthian capital. You persuade, not command. You appeal to loyalty, not issue a subpœna. You treat your parishioners as your coördinates and brothers. You "go before" the sheep, as Jesus said, rather than drive them.

Time fails to go fully into the social ethics that lies behind all this; but I suspect that the essential dignity and value of all Protestant voluntaryism is in that ethic. And if the minister adopts this as his parish method and ideal; if, taking the risk, he dares to trust his parishioners as Christ trusts him and them; if he organizes his whole church in this spirit,

giving to each sub-department a certain unchallenged freedom of action in its own sphere, he will find that the nobler Christian enthusiasm in himself, and in all the church, will be deepened and purified. The splendid spiritual fire at the center of the parish life will keep all the departments, though free, yet spiritually one, rather than mechanically allied.

SOCIAL ENTHUSIASM

Fellowship, Freedom, Cheer! This is the order of the parish psychology. Besides the qualities of considerateness and trustfulness which characterize the true pastor's handling of church activities is one quality more, also distinctly pastoral, which, like the flame at the finial, brings the others to completeness and illumines the entire field of pastoral administration. It is the quality of *spiritual cheer.* It is that cheer of the invulnerable and immortal hope which, as you may recall, we specified in our opening lecture as the last of our "five traits" of the pastoral spirit.

"We are saved by hope." The Christian pastorate is saved by hope. *Buoyancy in leadership* is what I mean. This is the pastor's

final contribution to organized church activity and is almost the most precious of all. It is that quality which is imparted to Christian service by the blending of reason and faith in the sense of the attainableness of the end sought. This end is the moral rescue and spiritual rehabilitation of men. That such renewal is practically possible is with the Christian minister a first article of his faith. It is both a rational conviction and a kindling vision; and this cheer of the invulnerable hope, drawn from the depths of his belief in the law and the love of the world, he imparts to all the working of his parish forces. To recall Wordsworth's line,

> "A man he seemed of cheerful yesterdays
> And confident to-morrows."

The significance of this quality of cheer shines out when we remember that it is precisely the one so often lacking in the working of our secular social machinery. For by cheer I do not mean stir or excitement or even ardor. Social mechanism in non-Christian societies may furnish all these. I mean a steady hopefulness which is enthusiasm and some-

thing more; a kind of certainty of result which seems to echo the purpose of the Infinite.

> "Some novel power
> Sprang up forever at a touch,
> And hope could never hope too much
> In watching thee from hour to hour." *

So the parish watches the pastor. This peculiar cheer is perhaps the reverberation, in the pastoral temper, and through the pastor in all the church life, of the very "joy" of Christ, which seems closely associated with His underlying certainty that His work would avail. "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you."

The modern evolutionist should be a man of hope, in his sense of the reign of law, and of the sure upward progress of life. But this intellectualism, left to itself, is liable, as you know, to fits of reaction and depression and is even sometimes turned right around, as in the philosophy of Schopenhauer, into a science of pessimism. But the Christian pastor laughs pessimism out of court. He works in a great surge of anticipative assurance. In his view pessimism is the snarl of a one-eyed dog,

* Tennyson, *In Memoriam.*

or in more respectful phrase, it is a one-sided judgment based upon a partial view of the facts. You reply, Optimism also is a deduction from only half the facts. No! The major portion of the facts of life, as the evolutionist and the Christian see them, crowd over upon the brighter side. A day and a night together make not one night but one day. Things are not only straining, but straining upward.

But the pastoral temper, besides being thus rationally hopeful, glows also with the specific Christian gladness—I had almost said glee—and good reason why. It is alive with social kindliness. Its Christmas bells ring all the year. It palpitates with a sense of Christ—the Christ not only of Gennesaret, but of the Resurrection—Christ living and mighty and instantly present, though unseen, in the plenitude of His beautiful power for moral renewal everywhere.

In this mood, rational assurance and spiritual exhilaration coalesce and produce in their convergence pastoral *cheer*—a kind of deep gaiety, constant, permanent, indestructible. This gaiety, or buoyancy of leadership, is the "one touch more" which church organizations need for felicitous action. Without it

they grind or clatter or are cold. Like the firelight in a "living-room" or oil upon the watch wheel, this buoyant temper enables the church happily and harmoniously to perform its duty in every department.

