

FIVE ADDRESSES
AND DEVOTIONAL POEMS

By NATHAN KIRK GRIGGS



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FIVE ADDRESSES







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FIVE ADDRESSES AND DEVOTIONAL POEMS

By NATHAN KIRK GRIGGS

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WITH AN INTRODUCTORY
BIOGRAPHY

In Memoriam



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INTRODUCTION



Introduction

I.

The addresses which are brought together in this volume are the last labor of love of a life filled with helpful labors. They were written during the years 1908, 1909, 1910, as by-product of a busy lawyer's work, in hours which for the ordinary man of affairs would have been hours of relaxation. On the last of the five addresses, unfinished at the time of his death, the author was engaged, characteristically, in a spare hour before the coming of the train which was to take him upon his final earthly journey. This was entirely typical of his method and his purpose: he was forced by the demands of an energetic business life to do the work that lay nearest his heart, on railway cars, during station waits, or in the weary evening hour after the active day; yet no call of affairs obscured for a moment the keen interest or the clear intention which made this, his final labor, seem less than an ever-urgent and an ever-dear duty.

For the thought which the addresses embody form the confession of faith of a strong and ac-

tive man, the testament of a mature and reflective mind in those questions of the spirit which are of the highest importance to every human being. The author would have been last of men to assert for the results of his thinking any special validity on the score of research or of theological acumen; he was not a professional scholar; he was not a theologian. But he did feel, and rightly, that the earnest attempt of a sincere mind to measure the evidences of the religious truth is always of importance to one's fellows; he felt that it is the duty of the sincere mind to make such an attempt, each in its own right; and again he felt that every man owes to his fellows the honest expression of honest conviction.

So much Mr. Griggs would have asserted and with such intentions would he have put his work forth,—at once modestly and courageously. Others may, perhaps, say more. For there is assuredly a value in the effort of a mind trained to the sifting of evidence to estimate the values of human opinions on any question which is near to the plain man's intelligence, and this every religion which has meaning must ever be. Mr. Griggs was a lawyer eminent in his profession, widely recognized for his logical and forceful analysis of legal evidence. And all the gifts that he derived from the study and practice of the law he utilized in his presentation of this, his great brief for religious faith.

Nevertheless, the strength of his work is not

primarily its logic, any more than it is its scholarship or its theology. Far more than in these his power lay in the gift of sympathetic imagination. He was less interested in reasons than in the vivid impressions of human experience. The sensible and emotional values of ideas were to him their dominant values, since these are the values by which ideas most affect conduct. By nature and temperament he was a poet, and it is but attestation of the poetic quality of his faith to say that it is the vital beauty of the Christian conception that most stirred in him the spirit of devotion.

The reader of the addresses will perceive at once their aesthetic cast. Mr. Griggs was an orator, and he loved the bright and picturesque language of oratory. He was a poet, and his fancy was ever seeking expression in trope and metaphor. More than all he was of so nimble a wit and of such abounding sympathy that his instinct seldom failed to carry him to the heart of any issue or any situation. With these qualities fully enlisted, he has given a zealous and eloquent portrayal of the best insight of his best self. And it is because that self, his whole personality, is one which all who knew him recognized as noble that the ring of spiritual nobility sounds throughout this soul's confession.

II.

Of the five addresses, the first, "Christ in

America's Life" was written for delivery at the centennial convention of his church, the Christian Church, held at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on October 14, 1909. The theme of it is to be found in the one brief sentence, "God fashions history." It is a perspective of Christianity, not in America alone, but in the whole course of the lives of the nations, and it is conceived and written, not from a sectarian point of view, but from the point of view of Christian Brotherhood,—thus beautifully conforming to the purposes of the founders of the denomination with which he had joined for active work. After its delivery the address was printed in pamphlet form in response to numerous requests and letters of appreciation; and it is here included, as fitting in theme and style, the works with which it is associated.

The four addresses which follow were planned as a distinct and whole work. They were written severally, and each of the completed ones was many times delivered individually; yet in the author's mind they were a co-ordinate group intended to give supplementary expositions of one central theme, the grounds of his Christian faith, and it was his expectation to present them, as they are here presented, in one printed volume.

"Bible Literature" is a record of impressions made by the sublimer passages of the Old Testament story of the Creation and of the coming of Israel unto Canaan. It is said that each of us

takes from a book what he brings to it. Mr. Griggs' gift to the Bible was an ardent interest in the spirit behind the letter, and he brought from it not only inspiration for himself but for the many who were glad to be his listeners or readers.

The two addresses respectively entitled "Two Miracles" and "Christ of the Four" form the lawyer's brief for the central contention of Christianity, the divinity of Christ. The theme of "Two Miracles" is expressed in the query, "Which of two miracles shall be believed, that Jesus arose, or did not arise?" And answering from history, that such a record as Christianity has made in the world could not be founded upon a falsehood, he affirms, as thoughtful cogent reason, the truth of the Resurrection.

"Christ of the Four" deals with the truthfulness of the Four Gospels as the authentic portraiture of the life and mission of Jesus. An immense range of literature is passed in review, not critically, but allusively; while the validity of the Gospel picture is finally maintained on the ground of the intense impression once created and still created, by the personality of Jesus; no phantom being could mean so much for so many men of so many ages. And here again, the author's instinct goes to the heart of the argument for Christian truth.

For the unfinished address which was to close the series Mr. Griggs had reserved the title, "Force." The force which he had in mind is the

display of Divine Being in the works of Nature and in the minds of men. The address was meant to be a study of man's progressive apprehension of the Divine Personality, a study of the conception of God in growth and fruition. The breadth and quickness of the author's sympathies is here manifest; for he is ready to recognize the partial insights of pagan creeds along with the fullness of Christian revelation. In none of his work is the extensiveness of his reading more evident. He seldom undertook a journey without carrying with him a supply of books bearing upon religious history, and never returned from the book-making centers without an augmentation of his library. From many sources he drew his materials, shaping them all to the one end of interpretation of Nature as a manifestation of Divine Life.

"Bible Literature" is a record of personal impressions; "Two Miracles" and "Christ of the Four" are an analytical argument for the truth of the New Testament; the essay on "Force" may be regarded as a poetic recognition of the divinity that alike actuates the world of nature and of human impulse. It is, in sort, a peroration, designed not to convince by reason, but to hold by sympathy. At the time of the author's death it was within a few pages of completion. The plan called for a brief interpretation of the religion of the classic peoples, the Greeks and Romans, and then for an epilogue upon the transcendent contribution of the Christian religion.

For his friends it will ever be a regret that, in sight of the fulfillment of his cherished plan, his pen was stayed; yet surely it will ever be a consolation that the last sentence which that pen set down embodies a conception at once so fine and so true to the author's mind: "And thought of man had winged to throne of God."

III.

The life of Nathan Kirk Griggs is a characteristic example of a type of life that now belongs to America's past. He belonged to the last generation of pioneers and he lived to see the "frontier," which had made the pioneer life typical of America from the time of its first settlement to his own day, entirely wiped out by the advancing wave of population and the construction of the great transcontinental thoroughfares. His place in the world and the manifestations of his character were in large part the result of an environment mingling hardship with hopefulness, offering limited facilities for inner cultivation but great opportunities for an energetic and aggressive personality.

The movement of the native American stock, in the United States, may be figured as a series of Westward waves, each generation since the Revolution marking a crest in the transcontinental progression. Mr. Griggs' Colonial ancestry included members of the families to which belonged Benjamin West, the painter,

and Robert Morris, the Philadelphia financier of the Revolution. His direct forebears, of the Griggs name, were Connecticut Yankees with a redoubtable record of service in the Revolutionary War. Only through his mother's father, a Scottish immigrant, was he of post-Revolutionary extraction. His father, Lucien Griggs, was carried by the first wave of westward emigration to Indiana, in his day the frontier. Like the son, he was a lawyer by profession, with a ready aptitude for frontier ways which was winning him rapid recognition when an early death intercepted. The mother—Mary Kirk, she had been before marriage—was left with two young sons and two yet younger daughters to provide for; and this she did first by assuming the management of a local grist mill near their Frankfort home, and later from a farm to which the family removed when the boys were old enough to work it.

The younger of the sons, Kirk, as he was familiarly called, was four years old at the time of his father's death, having been born at Frankfort, October 25, 1844. In a hard pressed and hard working family there was little opportunity for education other than such as might be "picked up" during the snowy term of the district school. In that day this was a fair measure of the average Westerner's schooling, and the brighter pupils became masters at an early age. It is therefore not surprising that a boy of Kirk's energy should, at the age of seventeen, be teach-

ing those who were well his elders. The situation is the one celebrated in the long famous "Hoosier Schoolmaster"—for which, indeed, the youth might well have served as model.

A few terms of teaching gave him means to pursue his cherished study of the law. Here again the simplicity of the old-time requirements aided him and bringing to the study a brilliant vitality and quick intellect he was able in one year to complete the course then offered by the University of Indiana, graduating in 1867 to membership in his father's profession.

Following the frontiersman instinct native to their race the elder brother had already "gone West" and had "homesteaded" in Nebraska Thither came the younger son with the mother of the family when he was ready to take up his professional life. He determined upon the town of Beatrice as a promising location, and on June 3, 1867, walked to that place from his brother's home in a neighboring county, saying characteristically that he would never leave the town in a poorer fashion than he entered it.

In Beatrice his success, social and business, was immediate. There were a few hard days, when he turned his hand to anything that came—and made something come; but he speedily won abundant occupation in his profession.

It was here, too, that he met the lady who was to be (in the utmost truthfulness of the oft-used phrase, for theirs was such a union as makes marriage beautiful) his life's companion, Miss

Epsie E. Saunders. They were married in Delhi, Iowa, on December 21, 1869. Forty anniversaries of that day they were to count together, happy from the first and happier as the years sped. Two daughters and a son were theirs, nor during the father's life was there any break in the family group.

Politics, the natural attraction of the young lawyer, was for Mr. Griggs a direct road to prominence in the growing state. Almost with his first appearance he was made president of a state convention of his party, the republican party—a recognition subsequently several times bestowed. In 1871 he was a member of the Nebraska constitutional convention and; in 1872 he was elected to the state senate, the youngest member of that body. That his success was emphatic is shown from the manner of the newspaper comments of the time: "Able, determined and thorough, he has given his constituency in this part of the district entire satisfaction"; and again, from a journalist differing as to matters of policy, "Due consideration convinces one that his actions are his belief, and that he believes in doing what he ought, let what will come of it."

He was re-elected to the state senate in 1874, by an unparalleled majority, and at the ensuing session was chosen president of that body. A newspaper paragraph of the time thus describes him:

Hon. N. K. Griggs of Beatrice is the man who

represents the largest area and probably the largest constituency of any member in the body, there being sixteen counties in his district. Mr. Griggs is tall and slender, of an excessively nervous temperament, an intellect of the quick, brilliant type, well stored with practical knowledge. In fact, he is pre-eminently the ready and rapid man of business, the skilled tactician and thorough parliamentarian, which fits him above all others to fill the position to which he has been elected in the senate.

Another reporter says of him: "He is tall, rather slim, neat and trim in his build, dark hair and eyes, quick in motion, nervous, energetic, and a most capital presiding officer." While an editorial comment affirms, "Had he not been chosen as the presiding officer, he would most certainly have been the leader of the senate."

There must have been something irresistible about the young man. His energies were inexhaustible and his activities multifarious. He was delivering addresses in many fields, patriotic, agricultural, masonic, as well as political, and was known as an effective orator. He was on the boards of public institutions. His pen was ever busy. In 1873 he had made a tour of the west, over the new Union Pacific railway, and Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Southern California, had in turn been described for his home papers. Similar traveler's letters appeared in connection with his attendance at the Knight Templar's Conclave at New Orleans in 1874. He was well known, too, for his musical powers, a

paper of the opposition remarking that "His glory as a senator is entirely eclipsed by his renown as a Sabbath school songster."

In politics Mr. Griggs had already earned for himself one of those picturesque sobriquets which it was the habit of the times to fix upon public favorites—the "stormy petrel" he was called; and by friends and foes alike he was given credit for designs and "wire-pulling" abilities which he probably never possessed. His name was proposed by the press in connection with various offices, Justice of the State Court, National Representative, Senator.

It is not surprising that his superiors in political station found it expedient to suggest an alternative preferment; and so, in 1876, we find him appointed by President Grant United States consul for Chemnitz, Saxony. The appointment came without solicitation, and the recipient, well understanding its object, was at first unwilling to accept. But the lure of the Old World was too strong; his temperament was restless and eager, and he was not fundamentally ambitious for political advancement. It was chiefly in a quizzical vein that he wrote in answer to a friend's inquiry:

I am in receipt of yours inquiring how I came to be a consul. A short time before I was appointed to my present position certain influential persons, who apparently took great interest in my welfare,

suggested that I was a very proper person to represent the great American nation abroad, and that, if I so desired, they would secure my appointment to a consular position **across the ocean**. As I did not at once signify my desire to "leave my country for my country's good" they gave me many reasons why it would be to my interest to do so. They said it was far more economical to live abroad than at home; that, in fact, I would very rarely have any use for money as the exporters, to our country, would consider it a great honor to be allowed to make me a present of whatever I wanted. As the prospects of being degraded to the position of an official alms-taker—the quaggy receiver of a polluted stream—did not have the desired effect, I was then drenched with a certain nostrum which has scarcely ever been known to fail in the disease known, politically, as "enlargement of the conscience." They hinted at the champagne suppers which would be given in my honor. They said they did not doubt but the people of my district would ever bare their heads, in my presence, in token of their great respect for me. They declared that, as our Yankee Doodle nation was the greatest and the best, the lions and the bears and the poorly fledged birds, of other nations, take a back seat when our glorious eagle puts in an appearance, and that the crowns of Kingdoms and Empires were always apologetically lifted whenever an American representative was around. They said that "consules *missus*" were the acknowledged leaders of society and therefore—as I should be a "consul *missus*" myself—it would be necessary for me to overcome any aversion I might have to dancing, and, with a queen or a duchess in my arms, waltz at the first court ball which I attended; this, they intimated, would probably satisfy the noble ladies and would

doubtless be accepted by the public generally as a token of my willingness to take that position in society to which my exalted rank entitled me. The persuasive words used by Pygmalion to induce the goddess of beauty to imbue his chisel-formed Venus with life, were not more seductive than were those of my friends. Obeisant crowns! Leader of society! Waltzing with queens! Duchess in my arms! I cared to hear no more.

The six years' stay in Germany, from 1876 to 1882, if it was without profit pecuniarily, was unquestionably of great intellectual value to a man of Mr. Griggs' receptive mind. The duties of a consular office, even of one commercially so important as Chemnitz then was, were not of an exacting nature. The young consul found time for some travel, on the Continent and in Great Britain. He became interested in German music and art, and made a modest collection of artistic works. He had time for books, and laid the foundation for what was to grow into a really fine private library,—placing his volumes, chiefly of the Tauchnitz series, with a struggling young binder, who became his life-long friend. The German stay was, in short, a sort of university, serving the purpose of advanced education fully as well as did the colleges of the day.

Nor was this advantage obtained to the detri-

ment of the service. During his stay Mr. Griggs won the hearty esteem of the men of affairs with whom he had to deal,—no less for his upright and fearless principles than for fairness and ability in business. At the time of his departure, a Nebraska newspaper remarked:

“If there is anything on earth that is likely to disgust the Germans, it is Consul Griggs’ capacity for lager beer. He has neither diameter nor circumference.”

When he came to leave Chemnitz the German manufacturers of the place tendered him a banquet at which the only drink served was water,—then an unprecedented recognition of a foreigner’s habit. At this same banquet the departing consul was presented with an ornate German album, replica of one prepared for the emperor, containing portraits of the leading manufacturers and the officers of the city and views of Chemnitz and vicinity. It was described in the *Chemnitzer Tageblatt* as “ein Meisterstueck deutscher Kunstindustrie.” The same paper said, of the occasion:

Herr Griggs may well be proud that such a token of honor is bestowed upon him, and this from the manufacturers of the greatest industrial city of Germany. All the more so, since this is the first time that in our city such a distinction has been bestowed upon a consul, and especially the first banquet which the manufacturers have prepared in honor of the services of one man.

As a matter of fact the friendships formed

during the Chemnitz stay were green and living to the day of Mr. Griggs' death. On his later trips thither, in 1900 and again in 1909, he was heartily welcomed by old-time friends who still remembered him for the qualities enumerated in the speech accompanying the presentation of the album: "On the one side accuracy and honor in official business, on the other a talent for comradeship, social virtues and an uprightness in private life which, in so brief a time, had won the respect and friendship of all."

In 1882 Mr. Griggs returned to America and resumed the practice of law in Beatrice. So far as politics was concerned the foreign consulship had served, as, no doubt, was anticipated. Thenceforth he held no public office, though he was a conspicuous orator in the political campaigns of the eighties: "the best speech we have listened to during the campaign," is a characteristic press comment of the day. But business interests were multiplying under his hand, and besides there were interests of another sort, stimulated by his contact with Old World culture which were thenceforth to be the real core of his intellectual life.

From the Continent he had kept up his habit of writing descriptive letters for the home press. He frequented art galleries, and recorded his impressions,—not always in line with the opinions of critics, for he was ever downright and sincere: "In art galleries," he says, in one of the

letters, "two kinds of fools are met—indiscriminating and critical. The indiscriminating fool says of every picture, 'Oh! how beautiful!' although there may be no more beauty in the picture admired than there is in a circus poster; the critical fool criticises every painting he sees, although he knows no more of the merits and demerits of that which he criticises than does a dog of modesty. As the second class has the advantage of variety and originality, I should prefer to be of that rather than of the first class." As a matter of fact, his impressions were usually just. He was unwilling to admire a Raphael just because it was a Raphael, while having the highest appreciation of that painter's greater works. He liked Rubens, though willing to joke at his expense. And from every work he carried away an individual impression :

Rubens' "Elevation" and "Descent" from the Cross are not beautiful paintings, but they are mournful, fascinating, and yet almost repulsive in their ghastliness. Rubens displays his grim humor in the "Elevation of the Cross," by painting his own portrait as one of the miscreants who is assisting in raising the cross on which is nailed the suffering Savior. I am not enough of an artist to say in what these pictures excel, but I do know that I was more impressed by them than by all the paintings in the exposition at Philadelphia combined. In the Cathedral (Notre Dame, Antwerp) there is a painting by Leonardo da Vinci; it is a portrait of the head of Christ. It is painted on marble, and startles you with its earnestness and beauty. From

whatever position you see it, it seems to be looking at you with the intensity and intelligence of life. Whosoever has seen this painting once can never forget it.

