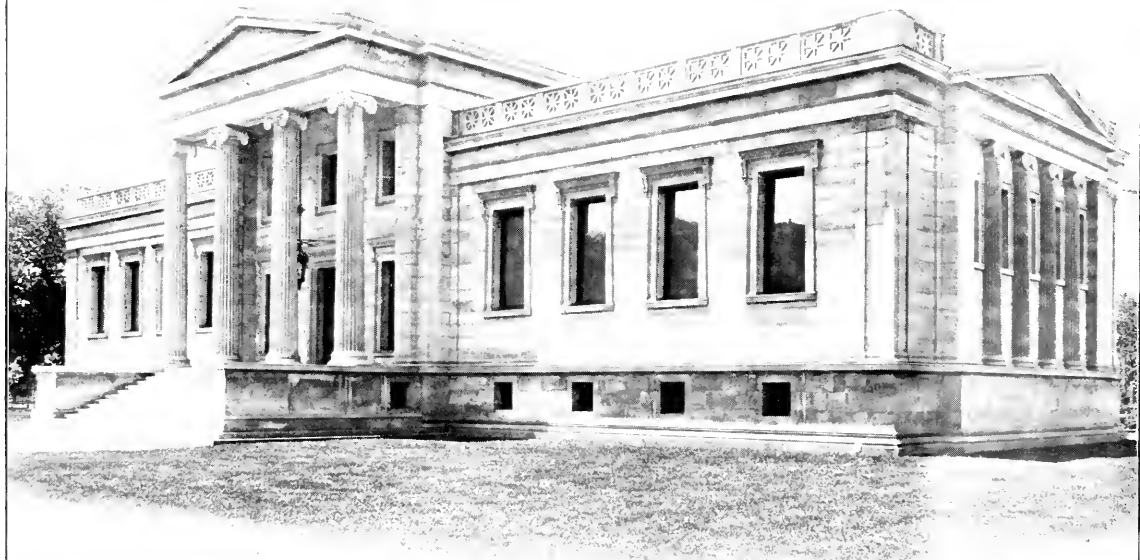
To Robert O. Kirkwood
from his friend
Howard Duffield.



EXERCISES AT THE DEDICATION

OF

OF THE

McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

MAY 6, MDCCCXCVI

AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY HELD APRIL 6, 1892, MR. CYRUS H. McCORMICK ANNOUNCED THE PURPOSE OF HIS MOTHER, MRS. NETTIE FOWLER McCORMICK, TO ERECT FOR THE SEMINARY A LIBRARY BUILDING. TWO YEARS WERE SPENT IN STUDYING AND COMPLETING PLANS UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MESSRS. SHEPLEY, RUTAN AND COOLIDGE, ARCHITECTS, AND THE ERECTION OF THE BUILDING WAS BEGUN IN THE SPRING OF 1894. THE WORK WAS COMPLETED IN THE SUMMER OF 1895, AND THE BUILDING OCCUPIED AT THE OPENING OF THE SEMINARY TERM, THE FOLLOWING SEPTEMBER.

PROGRAM

THE dedicatory services were held in connection with the commencement exercises of the Seminary, on Wednesday evening, May 6, 1896, under the following program:

Prayer, by Rev. Samuel J. Niccolls, D.D., of St. Louis.

Address, by Rev. Willis G. Craig, D.D., LL.D., Chairman of the Faculty.

Letter from Mrs. Nettie Fowler McCormick.

Presentation of the building, by Cyrus H. McCormick.

Address of acceptance, by Mr. Thomas Dent, President of the Board of Directors.

Dedication address, by Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D., of New York.

ADDRESS BY
REV. WILLIS G. GRAIG, D.D., LL.D.

Chairman of the Faculty

THIS occasion is of the profoundest interest, not only to the brilliant company present, but to the wide circle of Presbyterians who look to this institution as a center of theological education.

In planning the noble buildings that adorn this campus, we constantly looked forward to the erection of a suitable home for our valuable books.

We have ever appreciated the importance of a large and varied library as one of the chief means of forwarding the interests of liberal and exact theological culture, and it has been our urgent desire to provide here an edifice of sufficient capacity to receive books, in ever-increasing numbers, suited to the demands of the age, and fitted to keep our professors and students informed upon every healthful advance in true learning.

As we stand within this beautiful building we find that our ardent wishes have been more than realized, for even the boldest, in the days gone by, could not have hoped for a structure of such elegance and purity of design, such completeness of adaptation, and such perfection of finish as now greets the eyes of this assembled company.

To the exquisite taste and open-handed liberality of our beloved friend, Mrs. Nettie Fowler McCormick, we owe this building, and it is a delight to

express our sense of obligation to the donor of the beautiful library which has no rival among theological schools. The admiration and affection of consecrated men who have been trained in this institution, and who are preaching the imperishable Word in every clime, will ever be freely accorded to Mrs. McCormick and her family.

Allow me to introduce Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, who will represent his mother on this occasion.

LETTER FROM MRS. McCORMICK

Mr. McCormick read the following letter:

FLORENCE, Italy, April 21, 1896.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY: *Gentlemen*,—It is a great disappointment that I am unable to share personally in the opening of the Virginia Library, which, by a coincidence, occurs on the birthday of my daughter, whose name the library bears; but I feel I am fitly represented by my son, who will bring this greeting and deliver to you the keys.

The completion of this library marks a step in the progress, dear to my heart, of the Seminary.

Progress is made, either by finding new channels of effort, or by strengthening and systematizing existing resources. This new building, intended as a domicile for the best intellectual and spiritual life, falls under the latter head. The Seminary has been growing in wonderful measure. Its chairs of instruction have been doubled, its roll of students has multiplied, and its influence greatly widened. The excellence and thoroughness of its instruction have attracted hither large numbers of students who, in their turn, have extended its fame and proved its good training by their own efficient and faithful ministry.

You have already reached great heights, but, just as a traveler halts upon the crest of a summit gained, to take fresh breath and gird himself anew, that he

may with greater power and to better advantage attack the steeps which hold the road to higher glories, so I trust this building may be such an advance in equipment as will give renewed life and greater vigor in your forward march.

May its free expanse and wide proportions be symbolic of the great ideas its walls shall harbor; of the largeness of view and freedom of thought which has ever been the key of true progress; and of the lofty ideals and purposes to which this dedication consecrates it. And may the firmness of its construction, the ever-enduring quality of its marble and stone and iron, be also symbolic of the kind of support which Truth will ever find here, and of the endurance of such enlightened and sound interpretation of the Bible as our classes now receive from our present professors!

How it would have rejoiced the hearts of many of those who labored, while on earth, for the institution of their love, to see this finished house! By faith they saw these walls arise which you now see in substance, — many of the dear old professors, many of the faithful directors and trustees, of the early days, whose faces we shall see no more.

To no one of these would the library be a greater joy than to my dear and honored husband, who, with them, stood by the Seminary through storm and cloud. The impulse to build this new home for the books came from a wish to carry forward his work, and to strengthen the foundation which he laid, and to his earnest purpose it is therefore a

monument. And this is given to you in sacred trust for the institution under your care.

In storing up truth for future ages the Virginia Library will be helping to make the Seminary an ever-increasing center of light, whose rays shall spread not only over the great Northwest, but to every corner of the earth, until the shadows flee away. Very sincerely yours,

NETTIE FOWLER MCCORMICK.