Let me quote again from yourselves: "My parish vibrates between levity and lethargy," said one of you, speaking of his summer field. Well! better that vibration than no movement at all. Get right into the middle of the vibration and inoculate it with true pastoral buoyancy. A cork is a little fellow, but all Niagara cannot drown it.

"How to reach the men of the parish?" was another of your questions—a very peremptory one, a very difficult one. I think perhaps the best answer is suggested right at this point, and it is this: *cheerful initiative in developing local parish organization.* This is the way to reach men. Men nowadays like to organize, if they can see something good and glad and practically accessible to organize for. They had rather serve on a committee than listen to preaching; and who can challenge their taste?

Then, too, this cheer, good-humored and genial, with its hint of far-away music, and

with a touch upon it of the graceful graciousness of Christ Himself, is just what is necessary to help the pastor to perform, tactfully and happily, his own administrative duty. He practices Christ's art of the gentle justice.

Fretting business it is to be an omnipresent chairman! You have observed that it is always at the hub where the wheel creaks and binds. Chronic anxiety, if not irritation, is often the synonym of administrative responsibility. But clothed with cheer, as the pastor is or may be, proud and happy, as well as vigilant and brave, full of a certain self-maintained animation, the pastor meets all the irritating wear and tear, even of committee meetings, with a curious blitheness. Of course, the saints won't always agree with him,—they wouldn't be real saints if they did—for he will not always be in the right and ought not always to be agreed with. However, whether the wind blows high or blows low, a pastor becomes a cheerful expert in taking criticism. Unless you can take a blow as a compliment—side with others against yourself—you haven't learned the rudiments of the Christian pastorate.

Considerateness, Trustfulness, Hopefulness, these three then, in their combination, represent, as it appears to me, the pastoral spirit in the field of parish leadership, maintaining, in all organized activities, the warmth of personal attention, the freedom of federated independence, the immortal cheer of social Christian enthusiasm. So we carry on the essence of the fraternal and socially mediatorial genius of our calling. We surrender nothing, either of the fine comradeship or of the noble priesthood, to any supposed economic necessity, in conducting parish administration. On the contrary, these qualities, embodied in the pastor and constantly present in his church management, impart to these varied activities themselves the beauty and power of a true *ecclesia* of God—"many members, yet one body"—a brotherhood of free men in Christ Jesus, availing itself of every modern facility, and organized in the full play of the modern spirit, yet devoted to a supreme spiritual errand, and illustrating in the community the social ideals of the kingdom of Christ.

Considerateness, Trustfulness, and Hopefulness! Why should I not adopt the shorter and

more familiar words, which better render the immortal Greek of St. Paul—love, faith, hope; and, gentlemen, now as ever, and in the administrative department of the pastorate not less than in any other, "the greatest of these is love."

V.

THE PASTOR AS PREACHER

THE PASTOR AS PREACHER

In the course of our rapid review of certain aspects of the pastor's relation to his work in our modern time, we reach to-day a closing glance upon what is commonly regarded as the crowning function of the ministry. Our subject is *The Pastor as Preacher.*

Dr. Stalker, of Glasgow, at the outset of his Yale Lectures of 1891, expresses the Protestant consensus as to the place of preaching in the ministerial vocation, when he exclaims, "Preaching is the central thing in our work." Yet, later on in the same lectures, he remarks, "Gentlemen, I believe that almost any preacher, on reviewing a ministry of any considerable duration, would confess that his great mistake had been the neglect of individuals."

Are these two sentiments mutually exclusive, or is there not a conception of the *pastor in the pulpit* which may unite them? You, who have done me the honor to follow the argument of these lectures, will know how in-

stant and decisive must be our answer. With regard to this supreme function of the pastor's life, as of every other, we are to maintain our constant point of view and line of thought.

For another way of stating the same theme would be: *the pastoral spirit in the pulpit.* What we have to recognize and magnify is precisely the same attitude and temper of mind and heart in preaching which we have endeavored to trace in every other department of pastoral duty.