There were letters on social and historical subjects as well. "Labor in Saxony," "Coffee and Bavarian Beer," "Free Masonry in Germany,"—these are some of the titles. Again, he was writing on music, for the *American Register*. "The greatest pleasure of a residence in Germany," he says, "is to hear and to learn to understand the works of the great composers." And it is music which most arouses his pen's enthusiasm: "The brush of the painter may faithfully picture all the human passions—this also may the pen of the composer do. The words of the orator may move you with their sadness, may touch you with their sweetness, may arouse you with their passion, may inspire you with their grandeur—and all this, also, may the measures of the musician do."

It is not surprising that he responded readily to this influence of German music. He had never received musical training, but he possessed music naturally. He could not remember when he had learned to read music. As a boy he had acquired, in an effortless way, ability with fife and flute. He had been singing master as a youth; and to the day of his death he was seldom without a pocketful of notes—melodies jotted down, records of the songs of birds, sketches for compositions. His gift for melody

was genuine and generous, and a lifelong source of creative joy. His published works, in this field ("The Lilies," 1890, a collection of devotional songs and hymns; "The Voices of the Wind," 1896-1904, including six collections of secular songs and two of sacred solos and anthems; and "Four New Songs," 1907) are simple and direct compositions, comprising many songs of rare dash and verve as well as many of sweet and melodious beauty. At the time of his death he had just completed a Christmas cantata, "The Pole King," uniting with the singable quality an abundance of picturesque fancy.

But it was not alone the musical impulse which was stimulated to expression. Already while in Germany he had begun to write and publish poems, several appearing in *The North British Advertiser* as well as in American papers. This gift he cultivated assiduously, a home journalist commenting:

Hon. N. K. Griggs, U. S. consul at Chemnitz, is at home on a visit. When he went to Europe, five years ago, he was known as an energetic lawyer and politician. That he had ability, nobody doubted, but that it would ever find expression in anything but plain prose, nobody mistrusted. But since his residence abroad, he has developed a wonderful streak of poetry—no mere amateur's verse either.

As a matter of fact he had always been a lover of poetry. It was the opportunity for cultivating it that had been lacking. The foreign resi-

dence gave this opportunity, and aroused in him a sense of powers which thenceforth he delighted to exercise. He did not overestimate these powers, but he felt that what poetry is in a man ought to come out, for his own benefit and for that of his fellows; and he always enjoyed especially that wholesome interchange of social verses which is unexpectedly frequent among business and professional men in this our supposedly "dollar-minded" commercial life.

During the years which followed the return from Germany, a steadily growing business did not prevent numerous lectures, on art and music, on religious topics, frequent patriotic addresses, and the recitals of song and poetry for which he had unceasing calls. Only a man of great physique and unquenchable energy could have answered to such demands, as he answered, throughout his life. He was known to audiences far and near, and at home and abroad he was constantly in call for entertainment or instruction. Of course he enjoyed it, but it was diversion in which no ordinary man could indulge, making constant requisition upon strength and ability.

In 1893 Mr. Griggs removed with his family from Beatrice to Lincoln which was thenceforth his home. He had accepted a position as attorney for the Burlington railroad, and the remainder of his life he held this employment, carrying along with it a considerable general practice. In handling railroad affairs he made

a record for his division, settling just claims fairly and seldom losing in his contests with those which he deemed unjust. His power as a railway attorney won wide recognition. He was called to many states; and in the latter part of his life he spent perhaps the major portion of his time in business journeys. And it was on one of these that the end came. He left his home in the late afternoon, not prime in physical feeling, but still vigorous and in the fullness of mental power. During an hour's wait for his train he dictated passages of the lecture on "Force" which had been developing in his mind. He met acquaintances with the usual cheery word. Then he took the train for a night trip. Shortly after midnight he spoke with the conductor, seemingly well. But when, a few hours later, the porter called him, there was no answer. He had fallen asleep. This was on the morning of Sunday, September 4, 1910.

IV.

The externals of a man's life are soon told. And after they are told the words seem strange and empty. For though the world judges men, for the most part, by externals, at the best these form but passing commentaries upon men's lives. The vitality, the impress of personality, that makes a man human and dear to us is not to be found in the externals of his life, but in its inner and intimate character.

The inner life of Nathan Kirk Griggs was the source of the beauty of his personality. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, nor did he assume any pharisaical reticence. He was simple and unostentatious in taste and manners, and he took a frank and vigorous delight in the society of his fellows. He was always interested in his own doings, in the doings of other men, and consequently he was always interesting. In matters of conviction he was uncompromising, but he was full of charity for persons who differed from him in belief, even when he felt most emphatically that they were wrong; and he was never contentious even in his own contentious profession.

In person he was tall, near six feet three inches in stature, of a muscular build and erect carriage. There was a certain imperiousness in his manner, due to his decisive quickness and in no small part to the keen and searching glance of his black eyes, deep-set under shaggy brows. On one occasion a jury officially requested that he direct his eyes less sharply upon them: they felt in his glance an hypnotic suggestion, prejudicial to decision. As a boy, he was fond of saying, he had been a "boy's boy"; and in life he was very distinctively a men's man. A musician who attended the last services with which he was honored, remarked: "What impressed me was the style of men who were gathered there,—six-footers, tall and broad, with square determined jaws and searching eyes, men who command re-

spect in every inch." And it was with such men that he was accustomed to deal, on more than equal terms.

And yet this was not the paramount side of his character. The paramount side was that which made him ever gentle and generous, which brought to him the needy and the weak, and won for him the love of all who love beauty in life. He commanded a considerable income and he gave of it freely. Money was never a matter of unnecessary conversation with him, nor much in his mind. He was a poet,—“as full of music as the woods are full of birds,” one said of him. And it was the poetry in his soul which made it bright and winning.

Apart from songs set to music, he published one volume of verse, “Lyrics of the Lariat,” 1893. The book met with a hearty welcome in the West, whose spirit it expressed, both for its direct, objective style and wholesome open-air sentiment. The author did not pretend to finished artistry in verse, but he knew how to reach the hearts of men in his own land and day, as many an enthusiastic press notice and many a personal letter still testify. “Like a perfume-laden breeze from the limitless reaches of the Northwest,” Will Aikin wrote, of the book; and Walt Mason: “If he has written nothing that places him among the masters, it can also be truthfully said that he has written nothing de-

void of melody, feeling and beauty." Melody, feeling and beauty—these are what the spirit brings to poetry.

But it was not alone in poetry that the inner nature manifested itself. Among the poems themselves, along with many that are gay or humorous or tender or picturesque, there are many imbued with a fervent spirit of devotion. In his mature manhood Mr. Griggs became a member of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, and at his death he was an elder of the Lincoln congregation of this church as well as a trustee of their Nebraska college, Cotner University. But his religion was never formal and outward, nor was it the faith of an untried and unquestioning mind. He was deeply interested in the history of Christianity, and in his latter years most of the time which he could take from his professional duties was devoted to the study of religious history. It was as a result of such study that the addresses here presented were composed.

In all his work one trait is pre-eminent, a buoyant conviction of the loveableness of his fellow human beings and a whole-hearted affirmation that the lives men are living are immortal lives. It was the fundamental appeal of Christianity, at once democratic and inspiring, that had laid hold on him, heart and mind; so that he had made the gospel his own, not verbally, nor as a matter of word expression, but in the life that follows simply and naturally and

convincingly the teachings of the founder of his creed.

One of his fellow-workers said of him, in tribute: "With a heart still young, an intellect at its height, and with all the aspirations of a high-minded man, he had exhausted his great physical inheritance and died like a soldier, without a halt. He could not exact too much of himself, but was generous to those who lagged from any cause, and a multitude today are testifying in their hearts to his benefactions." And along with this might be placed the remark of one of the many who knew him only in the casual way of the street, a car conductor with whom he was wont to ride: "There's many a man will remember his kindly word."

Yet when all is said the words sound strange and empty to those who knew the man and loved him. Best, set here at the end a fragment of his own prophetic utterance:

O Thou, my Spirit, O my Soul,
Dwell thou in love, give love control,
 O thou, my soul;
O thou, my spirit, O my soul,
Look thou above, be life thy goal,
 O thou, my soul.

H. B. A.



CHRIST IN AMERICA'S LIFE



Christ In America's Life

Intolerance is the law common to religious world. Bigotry stalks, by choice, in the wake of spiritual zeal. Right usurps, betimes, the place of wrong. The opprest forgets his once estate and himself becomes oppressor.

Religious freedom came first by Constantine. Strange, such boon should come by one himself full half a heathen. More strange, that one of his day should know to decree, *What the soul of each man counsels him, that let him do.*

Liberty of conscience was ever; liberty of worship but twice. Well Christianity reasoned it rounded the citizen well. Well also it reasoned this founded the government well. But wholly wrong was the ergo it reached that betterment came by the blending of rule, sacred and secular. And this mistake, so basic, wrought measureless hurt, alike unto Church and State.

Christianity came from the fagots with spirit afire with zeal. It came with belief that its birth was of God, that its life was in God, that its work was for God. And yearned it, with

passionate will, for the earth to have part, in that birth, that life, that work. So quickly it went to the task of leading the world to the cross, of wooing the world unto Jesus.

And long had it suffered by heathendom rule. And flaming tongues, encircling martyrs, had told that reign should end. At once, when freed, believers went forth unto battle. They went to conquer the hosts of hate by love. And bravely they fought and well. A generation done, their cause had triumphed, Christianity, the Just, had won.

Then came, to the Church, a dream of power, of worldly power, of dangerous power. Unlike unto Christ, it bade the tempter stalk before, not step to rear. It also forgot that the kingdom of Jesus was not of this world. By evil urged, it walked in the ways of the haughty; it toyed with the crowns of the kingly; it seized on the thrones of the mighty. And then, for the first, it willed unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's, for it, itself, was Caesar.

Slowly as ever a python crept, worldliness stole through the church. Yet not less sure than the march of the years, was the growth of this terrible vice. The stride of this curse is shown, in part, by the scene, of shame, Canossa. And worse and worse grew the hand of rule, with time grew dread, at last, as a cobra. For the popes, so base, besotted with power, went on and on, from deed unto deed, from wrong unto wrong, from crime unto crime, demanding world wor-

ship, cursing kings, robbing princes, deposing rulers, annulling Magna Charta, murdering Jews, torturing Christians, going, by steps, unto infamy's uttermost depths, under the Borgian bawd, that lecherous fiend, Alexander the Sixth.

And, during those days of ecclesian rule, that epoch of ill, those chiefs, in the guise of caring for souls, did acts so mean, so cruel, so pitiless, the sports, in the garden of Nero, seem all but half kind by compare. And the world then, the cultured world, the world which so should have smiled in the lovelight of Jesus, was dark with doubt, was wild with fright, was fierce with hate, hopeless, joyless, all but Christless.

But still, not Christless yet was the earth. Staupitz gave toil and self to the Savior. Tauler found Christ in the heart of believer. Zwingli said boldly, God only gave pardon. Luther hurled inkstand at Devil and Scriptures at demons. Calvin cleft error with logic sharp-whetted with zeal. Melancthon wrought armor for Knights of the Master. Ziska, the blind, built fortress, for right, upon Tabor. Knox, the hater of lies, stormed Scotland for truth. Farel, the Bayard of battles, charged the Alps for Jehovah. Tyndale, the victim of Henry the Beast, gave the Gospels to England. Savonarola, for the Lord, went to death by the gibbet. Huss, amid fagots, died singing of Jesus. Cranmer held hand to the flames, praying Christ to receive him. Latimer and Ridley

were God's inextinguishable candles. Nay, not Christless yet was the earth. More than seven thousand, there were, who bowed not the knee unto Baal.

And then was the rising of righteousness. From many a source came waters of purity. They rose in the fastness of mountains. They sprang in the wildness of highlands. They raced in the richness of valleys. They swept in the broadness of lowlands. They piled by the border of billows. The hawkings of pardons but wakened the conscience of Teutons. The Medici murders but lengthened the Huguenot lines. The burnings at Constance but welded Moravian bands. The horrors in Britain but marshaled the Pilgrims at Leyden. The lewdness of churchmen but added to Puritan fervor. The sins of intolerance but led to Theocracy's doom. And righteousness then broke barriers down, and, moving in power, rushed on to the shores now sacred to freedom and God.

Christianity came with Columbus. He planted the cross with the flag of Castile. And fierce was the religion that came. For its source was intolerant Spain. It had germed in a soil long moistened with blood. It had sprung in a land forcing faith by the rack. It had grown to a cult more remorseless than death. Ill was it fit for message of love.

Nor yet did its character change with clime. At once, in the west, was it virile with force,

was it forceful with wrong. It made of the native a captive; of captive an exile; of exile a slave.

It passed to the shores of the Gulf. To the north and the west opportunity lay. It marked the measureless possible. It gauged the possible whole. Heredity called it then; spake it of reign; told it of gain. It harkened the word. The spell of the past was upon it. The taint of a curse set fire to its veins. At once, it compassed its course for power, for infinite power.

Forth to the wilds it went. Quick unto might it climbed. An empire it seized. Then bravely it toiled; fiercely it slaved. The savage it wooed; the savage it fettered. As boon it came; as bane it tarried. Then God, in His righteousness, touched it. Its sinews shrank. Its wrestling was done. Decrepit it lingers today, alive but to memory; nerveless, sightless, hopeless, worthless. Yet this of value it taught: It told to the world that here was a land unfitted for despot, no matter if wearing tiara or crown.

Then, by the north, Christianity came, came breasting the stately St. Lawrence. With desire, it rode that river of isles. With design it scanned the shores. It came with the thought to win that world, win all for self and God.

And strange was the type of that coming. Of blood, it was progeny of Rome; of birth it was autocrat of France. Of blood, it had heritage of will; of birth, it had plentitude of grace. All

intense were its hopes for glory. Full devout were its words for Jesus. The salt of the earth were some, its own; more, were soldiers of fortune.

Its vessel then safely it moored. It sped to the shores with its talisman cross. It raced to the forest, with will, for there was the calling of conquest, there was the luring of power. It gave to the red man greeting. It wooed to the peace of the pipe. It sat by the fires of the night. It harkened the plaints of the pines. It drank of the spell of the wigwam. It grew unto spirit of the wilds.

But little of good did it bring to the savage; little of grace did it win to his soul. It changed not his haunt, nor his hate, nor his heart. On his ways, on his wiles, on his wars, it gave scant measure of heed. Chief, to its aim, that he lent to its might, chief that he treasured the cross of its giving.

Religion such, was well contrived to warrior heart. And so, like fires of plains, it quickly spread, it widely spread, it wildly spread. The whole of western world seemed destined soon to know its sway, and glad because that sway. It even stayed and turned, as thing of ill, its sister cult, then sweeping on, full tide, from southern main.

But no! Not so the fate of Continent. Not so God's course of Empire. The Mind, that fashions destiny, designed for nobler ends. A land, so blessed with promise, was meant for

cause of truth, not planned for mere diplomacy. And yet, if change were not, that cause of needs must fail. For cult, that rode that river in, itself had grown full evil.

And so God's bugle rang. His troopers heard and came. In dark of night they scaled to frowning heights. And then, on plains of Abraham, dread battle waged. And, when the end was come, the way was clear for worship, brave and simple, in all the western world.

Yet lives that cult today, lives far away in Northland; a thing more kind, more true, more chaste, because that day of sorrow. And this of good it wrought; it helped to break the heathen hold, then left the field for better planting.

But not, by the Gulfs, Christianity came to abide. For it voyaged direct to American Coast. *In the name of God, Amen.* And well for the earth was that coming, well for the weal of humanity. For it came all aglow, in the Lord's good time, all afire with a yearning for service, all aflame with a passion for freedom.

And the place of that coming knew naught of restraint. Lawless were the tribes of the forests; fearless the beasts of the woods; careless the depths of the wilds. Yet it knew not the spell of that presence. It felt not the force of environment. Repression its birthright, it was fashioned, in brain, to intolerance. And well it believed in the dogma of despots, that freedom of worship was a God-given right unto those, and those only, who agreed with itself.

And then, in the name of religion, contention waged, oppression raged. Heretics were banished; atheists pilloried; infidels imprisoned; Jews disfranchised; Romanists repress; Baptists beaten; Moravians arrested; Quakers executed; Presbyterians proscribed. Roger Williams, that New World Elijah, fled not, for his safety, from Pagan to Cherith, but Christian to Pagan. Because Rhode Island gave freedom of worship, admission was denied it to New England Confederacy. The whole, in truth, was a witches' stew, from which came vapors, noisome to man, offensive to God.

Then Church and State bethought to reason why the strife, the why such ill. By backward glance, they marked the march of history. They saw that wrong was common fate where reigned Theocracy. They saw such rule make act of worship soulless formalism. They saw it secularize the Church, not spiritualize the State. They saw it set the Christian cause at wars with best of earth. They saw it make the English Church grow sick to death with sin. They saw it drive believing France to war with all religion.

They looked about with thoughts of home. They saw, through tears, full growth, of wrong, as fruitage of their blended service. For then, repression waxed; religion waned; faith failed; God's house was lonely. But still, from many a heart, sweet prayer was rising, prayer for cause of conscience. And beetling clouds were slowly

piling, while came therefrom a sullen roar forewarning all the world of coming storm for freedom.

Then tempest charged. Mad was its power; wild its passion. Its course was marked by blood of war; its wake by wreckage of oppression. And fierce it stirred the Church and State, dread it tried them. Yet came to each, from out that awful stress, profoundest wisdom, divinest wisdom. Each saw, as not before, that force led not to duty; that fear led not to service. Each felt, as not before, its gift to walk alone, God's will it walked alone. Each felt, as not before, that blended rule was worldly, meanly worldly, no matter though it seemed, of guise, supremely godly. Then each took oath of loyalty the one to God, the one to Man; while both made vow to go, and hand in hand, the narrow way of righteousness.