ADDRESS OF PRESENTATION BY CYRUS H. McCORMICK

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,— In the world of nature we find that by transplanting and engrafting, results are secured which produce a hardier plant, a more productive fruit, a flower of greater beauty. By this principle the skillful botanist improves the vitality of his trees and plants, and secures to the world more perfect effects of fragrance, form, and color.

We are met together this evening to complete a transplanting which has been in progress for two years, where the fertile brain and skillful hand of the architect have sought to graft upon the sturdy stem of an American school of religious teaching one of the flowers of classic architecture. Architect and artisan have completed their work, and to-night we see in this edifice the realization of many hopes and prayers for the facilities of study and research here afforded. It is a matter of the deepest regret that the one who would have been the central figure is far from this interesting scene. But she is with us at this moment in spirit, and has sent, through me, a message of cordial greeting to all the friends who have gathered to celebrate the dedication of this building. During its construction she made every detail a personal interest, and her active mind passed upon all the problems of architectural and decorative work. To participate in this auspicious occasion is denied her, but the knowledge of the important use

of this building will be her grateful pleasure through all time.

A beautiful library should be an inspiration to every student. It represents the higher aspirations of the heart to seek the true and the good. May the spirit of her who planned and built it stimulate the heart of every man who studies within its walls. Will it not stir him to remember, as he goes forth from this school, the many others who are to follow him in these classes,

> "And, departing, leave behind him
> Footprints on the sands of time,"—

footprints which will show the pathway hither to some worthy successor?

And let us not forget the days of small beginnings, nor fail to do honor to the leaders of the early days. It is not so long since this campus was but a rough field of weeds, and the total enrollment of students was less than a score. We are grateful that one beloved professor, Dr. Halsey, is still with us, who knew those early days, who bore so nobly the burden of that early struggle, and who now can see the abundant fruition of those seeds planted by toil and nurtured by self-sacrifice and devotion to this great cause. May his days among us be many, and his strength be spared to give us the benefit of his counsel and his sympathy as we go forward with the work which is committed to our hands.

This occasion naturally suggests the deep interest which my honored father took in every plan for the benefit of this Seminary. He carried its interests

uppermost in his heart, and he had an abiding faith that the time would soon come when the heart of the Presbyterian Church would be awakened to its vital interests, and adequate means would be provided with which to care for and teach all the worthy men who come knocking at our doors for education for the ministry. Would that he might have been permitted to join with us to-night in this ceremony!

Mr. President of the Board of Directors, it only remains for me, on behalf of and by the direction of my mother, to hand you, as representing the governing body of this institution, the keys of this building. It is complete and ready for the reception and study of the books of this Seminary, and is the gift of my mother to the McCormick Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, to be held by this Seminary, in trust, for the purpose of theological training according to the standards of our Church.

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE BY MR. THOMAS DENT

President of the Board of Directors

MR. MCCORMICK, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN— In accepting from the hand of Mr. McCormick this key, symbolizing the delivery of this building, something more than merely formal thanks in behalf of the Board of Directors of McCormick Theological Seminary should be expressed.

This building is an eloquent memorial. Its presentation to the Seminary is one of many acts of kindness and generosity, showing the interest of the family of the donor in the great object for which this Seminary was founded,—the education and training of young men for the gospel ministry. That high and noble object actuated the late Cyrus Hall McCormick in offering, in May, 1859, one hundred thousand dollars for the endowment of four professorships in a theological seminary to be located in or near Chicago. He regarded the enterprise, to use his own words, "as of the greatest importance not only to the religious but also to the general interests of the country." His offer was accepted by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at its meeting in Indianapolis in that year, and was characterized, in one of the resolutions of the Assembly presented by Rev. Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer of New Orleans, as a "munificent donation." Such it truly was in that time of severe financial depression. It

was a controlling factor in causing the Seminary to be located in this city, and in drawing to it the same genial influences which had pervaded the work of the Seminary when organized and conducted, first at Hanover, Indiana, and afterwards, at New Albany, in that state. Action was taken so that the Seminary, whose work dated back to 1830, and in a measure to about the 1st of January, 1827, found its permanent home in this city; and the present institution became in 1859, under its then name, "The Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest," the ecclesiastical and legal successor of the seminary which had so long been under synodical control at Hanover and New Albany. Geographical considerations were important in determining the location, but Mr. McCormick's contribution gave life and spirit to the enterprise.

This consecrated ground was not occupied by the Seminary buildings until the completion, early in 1864, of Ewing Hall, which then stood alone.

It would be impossible to adequately express to donors, professors, and co-workers with them, our gratitude for the work which has been done by the Seminary for nearly threescore years and ten. How great was its object: to promote the spread of the gospel, and the evangelization of the world; to extend the influence of the Scriptures—the "sun of the spiritual firmament"! Into this work many have entered with loving zeal and enthusiasm, but no support has been more faithful than that which was given by Mr. McCormick. Without amplify-

ing references to his generous treatment of the Seminary, it is enough to say that an untiring interest was manifested by Mr. McCormick during his lifetime, and has been maintained by his family.

This library will bear well the name which has been given to it. Virginia, the native state of Mr. McCormick, the state which ceded to the United States the territory of which our own state of Illinois is a part, is worthy of this honor, which bespeaks the tender affection of the donor for the memory of the husband who was one of the real founders of the Seminary in its present location.

We consider one a benefactor who organizes and carries on industrial work giving useful employment to many persons. A great author is brother to such a benefactor. Though his work may seem small as it passes through the press, yet if it quickens the imagination and stirs the mind and heart to noble thought and effort, how great it may become! Whether, in his actual greatness, Shakespeare put forth his writings with dispatch, or whether he brooded over and pruned them with mighty diligence, we may not know. But countless is the number of those who, since his time, have been occupied in printing, binding, annotating, and distributing far and wide his writings, thus perpetuating his memory, and giving him a mightier influence than he could wield in his lifetime. All honor and praise to those whose influence is thus undying.

When we look at the Bible, with its sixty-six small books, bound together as if all the writers

had linked hands in producing from one mighty organ strains of adoration and praise, we can give honor to the writers, whether we know their names or not. Those writers were various in their training, their discipline, their employments; some were lawgivers, rulers, kings, prophets; others were fishermen. They numbered about forty, writing in three languages, and during a period of fifteen hundred years. Can we *fail* to honor these men when we consider how great has been the influence of their writings; into how many languages and tongues they have been translated; to what a vast number of people employment has been given in the copying, printing, distributing, reading, and in the exposition of the Scriptures?

Good influences are symbolized and foreshadowed by this structure. It is to enshrine, for preservation and use, a great many useful books for the benefit of students, professors, and ministers of the gospel. It denotes a great advance, an uplifting, an ennobling influence in the work of the Seminary. It tells this part of our great city, and those who study under its roof, that spiritual influences are real; that they should be esteemed, and should turn the hearts of parents and children with devotion to the Divine Being who "openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

Counting the gift of this building as one of the many acts of beneficence on the part of Mrs. Nettie Fowler McCormick, it is accepted by the Board of Directors with gratitude, and with a deep sense

of their obligation to fulfill the sacred trust imposed upon them by the giver, with the injunction to "guard well the walls of Zion."

A word should be added. The good deeds to which we have referred should be an encouragement to others to do likewise. An institution such as this Seminary has become always has needs. Its growth increases them. Tuition is freely given, but the endowments for a scholarship fund are very deficient. This is one of the pressing needs, and it is hoped that individuals and churches will recognize a responsibility in the matter, and that new friends will rise up to help those who have borne the heat and burden of the day.