Preaching may be textual, after the great manner of Maclaren, or topical, like that of Liddon; it may be expository or hortatory; its style may be that of the quiet homily, or it may flash with that occasional "stab of flame," to use Lowell's epithet, which, in such sermons as those of Jeremy Taylor or Horace Bushnell, marks the inspiration of genius and denotes the supreme spiritual insight and appeal; but in any and every case, true preaching will embody something of the essence of the pastoral spirit. Human comradeship and Christly sponsorship will, in their unique, pastoral blending, at once warm and elevate the pulpit utterance.

Speaking thus, I suspect myself of too far-

fetched phrase, and must enter my own demurrer against anything which may seem stilted or visionary in the remarks thus introduced.

I have no sharper dread, in concluding these simple addresses, than that of having appeared to present in them some transcendental or overwrought pastoral ideal, remote from the actual pulse-throb of men in our red-blooded time. But we have sought to be Scriptural. It is true we have set our professional standard high; but so also does the New Testament. We have found our *sine qua non* for the pastorate to consist in a specific and highly charged state of mind—a fire of fellowship at once with Christ and with men; but the New Testament insists on this also; and the mood itself, thus identified, is not mystical or extravagant, but natural and sane.

So in particular of the pastor in the pulpit. The pastoral spirit, as I conceive it, does impart to preaching a unique and exalted tone; but that tone is not rhapsodic, any more than it is officially presumptuous or sanctimonious. The pastoral spirit in the pulpit is eminently spontaneous, simple, practical; earnest, surely,

even to a white heat, but without loss of human perspective. It is tender but not tame; free because so nobly fraternal; wise because of real knowledge of the people; spiritually vital because charged with the peculiar ardor of the Christly shepherding.

We make, therefore, to-day no attempt to introduce a novel theory of preaching or to present any remodeled picture of the preacher. On the contrary, we are to reassert that ancient and constant view of the pulpit office which is confirmed by the noblest traditions of the Church, and expresses the deepest intuition of its ministers.

Following a simple, three-fold division, we will remind ourselves first of what Christian preaching is; then, secondly, of its "audience"—who constitute its hearers; finally and more specifically, in the third place, we shall thus be prepared to ask how,—preaching being what it is, and the congregation being what it is,—that particular temper which we have described as pastoral may dominate the situation thus presented, modulating the preacher's message and matching it both with the man who speaks and with the man who listens?

WHAT IS PREACHING?

I am seeking no original or exhaustive definition, but will confine myself to the mention of the three factors which always enter into that form of religious address known as Christian preaching.

1st. The content of the message;

2nd. The personality of the preacher;

3rd. The immediate occasion and present need of the people.

Let me make three citations from three great pulpit masters, of different types, which will bring out, in their order, these three chief and constant factors of true preaching. I will select three American ministers—perhaps our foremost names as preachers in three great Protestant communions. They are not now living, but were living not long ago, and they have been, each of them, lecturers at Yale, on the Lyman Beecher Foundation. The first is Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the most eloquent men in American history, concerning whose strange, half-hypnotic spell upon his hearers we have heard such almost incredible but undoubtedly authentic incidents, surpassing even

those attributed to Patrick Henry or to Henry Clay.

Simpson says: "Your office, as preachers, is not to speak as for yourselves, not to speak words which even the wisest men have uttered, but simply to speak the message which God has given. This message He has put in writing. It has been printed. We have it in our hands. You are to take these words and utter them, whether the people bear or forbear."

This, then, is the first factor, *the content of the message,* which is, in a word, the *revealed truth of Christ.*

My second quotation is from Phillips Brooks—and there is no name nobler in pulpit annals. He says, "Truth *through personality* * is our description of real preaching. It is the decay of the personal element that makes the ministry of some old men weak." Those of you who have heard Phillips Brooks will imagine how he would look when he said that; and the fire yet seems to flicker on the pages in which that regal and rushing mind poured forth his sense of the importance of this personal element of the preacher's power.

* Italics ours.

My third quotation is from Henry Ward Beecher, the Shakespeare of the modern pulpit. With his own unmatched vitality of expression, he fixes attention on the third factor, viz.: *the congregation,* the occasion, the need, the practical end sought. He remarks: "A preacher is a teacher; but he is more. He looks beyond knowledge to the character which that knowledge is to form. It is not enough for him that men shall *know.* They must *be.* A preacher is an *artist of the soul.*" *

Citations like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They might reproduce a hundred verdicts upon the essence of preaching by its greatest masters, recent and ancient, and in all of them we shall discover clearly set forth, as in what Chrysostom calls "the lofty, large and broad picture offered of these things in the Holy Scriptures," these three prime factors, always to be recognized and adjusted to one another, which make up true preaching—the Christian content of the message, the Christian personality of the preacher, the immediate condition and need of the hearer.