And when the storm was past, a morning sun beheld a morning land, a land aglow with promise and with happiness, a land afire with purpose and with destiny. And then, for second time, was worship surely free, or might the voice wing votive high to speak the will of conscience.

God fashions history. The records of the past disclose Him. His handiwork is seen in all. Rulers and peoples are his chessmen. If pawns or rooks, or queens or kings, they move across the board at Master will. Alike, though knowing not, they buttress ends divine.

To reveal a faith, lived Abram; to upbuild a nation, Moses; to restore a worship, Cyrus; to diffuse a language, Alexander; to prepare the world for Christ, all. To preserve religion, came Jews; to release bondsman, Persian; to exalt reason, Greek; to enthrone justice, Roman; to conserve the world for Christ, all.

This nation was born unto purpose. Its course was compassed for destiny. Its mission was founding of liberty, liberty the truest, the purest, the noblest, yet given to earth. And the stress, of its years, was means unto growth; for trial is parent to wisdom, sorrow the way to perfection.

Little cared Jew for Jehovah, when carried a captive to Babylon. But there, as he bent unto toil, his harp on the willows, his feet on the winepress of bondage, his heart in the land of his fathers, the worship of pagans grew ever more hateful, the gods of the pagans grew spirits accurst. Thenceforth was his Lord alone the Almighty, the One who had smitten the horse and the rider, the One who had thundered from Sinai's heights.

So, profit arose from America's woes. Those years, so tense, were formative only. They fed unto growth; they grounded a character. They led unto strength; they rounded a character. Each tug at the rope meant brawn. Each strain of the sail meant course. Each surge in the heart meant soul. By very repression, came hate of repression. And, over that ocean of

error, the power of God was moving. Deep, in that vortex of tumult, the spirit of justice was forming. And, out of that maelstrom of passion, the vision of freedom was rising. Then, at the last, stood forth a Republic, a Republic the truest, the purest, the noblest, yet given to earth. Ay, stood forth a Republic, so strong it dared to be kind; so brave it dared to do right; so wise it dared to decree, *What the soul of each man counsels him, that let him do.*

The Golden Rule is creed of Christ. It lives the heart of all His teachings. And not to earth came other word so wise, so strange. It speaks of duty, not reward. It sends to kindly act, no thought of self. It even spurs to goodly deed as recompense for wrong. This creed, in whole, is law of love, is law divine to sweetest service.

Not such Confucian rule. For sage of China knew no godly wisdom. His words, in truth, were even less than worldly wise. His adage was, *do not, not do.* His rule had tinge of fear, took note of self, inspired inaction. He caught no glimpse of Christly thought, for queried he, *If good be meed for wrong, then what shall be reward for good.* He had no care for grief; no smile for care; no love for smile; no God for love. Of all his nation's ill, he ranks supreme, his stoic spell, of long ago, yet chilling, cramping, crushing, cursing. By him, the world but backward looks, but stagnate is; by Christ, it looks ahead, turns face to

God, and marches on, in love, to conquest and to final triumph.

This land is Christian. Its story is imbound with Christ. His word inspired its founding. It took, for creed, His Golden Rule. It traced upon each lintel, *What ye would that man should do to you, do even so to him*. That legend speaks its will, defines its course, denotes its destiny. And in those three, that will, that course, that destiny, is whole of proof of Franklin's word, *God governs in the affairs of man*.

And, by force of that rule alone, this Nation sprang and grew and dared and won; this Nation lives and loves and cheers and rules. And, through that force, that giant force, this Nation still shall be guide to the earth; be star unto hope; be light at the manger of liberty.

And that rule of love, of good in advance, of helping unsought, of doing unpaid, is the key to America's thought, the power begetful of action. For that rule has motived the Nation, has edged the Nation's desires. That rule, in whole, is the spirit of God, is right in epitome, is *Christ in America's life*; in a word, *Christianity*. And these, in part, are its deeds:

It has loved kindness. It has guarded the wildwood nest; pleaded for the life of the bird; brightened the eyes of the cur; rested the ox of the market; halted the wearying horse; thundered in the ear of the brutal, *Brutality here shall end*.

It has loved the marriage vow. It has sealed it at altar of troth; prayed it as lasting as life; held it the stay of the State; claimed it the blessing of earth; mourned it when knowing it rent; argued with man, bowed unto God, for the end of the curse of divorce.

It has loved the fireside. It has made the father more thoughtful, more helpful, more kind; the mother more patient, more tender, more sweet. It has whispered the son, of truth, of justice, of honor; the daughter, of home, of duty, of service. It has filled the heart, it has lit the soul, with a holy and radiant joy.

It has loved mercy. It has taken the babe to its bosom; gathered the waifs from the byways; offered a hand to the fallen; builded the home of the friendless; lightened the lot of the aged; hastened to haunts of the fevers; hurried in wake of the battles; furnished a bed to the dying; succored the lands of the smitten; proved an angel of mercy, God's angel of mercy, to the uttermost ends of the earth.

It has hated injustice. It has frowned on the ways of the rude, frowned on the ways of the strong. It has stood as the foeman of greed, stood as the foeman of wrong. It has counseled for fairness to heathen, though knowing of heathendom hate. It has caused the return unto China, wondering China, of millions of Boxer indemnity. It has forced the full payment for booty of war, though the owner, the Spaniard, had forfeited all.

It has hated slavery. It had taught the beauty of freedom. It had written this thought, with blood, in America's charter of liberty. It had vowed, in its heart, this blessing was birthright of all. It had sworn, by itself, this birthright forever should be. Yet strained were its words, and idle and vain; for many were shackled, many were slaves. It urged by its vow; it drove by its oath. Then struggle for freedom came on.

Hearts were in passion, souls were in dread;
Homes were forsaken, prayers were unsaid;
Great were the leaders, grand were the led;
Wild were the battles, piled were the dead.

Then came the end. When, lo, though shattered were hopes, and bleeding were hearts, and empty were sleeves, the Nation arose unto newness of life, fullborn unto freedom, the Joy of the earth, the Anointed of God.

It has hated intemperance. It saw it destroy brawn, debase brain; ensnare mind, enslave will; inspire grief, invent pain; invoke want, invite shame; inflame thought, incite lust; contrive hate, conserve crime; despise faith, despoil hope; assail worth, assault truth; defile youth, debauch age; defy earth, deny God. It saw the monster entrenched in saloon. It said, in its wrath, that stronghold must go. It rushed to attack. It forced the fight. The end appears looms clear unto sight. That end is victory, victory for right. Already the saloon has gone from a half of America's soil. And, even this

hour, the armies of Christ are singing Te Deums, in a fullness of joy of their ultimate triumph.

It has loved America. It sent to her shores the noblest; brought to her aid the wisest; won to her cause the bravest; gave to her care the fairest. It fashioned her form in wisdom; rounded her lines to beauty; strengthened her holds for service; compassed her course for freedom. It moulded her being; bent unto infant in cradle; sung unto children of mercy; brought unto father his duty; showed unto mother her glory; taught unto leader of service; pointed the Nation to God.

It has loved humanity. It has winged afar its brotherly creed. For this, Europe knows little of thrall. The gates of Japan swing inward. Russia grants favor of Duma. China arouses from stupor. Tyranny topples in Persia. Turkey throws sop unto freedom. There came a cry:

Come mourn with the Cuban Isle,
That vale by the wolves infest,
Where demons tread o'er graveless dead,
With jeer and jest;

And mourn with the lonely winds,
That sob when the heart is sore,
And seem to know the cup of woe,
Is running o'er.

Come pray for the Cuban Isle,
That waste by the crimes of years,
So richly fed by carnage dread,
So wet with tears;

And pray that the dawn of hope,
May break on the Isle Opprest,
And joy awing make welkin ring,
With music blest.

Christianity harkened that cry; then called, *To Arms*. The Nation obeyed. The strife done, the wolves were gone, the carnage was past. And hope's sun, that beautiful sun, shone full upon Cuban Isle; while joy, the joy of tyranny ended, filled all the Isle with song. Ay, Christianity, America's Golden Rule, has loved the whole of humanity; has wrought for the weal of the earth; has changed the world.

And Christianity still shall live. It was not born of earth. It came from God. Its years are God's. No doubts may bar its way. No sneers may end its sway. Its strength is love divine. Its love is strength supreme. It moves, and creeds are ground to powder. It frowns, and dogma holds its silence. It smiles, and all, in love, are brethren. And not before, since Calvary's shame, were Christian thoughts and wills so bent, as now, in quest for Christian good, in zest for Christian service.

But the Master's cause has much to do, much

to dare, much to win. Triumph it must, triumph it will, since right is might, since Christ is God. And yet, for this, the earth must toil with earth; and man must strive with man; and soul must plead with soul. So, unto each, the order goes, as it went to the one of the cloud, *Thrust in thy sickle and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe.* And, here and now, out from the heavenly portal, down through the infinite silence, there comes a cry, a militant cry:

Ho, all of ye hosts, who love the Lord,
Give heed to the earth with glad accord,
For banner of Christ is wide unfurled,
With heavenly folds to shield the world;
And many a waste, where ills but grow,
And many a vale, where tears but flow,
And many a steep, where worn but climb,
Would joyfully learn its sway sublime;
Then rally in might, to march today,
For surely the Lord will lead the way;
And so, hey ho! ye hosts, hey ho!
The banner of Christ must onward go.

Ho, all of ye hosts, of faith so strong,
Go willingly forth, with notes of song,
Proclaiming the word of hope and cheer,
No matter though woes or foes be near;
For whither be care, ye well should see,
And whither be want, ye there should be,

And whither be pain, ye well should know,
And whither be grief, ye there should go;
Then weary ye not till work be done,
For will ye but serve, the world is won;
And so, hey ho! ye hosts, hey ho!
The banner of Christ must onward go.

Ho, all of ye hosts, with Christ to reign,
Awaken and wing a winsome strain,
Confiding in Him, who rules the earth,
Whose glory began when time had birth;
And many in gloom, in lands afar,
Are waiting for Him, with hearts ajar,
And isles of the seas, in depths of night,
Are waiting for Him to lead to light;
Then tarry ye not, but speed ye on,
For message ye bear shall bring the dawn;
And so, hey ho! ye hosts, hey ho!
The banner of Christ must onward go.

BIBLE LITERATURE



Bible Literature

CLASSES OF LITERATURE.

It was De Quincy, the poppy dreamer, who divided literature into classes of *knowledge and power*,—of knowledge, as of cookery, and ilk of its class, and helpful alone unto physical self; of power,—as of poetry and dreamings akindred, and helpful alone unto spiritual life. And, of these, not all the might of the former may lift the feet from the earth; while, by the spell of the other, the fancy may flit unto limits of space, and even brush wing upon throne of Creator.

LITERATURE IN WHOLE.

Literature then, in full, includes, of course, all writings of a permanent and universal character, whether of poetry, romance, history, biography, or any and all of the styles of thought rounded to permanent form. But, in a narrower sense, as doubtless also in a truer one, it may be said, as affirmed by John Morley, the English orator, to consist alone of all the books

where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attraction of form.

But, regardless of the scope of the term, if widened so as to embrace even the folk lores of primitive peoples, or circumscribed so as to include but the profoundest reaches of the flights of genius, the Bible, as mere literature contains them all. Doubtless the versatile Scott had in mind its sacred phase alone, when, as the death dews gathered, he replied to the query as to the book he desired, that *There is but one Book*. And yet his judgment would have been equally just, had he based it upon consideration wholly aside from its religious teachings. For, in contrast with other writings, the Bible towers above them all, like unto Andean height over Chilean beach.

NATURE INDESCRIBABLE.

Were task assigned to one to portray the wonders of earth, he would come from his labor amazed and dazed. For, no matter his will nor his skill, his work, at the best, no more might be than the merest of hint of the limitless whole. He might, indeed, have gone to the ocean's brink and sung of the billowy scene; but, beyond his vision were myriad waves by him untold and undreamed. He might have toiled to the mighty depths of the Colorado's awesome canyon; but, to him, no thought, by chance, had come to declare its immeasurable grandeur.

He might have stood on pyramid height and whispered some word of Sahara; but the secrets of the sands of that silent sea were still unvoiced and unvoiceable. He might have list, affright and hushed, at the mouth of an angry volcano; but he had failed to gather a tone or a threat of the maniac monster beneath him. He might have climbed from vale unto crag, and from crag unto peak, till the earth had faded before him; but his voice had hushed in his throat when he sought to describe the unspeakable vision beheld. And then, portrayal had ceased, his task undone, nor even begun.

BIBLE INDESCRIBABLE.

And so, not by one, nor indeed by all, can the labor be compassed of unfolding the richness of literary worth imbound in the Book of Books. It is, in truth, an Aladdin's palace to all of the lovers of the golden in letters and the precious in thought. And though the theme of the critic, for ages, not once has suggestion been heard declaring it less than the acme of art, and this though, by chance, the critic was also a cynic.

Nor yet does it matter the phase of the thought involved; it still is the best, it only is perfect. And while it is true its writings, in the main, are of style of De Quincy's literature of power; it yet contains, in its hygeian laws of Moses, the choicest of the class of knowledge as well.

LOSS BY TRANSLATION.

And that so much of its rhythm and richness has been garnered into speech of the stranger, is matter of wonder, of marvel. For the transference, from language to language, even if skillfully done, leaves something of grace and of diction behind. A thought, once rounded to form, is rarely so fair if fashioned to different setting. And the want of a tone in a word, or the miss of a pulse in a phrase, or the lack of a swing in a line, may change the masterpiece flashings, of genius, into seeming creations of dullard. Thus, Mahomet's Koran, though stupid or worse, in the type of the modern, is as glad, in its Arabic guise, unto soldier of Islam, as the voice of his Allah might be.

BIBLE TRANSLATION.

But the Bible, though the football of wars and of years, though the plaything of creeds and of cults, though an outcast from its orient home, still remains, despite all its blows and its woes and its mars and its scars, a marvel of grandeur, outvying the rest of the writings of time. Moreover, not even an Addison, honored as he was, because of his style, with a royal bed, with the kingly dead, in the stately and storied old Abbey, was equal to the task of changing, to worthier form, a couplet from the Sacred Writ. Indeed, his setting,

The spacious firmament on high,
With all its blue ethereal sky,
And spangled banners, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim,

is labored and stilted beside the simple, yet majestic original,

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

CREATION STORY.

View, first, the creation story, uncaring if fact or if fiction. Mark its opening, *In the beginning*. Certainly no other story ever was launched so happily, so uniquely. Self-assertive, and if as of right, it antedates epochs and ages and cycles and aeons. It outranks them all. Let thought riot, as it cares, with the past of time, yet here, by a word, God is placed at the yondermost end of Eternity.

And then follow the tale a bare half sentence farther, and, lo, *The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep*. How terse, how full, how serene. A word thereto would jar like jest in the midst of prayer. Reverence it commands by dignity. Belief it all but compels by restraint.

Stop, then, a little farther on and listen: *Let there be light and there was light*. How artless this, artless as a cherub's prattle. Yet how splendid this, splendid as the boon it

stories. Cavil, perchance, may dare to deny it of God; but mortal dares not to asert it as less than the godly.

BIRTH OF A WORLD.

Go on, then, to close of that week. Ponder that story of the birth of a world. Mark the days of creation go by. How wondrous that narrative. By compare, all else, of the ancient and modern, is tame. It tells no haste, no toil, no care. The brain, that told the pen, was lost to self. The tale reveals no trace of author. The air as much is personal. The portrayal moves, as marched the scene, with simple tread. The Day gave way to Night, the Night to Day, as children might take turns at play. The eve and morn linked loving hands about the earth. The land arose from ocean depths and smiled. The soil shot up its wealth of green, its beauty gems, its fruitage rare. The stars each took appointed place, to bide for aye. The sun stept forth to guard the Day, the moon to grace the Night. The seas and lands became the haunts of life. And then came man, the last, the brain, the soul, the God endowed, to rule the wondrous *All*. And, lo, Creator, then, as half with pride, declared the whole was good, *was very good*.

NO GOOD WITHOUT ILL.

Mark, next, another touch of art, a master touch, and, wanting which, the scene was scarce complete. The monarch one had come with

mental traits of God. Creative mind had right to choose, and so, as well, had man. And yet, were good alone at hand, no gift of choice could be. And hence the artist saw, if God or man, the needs of ill on earth to ends of choice. And, too, he saw that man would be, if ill he might not choose, but mere a putty thing in hands of fate. Nor could he then be even good, for this he might not be without the gift of will, the gift of choice. And so, within the universe of fruitage and of flowers that graced his Eden, there was alas, in truth there had to be, at least one thing forbidden him, to take of which was ill. And, tempted thus, he had the gift, if so he willed, to yet be wholly good.

NAMING OF LIFE.

Mark, too, another touch of art, which, though of minor note, has much of richest tracery. The world was then at peace, for man was one. The lands were filled with life. To order's ends this life should then be named. And so, for this, the monarch bade his vassals there. And, then, what cortege came! Elephants and behemoths and camels and lions and tigers and leopards and the multiplied thousands of beasts then roaming, at will, the mountains and valleys. Never, in the realms of fancy, has aught, so unique, been seen. True, portrayal of grotesque has been. But the scene,

at hand, was not the grotesque, but alone the natural, for hate and death were yet stranger to earth.

CHALDEE CREATION STORY.

How worthy this story in contrast with that of the Chaldee, of equal antiquity, or even with the wisdom of the Greek, of a thousand or more years later. For instance, the former, though based on nature's convulsions in aeons ago, and filled with the weirdest of fancies, is not alone idle, but has actually naught to commend it save age. This the plot:

Thiamat, goddess of Chaos, is flaming below. The gods, in universe corners, cower in fear. At council of heavenly pantheon, Marduk elects to destroy the dread monster. The battle that wages finds ultimate end in Thiamat's death, through breath of the deity blown in her mouth. Her body, split lengthwise in twain, is placed, one half as firmament above, one half as the world below.