ADDRESS BY
REV. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.
"LITERATURE AS A SOURCE OF PULPIT POWER"

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS OF MCCORMICK SEMINARY, — While journeying hitherward in response to your cordial invitation to participate in the congratulations and share in the inspirations of this auspicious hour, the thought thrust itself into my mind that this new library was the terminus of many pathways, a center around which a multitude of influences had clustered. An illustrious school of the prophets has added to its apparatus a superb intellectual enginery. Ancient art has exercised its ministry of beauty, and clothed the structure with classic grace. Tender affection has left its sign-manual in the name which shines above the portico. A hand practiced in liberality has given a characteristic evidence of its beneficent skill. Emerson says: "Every building was once an idea beneath some one's hat," but this stately edifice was once a throbbing emotion within a noble heart.

The artistic instinct which sought a model for this shrine of thought upon Mars Hill was an unerring one. "The Greeks seek after wisdom." With what an Olympian endeavor they pushed their search! What unsleeping vigil they maintained amid the shadow of life's mystery! Theirs was the eagerness of those who watch for the morn-

ing. Their hungering faces were ever toward the east. When the herald star of the Master of men shone in the firmament, when in the fullness of time "God made himself an awful rose of dawn" upon the summits of the Hebrew hills, their brows were brightened with the radiance of the coming day. Plato, like Moses, the Church Fathers used to say, was a schoolmaster to lead men to Christ. Architecture is the crystallization of profound emotion. The Greek enthusiasm for truth took form in marbles of deathless splendor and temples of matchless proportion. The beauty of this building, which we have met to dedicate, is the embodiment of a profound idea. This library, rising beside the Seminary, is an eloquent proclamation of the fact that the thirst for wisdom, which was so unsleeping in the breast of the Greek, is elemental in the human nature, and can be slaked alone from the fountains of God.

Of all the shrines which crowned the Acropolis there was none more ancient and none more venerated than that which has its reproduction upon your campus. The Erechtheum was the shrine of Athene, the keeper of that city which was the brain of the world, the metropolis of human culture. The deity was figured as keeping watch over the tomb of him who had founded the greatness of Attica, her arm girt with a mighty shield, the token of safety; her hand extending a branch of olive, the pledge of peace. Hellenistic intuition had perceived what modern statecraft has been slow in learning, that

Athene is a mightier defender of the commonwealth than Ares; that Wisdom is better than War; that invincible battlements for a city must be founded upon a love of the truth; that great principles are a more formidable artillery than leveled spears; that the schoolroom is the nation's arsenal; that an intellectual discipline produces a more unconquerable soldiery than martial drill; that an enlightened citizenship furnishes the true chariot and horse power for the maintenance of a nation's honor.

There is a singular identity between that Old-World temple and this modern counterpart. Within one wing of its hallowed inclosure welled forth the crystal waters of a healing stream, unsealed by a potent thrust from the trident of Neptune. At the farther extension of the temple, a sacred olive tree, tilled and cherished by the priestesses of Athene, reared its graceful form and yielded its unstinted fruitage. Wisdom brooded over sea and soil. All the majesty of the ocean, all the fertility of the earth, all the unfathomable and fascinating mystery of life, lay beneath the shadow of her wings. Mark the locality of this modern Erechtheum. It is planted between the lake and the prairie. Upon this side its base is washed with the gleaming waters of one of those Mediterraneans which nestle in the bosom of this New World. On yonder side lie outspread imperial tracts of teeming land, which, as one of your own poets has said, "you need but to tickle with a hoe, and it will laugh with a harvest." With a unique precision the eloquent significance of the old Grecian

shrine has been imported across the centuries, and around the planet, and re-embodied in this memorial pile; but this modern abiding-place of thought is bathed with the light of a truth such as never shone on ancient sea or land.

Into the templed glory of the hill of Mars there came one day a Jewish wanderer. The print of his sandals may have been left upon the pavement of the very building from which this library has been modeled. The literati of the city gathered to hear his novel discourse concerning Jesus and the resurrection. To their critic gaze his appearance was barbaric. Upon their cultured ear his utterance grated like "babble." But Paul was master of a secret unknown to Plato. Calvary proved more exalted than the Acropolis. The light paled over Athens. The glory brightened upon Golgotha. Before the uplifting of the crossed timbers upon which a Hebrew youth had met his death, this splendid forest of temples was shattered into fragments. Before the breath of the truth from the lips of one whom a Nazarene girl had mothered, the laureled diadem of great Pallas Athene withered, and the haunts of her worship passed into the realm of dreams. The words of the "babbler" still reverberate. His accents re-echo throughout the modern world. Thoughtful minds bend their energy to master the principles which he preached. Reverent hearts yield their homage at the altar-place of the cross which he uplifted. Nor can one altogether escape a thrill at the thought that the

ceremonial of this hour marks the dedication of this reconstructed temple as an instrumentality for the publication of the very truth which, when long ago proclaimed beneath its walls, seemed the essence of foolishness. This shrine of ancient wisdom emerges resplendent from the shadows of the past, and uplifts its pillared front to the light of this new day. Again have its storied walls become a place where the truth abides. Again the preacher stands with stirring heart and kindling thought before its august threshold. "But the old order changeth and giveth place to new." What men deemed fable has been found gospel. All the mystery and the energy of thought is being gathered here, that it may aid in equipping those who strive to swing the earth out of the darkness and into the light, by flooding it with the truth as it is in Jesus.

Such a combination of circumstances defines for us this theme: Literature as a source of pulpit power.

It is the glory of our faith that it can be preached. Our religion is a message. Christianity is a voice, the only voice that has sounded through the mysterious silence which enshrouds earthly existence like a pall. It is a voice which wakens an echo within every breast. It speaks in an accent alien to no meridian. It conveys ideas that are exotic upon no shore. Its rhythms are native to humanity. When honesty bends its ear to listen, men discover that its utterance is couched in the tongue in which they were born.

The Seminary is a school of heraldry, a training-place for the couriers of the King. Its entire machinery is centered upon the solitary result of schooling manhood in the art of bringing the message of God to bear upon the need of the world. The value of a literary element in this discipline is not unchallenged. An opinion is abroad that the bookman is the unnecessary man; that intellectuality cuts the nerve of practicality; that the scholar is a recluse, irresolute and ineffective, unread in the necessities of real life and unversed in the meanings of every-day experience, his ideas "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and his brawn too much run to brain; that he is Erasmus in the cloister, when the call of the world is for Luther in the arena. This is no new misconception of the scholar. Socrates was easily leader of the Academy, but Xanthippe scouted his helplessness as a home-maker. In an old play the pedant was pilloried as expert in raveling a syllogism, but unapt in the logic of knotting his sandal-strings. The prevalence of this irony hints at a basis of truth. This persistent undervaluation of scholarship is in reality a danger-signal. It levels an index finger at a peril which dogs every literary worker. The menace of the scholar is mistaking bookishness for culture. On this reef many a student has made wreck. A book is an energy, a conductor of mental electricity. Its mission is to increase the power of right living. Its secret lies neither in the gleam of its words, nor the ring of its sentences, but in the energy of its

ideas. Its true message lies between its lines and behind its pages. It is not to be mastered by the recitation of its sentences, but by the assimilation of its thought. "A man, not a book, is the purpose of the world," declared Phillips Brooks. So saying, he echoed Humboldt's assertion, "Government, religion, property, books, are nothing but scaffolding to build a man." True culture is the coronation of character. The right handling of books is a mental gymnastic for the developing of an athletic brain, tireless in planning and masterful in achieving the good of men. In the words of Bacon, "Our studies are not a couch upon which we are to rest; they are not a cloister in which we are to promenade alone; they are not a tower from which we are to look down on others, nor a fortress from which we may resist them, nor a workshop for gain and merchandise; but as a rich armory and treasure-house, for the glory of the Creator and the ennoblement of life."