Now even a moment's consideration of the nature of these factors brings sharply into the

* Italics ours.

foreground the vital relation which the pastoral spirit bears to them, each and all. Two of them are distinctly personal—the personality of the preacher himself, and this is the *pastor's* personality, and the personal need of the hearer, and this only the preacher as *pastor* knows. Even as to the remaining factor, the content of the message, we must maintain that the pastoral sense of it is the truest sense; for that content is, in a word, the truth of Christ as realized in experience, and it is the *pastor's* experience which effects such realization because, as we have seen, the distinctive pastoral consciousness is developed through deepening acquaintance with Christ.

Then, too, we must remember that this message of Christ which preaching reproduces, is to be not merely in some commonplace and conventional conception thereof, but in Christ's own conception thereof; that is, preaching must present Christ's truth, with something of His perspective of emphasis, His cadence in utterance, His aptness of personal application. Therefore, plainly, only one who waits long at the Master's feet, as the pastor must, if he is really a pastor, can realize intimately, and so report justly this *ensemble* of Jesus'

teaching, the proportions, the shadings, the spiritual rhythm of the Christian revelation.

But the case becomes infinitely stronger when we consider the personal factors of preaching. In preaching, the noblest of arts, that of the orator, is carried up to a level where the orator becomes, in a true sense, the embodiment of his message. He incarnates it. He *incarnadines* it, to use the same root word. He is, by Christ's grace and in Christ's name, the personal reincarnation, in human form, of the spirit of that Gospel which he is to proclaim. Preaching thus differs essentially from other forms of oratory. It is not to be treated as a performance. The preacher *stands for* his message as well as articulates it. Art in preaching is, after all, at the bottom of it, the art of living, making manhood beautiful and so holding it—holding the whole man, clean body, live brain, consecrated spirit, all as one piece, one lens, set in the white light of truth, letting God take care of the image, if only the crystal itself can be kept consistent and clear. But all this is only another way of saying that the pastoral training and attainment become vital to the preacher and are an essential antecedent to true preaching.

We are living in a day when mere declamation counts for less and less in public speech. Over-vehemence or easy glibness reacts unfavorably, and the impression of sincerity is impaired. The fluent exhorter, unaware to himself, lays himself open to some such shrewd criticism, to employ a rough illustration, as that of a New Hampshire farmer who, after listening to a preacher of this sort, and being asked for his opinion, remarked, "Wall, he talks consid'abul ez I do, when I'm lyin'!" What makes the pulpit message glorious is the impression of supreme sincerity, an impression illustrated in its height by the preaching of such a man as Phillips Brooks—a noble personality, completely identifying itself with a noble message.

But this identity, this sincerity, is the direct result of pastoral self-culture. No academic training, no rhetorical practice or elocutionary drill can, by itself, accomplish that culture of character whose direct emanation is this utter pulpit sincerity. Only the pastor can put the soul of the ministry into speech. Only the pastoral devotion to the Master and to the man can create this instant identity between

the entire manhood of the speaker and every filament of his message.

Here we see how it is that the parish educates its own preacher. "We don't pay our debts to our stepping stones," said a sagacious observer of life, and we ministers sadly fail in recognizing our obligation to our people for that feature of earnest personal sincerity in pulpit utterance which *they* have educated in their minister as *pastor* and which is more than half his strength.

And this is especially true to-day, when less than ever the mere echoes of the library suffice for the pulpit, when the preacher is bound to go forth into the highways and byways of the time and bring back what is most fine and vital in the actual experience of the current age, to supplement the lore of ancient days in providing pulpit material. Is your sermon fresh and interesting to yourself? Not otherwise will it touch your people. Would you yourself take it up, once it got cold, for your own pleasure or uplift? If not, then it is not fit for another man. The very curl of the crest of the new age must be in it, as well as the inmost throb of your own convictions.

Then it will strike the nerve of your neighbor. And it is the pastor's habit of meeting men on the instant in swift living colloquy which opens the straight road to the attainment of this fresh and practical vitality in preaching.