GREEK MYTHS.

Again, the myths of the Greek, even as late as the age of Socrates and Plato, seem now but the phantoms of brains disordered. In truth, so ludicrous they are, reason is tempted to doubt that intelligence ever believed them. For even a child, of today, would glance askance, if told that the waters of earth had come from the

mouth of a frog; or that a goddess bore herbage to underworld spot, each fall, to restore it when spring was returned.

BIBLICAL BEAUTY.

To compare, then, the beautiful biblical story with these, would little be short of blasphemy. More, to compare it with any of the writings, of time, would be infinitely less than just. For, like unto Saul, its kingly head looms high above the throng. Besides, no other work has plot so bold, has fact so terse, has sweep so grand. In short, *divine* is the lone one word of the language, declaring, in full, its worth.

CHARACTER LITERATURE.

Again, as character literature, the Bible is easily first. True, the story it tells is solely Hebraic, save only as needs there were to wander aside to gather life lines of God's faithful. Yet, that its scope is narrowed thus, brings none of regret. For a people, great as the Jews, and strong as their writings, were justly the ones for portrayal to the weal of oncoming ages. Follow, then, the historical narrative farther, with thought alone to the literary setting, nor caring if fable or fact.

BEGINNING OF FAITH.

The artist, if God or man, had need for stem whereon to grow of faith. And well he chose a place for growth so godly. Had land of Nile

been one selected, the seas and sands would much have cramped the spread. But, with Chaldea named, the sweep might northward go, unvexed, or westward-ho till stayed by wilds or waves. Besides, at Ur, was stream that flowed where once alone was good. And so, at Ur, was fitting ground for newer growth of good.

ABRAM.

So Abram stept to view from pagan dark. Whence came his faith, from soul or ark, no part of art to tell. Enough that faith was there. And thus he seemed: Large brained; strong willed; great souled; almost divine. Yet artist limned another side as well. He sketched him weak, so weak he claimed his wife a sister. He sketched him mean, so mean he sent his boy and Hagar forth with but a jug of water. Yet this, in main, the one as told, this, when grown to Abraham:

ABRAHAM.

To Lot he said, when trouble brewed because of flocks, *Let there be no strife I pray thee. If thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.*

He so was gentle; and such are ever friends of God. And only once, in all of time, was Golden Rule the better shown.

When angels told the fate of Sodom and

Gomorrah, he longed and craved, with aching heart, to save the wicked city. And such a plea he made; more filled with tears than mother's prayer for dying babe. So fierce, so tense, the cry he gave for stay of fire, the angels all but yielded all.

He so was loyal; and such are ever strong with God. And only once, for guilty man, was made a nobler plea.

He had a son in whom was all his life, his hope. The artist knew that love makes duty light betimes; betimes impossible. A test was here desired. So came decree to offer up that son. No protest then, no wild appeal; no wail for mercy. To yonder hill they went, the sire, the son. Both to duty, both to doom. The one lay bound. The blade was lifted high. When, lo, the hand was stayed. Another sacrifice was there.

He so was trustful; and such are ever God's elect. And only once, upon that height, was braver deed at duty's call.

If literature is art, this is literature. If art is more than literature, this still is art, exquisite art.

ABRAHAM, A DEMIGOD.

But Abraham was not the real source of Jewish race. He gave no caste to after kith or Clan. And though by him was faith, through him renown, from him was neither mental flesh nor

moral bone. And yet a giant force was he, a sainted form to live in sacred story, a demigod to whom to offer homage. And long as synagogue shall stand, or tent shall dot the desert, so long shall faithful sing his fame, and Arab voice his glory.

ISAAC, A POEM.

And Isaac was, to Jew, not blood, but poem. As told, he seems a bit of classic art. Most rare the tracings of the canvas. He was a gentle soul. No iron coursed his veins. No storied deeds he compassed. He wandered not from rooftree. He loved the guiding hand. He went as sacrifice at bidding, not for duty. He might have had him many wives; such the times. Yet one sufficed, for one could rule. She took and held the guiding reins. He was content; he cared it so. And then his lot was joy; his life an idyl. No story else is found, so sweet, till Ruth. His eyes at last grew clouded; perchance by tears for Jacob, Rebekah's comely Jacob. Isaac himself, is literature, bewitching, if fact; beautiful if fiction.

JACOB, THE GREAT.

But Jacob was the all in all of Jewish life. He stamped himself, for aye, upon his race. Of all the worthy sires of time, he ranks the greatest. Of all who chiseled character, he carved the deepest. Of all the Nation builders, he

built the strongest. So proud his name, not once, for full a thousand years, did other think to bear it.

GREATNESS DIES.

Greatness boasts not long heredity. The knight of logic rarely takes a father's place at tourney. And greatness leaves no rich estate. The kings of thought, but rarely gain, by blood entail, a heritage of brain. The grief of Mirabeau was keen because he could not will his mind to servant. When Caesar died, died Caesar line. The Corsican left nothing, save of clay, to Dauphin son. The elder Pitt left younger Pitt, then was the end. The elder Pliny left younger Pliny, and then that pagan line was done. Where live today, Mahomet's gifts, or those of Luther, or of Shakespeare, or of Bacon, or of Dante, or of Milton, or of Newton, or of Goethe, or of Schiller; or, in short, of any of the giants famed of old? Perhaps with God; not with man.

JACOB LIVES.

But Jacob lives. His blood flows on, serenely on. In fields of life, his racers yet win countless prizes. Ten thousand homes, today, boast prattling ones, and each his mental type. And ever since his bones were borne from plains of Goshen, the meed or praise was justly his each time a Jew has stepped to fame.

THE SUPPLANTER.

And master tale it is so told of Jacob. Nor-matters here if fact or false. Indeed, if false, this none detracts. Nay, to hold it so, but makes the story stranger. For nowhere else is found so weird a fiction. So call it fancy.

His name, *Supplanter*, itself is art. It shows the parents' vision. It tells how well they saw adown the years. And then the gift of *birth-right* its boon, its priceless boon! Whence came to earth the thought? To this the author deigns no answer. And silence here is cunning touch of art. And, too, the gift of blessing, its spell, its magic spell! How came the word of Isaac the very will of God? Again, the author deigns no answer. And here, as there, the silence is, of art, most cunning touch.

REBEKAH.

As mother will, Rebekah soon perceived the traits of twins she bore. She saw the one, of right the chief, was fit alone for sheik. She saw the one, of right bereft, was will-endowed to rule. And so, in scorn of fate, perchance with sneer, she whispered Jacob. And then he knew it all, devined it all. He felt him wronged; he knew his need. He also saw his brother roam the hills, unwhipt of care, unmindful all of power. And then his heart grew mad with lust for blessing, not from God, from Isaac.

THE BIRTHRIGHT.

A lad, ahungered, returned from quest of game. He long had gleaned the wilds, and so was well awearied. He begged, as huntsmen may of right, the simple boon of food, a boon of grace his due without so much the asking. And then Rebekah's son, her thoughtful son, recalled that whispered counsel. And so he drove a bargain sharp, yet mean, not giving pottage prayed till brother gave, as pay therefor, the gift of birth, that godly right, that thing of strangest worth. Simple Esau! Subtle Jacob! Where else, in art, was villian part the better played?

LAW OF ILL.

By law of ill, each wrong demands a mate. And so the deed unjust, of sin against a brother, required, as partner of its ilk, another act the no less wanton. Again a mother wrought. She dressed her loving son in skins of goats and sent him in to win, by fraud, the gift of godly blessing.

THE BLESSING.

And then what splendid play of art! Perchance, at door and breathless, the dark-eyed, the daring, Rebekah stood. In mock of truth, yet fiercely earnest, the fearful Jacob knelt. The hands of blessing are outstretched. And then, as half in doubt, the father pauses. His lips

withhold the message. The scene is tense as tragedy may know. A moment's pause, and stolen skins have served to rob poor Esau of his right, nor him alone, but all his kith of Arab hosts. Where, where besides, has author sketched such splendid villainy?

THE FLIGHT.

And then the drama changes. The youth, enriched by spoil of birthright and of blessing, now knows despair. His brother, inspired by hate, makes threat to kill. His conscience aroused from sleep, glares fiercely at him. His very soul is now aghast. Again a mother counsels; again the son obeys. As willed by her, he hastes beyond the Jordan, with speed of wolf when chased by dogs. And there, with head to rock, he ventures sleep; with face to sky, he dares to dream. This the vision told:

THE DREAM.

The upper and the nether worlds were linked by ladder, linked as one. The angels came and went at will. Above was bliss, below was bliss. For heavens and earth alike were realms of God. And then, beyond the wondrous whole, a Mighty Form stepped forth and spake him thus: *I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed.* What splendid vision! Not yet has art portrayed a nobler scene.

NEED OF DREAM.

And much that dream was needed. The youth was wild with dread. He felt himself accurst of God. He knew himself accurst of brother. The only love he thought to claim, in all his little world, was that of her who shared his shame. And so a word of solace then was sweeter far than honey and the honeycomb. Indeed, without it, the blessing of his later years might well have never been. And hence that dream, if but a gift of art, is yet a sketch of birth of soul.

YAHWEH.

Again, the skies were then, by common thought, abodes of countless deities. Of these, each place claimed one its own. Egypt had its Ra; Babylon its Marduk; Assyria its Asur; Canaan its Baal; Moab its Chemosh; Edom its Hadad; Erch its Isthtar; Haran its Sin; Ur its Anu; Rome its Jupiter; Greece its Zeus. And so the Jew had One, his Yahweh. Nor had he thought another dared to claim Him. He doubtless held to other gods as well, with his first. For when, on heights of Sin or Sinai, the law was told, his Yahweh said, *Thou shalt have no other gods before me, not no other gods at all.* Besides, when Miriam's song went up by sea, the query winged not simply was, *Who is like to thee, O Lord?* but *who, among the Gods, is like to thee?*

BEYOND THE JORDAN.

Beyond the Jordan was, to Jacob, stranger land. By flight, he fancied he had left his Yahweh yonder. He well believed some deity was near, but not his own. And so, in soul, he was in double sense bereft, of friends, of God. How splendid then, the matchless touch by which perspective widened. The open skies, the passing hosts, the mighty Voice, all told of Jewish Yahweh, denoting too, a way to God from every spot on earth. And Jacob quick perceived it all, divined the plan divine. And then, by faith, his course was fixed to lead him safe to *Israel*.

PILGRIMAGE OF JACOB.

And every step, from ladder's end to end in olden Goshen, was marked by growth of soul of Jacob. His troth and truth to Rachel, his toil and love for Rachel, make story quaint as sheik may tell. The blending of his life with Leah, lonely Leah, was deed of wrong like that by which he gained the blessing. His feats of brain, to foil the schemes of Laban, denote the man of genius, declare the man of destiny.

GROWTH OF JACOB.

But story scales its topmost height yet later on. Through strange and stirring scenes had Jacob come. Polygamy had plagued and cursed his life. For years had Laban lived to rob him.

Each way he turned some newer care had sprung and scowled. The suns had scorched his face to Arab hue. His hands were swart as hands of swarthy Esau. And still, despite it all, he grew in brain, he spread in soul, he waxed in wealth. The blasts that blew laid not the giant low, but made him clutch the stronger hold.

THE RETURN.

Twenty years had passed. The time was then for journey home of Jacob. By stealth he hastened forth, with kith and flocks, pursued, in turn, by Laban. A truce arranged between them, new trouble stood before him; a danger dark and dire. For there was warlike Esau.

BATTLE OF THE NIGHT.

The night came on. The world was hushed. Jacob was alone. Then sins arose before him, and fear made soul alert, forced memory back. The wrongs, by him to Esau, appeared as grinning wraiths. He heard them whet their teeth for vengeance. His soul was chilled with horror. He fled, as once before, or so it seemed, like driven wolf.

And then again he saw that vision. He heard again that Voice Almighty. He looked the way he came, and lo, what blessing there. And then he knew his Yahweh's word was sure. His heart grew soft; his soul grew sweet. His heart

and soul were filled with penitence. He battled fiercely, all the night, for mastery of self. Though tired and worn, though wounded sore, he would not yield, he could not yield.

ISRAEL, THE PRINCE OF GOD.

And when the morn was come, the Angel of the Lord, the Messenger of Mercy, to him had granted blessing, the blessed boon of pardon. And walked he then no more in pride, but crippled, in the faith by Love's humility. The Supplanter then was gone; and in his stead stood *Israel, the Prince of God.*

Within the range of literature, no other tale is found, more strange, more wonderful.

ISRAEL'S BLESSING.

And Jacob's blessing, to his sons, is Arabic poem, Arabic rhapsody. And how, as patriarch spake, he must have recalled the hour, when, with fur-concealed hands and impious lips he wrung from father the blessing, the birthright of brother. Yet, this aside, no setting of art could surely excel that vision as told by the dying. Indeed, so aptly it pictures the traits of the sons, as subsequent days revealed them, the critics have even surmised the drawing was labor of one long after the patriarch passed. But here, not fact, but form concerns. Enough to present thought, the poem has place in the Bible. This, in brief, its measure of the sons:

NAPHTALI:

He is a hind let loose. He giveth goodly words.

ASHER:

His bread shall be fat, and he shall yield royal dainties.

GAD:

A troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last.

ZEBULIN:

He shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for an haven of ships.

BENJAMIN:

He shall raven as a wolf. In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.

DAN:

He shall be a serpent, by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backwards.

REUBEN:

Thou art my might, the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity, the excellency of power. Unstable as the water, thou shalt not excel.

SIMEON and LEVI:

O my soul, come not now into their secrets.

Unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel.

ISSACHER:

He is a strong ass, couched down between two burdens. And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant. And he bowed down his shoulder to bear, and become a servant unto tribute.

JOSEPH:

He is a fruitful bough, a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the well. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him and hated him. But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.

JUDAH:

He is a lion's whelp; he stooped down, he crouched as a lion, as an old lion; who shall rouse him up? The scepter shall not depart from him, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come. And unto him shall the gatherings of the people be, binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine. He washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes; his eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk.

THE POET A SEER.

The poet is the seer of earth. He only has poetic ecstasy. So here, this dithyramb of when events, to be, were told, in ages done, the message, by some law divine, has breathed poetic ecstasy. So here, this dithyramb of Israel, so voiceful of the future, has rarest touch of beauty, is filled with richest harmonies.

MOSES.

Then Moses rose to view. As seen, he looms the largest of the earth, save One. His way, from Nile to Nebo, was wonder-planned. From birth, he seemed the protected of God. Indeed, his mother, Jochebed, was first to bear, in part, the name of Yahweh. The child, so story runs, was graced with winsome beauty. The parents, in dread of cruel edict, consigned their babe to wave and rush. Found by royal daughter, he gained a palace home. And then, by happy chance, the fondling had, for nurse, his mother, to teach him of his people and his God. All this, if touch of romance, betrays most gifted author.

EGYPT LORE.

And there, in the lands of the Pharaohs, all knowledge was to him an open book. The letters of the earth he conned. The secrets of the fanes he learned. The religions of the world he gauged. The deities of the skies he measured.

The intrigues of the courts he fathomed. The mystery of rule he reasoned. The mastery of war he compassed. Wonderful training! And all, too, to the end that leader might know to establish a people in wisdom. Never before was hero so brained, never a hero so trained.

SOUL GROWTH.

But the rich, ripe fruitage,
Of the world's best toil,
Grows seldom in the courts or marts
For the germs that quicken,
In that thin, hot soil,
Come seldom unto God's full hearts.

SCHOOL OF THE DESERT.

So, self-exiled, the hero hastes unto Arabic wastes. And there, to him, came lore profound, more wise than the wisdom of Egypt. For then he learned from the book of experience. He tasted of cares. He wandered the desert. He tended the flocks. He battled with beasts. He tented with Jethro. He climbed unto Sinai's altars. He drank of the waters of Marah. He dared the bolts of the tempests. He learned the speech of the thunders. And, wholly unknowing of growth, he was coming, each day, more near to the stature of might demanded by the plans of Yahweh. And so, by the end of two-thirds of his life, he was souled unto Israel's ransom, souled unto Man of God.

THE BURNING BUSH.

He led his flock to desert's yonder side, to Horeb's foot. Then way he stayed, for strange, a *Bush* was burning, nor yet consumed. With soul adread, he gazed. When, lo, by tongues of flame came word, the word of Yahweh. His feet he bared, for place whereon he stood was holy ground. And then, with more than awe, he list the voice that bade him down to Egypt. He queried name of Him who gave command. Then answer came, *I Am, That I Am*. He sought to shun the task. He told his little will, his simple skill. He urged his speech as poor, his strength as mean. His rod became a serpent; the serpent became a rod. His hand declared him leper; it then again was clean. No pleading worked avail. For then the Word of God was All, as still is All.

What portraiture supreme! How every thought seems coined to wise effect! His very want of speech is godly touch. For, given honeyed words, the deeds, in Egypt done, would tinge of mortal gift, not speak of spell divine. What pen of fancy ever else wrought half so well?

BEFORE PHARAOH.

The Man of God, with prophet, Aaron, prayed pompous Pharaoh for Israel's release. A wonder of the twain was asked. Then prophet's rod became a serpent; and so each rod of Magi.