There can be no misconception as to the purpose of this superb structure whose formal opening we have met to celebrate. It has not been reared merely for purposes of architectural adornment. It is more than a marble memorial of affection. It is a seminary library, a center of seminal influence. Etymologically speaking, every library is a seminary, not so much a repository of books as a seedhouse. There is no nest of power like a warehouse of seeds. Its walls are not shaken with the pulse of giant machinery. No spindles rattle. No shuttles flash.

No looms swing. No bewildering network of bands whirls amid a dizzy perplexity of wheels. Room after room is stored with seed-force, with boxes of kernels, packets of grain, bins of corn, each husk the cradle of a living germ. Within these tiny capsules of energy sleep potencies that shall transform the world. They shall apparel the dull earth with beauty. They shall enamel its pasture-lands with emerald and gold and ivory. They shall mantle its hillsides with royal robes, broidered with a wealth and splendor unknown to mechanic skill. They shall garland its forests with crowns more glorious than a monarch's diadem. They shall spread a veritable banquet-board of God, at which all the nations may appease their hunger. They shall rival the philosopher's stone and transmute the crude elements of carbon and oxygen and nitrogen into a life-force which shall make cunning the hand of the worker, and skillful the brain of the thinker, and fervent the heart of the friend. Such a mental granary is this library. It is a storehouse of germ-power. More than an ornament, more than a monument, it is a living spring of vital energy.

1. Literature is a source of pulpit power because it forges a weapon for the use of the Holy Ghost. A literary habit places upon the altar a disciplined brain by the side of a glowing heart. A mastery of letters will gear the love of the ransomed soul with the thought-force of a well-tutored intellect. The tongue of the preacher must be trained by the Spirit of God. His message was not born of earth, and

cannot be imparted without divine illumination. The essential source of all pulpit power is Pentecostal fire. This celestial agency is independent of earthly appliances. Endued with its energy, fishermen became apostles, and rustics turned the world upside down. It is written that "not many wise men after the flesh are called." But the writer of that sentence was himself a schoolman, and so in love with books that when he sent for a cloak to protect himself against dungeon-damp he sent for his parchments as well, that his soul might be companioned in its prison loneliness with the sovereign spirits of the mighty dead. When the time came for the church to advance to the conquest of the world, the Holy Spirit enrolled a scholar among the apostles, and commissioned as leader of the army of invasion a man who had been nurtured in the atmosphere of the library. The distinctive significance of Paul's conversion resides in the fact that he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel before he knelt at the foot of the cross. When the hour came for channeling the course through which theologic thought should pour its Niagara torrent down the centuries, the Spirit elected to inhabit the mind of an Augustine, saturated with the subtleties of the Platonic philosophy. When occasion demanded the sounding of a clarion which, like the silvery blast of the Levitical trumpets, should signal the march of the militant church, the Spirit subsidized the mentality of Calvin and the intellectuality of Knox, sons of great mediæval universities. Hodge

was enabled to unite profundity of thought with simplicity of statement because his great heart was wedded to a strong brain. Shedd rendered the most intricate theological problems translucent by spreading them upon pages drenched with literary allusions. Thomas Chalmers and our own William M. Taylor possessed a leonine power for pulpit-work because their capacious minds lay wide open to the light and drank in the genial, fructifying influences which stream from logic and philosophy, from song and from story, as the fallow earth drinks in the sunbeam and the dew.

When Chatham stood at the head of the English peerage, and his hand was resting upon the helm of Britain's destinies, he brought to his task an acute and furnished mind, a wide acquaintance with his country's story, a thorough knowledge of economics, a practical familiarity with diplomacy, a philosophic insight into the reason of things, and a poetic temperament sensitive to the highest ideals. When that marvelous intellectual mechanism was set in motion, it seemed, men said, as though the genius of his native land descended upon him and dwelt within him. His form dilated. His face shone. His periods resounded with the victorious thunder of Britain's cannon, and reverberated with the triumphal tread of British progress. So let the ambassador of Christ equip himself with a broad literary culture. Let him seek to become expert in all the methods by which the mind of man has moved toward the truth. Let him be indifferent to not

one of all the processes by which the reason has aspired to unravel the mysteries of existence. Let him bring his nature into touch with the melody of poetry, the acuteness of philosophy, the breadth of history, and the intrepidity of science. Let him inscribe upon the tablets of his heart the splendid chronicle of his church's past. Let him open wide his soul to the sound of those sublime and mysterious voices which spake as the Spirit gave them utterance. Then, when the Holy Ghost shall descend upon him as he heralds the exalted and thrilling mysteries of the earth's redemption, the glorious principles of revelation shall gleam as with the flash of jewels, and his speech shall tingle with apostolic fervors and heroic energies, his utterance throb with the sturdy strength which pulsed within the breast of the champions of the faith, his sentences become intense with the glow of the martyr-fires, and the pulpit-place where he ministers be overhung with the awe which brooded upon the garden of the agony and the hill of the crucifixion, and become atmosphered with the sublimity which pervaded the garden of the conquered tomb and glorified the mountain of the ascension.

2. Literature is a source of pulpit power because it voices the need of the world.

The need of humanity is depicted with an unsparing pencil upon many a page of Holy Scripture. Literature yields the sad and pathetic echo to this inspired diagnosis. There is an interesting legend concerning the youth of Buddha. The attempt was

made to sequester him from all knowledge of the world-woe. He was placed by his royal father in a sumptuous palace. Every sort of earthly satisfaction was accumulated. Every ministry of pleasure was set in motion. Evil was exiled. Sorrow was concealed. Pain was suppressed. Death was unmentioned. But in the weird hours of the wakeful night, spirit-whispers crept through the open casement, and breathed upon the strings of his wind-harp, telling of the sore burden of human life, and of the pain-ridden world groaning for its redemption. From literature there comes just such a wailing cry, a cry as wearied and unsleeping as the moaning of the sea. For literature is simply a vain attempt to interpret the mystery of life. In all ages men have wistfully watched the stars in their stately march across the sky. They have noted the solemn pomp with which the procession of the seasons treads the earth. With subdued heart they have become conscious that they are themselves a part of this vast mysterious movement, atoms in this cosmic process. They have felt the majestic and resistless swing of the stream of time, bearing them onward, steadily, silently, swiftly. They have beheld the generations appear and disappear, like the clouds that float through the air. They have beheld the countless individuals of the race vanish, one by one, as the leaves of the forest wither and fall. They have seen joy unfold its petals, exhale its fragrance, and pass away as evanescent as a flower of the spring. They have seen the earth furrowed

with the iron plowshare of cruelty, and crimsoned with the blood-red dews of hate. They have shivered at the strange cry of pain with which the air is ceaselessly quivering, and they have been chilled by that rain of tears wherewith the earth is ever wet. They have stood with anguished hearts before the frowning gateways of the grave, and have challenged its grim silence with despairing cries. Listen to Carlyle: "So it has been from the beginning, so it will be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian Night on heaven's mission appears. The force and fire which is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed to pieces on the rocks of strife in war with his fellow,—and the heaven-sent is recalled, this earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense he becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing host, we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. But whence? O Heaven, whither?"