THE CONGREGATION

But, further and more particularly, true preaching, in any complete or noble conception of it, not only strives to proclaim a true message, not only to incarnate the truth of that message in roused personal earnestness, it also strives to adapt the manner of its utterance so as to meet the actual needs of the people addressed. Indeed, adaptation is too weak a word. "I am *made all things* to all men, that I might by all means gain some," cried the orator Paul. Preaching is not soliloquy. Preaching is not telling people what I think. That is like talking to a fish instead of fishing for him. Preaching is *suiting* the heart of the message to the heart of the man, through a heart in yourself which is in tune with both message and man.

What is the genius of the Incarnation? The genius of the Christian Incarnation is the principle of embodying a higher spirit in the finest forms of a lower but current environment, for

the sake of lifting the whole of that environment to a higher level. The genius of preaching seeks such an incarnation of adaptation.

O fellow-students, is it not a thrilling thing to preach, or even to try to preach and fail, in the glory of such an ideal of preaching as this, with a realized Christ behind us, so near that He can touch us, and with the living men of to-day in front of us, so near that we can touch them!

We must somehow burn in upon our own souls the conviction that our profession is more than a profession, more than a vocation even, for a vocation may be a priest's profession. It is a passion, as of one who finds himself *Christ's rescue-man.* It is an affair of red blood and white fire, demanding, employing all we have and are, a "savor" of life unto life.

Let us look then for a moment, directly and intently, at that wonderful, fascinating, formidable creature, the congregation itself. It is more than an audience. I am ashamed of that thin word "audience," as applied to a church full of worshippers and parishioners. What is a congregation? It is an assemblage representing many homes and families gath-

ered for the most august and intimate of all purposes, the worship of the Infinite God, an assembly constituting a spiritual fraternity, made such in the Supreme Name, Memory, and Power of Jesus Christ, the Crucified Redeemer and Risen Master, who is believed to be spiritually present and in the vivid sense of Whose Presence everything is said and done. This is what we say we believe. Such a fraternal assembly, I say, in such a presence, is waiting to hear a certain utterance which, in the name of this Lord, and sent through the charged medium of His commissioned servant, is to meet what? Some theoretic or academic situation? No,—but rather to meet the actual shapes of moral and spiritual want, peril, pain, need and instant, practical crisis in the several arenas of a thousand lives.

What a spectacle! There is nothing else like it or approaching it on the earth. Familiarity with it has dulled our minds to its unique greatness. To the seeing eye and the feeling soul, it is dramatic to the ultimate degree. Yes! it is more than dramatic; it is critical as surgery, sacramental as Calvary.

Look more closely at these men and women. Are they alive to all this? Far from it. That

is the criticalness of the situation. Yet they may be made alive.

What is the surface aspect? * That of an eager, hurried, sensitive mass of humanity, all in its best clothes indeed, and presumably in its best spiritual form also, and yet appealing very deeply to sympathy,—a thousand souls of every class, occupation, mental aptitude,—a throng heterogeneous enough, yet strangely unified in the rushing torrent of our modern life, as trees, dissimilar, bend evenly in a gale. Here are business men, professional men, working men, the rich and the poor, young faces, old faces, sad faces, glad faces, mindless faces—a pathetic crowd. Here are people trying to forget; here are comedies without merriment, and tragedies without dignity; here are grand men and grander women, beaten down by the flail of misfortune; here is humanity careless of its glory and callous as to its shame; here is the age itself, both devout and defiant, both believing and skeptical, volcanic in energy, perturbed even in repose, seeking any distraction as a relief from week-

* This and the two following paragraphs are reproduced from the author's "Preaching in the New Age," Carew Lectures, Hartford Theological Seminary, 1900. Revell & Co., 1902.

day strain; volatile in sensations, lashed by ambitions, passionately alive, though now hushed because it is Sunday, driven by forces, novel and splendid, through efforts it cannot stop to measure, toward ends it will not lift itself to see.

But all this is not in the average consciousness. The real mental mood is quiescent, half somnolent after the hot week. The people bow, they stand, they sing—some of them, if the choir will give them a chance; they are outwardly attentive. Here and there are a few really roused, religious minds; but the average tone is that of conventional decorum united with a vague seriousness. It is the vast, roaring week-day world arresting itself for the moment, and trying, rather dimly, to remember that it ought to remember eternity.