And then the prophet's rod had swallowed rods of Magi. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And Man of God again so prayed. Then prophet's rod was stretched above the streams and pools of Egypt; and so were rods of Magi. The waters all were turned to fetid blood. The fish were dead and stank. And all of Egypt thirsted. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And Man of God again so prayed. Then prophet's hand across the waters reached; and so did hands of Magi. Then frogs came forth, in slimy hordes, till Egypt lands were filled therewith. And then, for tyrant plea, the plague was stayed. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And then the Man of God bade Aaron smite the earth. The rod of prophet fell, and lice came forth. The very dust became but vermin. And Magi sought to conjure lice and failed. And so, affright, they whispered, *This is the act of God*. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And then the Man of God again so prayed; this time with threat. Then flies came on, to grieve the land, a teeming brood, a noisome swarm. And tyrant begged for stay of ill, with word to grant the prayer. The flies were winged away, afar. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And Man of God again so prayed; once again with threat. But tyrant gave no heed; no word he spake. His sense, by pride, was dulled. Then died, upon the morrow, the flocks and birds of

Egypt, died they all, save those alone of Israel. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And then the Man of God stood in face of Pharaoh. And there he cast the furnace ash straight up to face of heaven. It touched all Egypt. And where it fell came blains and boils to man and beast. And still, to Israel, it worked no ill. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And Man of God again so prayed; this time with angry threat. Then hailstones charged. Lightnings raced the earth. Fields were threshing floors. Goshen plain alone was glad, for sake of Israel. Then doom was stayed, to tyrant plea. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And Man of God again so prayed; this time with direful threat. Then locusts came in clouds. The earth was filled with countless, living curses. What hail had left was now devoured. And then, for tyrant plea, the pests were swept to sea. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And Man of God again stretched forth his hand. Then darkness fell; black darkness. None, save Israel, had light. Then tyrant bade the man of God to see his face no more; or, doing which, that day he died. And man of God declared it well. But bondsmen yet were bondsmen.

And Man of God had said. Blood-stained were posts and lintels. Israel was hushed. Midnight comes. Death's Angel strides the

land. Each door, unstained, he swings. Each place, unmarked, he enters. Horror stalks. Despot shrieks for mercy. And bondsmen now are freemen.

COMPARE OF MARVELS.

The shelves are filled with works of marvels. Homer surfeits with his pantheon of Gods, His heroes pass until the eye awearies with beholding. Aladdin's lamp and ring invoke, in turn, grim forms of empty nothingness. His phantoms live to thought because but airy fancies. Yet who, in all the earth, accepts as fact, a word of Homer or Aladdin?

And still, the Bible story, though telling deeds as strangely strange, is well believed by countless hosts. Indeed, upon its tales, the people, greatest known to time, have founded whole of faith, have held to rites, as sacred for centuries on centuries. Besides, these tales, though motived lone for fact, not form, have grace of rarest diction. For, while more artless far than Aesop's Fables, no other work, if fact or fancy, may claim such matchless style, may boast such charming majesty.

BEFORE THE SEA.

And Man of God then stood before the sea. Behind were hosts of Egypt. Thus far the Lord had gone before him, in pillar of cloud, by day, to lead him the way; and, in pillar of fire, by

night, to give him the light. For him there was no place of refuge but farther on. He stretched his hand above the sea; and, lo, the waters cleaved. And way appeared, through billowy deep, for crossing over.

ROAD OF GOD.

What wonderful scene! On either hand the waves were piled like restful dunes of sands. The sea itself looked joy, by silvery glance, to give such goodly crossing. The cloud went back to rear, and there, with face of fire, made bright that road of God, while cloak of gloom it stretched to blind the coming foe.

CROSSING.

The mighty throngs of Israel then marched across the sea. And moved they, too, with quiet tread, nor haste, nor crowding. For knew they then no coward fear; their God His way was guarding. And so, with hearts of exultation, they reached the shore of safety, the dreary waste of Sin.

INSOLENCE.

And then comes scene of tragedy, a grewsome act. The Lord of Egypt reasoned not of will of God. And so, in insolence of brain, he pressed across the sea. That way he thronged with troops, with steeds, with chariots, with pomp and panoply of war. He saw his quarry just ahead. He felt him sure of feast of blood.

VENGEANCE.

But, lo, the Man of God reached out his hand; and waters saw. The dunes were dunes no longer. They leaped from either side to seize that Road of God. They laughed, they roared, they shrieked, in very pride of might. They wound their steely grasp about each throat below, then went to rest and left it so.

SONG OF MIRIAM.

And then the Man of God, and all the hosts of Israel, sang Miriam's song of Triumph, the eldest chant of time. And so, in part, they sung:

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation; He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed to pieces the enemy. With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together; the floods stood upright as a peak; and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil. My lust shall be satisfied upon them. I will draw my sword; my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind; the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Thou, in thy mercy, hath led forth the people which thou hast redeemed. Thou has guided them in thy

strength unto thy holy habitation. The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

THE TRAGEDY.

All this is literature, stupendous literature. And, too, the scene of which it tells, is tragedy, tremendous tragedy. Perchance, upon some godly height, an angel throng beheld that awesome play below. And there, from proudest box Yahweh, gave shouts when evil perished, gave voice to swell the triumph song of Miriam. Aye, this is literature, stupendous literature.

AT SINAI

The people came to foot of Sinai to meet their God. But none laid hand upon the mount, for death lurked there. Above the height profound, the lightnings glanced, the thunders roared. Around the topmost peak, a cloak of cloud was wound, from whence came voice of trumpet. The Lord, in fire, descended; and quaking mount became concealed as if by smoke of furnace. Then trumpet voice rang yet more long, and waxed and waxed the louder. And Man of God then called to One on high and answer came: *Come.*

FACE TO FACE.

And clouds abode on Sinai. And the glory of the Lord thereon was like devouring fire. And Man of God stood face to face with God and talked with God. And slabs of stone were given

him whereon ten words were traced, by hand Supreme, for guidance of the Jew, for teaching unto earth. And lo, when he was come again below, his face was bright with God's own light.

POWER.

What splendid story this: What wondrous reach of power! Of more than mortal might it tells. With more than monarch march it moves. And so, compared with other works, when faced by other master words, it seems to rise, like ocean's swelling tide, complacently, resistlessly, tremendously, engulfing and submerging all.

GENIUS OF POETRY.

Poetic grace lies most between the lines. The *said* is minor part; the *hint* the major. The line that calls the tear, gives glimpse of grief un-sung. The bud in olden book, woos back some fragrant June. Concealment is alone the way of God's revealment. And so, the touch, portraying end of Moses, is alone of mystery, hence of art. A word, no more, and Man of God is gone.

MOSES ON NEBO.

He went to Nebo's storied height,
The guest of God,
Nor need had he for more of might,
Nor need of rod;

He scaled, unawed, the stately crest,
 With Host to be,
He viewed, with joy, the land of rest,
 Before the sea.

He sat in state, with Holy One,
 The honored Guest,
And quaffed the cup of duty done,
 The cup the best;
And angels stood on either hand,
 To voice his fame,
And song awoke of seraph band,
 To swell acclaim.

And then, afar, he saw the throng,
 His soul athrill,
The people led by him so long,
 At Yahweh's will;
He saw them in the vale below,
 Though eyes adim,
And knew, to them, he could not go,
 But they to him.

And lofty Host then swung the door,
 Upon the night,
And bade him bide, forevermore,
 Within the light;
And so, above, he tarries still,
 Nor stay shall end,
And with his Host may talk at will,
 As friend to friend.

Yet once, again, he came to earth,
 With glory crowned,
The splendors of Almighty Worth,
 Above, around;
And came he then, the honored one,
 From Holy Place,
To speak with Yahweh's only Son,
 And face to face.

CHRIST OF THE FOUR



Christ of the Four

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

Thought is parent to language; yet parent and child are one. Thought is cause, language effect; yet, for the first to exist, the latter must be. Thought ventures not into chamber of intelligence save with language, its coequal and with it coexistent.

No wonders of thought are evolved, save language assist in their forming. No beauties of thought are revealed, save language draw back the dense curtain. No fathoms of thought are measured, save language cast line for the sounding. No fabrics of thought are woven, save language ply shuttle at weaving. In short, the duty and labor, and beauty and glory, of thought and of language are one. And in them and by them alone may reason commune with her children and wisdom bring blessing to earth.

Thought was with God in the beginning, for God is mind. Language also was there, for God and His word are one. Together they wrought when time was decreed. For God's will to be

known to man, God's Word must come to earth. And that such Word in fact came, not alone was declared by John the Divine, but will be gain-said by none, if the story be true that Jesus arose from the grave.

DREAM OF IMMORTALITY.

A dream is a butterfly from chrysalis of fact. Without the cocoon of reality, no gossamer fancy would flit in the world of mind. Immortality is the dream of earth. It is, with man, the one thought in common. Wherever human brain and heart are, there it is also. If cares burden the soul, it lifts the load. If griefs harry the heart, it halts the pursuers. If woes ply the rod, it hastens with healing. It holds, to the lips of the aged, a draught from the fountain of youth. It bends, to the bed of the dying, and whispers of life everlasting. It stills the sound of funeral clod, by heavenly strain of hope.

This dream, therefore, cannot well be but a mirage of hope. For if so, man is greater than God, as he has then conceived of a beneficence beyond omnipotent power to grant. And, behind the dream, there must be something of fact, else here effect exists minus cause. But as law, not chance, controls in all, reason is led to conclude that sometime, probably on creative morn, the Infinite spoke to finite ear the word giving birth to that race-wide dream. However, universal as it is, beautiful as it is, helpful as it

is, it is but a dream, with nothing behind it, proper to designate as proof, unless the story be true that the Divine Man, Jesus, actually, after death, entered into life again, life eternal, and so transformed the dream into prophetic har-binger of man's assured immortality.

DESIGN IN NATURE.

Nature acts by design. No world has been framed without an orbit to bound it. No eye has been formed without the light to flood it. No hand has been wrought without a use to employ it. No bird has been winged without the air to bear it. No field has been gemmed without some life to enjoy it. No fish has been finned without the water to buoy it.

The leaf is hung to branch to catch the kiss of sun and rain and breeze, so to electrify the veins of parent tree. The bloom has raiment bright and nectar sweet whereby to woo, to her nuptial chamber, the pollen bearing bee. The lonely cactus is armed with spears, fierce and dread, else would that outlaw queen of the desert long since have ceased her reign. The hapless rabbit has sight keen, ear quick, and limb fleet, to give it chance to elude the foe. The horrid serpent is swift or venomed that it may wage its fight of fate against the rest of earth.

In short, nature ever applies her boundless energies to the task of producing fitness, of creating like for like. Throughout her whole do-

main, the adaptation of means to ends is her changeless law of action. As, on the mimic stage of art, each accessory is placed for purposed use ere curtain falls, so, in nature's splendid, yet tragic, arena, the myriadic parts, making up the whole of the ceaseless play, are set and designed for definite end, though most it is the eye of viewer fails to observe this wonderful truth.

MIND.

Of all creation, the human mind is chief. The cycles and eternities of earth, prior to man's coming, were but preparation period for mind's advent. The years and ages, since that coming, have been but growth time for mind's maturing. Mind is nature's capstone, nature's glory. Many, indeed, exalt it to the rank of the supreme Godship.

And who, in truth, may ascribe to it just measure of majesty? It may outfoot the coursers of the sky; may outwing the lances of the sun; may cast plummet-line into the nethermost depths of space; may roll back aeons and usher in the fire-mist of unborn worlds; may attend at the funeral of time to view the blackened corpse of the universe; may all but wrest from nature's grasp the hidden secret of life's beginning; and may, in spirit obeisant or defiant, approach Omnipotent Throne, whereon sits the Father and Creator of all. Ah, who may measure the gifts of this, the acme of nature's wonders.

And is this marvel, then, to pass as flits the foolish thought of childhood slumber? Surely the Power, which adapts means to ends, even from birth of worlds to creating of serpents, cannot have produced the prodigy of mind, with all its limitless forces and illimitable longings, with lone design to let it die. It cannot be but that, for cause so giant, nature designed the whole of eternity as necessary effect. By reason's logic, there must be life yon side the grave, mind yon side of death, else has nature set aside her own law of design, and this, too, as to the one of her creations wherein a mightiest purpose is most discerned.

And yet, behind this conclusion of reason, there is naught of real, to be reckoned as proof, unless it be that the Man, Jesus, stepped forth to view, beyond death, possessing still all the mentality His prior to the terrible day of Golgotha.

DREAM AND DESIGN NOT PROOF.

As will be seen, then, the dream of immortality is not actual proof of the reality of a life to be. It is, at most, but a hope, begotten perchance by Divine word spoken to human race at dawn of time. But, to establish the fact of a second life, proof, aside from dream or hope, must be introduced into the court of reason, else will the fact, of existence beyond, remain in the realm of the undemonstrable, probably true, perchance false.

Farther, as will be seen, the mere fact, as to all the rest of her manifold creations, nature shows unvarying design, a constant adaptation of means to ends, does not of itself prove that, as to mind, she had purpose other than to let it perish. True, it does not accord with the logic of reason that she would so violate her own fixed law of design. Nor does it accord with the logic of reason that she would, or even could, make the tremendous effort, necessary to the creation of human intellect, not alone to no valuable purpose, but to worse than useless end, because, granting human life to cease at death, existence here is bane, not boon.

Still, all these considerations, forceful as they are, fall far short of demonstrating, as a reality, the fact of an existence beyond; and, if resting upon them alone for proof, eternity, to man, must remain a beautiful dream, an inspiring hope.

DEMONSTRATION OF IMMORTALITY

So, as the fact of immortality may not be shown, either by the argument of man's desire or nature's design, the mind, in its quest for truth, reverts to the last of possible word, the record of the rising of Jesus. And, conceding this tale to be fact, the world's dream is not without cause, neither has nature made mock of her laws. For, granting death conquered that once, granting the *Christ of the Four* to be fact,

there is a world beyond this world, a life beyond this life, and the One of the Cross is the guide thereto, the Christ of the Gospels the light thereof. But, if that record be false, no witness may say that the measureless crime has not been done of forcing humanity here, full-hearted with hope, with the end of it all but death in a day, death everlasting, death with the brute.

STORY OF THE FOUR.

The historic books, the sacred Four, alone declare, yet speak, in full, the historic Man of Grief. And, so strange they are, so wondrous the One they portray, they demand, unto faith, full measure of proof that they came from the authors ascribed them. Yet more, they must come, for belief, from the touchstone of truth, showing neither of baseness nor blemish. To the testimony then, asserting this, attention will here be directed.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS LOST.

At the very threshold of this discussion, it is but fair to admit, for such is the fact, that no original manuscript of either of the gospels is now extant; nor, indeed, any copy of either, antedating the year A. D. 325. And it is not at all certain that a copy, even thus ancient, exists today, although it seems possible, and, indeed, quite probable, that the manuscript, found

by Tischendorf, in the Sinaitic Convent, should have been one of the fifty made at Constantine's order.

And, that the originals disappeared, as also the earlier copies, will scarcely excite wonder, when the fact is recalled of the persecutions of the church, lasting nearly three centuries; in the last of which the satanic decree was made commanding the destruction of all the churches of the Christians, as well as the burning of all their *Sacred Scriptures*.

Yet, while admitting the loss of those precious records to be the greatest of earth, let it not be thought that it is here conceded that the Roman Rulers, in their insane rage against the church, were able to take from the world the story of Jesus or His Divine Words, for both have survived alike the hate and the torch of the pagan.

THE CANON EXISTING A. D. 180

However, it would be of no evidential value here to trace regressively, step by step, the Gospel history from the days of Constantine to the year A. D. 180. For it is now conceded, even by the most contentious of Christ's foes, that, by the date last named, the Four Gospels were precisely in the form as now existing. In fact, Baur and Strauss, the keenest of the infidelic scoffers, concede them to have been extant, in their present form, by the year A. D. 150, Renan admitting them even as early as the latter part of the

first century. Farther, not only is this universally admitted, but the concession includes the existence of the whole of the New Testament Canon as well.

EARLY LITERATURE.

Happily the literature, of the early days of our era, has been preserved, unquestioned either as to its antiquity or authenticity. And happily, too, that literature, as if by divine design, is fairly aglow with sparkles flashed originally by apostolic pens. So filled are those early writings, with quotations from the New Testament, that, were the Gospel narratives themselves entirely lost, the life and teachings of Jesus would yet be known, and this, too, in all original detail save alone as to the mere matter of the order of the first setting. In fact, it has been affirmed by eminent historic authority, nor the statement questioned, that the whole of the New Testament, with the exception of less than a dozen verses, can be culled from the literature of the first three centuries of this era.

Therefore, as will be evident, the proof, showing the correctness of the commonly ascribed authorship of the Gospels, is far from meager. Indeed, with so much of testimony at hand, to draw upon, the most permissible here, is to summarize briefly from the pages of those days; and yet, at the same time, to enter into such evidential detail as will be ample to establish the fact

that the Gospels, as now extant, are indeed as written by the sainted authors to whom they have so long been severally ascribed. This, then, will be the duty here first attempted.

GOSPEL QUOTATIONS.

In the summary, to follow, no note will be taken of apostolic quotations post-dating A. D. 250. For, owing to the wide-spread of Christ's cause, by the latter half of the third century, no less than 60,000 New Testament manuscripts, as it is now estimated, were then in the possession of the church. And it was chiefly owing to the vast volume of such literature then extant, that Diocletian, though spurred on by Satanic hate and backed by all the forces of an empire, could not entirely expurgate Christ's life and words from the world's memory.

Summarizing then, and in regressive order as nearly as may be, the following gives the number of New Testament quotations found in the writings of Christian authors prior to about the middle of the third century:

ORIGEN, of Alexandria, born A. D. 185, makes 5,745 quotations from the whole Canon, of which 2,971 are from the four Gospels.

CLEMENT, of Alexandria, born A. D. 153, makes 389 in all, 180 of same from Gospels.

TERTULLIAN, of Carthage, born A. D. 150, makes 1,802 in all, mentioning also *New Testament* and *Gospels*.

IRENÆUS, of Smyrna, the great author, born A. D. 115, gives 767 in all.

JUSTIN, Martyr, of Neapolis, the learned, born A. D. 89, gives 125.

POLYCARP, of Smyrna, personal friend of St. John, born about A. D. 65, gives 40.

IGNATIUS, of Antioch, the lion-hearted Bishop, born about A. D. 37, has 19.

CLEMENT, of Rome, contemporary of Sts. Peter and Paul, born about the time of crucifixion, has 31.

BARNABAS, probably companion of Paul, possibly the Levite of Cyprus, has 24.

SUMMARY OF QUOTATIONS.

In short, from the writings of those nine, no less than 8,942 New Testament quotations may be gleaned. Moreover, there is so much of incidental reference in their works, showing the existence then of the Canon of today, as to make it impossible to place it in summary form, or, indeed, even to point it out. Farther, as the quotations mentioned, from Origen, are but from four of his books, the remaining 36 having been lost, it is more than probable that the entire Scrip-



tures, both old and new, would have been found in his writings alone, had all been preserved. As it is, his works still extant, furnish fully two-thirds of the whole New Testament text.