Men gaze. They listen. They ponder. They make record; and that record is literature. Each volume is another clew to the labyrinth of life, a fresh answer to the enigma of the Sphinx, a reread-

ing of the riddle of the painful earth. Every book is the attempt to put into language what its writer has detected of the meaning of life. This is what Milton meant when he said: "Every good book contains the life-blood of some master spirit." Its sentences are the distilled essence of its author's experience of existence. "The best of my poems," writes Whittier, "have been crushed out of me by the weight of the cross which I have carried." Literature is the sum total of the thought which has "been crushed out" of the human mind by the burden of the solemn facts which condition its being. He held a well-pointed pen who wrote, "The dome which overarches every collection of great books is nothing less than the infinite sky which stretches over the life of man." Homer, who touched his harp in the early morning hour of song, pictures not merely a strife of princes beneath the walls of Troy, but rehearsed the Iliad of humanity, that battle royal waged by every soul of man; he celebrated not alone the experience of a homeless king struggling over troubled waters and along danger-haunted shores toward the far-off haven of his heart, but he recited a spiritual Odyssey, the vicissitude of the soul in quest of its native land. The verse of Virgil did more than portray the fortunes of an exiled prince who found a throne in a land beyond the sea: it chronicles the ardent and triumphant pilgrimage of the soul to the city of its true royalty. The Divina Commedia of the poet-preacher of the Middle Ages was not so much a panorama of the

world to come, as a secret history of the human soul, an unveiling of the processes and possibilities of the life that now is, a tremendous projection into visibility of those hidden forces which play through mortality and dominate destiny. Shakespeare sits like a master of the revels, watching the play which humanity is enacting; and to him this great drama of the earth and man is but a Comedy of Errors, a Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, a Tempest, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," a Winter's Tale; its fools dressed in wisdom and its sages in motley; purity and equity ever at cross-purposes; youth intoxicated with illusion, and old age drunk with wormwood or shadowed with the brain-clouds of insanity; earthly existence, a struggle without a purpose, a problem without a solution, a midnight without a star.

Literature sounds a pathetic note of unsatisfied longing, from the wistful yearnings of Plato to the passionate and turbulent outcries of Byron and Shelley. Goethe, hailed by many as prince of modern letters, serene in temperament, symmetrical in culture, deep-thoughted, far-sighted, garnering whatever satisfactions could be produced in the fields of intellectual delight, confesses, "I have ever been esteemed a favorite of fortune, nor will I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care, and in all my seventy-five years I have never had a month of genuine comfort." Literature is haunted with a sense of thwarted destiny, from its exhibition of the tragic

figure of Prometheus bound on the cliffs of Caucasus, to its presentation of Hamlet pacing the ghostly battlements of Elsinore. Literature is saturated with the corroding suspicion that life is not worth the living, whether it be voiced in the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, or embalmed in the somber rhythms of the Rubaiyat, or chanted in such poetry of despair as the "City of Dreadful Night." Max Nordau would doubtless scoff at any affiliation with the Genevan school of theology, but in his work on "Degeneration," yet fresh from the printer, he out-Calvins Calvin in descanting upon the tendencies to evil inherent in humanity, and in attempting to demonstrate that all this latter-day splendor of art and letters is but the fleeting sunset pomp which ushers in a "dusk of the gods." Literature is burdened with the confession of its impotence to allay the cravings of the heart.

A lichen baffles the laureate. The light of his master mind sheds no ray upon the secret of a rootlet. Tennyson, with all his penetrating intuition, confesses that he is no Solomon, and cannot strip of its mystery "the hyssop which springeth out of the wall."

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck thee out of the crannies;
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower,—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

The truth hidden from song is equally beyond the reach of science. The laboratory cannot unveil

it. The scalpel cannot dissect it. The lens cannot perceive it. Philosophy bows her head and is dumb when she hears the heart crying out for peace.

"Has science actually brought us one step nearer the final mystery of things?" asks he who wrote the "Religion of a Literary Man." "It has catalogued the minutiæ of phenomena. It has numbered the stars and counted the grains of sand, but has it told us a single truth about the essence of things? It has but quickened and deepened the sense of mystery."

A climber in the Alps was found lifeless upon a lofty summit. His icy hand clenched a scrap of paper inscribed with the totality of his discovery: "It is very cold, and the clouds shut out the view." In that single sentence he condensed the witness of letters to the helplessness of man. The climbers of thought-summits fondly dream that, as from some Pisgah, they shall regale their gaze with the exuberant delights of a land of promise. They find it very cold. The clouds shut out their view. Their disappointment utters itself in some such dirge-like song as this, which William Watson sung:

> "For still the ancient riddles mar
> Our joy in man, in leaf, in star;
> The Whence and Whither give no rest;
> The Wherefore is a hopeless quest;
> And the dull wight who never thinks,
> Who, chancing on the sleeping Sphinx,
> Passes unchallenged, fares the best."

It would seem as though the murmur of such a sorrow would put wings to the feet of the messengers of God. It would seem as though it must spur to the utmost the sanctified desire to herald the unsearchable satisfactions of the divine grace to a creation which has so eloquently and so appealingly confessed itself to be travailing in pain, and to be wistfully waiting for the glad coming of some sure embassy of peace.

3. Literature is a source of pulpit power because it feeds the source of intellectual courage.

The pulpit is sometimes called a throne. It might more aptly be likened to an arena. Its fit occupancy requires gladiatorial qualities. The call to preach is a call for the exercise of mental intrepidity, a demand for disciplined bravery. To seek to win the allegiance of mankind to truths that sweep beyond the domain of the reason; to seek to install as the motive power of life, love for One into whose face no man has ever looked, whose hand man cannot clasp, the sound of whose voice has never greeted his ear; to exalt future possibilities above present actualities; to plead the claims of the supernatural to minds enthralled by the principles of the market-place; to invest with a sceptered authority ideas against which the earth-born nature is set like a flint; to attempt to win the way for truth that is unpalatable, that runs across the grain, that hurls pride from its pedestal, that brands self-complacency as folly, that proclaims man to be a sinner, a sinner lost and helpless, a sinner to be saved only by

mercy, and that mercy free and unmerited,—taxes the resources of intellectual courage. He who rises to the heights of such an enterprise, he who conducts worthily such an adventure, may well close it with the cry of the thinker who said: "Lay a sword upon my coffin, for I have been a warrior in the great fight for the emancipation of the earth."

There come times when weariness broods heavily over the heart of the fighter, and when the warrior can scarce endure the stress of the battle. Ofttimes the soul is heavy with the consciousness that the Temple of the Truth cannot be builded like fabled Thebes to the dulcet notes of flutes and the soft tinkle of harp-strings, but arises amid the clamors and the tumult of war. Ofttimes the heart grows sick with the realization that the City of God cannot be constructed in hallowed silence as the sanctuary rose upon the hill of Zion, but must be reared amid the clash of steel on steel, and the fierce collisions of armed men. Ofttimes the strength is worn and the spirit spent with the fierceness of the inevitable antagonisms, and the ear vexed with the crash of the incessant battle-cry, and the defenders of the faith feel like participants in that "dim, weird battle of the West," when—

> "A deathwhite mist slept on sand and sea,
> * * * and even on Arthur fell
> Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought;
> For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
> And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew."