Look more closely still. All this is the surface aspect. But something more is present in this strange, tremendous creature, the congregation. The congregation is really two congregations, just as every man is two men. There is an undertone in every man in which lies the residuum of the ancestral generations, the rich sub-soil of Christian civilization. Within yonder churchgoer who seems so su-

perficial, so careless, is a man of latent sensibilities, and faiths, too, which, however dull or unaware the man is at the moment, perpetuate in him the essence of ancient creed and choral, the fragrance of ancient sacraments, the reverberation of old heroisms, the valor and patience of Christian centuries. There is a unique and solemn splendor in the fact that each individual is a kind of flask or crucible into which all the generations have poured something of their best. The Lord's Prayer, the Triune Benediction, the deep, old creed phrases, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord," the "Gloria," the "Te Deum," the "holy invocations" at the Christening, the Communion, the bridal, the burial,—these have recorded themselves in the very substructure of the mind of the modern hearer, in the most intimate and instinctive turns of cerebral process and spiritual aspiration. The invisible congregation within the visible is the humanity which Christ Himself has touched and is still touching in the subtlest, holiest ways.

You say I am idealizing the congregation. No, I am trying to tell the real, full truth

about it, if we stand to the mark of what we, as Christians, allege that we believe.

Now it is along these old spiritual channels of mental association that the *pastor*—mark the word, underscore it, redden it, whiten it, *charge* it with the full, nameless, pastoral volume of human fellowship and Christly mediation—*the pastor,* who knows the people, loves them and is watching for them, man by man, is to pour the flood of his echoed ministry of Christ to the soul.

Plainly only the pastor can do this, and really match his people's need. Here on the instant he is to launch the eager, careful stroke that shall win his man. All depends upon his *pastoral* knowledge of that man. He is to concentrate his whole self, his whole sense of Christ's truth, into some arrowshot of winged syllables which shall go home. But he must know his target, as only the pastor can know it. Only the preacher, as *pastor,* can see and realize at once both congregations, that one which is outward, patent, self-conscious; and that one which is inward, latent, subliminal, so to speak. By the same word he must address both the outward and the inward hearer and make that hearer aware of his own inner self.

The pulpit mood resulting from this effort is peculiar, winning, masterful. In its blended tension and exhilaration, its sense of criticalness and concentration upon an immediate errand, it is not so utterly dissimilar, though in a far higher field, to that which Harry Newbold so wonderfully puts into his ringing lines about the last inning on the great cricket field, which I cannot translate into the loftier dialect of our own profession as it realizes the sense of *crisis* in pastoral appeal, without a shiver of the nerves.

"There's a breathless hush in the close to-night,
Ten to make and the match to win,
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
One hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish love of a season's fame;
But *his captain's* hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up, and play the game.'"

Now, if something like this which we have tried to indicate is the nature of preaching, and if something like this which we have endeavored to outline, is the condition and need of the congregation, what manner of men are we if we do not admit the pastoral spirit and temper not only to *a* place but to a *first place*

in the pulpit? Preach from the texts of people's lives.

I asked four members of this senior class whether their most effective sermon was not one which they had been led to make as the sequel to some personal pastoral effort, and every one of the four answered in the affirmative. I could say the same; most ministers could, I fancy.

"Few sermons are as long as they seem," quaintly remarks our genial friend Dr. Crothers. Nothing but the pastoral sense of *errand* in them will make them seem as short as they really are. Not for the "salvation of sermons," as some one has wittily said, but for the salvation of men does the preacher preach; and the men to be saved are right in front of you, not remote abstractions. Whether you preach extemporaneously or from carefully written manuscript or from some "dishevelled and dissolute spatter of ink," as my friend Dr. Kelley, of the *Methodist Review*, once called his outline "notes," you will employ your method as only your doorway to an instant grapple with your audience. "A preacher is a wrestler with men," said Beecher. And the victory which is sought is not mere

assent or admiration, nor is it limited by the conventional ideal of a sudden conversion, though it may include that. We seek to *save men to be men,* vitally, ethically, and all up and down the scale of practical living, so that they shall be saved to truer thoughts, kinder service, purer lives—saved to be better neighbors and nobler citizens—saved to save others.