REFERENCES TO GOSPELS.

Besides the quotations above, this of reference exists, in the writings of others of the Christian authors, showing the early existence of the Gospel story:

HIPPOLYTUS, of Portus, born about A. D. 160, quotes from all but three of the New Testament books.

APOLLINARIS, of Phrygia, born in the early part of the second century, quotes John, as to blood and water coming from the side of Jesus, refers to Matthew, and specifically mentions the *Gospels*.

THEOPHILUS, of Antioch, born A. D. 115, quotes from Matthew and Luke, duly accredits to John, *In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God*, gives excerpts from the Epistles of Paul, and, in addition, himself wrote a work called the *Harmony of the Gospels*.

ATHENAGORAS, of Athens, born about same date as last, quotes from Matthew, Luke and Romans, refers to John, and besides, wrote two works, one bearing the significant title, *A Mission about Christians*, the other the still more significant one, *The Resurrection*.

TATIAN, of Syria, disciple of Justin Martyr, born about the first of the second century, quotes from Matthew and John, repeats *In the beginning was the Word*, and in addition, wrote a work called the Diatessaron, meaning, *The Gospel of Jesus Christ by the Four Evangelists*.

HEGESIPPUS, next to Luke the first Christian historian, born early as the very beginning of the second century, in speaking with reference to claimed Christian heretics, said that *If there were any at all that attempted to subvert the sound doctrine of the saving gospel, they were skulking in dark retreats*.

ARISTIDES, a philosopher of Athens, born latter part of first century, in his Apology to the Emperor Hadrian, written about A. D. 125, not only gives a synopsis of Christian doctrine, including the Divinity, Virgin-Birth, Resurrection, and Ascension of Jesus, but asserts that all is *taught in the Gospel, where men can read it themselves*.

JUSTIN MARTYR, mentioned above, born about A. D. 89, gathered his materials for his splendid *Apologies* to Antoninus Pius, and his learned *Dialogue with Trypho*, the Jew, from a collection, referred to by him as the *Memoirs, Composed by the Apostles, which are called Gospels*.

PAPIAS, of Phrygia, born about A. D. 70 to 75, besides declaring Matthew to have put the

oracles together, in the Hebrew language, and Mark to have written down all he could remember of what Peter told him, himself wrote a work on the Gospels, entitled, *Exposition of the Oracles of the Lord*.

QUADRATUS, writing at a very early date, and quoted in the history of Eusebius, not only affirmed the miracles and the resurrection of Jesus, but asserted that some of those, on whom the miracles had been performed, were yet living when he wrote.

REFERENCES BY AUTHORS UNKNOWN

Again, the following Christian writings, with authorship unknown, give persuasive proofs affirming the Canon.

MURATORIAN FRAGMENT, early as A. D. 160 to 170, lists the Gospels in their common order, and arranged also, in like order, all but four of the remaining books of the New Testament.

ITALIA VERSION, early as A. D. 150, forms the basis of the Vulgate, or Common Version of today.

SYRIAC VERSION, also as early as A. D. 150, contains the whole of the New Testament except Revelations and four of the minor Epistles.

APOCRYPHAL GOSPEL OF ST. PETER, not later than A. D. 140, recounts all that por-

tion of the Christ stay beginning with Pilate's washing his hands and ending with the return of the disciples to Galilee after the resurrection.

LETTER TO DIOGNETUS, written about A. D. 117, shows full knowledge of the Gospels and also of the Epistles of Paul.

SHEPHERD OF HERMAS, written as early as the very beginning of the second century, has 23 quotations from the New Testament.

THE DIDACHE, or TEACHING, of date from A. D. 80 to 100, contains 39 quotations from the New Testament, of which 18 are from Matthew.

REFERENCES BY ENEMY.

Nor yet is this all the evidence at hand establishing the accepted authorship of the Gospel narratives, for, as shown below, even the most extreme, of the early opponents of Christ, have inadvertently, and yet as if by divine will, stood vouchers for this fact.

JULIAN, the Apostate, born A. D. 311, admits the apparent miracles of Christ, as recorded, and concedes the genuineness of the Gospels, as also of others of the books of the New Testament.

HIEROCLES, of Bithynia, a dread persecutor of the times of Julian, besides granting the genuineness of the New Testament generally, specifically refers to six of its eight authors.

PORPHYRY, of Tyre, Christianity's first great enemy, born A. D. 233, refers to Matthew, Mark, John, Acts, Galatians, in fact shows full knowledge of the entire New Testament, never, even incidentally, questioning but that each of its books was correctly accredited as to authorship.

CELSUS, the Platonist, in his virulent attack on Christianity, early as A. D. 167 and possibly much earlier, not only admitted the apparent miracles of Christ, but actually *gives eighty quotations from the New Testament.*

HERACLEON, the Gnostic writing about A. D. 160, put forth a full commentary on John in order to show that the latter was also a Gnostic.

PTOLEMY, also Gnostic, writing about A. D. 150, gives several quotations from Matthew, as also declared of John. *The Apostle says that all things were made by it, and that without it was not anything made that was made.*

MARCION, another Gnostic, born early in the first half of the second century, used the Gospel of Luke and the Epistles of Paul.

VALENTINUS, the great Gnostic, born about the beginning of the second century, not only shows full familiarity with the New Testament, generally speaking, but refers to the three synoptic writings and specifically quotes from John.

BASILIDES, the Gnostic, most famed of all, born about A. D. 70, wrote a commentary on the four Gospels, using them also up to the time of his secession from the church; quotes John, *The True light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and My hour is not yet come*; and gives the earliest testimony showing the authenticity of Romans, Ephesians, Colossians, 1 Timothy and 1 Peter.

GOSPELS EARLY EXTANT.

To quote from a work, non-existent, is of course impossible. The Gospels, then, had to be prior to the dates of the extracts from them. More, they must, when so quoted from, already have gained general circulation, for the references to them were by writers scattered, if not world-wide, at least culture-wide. To attain to such circulation, in those days, required not alone years, but actually decades of years, so slow, then, the process of book-making.

As will have been observed, some of the quotations were themselves made in Apostolic times, which fact, of itself, makes necessary the existence of the Gospels in those times. Even the latest of the quotations instanced, those by Origen, were of date too early for false Gospels to have gained circulation or credence such as to have imposed on him. Moreover, never once did Gnostic, or other early enemy of the

church, even suggest a teaching of Jesus at variance with that as found in the New Testament of today.

SPURIOUS GOSPELS IMPOSSIBLE

Farther, spurious manuscripts could not have become current in Apostolic times. Those who went to martyrdom, for the truth of the Christ story, would not have tolerated such an infamy. They would have died, if need be, to have prevented it.

Nor has any unbeliever been so reft of reason, through hatred of Christianity, as to claim the possibility of the coming into use, of spurious documents, while an Apostle yet lived. In fact, the keenest of the intellects, among infidelic writers, have felt impelled to admit that such forgeries could not have been passed upon the church while those survived who had even been told of Christ by Apostolic lips, if not, then of course the Gospels, as now extant, are unquestionably genuine, for the period immediately following the Apostolic days, is that reaching to the second century, the very time when, as all admit, the present New Testament text had fixed form.

Here, then, both periods, the *Apostolic* and the *one succeeding it*, speak in harmony for the authenticity of the Gospels, the first through quotations from them found in Hermas and the Didache, and in the writings of Ignatius, Clem-

ent and Barnabas, the last, in like manner, by those personally knowing the Apostles, for instance Quadratus, and especially the aged martyr Polycarp, that bosom friend of John the Divine.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

The authenticity of the Gospels is farther greatly emphasized by the fact that the story, as told in the synoptic manuscripts, fits into the time prior to the fall of Jerusalem, and into no other possible period in the world's history.

In the day of that dread calamity, so vividly foretold in Luke, not only did a nation melt away in the hot furnace of Omnipotent wrath, but no less than one million, one hundred thousand human souls passed into eternity amidst scenes and horrors revolting beyond belief.

If that drama, the most awful ever set to mortal view, had either already been enacted, or was still upon the stage of action, when the Gospels were written, it is inconceivable that such fact should have failed to have left impress in those narratives. The absence of such notice or apparent effect, forces conclusion that those manuscripts either antedated that race tragedy, or were penned so long after it occurred that it was then but a historic memory.

GOSPEL OF JOHN.

True, in the Gospel of John, no hint is given that the writer had, from the famed city of the

Ephesians, beheld the passing of his people. Yet, when he wrote, nearly a generation had vanished since the fulfillment of prophecy against Jew and Jerusalem. Resultingly, then, the world's hatred had cooled, the earth's hysteria vanished, and the Roman, gorged unto stupor, was lying like unto monster python, awaiting the digesting of prey he had so wantonly broken and bolted.

Besides, the *Son of Thunder*, had, under rays of Infinite love, ripened unto *Seer of Patmos*. And hence, when his gospel was penned, so long had he feasted his eyes upon heavenly glory, his vision was wholly untaught to penetrate Palestine gloom, where had perished the hopes of his race.

GOSPELS GENUINE.

The times, then, for the writing of the three synoptic narratives, had to be, and were, precisely as the voice of all tradition affirms; that is, prior to the destruction of Jerusalem in A. D. 70. Indeed, the very language in which they are couched, the ingenuous simplicity of their setting, and the absolute accuracy of each of their statements of historic facts, make it not only incredible that they could have been by authors other than those personally knowing, to the events they describe, but impossible for them to have come from times or pens other than those of Matthew, Mark and Luke.

THE CATACOMBS.

Beginning with the persecutions under Nero, A. D. 64, and continuing on down through those under Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, Aurelius, Severus, Maximus, Decius and Diocletian, and ending with Constantine's *Edict of Toleration*, A. D. 313, the Catacombs were the only places under Roman rule, offering safety to Christians.

Yet in these haunts, so grisly that pagan feared to enter them, multitudes of believers sought refuge, preferring to surrender alike sunlight and society and huddle in the abodes of the dead, rather than to yield the hope of immortality theirs by right of the resurrection of their Master.

Here, also, to escape the lions or worse, doubtless came some of the many who had personally beheld the risen Lord. At least, even if not, those, the earliest there, had abundant opportunity to know the full facts, as to the resurrection story, from those who had beheld Christ after Golgotha. Indeed, that they would gather at all, in such a charnel place, proves, beyond all possible gainsaying, the force of the motive impelling them, as also the absolute sincerity of the belief by which they were actuated.

And here, as the years grew and persecutions waxed, came others and still others, an influx making it necessary to enlarge those sepulchres, from time to time, until, by the date of the

Edict named, the Catacombs were 60 in number with an aggregate length variously estimated at from 587 to 900 miles. And here, too, were entombed, from first to last, no less than from four to seven millions of Christian dead, each then, and still, the strongest testimonial possible of the fact of a belief in the resurrection of Christ on the part of those living nearest to His day.

ARGUMENT OF THE CATACOMBS.

Of course it is not here thought to insist that the mere fact, strangely moving as it is, of the gathering there of all those millions, establishes, to a verity, the truth of the thought dominating them. What, however is claimed is that the walls of those catacombs demonstrate, beyond cavil, that those, so early there, though coming long prior to the date of any manuscript now extant, knew practically of every incident and miracle recorded of Christ, precisely as it is found in the New Testament today.

TESTIMONY OF CATACOMBS.

For instance, these walls, in addition to confirming the thought of a belief in the resurrection, show: The wise men adoring the Babe; the Boy disputing in the Temple; John baptizing Jesus; the Savior and woman of Samaria; the opening of the eyes of the blind; the woman touching the hem of the garment; the blessing

of the children; the sowers scattering seed; the carrying of the lost lamb; the shepherd leading His flock; the virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom; the raising of Lazarus; the entering into Jerusalem; Peter denying the Master; Christ before Pilate; Pilate washing his hands; and the crucifixion.

In short, the sketchings, in that ancient Christian Mausoleum, prove conclusively that the Gospel, of the days from Nero to Constantine, was none other than that as recorded by the four Evangelists and still possessed by the world.

CONSTANTINE AND THE GOSPELS.

When Diocletian made his wicked assault on Christianity, A. D. 302, he well perceived that the 3,000 gods of heathendom were doomed to early fall, to the One crucified, unless the churches of Christians were razed to the earth and their books fed to the flames.

Happily, Constantine, then a matured man of 31, had beheld all this diabolism. Happily, too, he had been reared by a Christian mother and hence knew the whole of the history of the persecuted church. And more happily still, the Roman archives were yet intact, giving accurate data touching the whole of the Roman rule. Resultingly, the brand of Diocletian could neither sear from his memory nor erase from history the wonderful story of Jesus.

Therefore, on coming himself to the throne, A. D. 312, he not only made Christianity the religion of his realm, but sought to minimize to the utmost, the injury wrought by his ruthless predecessor. To this end, he thus shortly wrote his friend Eusebius, the great historian :

CONSTANTINE'S LETTER.

It happens, through the favoring of **God our Savior**, that great numbers have united themselves to the most holy church in the city which is called by thy name. It seems, therefore, highly requisite, since that city is rapidly advancing in prosperity in all other respects, that the number of churches should be also increased. Do you, therefore, receive with all readiness my determination on this behalf. I have thought it expedient to instruct your Prudence to order **fifty copies of the sacred scriptures**, the provision and use of which you know to be most needful for the instruction of the church, to be written on prepared parchment, in a legible manner and portable form, by transcribers, thoroughly practiced in their art. The procurator of the diocese has also received instructions, by letter from our Clemency, to be careful to furnish all things necessary for the preparation of such copies; and it will be for you to take special care that they be completed with as little delay as possible. You have authority, also, in virtue of this letter, to use two of the public carriages for their conveyance, by which arrangement the copies, when fairly written, can be most easily forwarded for my personal inspection, and one of the deacons of your church

may be entrusted with this service, who, on his arrival here, shall experience my liberality. God preserve you, Brother.

MANUSCRIPTS BY EUSEBIUS.

Thus commissioned, Eusebius quickly prepared the volumes desired, the choicest the art of his age could produce, these forming the basis of action of the Council of Nice, A. D. 325, one of which being, as is now supposed, the identical manuscript found, in 1868, in the Convent at the foot of Sinai.

So, taking into consideration the nearness of the times of Constantine to those of the Apostles, and, in addition, viewing the opportunities of that ruler for correct knowledge of the contents of the originals, it will be seen that, to have imposed an inaccuracy upon him, would have been an utter impossibility, even conceding Diocletian to have succeeded in destroying all the manuscripts extant in his day, which, as it chanced, he failed to do.

CONSTANTINE AND EUSEBIUS.

Farther, Constantine had full means of knowing whether or not Eusebius was asserting the truth, when the latter declared, in his history, that:

The fame of the Lord's remarkable resurrection being now spread abroad, according to ancient

custom, prevailing among the rulers of the nations to communicate novel occurrences to the Emperor that nothing might escape him, Pontius Pilate transmits to Tiberius an account of the circumstances concerning the **resurrection of our Lord from the dead, the report of which had spread throughout all Palestine.** In this account he also intimated that he ascertained other miracles respecting heaven and, having now risen from the dead, he was believed to be a God by the great mass of the people. Tiberius referred the matter to the Senate, but it is said they rejected the proposition.

CONSTANTINE AND TERTULLIAN.

Constantine also knew whether or not Tertulian, born A. D. 150, was correct in saying, in his *Apology to the Rulers of the Roman Empire*, that Pilate had affirmed the fact of the darkness occurring at the time of the crucifixion, and then, after recording Christ's condemnation, death, burial, resurrection and ascension, adding,

You yourselves have an account of this world-portent still in your archives. * * All these things did Pilate unto Christ; and now in fact a Christian in his own convictions, he sent word of Him to Caesar, who was at the time Tibérius.

CONSTANTINE AND JUSTIN MARTYR.

And further still, Constantine could not have been in the dark as to the evidence bearing upon

the fact, as asserted by Justin Martyr, born about A. D. 89, in his *Apologies*, to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, that not only had Christ healed the sick, cast out demons, cleansed lepers and raised the dead, but *That he did these things you can learn from the Acts of Pontius Pilate.*

CONSTANTINE UNDECEIVED.

In short, vantaged as was Constantine, it would have been no more possible to have palmed upon him false stories of miracles done by Jesus, or Gospels failing, in any particular, to agree either with the originals or the actual facts, than it would be now to impose upon the nation untrue recitals of wonders done by the Pilgrim Fathers, or ascribe to Shakespeare dramas created a century and a half after he was dead.

BUT ONE CHRIST STORY.

Moreover, the *Christ of the Four*, is the only one known to the world. Fable has heard of no other. Legend has told of none else. Story has given no portraiture variant. Skeptic has conjured no cause to decry Him. Alike by pen and voice of the past, He was always the *Risen Savior*. Though Paul might plant and Apollos water, it was alone the living Christ into which the church was rooted. If controversy reigned between believers, Jew and Gentile, the disputants were ever at one as to the rolling aside

of that stone. Primitive churchmen knew no other Jesus than the One crucified, no other Lord than the One glorified. At once, after that Pentecostal day, churches were founded, based alone upon the resurrection. Thus instituted, no change, in regard to the attributes of the One on whom they rested, could thereafter possibly have been made.

CHRISTIANITY'S WANDERINGS.

And Christianity wandered afar, far in advance of Apostolic feet. Early was the story of Christ world-known, His glory the world's own. When Paul wrote to the Romans, at most but 28 years after the crucifixion, he addressed those then already knowing of the *Christ of the Four*. And when he declared that many then lived, who had beheld the One Arisen, a number of the Apostles had not yet passed to reward. Had a Diocletian burned every New Testament Text extant in his day, prayers would still have gone from numberless hearts and lips to the One on the Great White Throne.

GOSPELS HISTORIC.

So, to dispute the Gospel portrayals, in the absence of fable, or legend, or story, or tradition, or word, or hint, suggestive of error, would certainly seem without warrant. Moreover, Paulus, Strauss and Renan, those three arch-enemies of the church, as also Schleiermacher,

the father of skeptical criticism, each constructed a life of Jesus, with nothing but the four manuscripts to build upon, thus forcefully, if unwittingly, testifying to the historic worth of those narratives.