In the old Homeric song it is recorded that when

the heart of a great champion grew faint, he prayed to Athene for help, "and the blue-eyed goddess was glad that he prayed first to her, and strengthened him with strength in his shoulders and limbs, and she gave him courage." So let the warrior of the cross, in his hour of weakness, reread the story of the progress of truth as it is imprinted in the world's literature. Clouds will lift. The horizon will clear. The pulse will move with stronger beat. The loins will be belted with fresher strength. He will relearn the fact, "we fall, to rise; are baffled, to fight better." He will be reminded that the Napoleonic leader of the early church announced from the outset that the advance of the cross was to be over a well-fought field and in the face of fierce foemen; that the conditions of its truest success should be not only an "open door" inviting entrance, but also "many adversaries" whose overthrow should serve to demonstrate the resistlessness of its power. He will realize that the church's seed has been its martyr-blood; that the worth of its trophies has been measured by the stress of its struggles; that its hymns of triumph have floated over battle-plains; that its psalms of victory have been "songs of the sword"; that its crown jewels have been formed under the chemic pressure of strife. The Sabellian heresy cleared the mists from the doctrine of the Trinity. The Pelagian debate clarified conception with reference to the nature of man. The choice fruit of the Arian controversy was the Nicene Creed. From the political upheav-

als and the ecclesiastical catastrophes of the Middle Ages emerged the doctrine of justification by faith. The struggle of Puritan and Churchman concerning the divine right of kings resulted in formulating the truth concerning the supreme sovereignty of the Deity. The Armenian reaction preserved sovereignty from passing into tyranny. A Roman spear-thrust on Calvary demonstrated the truth of the Redeemer's broken heart. In these later days the spear-thrusts of Christ's enemies most conspicuously attest the invincibility of His divinity.

Amid the excitement and turmoil that to-day environ the Sacred Scriptures, let us lend an ear to the voice of history. In this hour, when the Holy Bible is a target for assault; when from without the church an antagonism aiming to destroy it, and from within the church a criticism claiming to defend it, are seemingly achieving the common result of impugning its veracity, impairing its integrity, and undermining its authority,—faith may well be fortified by the teaching of all the ages, that the shining of the truth is the clearer for the storm. Recall the striking sentences of Beaconsfield, who, commenting upon a similar crisis, pointed out the sure sequel to all such spiritual effervescence: "When the turbulence was over, when the waters had subsided, the sacred heights of Sinai and Calvary were again revealed, and mankind, tried by so many sorrows, purified by so much suffering, and wise with such unprecedented experience, bowed again before the divine truths that Omnipotence

had intrusted to the custody and promulgation of a Chosen People."

Well-read in the lessons of literature, armored with a clear view of the earth's experience, a pupil of the centuries, the preacher will keep his poise amid the swing of passing influences; he will address himself to his work with the mien of victory; he will utter his word in tones that shall vibrate after the manner of the player in the Niebelungen Lied, whose crisp and silvery notes were cut from his violin by a bow backed with a sword-blade. The confusions of the field of strife will no longer shake him with a single tremor as to ultimate issues. He will share the unruffled confidence of Milton, and say: "Let truth and falsehood grapple. If all the winds of doctrine were let loose upon the earth, we do wrong to doubt the outcome, so truth be in the field. Who ever heard of truth being worsted in a fair battle?"

4. Literature is a source of pulpit power because it emphasizes the excellence of the Holy Scriptures.

A diamond will attract a child by its strange fire, but only a lapidary can calculate the value of the gem. A star will arrest the gaze of a peasant, but to an astronomer alone will it measure stellar spaces and tell of the march of worlds. A flower, by its fragrance, will charm every passer-by, but its message is heard alone by the heart of the poet to whom "the meanest flower that blows will waken thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." The Bible is a child's book, and he within whose soul

the light of thought is only glimmering can discover therein his Saviour; but the unique excellence of the Scripture stands out alone against a background of familiarity with the "other half" of the world's literature. The Bible is the most thought-packed book in existence. It has been fitly entitled "A segment of the history of the universe." It is a compendium of the principles of the divine government. It is a primer on the methods of Deity, for use in this kindergarten of an earth. Whatever is vital in history, and essential in philosophy, and progressive in diplomacy, and ennobling in personality, strikes root in its pages. Says Froude, who speaks *ex cathedra* with reference to the teaching of history: "All that we call modern civilization, in any sense deserving of the name, is but the visible expression of the transforming power of the Gospel." The Scripture is atmosphered with a literary grandeur that only the lettered can fully appreciate. When Walter Scott lay dying he requested that a book might be read to him. "What book?" was asked. "What book?" responded he whose wizard pen has enriched the world with its marvelous performance—"What book? There is but one." Old Samuel Johnson was book-taster for England in his day, and his epicurean literary palate recognized the peculiar savor of the idyl of Ruth as an almost perfect specimen of pastoral writing. George William Curtis sat for many years in the editor's chair of the Harper's Magazine, and therefore gives an expert opinion when he declares that, from a purely

literary standpoint, the story of Joseph is the best short story in existence. Alfred the Great vindicated his kingly capacity, and laid broad and deep the foundations of British stability, when he prefaced the Constitution of England with the Decalogue of Moses. The Book of Job casts its spell over the casual reader, but its strange power is most magically felt by a mind profoundly immersed in human lore, like that of Carlyle, who irrepressibly bursts forth: "Apart from all theories concerning it, I call the Book of Job one of the grandest things that ever came from the human pen." The marvelous poetry of the Hebrew Psalter makes all hearts to sing, but he is touched with a fresh sense of wonder at their rare quality, who can compare the lyrics of David with the hymns of the Vedas and the odes of Horace. The study of the Proverbs in the common school puts pith and sap into the Scottish character, but the closeness of their grain and the fineness of their fiber becomes fully apparent only when the sentences of Solomon are weighed in the balances over against the aphorisms of Aurelius. Ecclesiastes sounds the note of ennui, to which the elaborate systems of present-day pessimism are only the long-drawn echo, albeit the echo repeats only the sighing, and altogether misses the solace. Macaulay was keenly sensitive to the elements of a lofty style, and Webster was quick to recognize the roll of real eloquence. These giant linguists therefore became the pupils of Isaiah, that they might catch something of his peerless gift of literary ex-

pression. The profundity of the Epistle to the Romans is apparent on the surface, but its vast depths can be adequately fathomed only by some such philosophic spirit as that of Coleridge, who rises from its study with the statement, "This letter to the Romans is the most profound of all the philosophies."

Charles Reade was such a master in the art of character-painting that he was outspoken in his amazement at the power with which the penman of Scripture pictured personality. Canvass the literature of the world upon the subject of "Incarnation." See how, in every land, gifted pens and splendid minds have been taxed in the effort to worthily express the conception of deity in humanity. The conspicuous and universal failure of the masters of human thought measures the unparalleled achievement which has been wrought by those untutored Galileans, who, claiming that they had beheld the glory of the "Word made flesh," set forth His picture in their fourfold gospel.