Now, the men who are thus to be lifted upon some higher terrace of Christ's broad salvation are the men at the instant present. The pastor knows them; therefore he can speak to them of what touches their actual need and matches the current of their thoughts. The pastor loves them; therefore he can speak to them with the frank fearlessness of a recognized and attested friendship. The pastor shepherds them and cares for the little lambs in their home folds; therefore he can speak to them with a conceded right of counsel, and therefore also, if he does speak to them in this pastoral way, they will listen to him.

Nor will the intellectual quality of the sermon be at all injured thereby. On the contrary, the theological and literary elements of discourse, as if they knew their master, love

to array themselves in natural and effective forms beneath the aegis of an *errand of life*—vital fellowship with men, vital fellowship with Christ, vital effort to bring the real Christ to the real man. So the treatment of every theme is shaped and is modulated for its instant personal errand. Homiletics comes down from its dusty pedestal and takes its lesson from the wayside watch, and all the sermon is suffused with the clear, firm, gentle, brave quality of the shepherd's considerate care. Only if you want to hit a man in this corner of the church, you will be careful steadfastly to look the other way, into the opposite corner, for the very aroma of the pastorate is courtesy.

THE PASTOR IN THE SERVICE

The same pastoral solicitude will appear in all the conduct of the church service both before and after the sermon. I cannot with sufficient earnestness remind you, my honored fellow-students, that from the first instant when you enter the pulpit and the service opens, you are *your people's pastoral man.* Every tone, every inflection, every office of reading, and pre-eminently of prayer, is to be bathed in the yearning earnestness of a

brother and sponsor; and as the service proceeds, the entire scenery of the previous pastoral week flashes up into its pulpit bloom. You will read the Scripture, whether the text be narrative, lyric, didactic, as if listening to the accompanying recitative from a hundred homes. Your choice of hymns will be the *pastor's* choice. You will pray,—O my brothers, you will *pray* as though all your dumb congregation found its voice in you.

> ". . . Hear his sighs, though mute
> Unskillful with what words to pray, let me
> Interpret for him." *

Such prayer will not be an *address* to the Lord or to an audience. It will be tender and holy—a comrade's cry to the Chief Companion—a sponsor's call to the Chief Shepherd.

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small." †

Prayer should be *prayer,* not prolix, not repetitious, not garrulous, not explanatory, not discursive, but brief, reverent, gentle, vital. Quaint George Fuller is not so far from the

* Milton. † Coleridge.

mark when he says, "In extemporary prayer, what men most admire God least regardeth."

I have heard, and you have heard, with an ache that went far deeper than criticism, prayers full of a thin and fussy emphasis,— no dignity or reverence, no repose, no depth of appreciation of what public prayer assumes, no real soul in the prayer. Such prayer is not *pastoral* prayer.

And just here one word, by the way, as to the week-night Prayer Meeting, the despair of so many a pastor's heart. I know but one great rule: *Be your whole, roused, pastoral self*, then go to your chapel and let your parish *deal with itself through you*.

Then, last of all, the pastoral spirit follows the sermon, or rather follows it up, by carrying it out into the parish, making it the unobtrusive text for a score of interviews, for wayside allusions, for genial turns of administration. The pastor walks into the sermon, and the sermon walks out with the pastor. This gives coherence and continuity to the entire ministerial life. The Sunday service is not a weekly lectureship, but a pastor's watchfire on the road, along which people and pas-

tor are moving together in one common and constant march.

CLOSING WORD

Fellow-Students: It would argue ill for our consistency in following the canons of construction adopted in the preparation of these addresses did I allow myself to loiter at their close, or to indulge in any vain attempt to cover their homespun plainness by an ambitious *finale.*

I have tried simply to talk to you as I would in my study to younger brothers, about our common calling on its pastoral side, finding the germ of all that I have said to you in what you said to me last November, when you explained to me your own practical conception of the Christian pastorate in our great day. I have not sought novelties or subtleties. I have quoted not much from books; they are open to you. I have quoted from yourselves. With your own faith and feeling as a guide we have, as it were, stepped down together into the tumult and thunder of the great modern arena which summons you. There we have sought to discover what kind of pastor the age needs and demands. We have been thrilled

by the instant evidence that the pastor wanted now is, as at the first launch of Christianity, precisely the man most trained and tuned into fellowship with men through fellowship with Jesus Christ.