OTHER APOSTOLIC WITNESSES.

Farther, not only does the voice of all tradition, as also that of the whole primitive church, declare the One of the Gospels, but others of those who behold the Master, in all the splendor of His resurrection glory, have affirmed the same, and this, too, at the supreme test of truth, the oath of their lives.

WITNESS JUDE.

For instance, Jude, the fierce, the vehement, the Amos of Christendom era, grows lowly and gentle, in the midst of anathema, to utter rich homage to Christ, his *Lord and his Savior*.

WITNESS JAMES.

And James, the just, the white-robed, the Lord's Brother, when nearing the end of splendid service and exalted honor, closing a life ever sweet and wholesome with the morality of the *Sermon on the Mount*, sent final word of counsel to his world-scattered flock, with the greeting of humility and faith, *James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ*.

WITNESS PETER.

And Peter, at first the breaker, at last the ocean, speaks mightiest word for the truth of the Gospel story. He reveals its salient facts, not only as to broad outline, but as to minute detail. He reflects, in all fulness, the historic Man of Sorrows, the wonderful Messiah. His writings concededly genuine, are filled with the very spirit of Jesus. They are voiceful of the fact that he had known the Master, had denied the Master, had been moulded by the Master's touch. And the One he shows, is ever and always the Blessed, the Divine, the Supreme. In a word, the Personage, of his pen, is none else than the One sketched by the Four. True, he does not, as do they, pause to prove Jesus the Christ. Such was not the task he had at hand. He spoke to believers, not unbelievers. Yet the Being, of whom he declared, was none else than the One Whose power shall conquer the world, whose glory shall flood the earth. Harken to this, his Apostolic tribute:

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to His abundant mercy, has begotten us again a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

WITNESS PAUL.

And, lastly, in order of proof, yet first in point of importance, stands Paul's avouchment

of the truth of the Gospel record. To a consideration of this, however, requires that thought be given alike to the witness and his words, for they are inseparable.

PAUL, THE GREAT.

Of the world's great, Paul was the greatest. Reared at Tarsus, that point where want and wealth, and toil and trade, and creed and cult, the most had fused, he was, of cosmopolitans, the one, the universal. Schooled at feet of the great Gamaliel, that all but Christian, he was, of dialecticians, the one, the Damascus blade.

Intense, almost to aberration, he was incapable of dissimulation, either as Saul or Paul. Even on that fateful day when Stephen was stoned, he was no less sincere than when he knelt, unawed, to the axe of Nero.

His powers of intellect were so abnormal as to mark him as all but superhuman. For, though daily in battle with error, though harried by priest and by pagan, though beaten and bruised and broken, though driven from lair unto lair unknowing of refuge, he wrote, in a bare half-year, the Romans, Galatians and Second Corinthians, the three most superb creations conceived by man; so profound, indeed, that no intellect, since, has been equal to the producing of either, no matter the time devoted to the task.

Indeed so masterful was he that even a Renan voiced tribute to his greatness, saying that,

Over the vast extent of the Roman Empire, Paul everywhere projects his shadow. Such the man, such his genius.

SAUL.

Pharisaic, he hoped the life to be. Logical, he thought to gain it by merit. Reverent, he abhorred blasphemy. Contemporary, with Christ, he had to know the Latter's assumptions. Revolting at these, he deemed it God's will that he should destroy the church. Soon he made his name a word of dread to every believing heart. Such the man, Saul, on way to Damascus.

ON WAY TO DAMASCUS.

But something transpired on that way. This the world admits. What that was, he repeatedly avows, vows at last with his life. And nothing less than the cause he names, could have produced effect so mighty. And, whatever that something was, occurred quick as the wink of an eye, quick as leaps the fiery flame from surcharged cloud. And bolt of fire, that makes athletic form an instant corpse, works there the no more wondrous change than came, as flash, to soul of Saul. This, too, the world admits.

PAUL.

Note that change: His heart, once cold, was warm. His word, once stern, was mild. His

deed, once dread, was kind. The Jew became the Gentile; the Pharisee, the Christian; the persecutor, the persecuted. He put behind him earthly hopes. He, who had mental might to climb to topmost round of luring fame, declared to stay below where toiled humanity. He, who might have sat at will in purple, became, of choice, a thing of hate, a slave of toil, a man of grief, traduced, scorned, forsaken. And all this, too, the world admits.

And then, after all this strange life, anomalous unless Christ to him spake word, hear this, his dying call of triumph, from out that noisome cell:

I have fought the good fight. I have finished the course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.

PAUL AS PROOF.

To believers, Paul, himself, is proof absolute of the Messiah of the Gospels. To the unbelievers, he is an enigma, unsolvable as the Master he served. They do not deny his wisdom, for they may not. They do not deny his change, for history would refute them. They do not deny his truth, for man does not, by willing falsehood, go to willing death. They do not deny his words. On the contrary, they specifically concede Romans, Galatians and First and Second Corinthians to be his. More, the

chiefest of the foes of recorded miracle, the critical Baur, concedes these same four Epistles to be greater proof, of the historic Christ, than even the Gospels themselves.

In short, the unbelievers are more mystified by the man Paul, and the evidence he gives, by his life and words, of the fact of the Man of Nazareth, than they are by all the rest of the testimony adduced. As declared by Nomad, Paul's change and course, *Convinced men of the truth of Christianity with convincing power only equalled by the resurrection..* And well may the unbeliever be thus confused when a mighty character, such as was Paul, solemnly affirms that,

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

PAUL'S AVOUCHMENT.

In the light, then, of this tremendous avouchment by a witness of the very times of Jesus, a witness living long where Jesus came and taught and died, a witness whose very Epistles, attesting the resurrection, were placed, by Peter, in the rank of the Scriptures, a witness whose daily life and teachings were a constant affirmation of the One Arisen, it seems a marvel that any, no matter how captious, should

find it well to question, much less dispute, the authenticity of the narratives of the Apostolic Four.

DISBELIEF MODERN.

For more than 17 centuries, the Gospels went practically unchallenged. During that epoch, numberless phases of thought countered and clashed in the world of Christendom; yet none of these involved dispute as to the Word's authenticity. Also, then, countless creeds waxed and waned; and yet each of these had, for postulate, no less a dogma than the unquestioned authority of that Word.

The metaphysical battles of Christianity, in all that long period, and many they were and sore, were not as to what the Gospels were, but alone as to what the Gospels meant. That is, disbelief is a child of modernity, a bantling with ancestry dating but to recent times.

VOLTAIRE.

Of doubters, Voltaire was first. And yet his rank, as such, was low. The reason why he held a place, so mean, was not his want of wit, but will. For, of writers of France, he most was able. With temper dynamic, he struck, when aroused, like venomed adder. Fate and the church conspired to make him what he was. The one denied him flesh; the other peace. By this,

though Deist born, he grew a snarler. For this, though Deist still, he stabbed religion. But he was not a philosopher. He was a sneer.

TUEBINGEN SCHOOL.

Then arose a phase of thought, known as the *Tuebingen School*. And, of all beliefs claiming heed of culture, it was the one the most daring. For it essayed the no less task than that of taking the crown of Divinity from brow of Jesus. Led by Paulus and Schleiermacher and Baur and Strauss and Renan, its victory seemed assured. Christianity, unused to attack, gave instant way. The heart left field to brain. The cross lay prone. Rationalism ruled the hour. Where Jesus, *The Christ*, had been, Jesus, *the man*, remained.

PAULUS.

Paulus made first of assault, but not upon Jesus as man. Nor assailed he the Gospel story, save to strike therefrom all trace of supernatural. All else he granted true. To him each wonder told had basic fact, but not of miracle. The glory of the Lord was but flash of meteor. The Star in the East was but shepherd lamp. Jesus walked *by* not *on*, the sea. The transfiguration was naught but man engirt by mountain haze. The resurrection was but from deathly trance, not death itself.

But followers of Paulus faltered. They

paused and gauged the cause he waged, and found it error. They saw it could not be that flash of meteor, or shepherd's lamp, or man on shore, or mountain haze, or deathly trance, was ever changed to miracle. They, too, divined that if the stories said of Jesus, and which so had changed the world, were sprung from facts as mean as Paulus reasoned, this was, indeed, the more of miracle than if each wonder told itself were true. And then they mocked at Paulus, as Strauss gave mortal blow.

SCHLEIERMACHER.

Then Schleiermacher, the gentle, was charged to lead the ranks of rationalism. And yet he scarce was fit for task so much of moment. For his was dual mind. In heart he full believed; of brain he more than doubted. In heart he soared with Jesus; of brain his wings were leaden. In heart he died a Christian; of brain he lived a Pantheist.

And so, as fruitage of such strange duality, there came to him perforce, a creed of compromise. By his eclectic will, each soul had gift to know the truth. For self, he gave this thought unbounded sweep. Denying Satan, he held for evil. Denying Jesus he held Him transcendent. Denying miracle, he held it credible. Denying Divinity, he held Christ Redeemer. Not half a churchman, he partook of the sacred elements, from his own hand, when

on dying bed. For Gospel word, as such, he had no care, much less of reverence. And yet he held that very word unerring guide to life of Christ. His belief, in fine, was strange mosaic, with blend of parts, divine and earthy, Nor rule had he, save sheer caprice, to gauge the blending.

His cult, so well conceived to worldly mind, gained wide and instant heed. The salt of faith, by which the cause of Christ had been conserved for centuries, at once had lost its savor. And orthodoxy, if not the church itself, seemed lost in doubt.

But soon the world grew dazed. Each index hand, to fact, gave course divergent. Man queried, as once did Pilate, *What is Truth?* Then, to him, came adage old, *False in part, false in all.* And so he reasoned that, granting Gospel tale not wholly fact, no word thereof was worth the telling. And, too, He knew that, were the wonders told of Jesus not as said, then one, the greatest, the resurrection, was also myth, and clutch of death had never yet been broken. So hope revolted; and eclecticism passed.

BAUR.

Baur, the bold, then led. Audacious beyond the others, he sought to go by stranger route. His course lay more remote yon side of miracle. Yet, like to them, he called the *Sketch*, outlined

as Jesus, the Perfect. Like to them, also, he gave, to Gospel Authors, though writing much they knew untrue, the meed of honest motive

But here his line of thought diverged from beaten path. He held the Gospels unhistoric, in whole, not in part. More consistent, too, than others of his school, he claimed, the Christ, of story, a fiction, not a fact. To him, the Nazarine was olden legend humanized, olden fancy personized. In Christ's miracles, he saw but Grecian fable revealed; in Christ's omnipotence, Roman power portrayed; in Christ's exaltation, Jewish vision fulfilled.

In short, the Master, to him, was only the summing, in story, of all of the best of dreamings past. Yet, though fixing the date, of this creation of art, as near to the middle of second century, he gave no hint as to the authors who thus produced such wonder Hero, one not only combining the wisdom and hopes of mightiest peoples, but outvying, in power and grandeur, the added perfections alike of man and of fiction.

But Baur was soon deserted. Even rationalism feared to follow him on course so wild. It could not understand why the bestial tale, of Greece, should serve for cause for Godlike miracle. It could not fathom why the cruel might, of Rome, should serve for cause for lowly Kingdom of Jesus. Nor could it reason why the

worldling, hoped by Jew, should serve for cause for crucified Savior. So thought recoiled; and Baur went way alone.

STRAUSS.

And then came Strauss, the intolerant. He loved theological strife. He broke lance with any one who stepped into religious ring. He held the believer fool or knave, or both. He held in contempt, likewise, the rationalist who reasoned basic fact for miracle.

Yet, though contentious, he was unstable as the wind. Strange, too, each veer of breeze, but sent him farther from Jesus. Beginning a church pastor, he ended a rank atheist. Found in position of unbelief one day, the next saw him occupying advance ground on like line. To him, the human race itself was God, the human race itself worked miracle. In a word, this his final theology: *No prophecy; no marvel; no God-man; no life to be.*

But Christ, for him, had wondrous charm. He admitted Him the first of earth. He conceded His church a human need. He accepted, as genuine, His words as found in the Gospels. He asserted His teachings the only perfect ones delivered to man. Yet he held the claimed resurrection a *world-historical humbug*, the marvels of mercy, affirmed by the Four, stupidly false.

As to origin of the Gospels, he had theory unique. He ridiculed the basic scheme of

Paulus. He disagreed with the eclectic thought of Schleiermacher. He perceived the flaw in allegoric plan of Baur. Still, with all those errors to warn him, he concluded more grotesquely than either.

According to his theory of myth, the church created Christ, not Christ the church. He reasoned that believers, of second century, convinced, by early tradition, that Jesus was, in truth, the world's Messiah, conceived Him to have done the marvelous deeds, by prophecy, Talmud and Fable foretold of the One Expected. So, moved by this thought, they devoutly ascribed to their Hero all of Messianic dreaming. And thus, without cause, nor yet with motive of ill, there came, to the brow of Jesus, the heavenly crown of Divinity.

But rationalism felt that some one had blundered. It knew that the Gospels had permanent form more than a century prior to the date fixed by theory of myth. It knew that the *Christ of the Four*, not alone was stranger to thought of Jew, of Greek, and of Roman, but never had being in the mind of man in the whole annals of time. It knew that the believers, mentioned by Pliny, the Pagan, in his letter to Trajan, A. D. 117, worshiped none other than the deified One of the Gospels. It knew, by the very grossness of the pseudo-histories of Jesus, extant in the early days, that the majestic portrayal, penned by the Four, was neither the product of human conceit nor earthly invention.

Farther, it knew that Buddha, not Buddhism, dreamed the dream; that Confucius, not Confucianism, spoke the maxims; that Mahomet, not Mahometanism, told the Borak ride. So, reasoning from this, it concluded that Christ, not Christianity, created His Gospel. It also knew that, if Jesus were figment of fiction, then authors most wicked, with genius beyond the mortal, had lived unknown and labored unsung for the lifting and glory of man; and here, for the first, from source of impurity, waters had come for the healing of ill.

Moreover it knew, as affirmed by the skeptical Rousseau, that granting the Gospels untrue, their creators were more astounding than the Hero they invented. In short, it knew, as said by the Unitarian Parker, that *None but a Jesus could have fabricated a Jesus*. So rationalism reasoned the one who had blundered; and Strauss was friendless.

RENAN.

Renan was last of the doubters of note. Like Schleiermacher, he reasoned on eclectic lines, yet to end somewhat more definite. He admitted the historic Man of Sorrows, attributing to Him, as well, all the beauties of character asserted by firmest believer. Though claiming the Gospels but legend, he conceded them to have been written, in the main, by the ones as commonly held. But, with the others of his cult, he expunged the entire supernatural.

His thought led to results droll, if not actually ludicrous. By his *ipse dixit*, of the 971 verses in Matthew, 791 were genuine; of the 678 in Mark, 384; of the 1151 in Luke, 606. John he eliminated. His conclusions naturally met untimely end. They were based upon three unprovable assumptions: *First*, that part of the Gospels was false; *second*, that, with part untrue, the rest was worthy of credence; and, *third*, that, with fact and fancy mixed, he had the knowledge to cull the former. As was the case with the Bible, printed in colors and which died in light of yestermorn, his work was gone at once the rays of reason lit his polychrome page.

INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll needs thought the least, for he had least of thought. The others, of his guild, assayed to know; he boasted ignorance. They smote Divinity; he mocked. They reasoned; he ridiculed. They labored; he laughed.

And yet his words, betimes, were glad as rain-drop tinkle on cottage roof; bright as dewdrop glisten on mountain fern. For his was hand to sweep the lyre of soul. And, had he willed, he might have taught the world new dreams of hope, have brought to earth new scenes elysian.

But, strange, he had no care to look above; no thought for life beyond. Earthy were his waking dreams. The flowers of his growing were artificial only. Their fragrance came from

garden of Farina. They had no honey to rejoice the toiler. They had no pollen to wing to rooting elsewhere. They were designed to wreath the urn wherein were ashes. They were contrived to twine the cenotaph wherein no life should be.

He longed to rank as foe of Christ; yet feared to dare. He felt that mortal skill was all too poor to face such Adversary. And, too, he heard the Master strive with sin; he heard Him pray on Calvary. And then his will was gone; his heart was filled with tears. And so he challenged Moses, and lost. Nor injured he religion; for he was not a warrior. He was an epigram.

GOSPELS LIVE.

And so yet lives the story of the Four. The foes are gone who sought to lay it low. They now are scarce a memory. Nor have they left a thought behind the world deems worthy. And those who warred the most on Jesus, but wrought the most to make his message sure. The clouds of doubt, that came at skeptic call, have fled as ugly dreams.

Nor shall the Gospels die. For One declared that, though the heavens and earth should flee away, not so His words. The nations pass. The cities go to sepulcher. The hills race down to ocean grave. But words of Christ abide. They are virile as when they wooed in Palestine. They still with life are regnant. They are alone immortal.

GOSPEL FORCE.

Only giant force could make those words survive. For such effect may never be without supremest cause. And, in the attributes of God, but *Truth* had gift so potent. Critic eyes have scanned the Gospel story. Argus eyes have dogged the steps of Jesus. And yet, not once, in all the past, has flaw been seen in either. They both have place in finite mind as wisdom of the Infinite. They both command obeisant thought of all the best on earth. And, if be good or ill, the one who sits in judgment, he gives at once decree declaring them the Perfect.

GOSPELS UNIQUE.

The Gospel sketch is most unique; nor matters whit the viewpoint of beholder. And if, by chance, it came of yesterday, and so but fancy, or grew in olden time, by fable, it still is marvel. For never yet has cycle been with gift of mind to dream it. And, false or fact, it stands supreme, the marvel of creative art. God there unfolds the majesty of man. Man there beholds the majesty of God. Of needs, its lights and shades are variant. For artists had, as patrons, the one the Jew; the one the Greek; the one the Roman; the fourth the whole of culture. And yet, although this changing view, its parts are so concrete, so strangely blent, it seems the thought of one, the gift of one, not thought nor gift of Four. Here, then, is wonder.

AUTHORS UNIQUE.