It is one of the fads of skeptic thought to invest with a fictitious value the religious writings of the Oriental world. This logic is possible for those to whom the alphabet of the Oriental languages is a hopeless mystery; this argument is plausible to those who have never looked between the covers of these misnamed bibles. But Max Müller, after subjecting all the holy books of the Eastern nations to a microscopic scrutiny, says: "Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true and of good

report in those sacred books, but let us teach Hindoo, Buddhist, and Mohammedan that there is but one sacred book of the East which can be their mainstay in that awful hour when they shall pass alone into the unseen world. It is the Book which contains that faithful saying, worthy to be received of all men and women and children, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The Koran is an offshoot of Old Testament literature. It reads like one of the Apocrypha, rather than the text-book of another faith. All that is of worth in the teachings of infidelity has been pilfered from the Bible. Eliminate from the literature of unbelief all for which it stands debtor to the Scriptures, and no one cares what claim gods or men may lay to the residuum. Encompassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, what wonder that Gladstone, that man of encyclopædic culture, at home alike in the Cabinet chamber and Parliament-house, the literary den and the social circle, a prince both in the realm of thought and in the sphere of action, should be moved to say: "We claim for Holy Scripture not merely precedence, but supremacy."

The Bible rises above the thought of the race, like the mighty mountain ranges that rib the earth with adamantine strength. It sweeps along the coast line of human opinion with the rush of its sublime influences, like the ocean, which bathes the sphere with its mysterious tides. The music of the sea shall one day be still, and the voice of its mighty waters be heard no more. The hour is hastening

on when the granite foundations of the age-worn hills shall crumble, and not one stone be left upon another. "But the word of our God shall stand forever."

5. Literature is a source of pulpit power because it emphasizes the unique supremacy of Christ.

Sidney Lanier, whose harp of song was all too soon unstrung, composed a poem of rare power which he named "The Crystal." He sees in vision—

> "Companies of Governor-spirits, grave bards,
> And old-bringers down of flaming news
> From steep-walled heavens, holy malcontents,
> Sweet seers, and stellar visionaries, and
> All that brood about the skies of poesy."

As the mystic procession moves before his eyes, some fault appears in each. Homer nods. Plato dreams. Buddha is fantastic. Aurelius is pedantic. Dante limps. Shakespeare blots his page. Milton sings false. Goethe is icy. Emerson is supercilious. Whitman is lop-sided.

> "But Thee, but Thee, O Sovereign Seer of time,
> But Thee, O poet, Wisdom's tongue,
> But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
> O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
> O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest,—
> What 'if' or 'yet,' what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
> What least defect, or shadow of defect,
> What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
> Of inference loose; what lack of grace,
> Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's,—
> O what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
> Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?"

This is not simply good poetry. It is the epitome of the world's thought, the essence of human literature, the goal to which the student of letters is rigorously driven. Of old, all roads led to Rome. Now, every pathway leads to Calvary. Interrogate the centuries. Cross-examine the thinkers of every age and clime. The more extensive the search, the more inquiring the scrutiny, the more lustrous the pre-eminence of Christ. Jesus of Nazareth has met the world-want as a trellis meets tendrils, as the open door and the enfolding arms meet the homeless wanderer. Christ alone has interpreted God intelligibly. The sore necessities of humanity stirred to its depths the sympathy of the Deity. From the throne of being, Christ comes for the unveiling of the glory of God and the giving of peace to men. He mitigates the pang of evil by sharing with us its malignity. As our comrade, he journeys along our flinty way and passes through the shadowed valley into which our path descends. As our champion he flings off the fetters of the grave and bursts asunder the gates of death. Child of the first century, he is the leader of all time. Cradled in a remote corner of the earth, he seems native to every meridian. Moses was distinctively Hebrew, and Plato Hellenist; Cicero was palpably Roman, and Goethe Teuton; Dante was a flower of the Italian soil, and Shakespeare was an offshoot of English oak. But Jesus is not Jewish. He is the Son of man. The planet is his pedestal. History is his chronicle. The arms of his cross span a wider empire than that

over which the eagles of Cæsar flew. His homage resounds from every compass-point. Lecky, the profound and careful historian of European morals, has asserted "that the record of the three short years of Jesus' life has done more to preserve humanity from entire corruption than all the disquisitions of sages, philosophers, or preachers." Immanuel Kant, the critic of the Pure Reason, reached the climax of his logic in the conclusion that Jesus Christ had embodied the highest ideal of humanity. Stuart Mill, the philanthropist, pondering upon the betterment of human nature, declared that religion could have selected no loftier pattern of character than Jesus, and that human life would rise most surely to its highest point by treading in his footsteps. Robert Browning, the robust wrestler with all the questionings of this doubt-haunted century, boldly declares:

> "I say * * * that God in Christ, accepted by thy reason,
> Solves all things in the world and out of it."

Chunder Sen, the great popular leader of the Orient, proclaims: "It was not the bayonets of England, but the cross of Christ, that conquered India." Mozoomdar, the scholarly pundit, insists that no one can enter sympathetically into the secret of Christ's nature, but one who, like him, has been cradled beneath an Oriental sky. Beaconsfield utters a glowing testimony as to the indebtedness of the Jewish race to Him whom their fathers sent to Golgotha: "Have all the princes of the house of David done so much for the Jews as that Prince

who was crucified on Calvary? He has made theirs the most famous history in the world. He has avenged the victory of Titus, and the conquests of the Cæsars. Has he not triumphed over Europe? Has he not changed its name into Christendom? All countries that refuse his cross wither. The time will surely come when vast myriads of America and Australia, looking upon Europe as Europe now looks upon Greece, wondering how so small a space could have achieved such great deeds, will still find music in the songs of Sion, and still seek solace in the parables of Galilee." Renan might be skeptic as to most things. He had reached certitude upon at least one point: "Whatever surprises the future may hold in store, there can be nothing that will overshadow Jesus."

The ninth symphony of Beethoven is a marvelous effort to translate the meaning of existence into melodic form. It is a Samsonian endeavor to wrench the gates of life's mystery from off their hinges, and to force a way into the heart of its citadel. The many-voiced clamor of that intense strife which is ever raging between man and the limitations of his nature; the fitful gleaming of the light through rifted gloom, the harbinger of ultimate triumph; the lowering, thickening, melancholy shadows; the swelling yearnings, the bitter defeats, the unconquerable aspirations; pain with its pang; peace with its balm; beauty with its delights; war with its enthusiasms; duty with its heroisms; resolve with its steel-strung determinations; faith with

its vision of the sun behind the clouds; hope with exultant pinion, breasting the storm,—all are uttered with a Titanic mastery of musical expression. But at last the potencies of utterance which sleep in elemental nature reach their bound. The whisper of the strings, the carol of the wood, the blare of the metal, all are exhausted. Then the climax comes. The thrill of a human voice is heard. Melody is clothed upon with personality. Sound passes into song. As with the voice of many waters, a mighty chorus pours forth in triumphant measures a hymn of joy. This wonderful music is a parable. Literature discloses humanity as tugging at its tether. Philosophy wings her flight to the outposts of thought. Poetry flashes her keen intuition into the depths of experience. History unrolls her mystic scroll. Prophecy sounds her expectant note. All the resources of earthly energy are spent, but the heart is unappeased, hungering for a vision of the unveiled face of truth, and battling for a victory which shall tread all evil into the dust; yearning after the infinite with a never-sleeping and a never-satisfied desire; bending the ear to catch a whisper from the eternal one; straining the gaze to behold a glimpse of him who is invisible. Then the Word becomes flesh. The message becomes a man. Eternal truth is written in the alphabet of earthly life. Deity is expressed in terms of humanity. The infinite enters the realm of the finite. The enigmas of existence are lived into solution by Christ. "The life is the light of men." In Him

thought touches its goal. Sitting at His feet, the soul enters into rest. Upon His bosom the heart finds the pillow of peace. Under the spell of his ever-widening influence, the song of the poet is becoming the anthem of humanity.