This discovery fills us with joy, even when confronted by a task so serious and strenuous as that which now challenges a Christian pastor. All the time is alive, and in a sense all its life is everywhere. But this is as we would have it. We will, by Christ's grace, bring the world-throb into the heart of our local parishes.

Some good men will tell you that these are days of menace and alarm, and so they are; but the age is Christ's age, for all that. In all the loud tumult of our rocking time He still walks as of old upon the waves of Gennesaret. His breath is on the air, His hand is on the soul. That was a true word of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who said at the great London Conference last summer, "It is an age in which men are seeking the spiritual, even when they do not consciously accept Christianity." The age, dazzled by its own fires, is yet stumbling on to meet our Christ, while we, on our part, carrying Christ in our

hearts, must run forth to meet the age. How to make from this superb wealth of fresh materials a new "body of Christ," this is our fascinating, absorbing errand.

What the age is hungering for and searching after is Truth in forms of Justice, and Right in forms of Beauty. We are to exhibit in Christ this very union of "truth and grace." I must think that if Christ were to speak now, He would surprise us all by how much in the modern world He would approve. During these many centuries His spirit has been at work, and He would not disavow the results of His own working. He *is* "standing at this latter day upon the earth." We must detect and interpret His smile on the time.

No mistake is more serious than to belittle current criticism and discussion, for surely the spirit of God is moving through the channels of this very discussion itself, towards what Albrecht Ritschl calls "the moral union of all men," in which is to be realized the true kingdom of Christ. May we not even believe that in the modern union of a discriminating intellectual temper, with a warm and catholic altruism, we are to find not only the mark of

Christ on the age, but even a kind of resurrection of Christ Himself. Doubt is not disbelief. The soul, like the ship, may swing on its anchor, yet be anchored. Science, standing on the far rim of the known, is silent in front of the newly realized vastness of the yet unknown, and in that silence rational faith is reborn. The social issue of the twentieth century is to be between a dream of human fellowship *without* Christ, and a manifestation of human fellowship *in* Christ. The errand of the church may have heretofore seemed formal; it is now vital.

You will sometimes be discouraged because the avalanche of demand is so tremendous. Do not be discouraged. A republic is always an ethical and spiritual battlefield; but Christ is the Captain of the noble democracy. So, when you are fair tired out with conflict and effort, then "let up," sit down for a space, fold your hands and see things go, for they are going *up,* because God lives as well as you, and lives in His own world, and Christ is "His power unto salvation."

Be sincere, not subjectively merely, but in outward impression also. Insist upon things being what they seem, especially in yourself.

Be kind, in some fresh accent of reality. Carry your lantern in front of your cudgel, not your cudgel in front of your lantern. Be courageous. When you plunge into the jungle of great towns and mingle with the swarms of men, you must still dwell in that New Jerusalem of the mind which every year is laying anew its "foundations of jasper," and swinging on surer hinges its gates of pearl.

Cultivate noble professional friendships. "We four," wrote the young Neander to one of his fellow-students, "will establish at Halle a true 'Civitas Dei,' a City of God, whose foundation forever is friendship."

Most of all,—if one may dare humbly and reverently to express a sacred and divine thing in a plain, human way,—cultivate the sense of companionship with Jesus, the Christ. The alpha and omega of the pastorate is there.

God with you, comrades. Be genial toward thoughts and toward men, but for *your orders* go up only to Christ and to the higher terraces of your own spirit, where He walks. Dare to fling yourself out upon what seems to you, in Christ's name, surely true. Maintain the splendid jet of roused and ready power, in nerve and brain, and in the knighthood of the

loyal soul, and so be God's man, Christ's man in the midst of the vast and tossing time. We have, we say, but one life to live. Drop the "but." We *have* one life to live.

So saying, I have done. Brothers, fare you well. Work in love. Work to save. The keynote to-day in our vocation is *spiritual chivalry*. Make the pastorate glow. Make that word *pastor* to entitle the supreme joy as well as the supreme devotion of your life. Christ is the Master-Truth, the Master-Power. He sends you forth. He is with you. In Him fare you well.

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