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day, and cease to be;
> For they are broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

The ceremonial of this hour is therefore no perfunctory and formal rite. We are here to kindle a light that, by the grace of God, shall be a beacon of blessing never to be put out. We are now to touch a key liberating dynamic energies which shall lift many a burden from the weary earth. We are flinging wide the portals of splendid possibility. We are privileged, with a glad and earnest expectancy, to dignify this building as an abiding-place for those "dead but sceptered sovereigns who rule our spirits from their urns." Within these hallowed precincts the reverent ear may catch the whisper of just such unearthly voices as those which summoned Joan of Arc from the quiet of a sheltered life to the field of bitter battle, and to the glory of a martyr's crown. Within these corridors the purged and quickened vision may catch the gleam of just such beckoning signals as those strange shore-lights which flashed their invitations to the sea-wearied Columbus from the frontier lands of another world. These shelves are laden with the instruments whereby the student of celestial forces may,

like Galileo, detect spheric movements beyond the ken of the common eye.

It is no inauspicious omen that we celebrate this festival in the month of May. This is the moment of the year when the signature of promise is stamped most plainly upon the earth, and the prophecies of a golden future are whispered most eloquently by every breeze. In this month, beyond the Atlantic, in that land well christened by Hawthorne "Our Old Home," they will celebrate the birthday of a queen; and in the ancient capital of earth's vastest empire monarchs shall gather to place the diadem upon the brow of a Czar. But

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

And it may be that, were we keen-sighted enough to pierce the husk of things, and to detect the richness of the hidden kernel, we should discover that the ostentations of imperial parade were eclipsed by the simple dignity of this gathering of friends, assembled to recognize an act of regal generosity; to record their gratitude to the Source of all good, who endowed His servant with the power and inspired her with the desire for its achievement; and with joyful solemnities to dedicate to its exalted uses this monumental structure, whither many a company of those who aspire to serve the Christ shall resort, that they may become furnished for their royal ministry,—a structure which, in Ruskin's quaint and forceful phrase, we may aptly christen "A king's treasure-house and a queen's garden."

DESCRIPTION OF THE LIBRARY

THE Virginia Library of the McCormick Theological Seminary, designed by Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge, is a building 146 feet long and 66 feet in depth, built of blue Bedford stone, and is designed in what is sometimes called the "Hellenic Renaissance."

The Ionic order adopted, with its attendant details, is from the celebrated temple known as the Erectheum, on the Acropolis at Athens, and while faithfully carried out in essentials, has been modified only in such particulars as the requirements of the local material necessitated, without the introduction of motifs foreign to the style, and it may be confidently stated that the building is an essay in the purest Greek architecture, while not a reproduction of any ancient building.

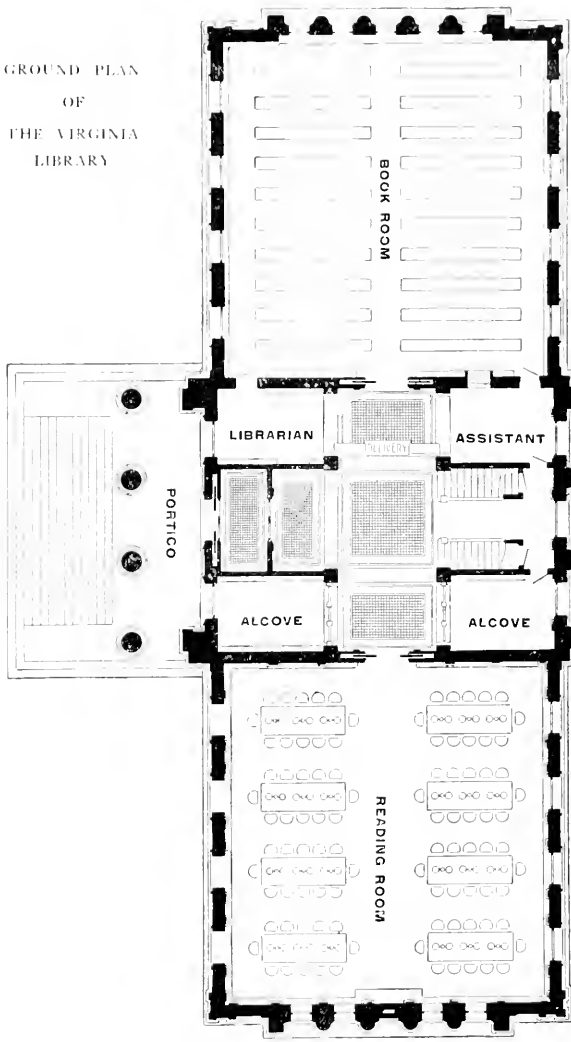
The main entrance, marked with its tetrastyle portico, the columns of which are monoliths 27 feet high, leads through the vestibule directly into the hall.

Opposite the entrance is the double staircase of ornamental cast-metal and marble. On the left is the stackroom, a space 49 feet by 47 feet, and 20 feet in height, and on the right the reading-room of the same size.

About the hall are four convenient alcoves for students, each with its separate window and bookcases on the two side walls.

The stackroom is perfectly lighted, and has a

GROUND PLAN
OF
THE VIRGINIA
LIBRARY



capacity of 40,000 volumes, which can be raised to 70,000 by a second story of stacks.

The reading-room, like the stackroom, has windows on the three sides, and contains table accommodation for about 100 readers. The scheme of design in this room comprehends a base, formed by the oak bookcases, as high as the window-stools, which will contain reference books, the wall treated with very flat pilasters, and an elaborately detailed cornice and coffered ceilings.

In color the walls are treated in "old ivory," and the capitals of the pilasters and the carved and molded members of the cornice and coffers are decorated in a brilliant and harmonious scheme of polychrome, in which the effect of gradations of color, or tints, is obtained by the juxtaposition of pure primary colors rather than by mixing them in the paintpot.

The second floor, in the central part of the building, is occupied by a large room (36 x 33) used by the Directors of the Seminary for their meetings, while in the basement are the necessary toilet-rooms, storage and unpacking rooms, etc.

The best of materials and workmanship has been used. Simplicity and convenience dictated the plan, and the imperishable forms of ancient art give it its architectural expression.

HISTORICAL NOTES

THE first gift to the library of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest was made by Mr. Hanson K. Corning of New York, who was a warm personal friend of Dr. Willis Lord. He contributed $1,500 for the purpose of beginning a theological library in this Seminary. Two other gentlemen, living in New York and Brooklyn, added $500, and Mr. Corning subsequently contributed $1,000 more, making a total, at that time, of $3,000. With this sum Dr. Lord purchased about 2,000 volumes. The firm of Robert Carter and Brother of New York contributed 150 volumes, and a full set of books of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. For the timely assistance of Mr. Corning the library then founded was called "The Corning Library." It continued, with moderate additions from time to time, until 1884, when from the estate of Rev. William H. Van Doren, D.D., who died in 1882, was received, by the provisions of his will, his private library, consisting principally of exegetical works, to the number of 1,300 volumes.

In 1892, upon the death of Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Seminary, his library of 3,000 volumes was bequeathed to the Seminary. In 1894, the Rev. Edwin Cone Bissell, D.D., Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in the Seminary, died, bequeathing to the library a collection of exegetical works, chiefly of the Old Testament.

The number of volumes now upon the shelves is about 20,000.

PRINTED BY R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO.
AT THE LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, UNDER
THE DIRECTION OF
HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY
MDCCCXCVII