And strange the authors were. The failings of themselves and brethren they sketched as though uncaring. They told their weakness and their ills; their foibles and their faults; their follies and their sins. Nothing they concealed. No more dispassioned record could have come, by hand of truth, than Gospel story.

More, they looked to Christ as Hero. They knew His glance, for they had felt Him scan their souls. They knew His voice, for they had heard Him woo the world. They knew His spell, for they had seen Him melt the throng. Still, not once of these they speak, though well they knew how much the earth would long to hear.

And more, they looked to Christ as Lord. They knew His Power, for they had felt Him mould their beings. They knew His wisdom, for they had seen Him silence cavil. They knew His mercy, for they had seen Him lift the fallen. And, yet, if Christ, Himself, had penned the story, no less of Him, had been of eulogy. And this is wonder.

ECCE HOMO.

Behold, too, the Man. He came in age obscure. He sprang from parentage obscure. His natal bed was straw of manger. His baby life was sought by murder. His boyhood days were veiled in poverty. His training came at bench of carpenter.

John, the rude, then stirred Judea. With voice of clarion he urged repentance. He said he came the messenger of Christ. The Jews, for age on age, had hoped the One Expectant. And so they heard and went with haste to Jordan. So also went the Carpenter, went to be baptized of kinsman. Then skies and John declared Him son of God.

At Galilee, He saw some lowly fishermen. He bade them quit their nets, to fish, with him, for men. Others, too, He called, until His ranks were full. His soldiers then were twelve; simple, timid, unarmed, one a traitor. And with this force He thought to win the world. And this is wonder.

CHRIST'S CAREER.

Note, then, His course. He had no scrip nor purse. Unlike the ox, He had no place for rest. Unlike the fox, He had no haunt for refuge. Unlike the bird, he had no height for safety. Against Him was a world, a sordid world.

He sought the lanes and byways, where dwelt the lowly. Soon, to Him, came many, wondering, hungering. To each He gave of food. To him who cared for such, He gave the bread of life. His voice outwooded that call for Jordan, and swelling crowds soon passed upon His way. On slope of green, He spake them words outweighing earthly wisdom.

And then He wandered here and there on deeds of mercy. No one so poor He did not

heed. No call so low He did not hear. No wound so deep He did not heal. He spake the dead to life, and sinner granted pardon. On pious hypocrite, He poured invective hot as melted lava. On Evil's brow, He seared the brand of murder. On sordid thieves, He laid the thong until they fled the Temple. To those who mourned, for sin, He gave divinest comfort.

He set Himself as rule for human action; nor did the throngs rebel. He held Himself as equal unto God; nor did such thought offend His followers. He claimed that earth should give Him worship; nor yet has man declared Him blasphemous. All this is wonder.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.

Mark, then, His triumph. Up eastern slope He rode. Thousands pressed to greet Him. Hosannas pierced the air. Before Him waved the palm. He moved in solemn state. He came a King to claim His own. Nor, of earth, had other seemed so strange. So grand His mien, the very mob would see His exaltation.

At night He sat at feast, the honored Guest. About Him ranged a princely few, save one was Satan. Above Him bent an angel host from balcony of God. The food was more than royal; the wine was most divine. His body was the one; the other was His blood. The feast, in whole, was banquet fit for heavenly palace.

To Him came soon the kiss, the robe, the crown. No more He walked with fishermen, but stood with Roman ruler. No more he went unguarded, but hemmed by Roman eagles. He climbed the steeps of Calvary. He went to mount the Throne. And then the mob, the frantic mob, beheld Him lifted high.

A prayer went up to God, went up for mob:
Forgive them; they know not what they do.

A cry outrang the roar, the savage roar:
Eloi, Eloi, Lama sabachthani. And then the mob, the demon mob, had seen His exaltation. All this is more than wonder.

THE CHRIST.

The Gospel tale is fact. Mortal may not add thereto. Mortal dare not take therefrom. Its Christ is not of earth. Its Christ is not of falsehood. Not human brain conceived Him. Not human heart evolved Him. He loosed the grasp of death. He came from tomb *The King*. His throne is based on Truth. His sway endures by love. In Him was life supernal. By him came life eternal.

And so, as the voice of a great multitude, and the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunderings, let earth give shout, with John, *Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*

TWO MIRACLES

Two Miracles

THE UNCOMMON DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE.

Things outside of our experience are difficult to believe. A native of the tropics could illy grasp the thought of the freezing of water. The story of the lightning and key would have been capital fairy lore prior to Franklin's day. The electric light, telephone and phonograph would alike have been in the domain of the unbelievable prior to this age. He who, but a few years ago, had prophesied the sending of wireless message, would have been lucky indeed to have avoided the doors of a lunatic asylum. Hence, to convince reason of fact, beyond its experience, requires evidence the most cogent. To many, the actual new can never be established save by absolute demonstration.

LAW OF FORCE.

Force confined seeks escape. But, while striving to break the entire circle about it, its might is displayed most where barrier frailest. The water, laughing and romping in joy of newly

gained freedom, crept forth, at first, where dam had been weakened, perchance by lobster. In short, force when restrained, struggles with all without, making its exit finally at point where hindrance the least.

LAW OF MIND.

Mind is force, girt by mystery. The circle about it may, under assault, recede and lengthen; not break nor weaken. To escape from the little world, of the known, to the limitless universe, of the unknown, is ever its aim. And when, with might supreme, it pushes forward, it makes its way by lines of least resistance; for this is the law controlling the progress of force, no matter its variant forms.

What a Loeb and a De Lage took for experiment, in their efforts to produce life artificially, were the jelly fish, star fish and sea urchin, for the reason that those are the forms of life most nearly at the very boundary line dividing the inorganic from the organic.

LESSER WONDER ACCEPTED.

According to this same law of progression, the mind when confronted by the dilemma of having to choose between two wonders, accepts the one nearest to the common, for the reason that, to do so, requires the lesser degree of credulity.

The traveller, seeing Hindoo fakir plant seed,

grow tree, and then climb into the branches, all this in the open, and all but instantaneously, found himself bound to admit, as a fact, either the wonder, as he saw it, or the wonder of his having been so strangely deceived. Acting under this law of mind, he naturally elected to concede the deception, this being, of course, the lesser wonder of the two. Later, upon viewing the performance again, he was enabled, by the aid of his kodak, to demonstrate such election to have been correct. Neither branch nor tree was there.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

Belief in immortality is race wide. The Indian had hunting grounds beyond the clouds. The Norseman battled and won, in spirit land, then drinking ale from his foeman's skull. The Brahman bowed, either to Brahma or Siva, good or ill, according as he hoped or feared for the world to be. The Parsee was partisan of Ormuzd, in the battle with Ahriman, that he might share in the triumph of light in its conquest of darkness. The Buddhist preached dogmas and practiced rites to win advancement in the myriadic forms of existence through which he was to pass on way to Nirvana. The Egyptian appeared before Osiris and Court, in the underworld, to learn, from the record of Thoth, the fate awaiting him, whether of Paradise or Purgatory. The Mahometan, falling in fight with infidel, had a heaven awaiting him,

with streams and trees and flowers and birds, and, above all, a harem of houris. The Jew learned, from marvel, sign and prophetic tongue, of the One who, uncaring for others, had salvation awaiting the tribe of Israel. And the Christian heard entranced the words of Him who declared *I am the resurrection and the life*.

Vergniaud voiced the thought of the world, when facing the guillotine, he shouted as cheer unto comrades in doom, *Death is but the passage to a higher state of being*. In short, the whole of humanity has had idea, ranging in degree from slight hope to full faith, that, though a man die, yet shall he live again.

DISBELIEF IN RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

Still, despite the oneness of thought of the life to be, myriads of those, entertaining it, refuse to accept, as true, the story of the resurrection of Jesus. And strange this is, for it seems that man would, in order to a footing for his thought of a world to come, be quick to assert, even though proof were slight, that some one person, at least, had been known to have arisen from the grave.

And, in view of the farther thought of mankind, that heaven is the abode of the perfect, it would seem also, that all might easily believe that Jesus had broken the bonds of death and ascended there; for, of all the beings coursing the earth, no other mortal has been so worthy, as was He, to serve as proof of immortality.

WHICH OF TWO MIRACLES?

Yet, knowing the resurrection story to be a stumbling block to many an honest seeker after truth, attempt will here be made to prove to the doubter, that he is, by the logic of facts, face to face with a dilemma, in virtue of which he must either concede the wonder of the resurrection of Jesus, or admit, to be true, another marvel, vastly the more strange and requiring, for its acceptance, infinitely the more of credulity.

For the purpose, then, of this discussion, the theme here in hand, might well be amplified into form of the portentous query, *Which of Two Miracles shall be believed, that Jesus arose, or did not arise?*

THE TRIUNE.

The world, at the beginning of our era, was dominated by the triune, the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, each asserting a sole control within the sphere he called his own.

The first of this triune, the Jew, claimed religious sway. Nor did he ask too much. For his was worship, so exalted, it surely seemed it must have come, as told, from pulpit rock of Sinai. Yet the Jew, himself, was so strangely worldly, it came as human need, that, of his power bereft, he should be whipt, by the winds of God's wrath, unto the very ends of the earth.

The second of this triune, the Greek, claimed literary sway. Nor here did he err. For his was culture, so superb, that builders in all aftertimes have used his work for thought for mental structures. Yet the Greek, himself, was so strangely vulgar, it was but right he lost his high estate and sank, full soon, to depths, so low his very name became a hissword of reproach.

The third of this triune, the Roman, claimed legal sway. Nor was this presumptuous. For his was law so fair that, all despite the change of years, it governs empires still. Yet the Roman, himself, was so strangely unjust, it fell to him, full soon, by fate's decree, to blindly grope amidst decay, there to hear, perchance, by spirit spell, the dying moans of man and beast by him once doomed to circus ring.

TRIUNE CONTROL.

Such, then, was the world when Jesus came, one boasting wise religion, perfect literature, splendid law. And yet all these, by their very worth, but made it possible for the triune, controlling them, the better to stay the course of right, and to make the more difficult the way of the Man of Nazareth. Nor, in all time, did the world seem less prepared, than then, for the coming of the feet of the Perfect One; nor was that coming so of need, as then, to stay the world from end as dread as that which came to the cities of olden plain.

ROME, THE WORLD.

Rome was the world when Jesus was here. Her empire then had a population of probably 100 millions, approximately two-thirds slave. Of the remaining third, the vast majority was of the lower strata, the rich being comparatively few, and the number growing less.

THE SLAVES.

The slave classes were degraded beyond words. Clinging, with pauper grip, to the skirts of affluence, without means, or abodes, or even hope, they occupied about a like place, in Roman life, as do the scavenger dogs of Constantinople today. If they had souls, they seemingly were unconscious of the fact.

THE LOWER STRATA.

The lower of the freeborn classes were still worse, as a matter of morals, or rather immorals, than were the slaves. Too indolent to toil, and having long since drained the cup of legitimate pleasure to the very dregs, nothing appealed to their depraved palates, save blood; and, if it chanced to be human blood, all the lustier they drank. Hanging about the ring, into which man was flung and beast driven, frenzied was their glee when pitiless fangs tore pitiful throats. And, if they had souls, it would have been better for them were it not so.

THE UPPER STRATA.

The upper classes were still more wicked, more wanton, more depraved, than were yet any of those below. They were even responsible for the debauching and brutalizing of the others, for they alone were at the cost of each beastial orgy, and alone set the table for each gluttonous feast. They were the familiars of all the spirits of shame, and to no depth of iniquity were they stranger. Nor was this to be said of a Tiberius, a Gaius, a Claudius, or a Nero, alone; for the whole of the upper layer of society was simply reeking rottenness.

INDICTMENT OF ROME.

And, not before, had the earth beheld such filth in high places. The greater the wealth the more offensive the luxury. Gout was common, even among the fairest of the young. Emetic was taken before feast that space might be had to fill. Brains of peacocks and tongues of nightingales were not unusual delicacies. At a single debauch, 2,000 fishes and 7,000 birds were fed to Vitellius and his gourmand circle. Lady Paulina appeared in betrothal robe costing more than two million dollars. Seneca, accounted alike the wise and the worthy and compared even to a Paul, stole fifteen million dollars in three years. Senators brazenly declared marriage to be only an intolerable necessity. Women married but to be divorced, divorced but to be

married. Matrons reckoned their ages, not by years, but by the number of husbands discarded. Grave officials admitted that it was the usual, with them, to expose their own children unto slavery or death. Philosophies of Plato and Aristotle were forgotten, memories of Marathon and Thermopylae dead. Sensuality revelled in vulgarities scarce now thinkable, let alone speakable. Demons, asserting divinity, demanded tribute of national worship. Fifty-three persons, lascivious or worse, were granted imperial apotheosis by decree of the Caesars. Homage was accorded to numerous myths, the better to provide occasion for lewdness more varied. Daphne beguiled to lecherous groves, Laverna debauched in hideous haunts. Nero caused the death of his mother, the victim herself being but little less vile than the monster contriving her murder. The same cowardly fiend slew also his wife, then inducing an obsequious Senate to vote divine honors to the babe of the one he had butchered. Even the great Augustus, father of the age bearing his name, left of solemn record, as if adding a cubit to his glory, that he had exhibited, for the battle to death, no less than 8,000 gladiators, and 3,510 wild beasts. So if it be that the opulent then had souls, those possessed were fit alone for the abode of the damned.

WORLD DECAY.

Such, then, were the times into which Jesus

came, times, the horror and degradation of which, mortal tongue may not tell, human imagination not conceive. True, a few noble spirits there were in that sodden world, but not enough to have stayed divine Avenger, even upon terms as generous as those accorded unto City of Lot at pleading of Abraham. For, then, the splendor of Jewish dream was paling; the beauty of Grecian thought fading; the glory of Roman rule dying. And then too, decay and ruin were so universal that logic was degenerated to platitude, eloquence to bombast; mirth was mere mockery, love mere lust; friendship was alone sham, virtue alone pretense. And then, also, in the clutch of a dead paganism, lay faith, strangled, while despair, blear-eyed and grim, sat upon the throne of the Caesars controlling the destinies of the earth. Surely, not since the day when the world was deluged for sin, was there any other hour when reason had cause so little to hope the coming of the Perfect Man as the times when Jesus came.

IMPERFECT AND PERFECT.

No matter the origin of evil, it is here. If be true that there may be some of good in all ill, no room for doubt exists but that there is some ill in all good. And, not since Eden was barred to the human, has intelligence claimed that any being was perfect, save alone Jesus.

ABRAHAM, the faithful, was also he who sent Hagar and his own child out into the wilds with but a jug of water.

ISAAC, the gentle, the patriarch beloved, was also the weak, the easily deceived by the cunning of his own household.

JACOB, the wrestler, the Prince of the Almighty, was also the betrayer of trusting father and supplanter of unwary brother.

JOSEPH, the chosen, the preserver of Jewish race, was also the heartless who despoiled starving Egyptian of his lands for the benefit of a grasping Pharaoh.

MOSES, the great, the magnificent law-giver, was also the leader needing to be held to duty by sign and by word, and by fire and by cloud, in short, by Omnipotent power.

DAVID, the lowly shepherd, the inspired singer, the storied hero, was also the miscreant who sent soldier to purposed death in order to insure to himself the soldier's widow.

SOLOMON, the wise, the builder of Holy of Holies, the one at whose bidding came the glory of Shekinah, was also the toyer with idolatry, the violater of divine will, finally becoming so unworthy as to well deserve to be portrayed, by limning art, as half in heaven, half in hell.

ELIJAH, the stern, the mocker of Baal, the rebuker of royalty, the honored of God, was also

the despondent, the discouraged, regaining heart and hope alone when came, for him, on mountain height, the earthquake's tread, the hurricane's roar, the lightning's flash, and then Jehovah's Voice.

JOHN the BAPTIST, the sturdy, the best born of woman, the privileged beholder of the descent of the Holy Spirit, was also the one who, from Herodian dungeon by the sea, sent to learn if, after all, the One baptized by him, at the ford of Jordan, was indeed the expected Messiah.

Perfection, in fine, is not only impossible with man, but the inspired pen affirmed that even *The angels he charged with folly*. And Carlyle was right, when he declared that, *In man, is a hatred more cruel than panther of the wood or she-bear bereft of whelps*.

ILL IN ALL.

Thus, as will be seen, amidst the golden woof and warp, of good, has ever run the darkened thread of ill. Nor may human skill remove this sinister thread, for it is, of the fabric of life, itself a very part; woven there, perchance, by hand of Satan; yet, however, there, still helping, by contrast, and it may be by divine will, to make the fabric appear all the more beautiful.

So well did the Jew perceive this ill, in all, that he was wont to affirm that, were but a

single perfect man to come and bide but a single day, such lone fact would bring the Messiah, and this, too, even before the time appointed for His coming.

ONE PERFECT.

But, of all those who have ever trooped across the stage of time, one Person, and One alone, has been accorded the glory, alike by believer, skeptic, atheist, infidel, and pagan, of being without so much as even a hint or trace of sin to darken the splendor of His character.

And, surely then, that One such came at all, and especially, too, in an age so hideous as that of such coming, was itself not the less marvelous than would His stepping forth, from tomb, have been, with message of life for a wondering world.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF JESUS.

The character of Jesus, as given in the Gospels, is strangely unique. As portrayed, He stands alone among beings created. The world had never before beheld His like, nor has it since. If pictured aright, He was of course the Divine.

If the delineation is but art, then the four masters of its creation were, as affirmed by the great skeptic, Renan, themselves more than mortal; for they drew a character, not alone new to human thought, but One so pure, so strong, so exalted, so Godlike, and One also, in

which the colors of heaven and earth are so splendidly blended, that cavil has ever since stood mute before the matchless painting, while criticism has bowed, in rapt admiration, declaring that, *Lo, here is the Perfect.*

Moreover, the character upon that canvas, is so simple, so natural, so graceful, as to mark it at once as of real life rather than artistic fancy. Its shade, of the mortal, needs its light of the immortal; its splendor, of the immortal, would dazzle the human vision were it not for its background of the mortal. Nor could that scene be changed in aught and yet rivet the gaze.

From that creation no line could be effaced without marring its majesty, without shocking the beholder. As well hope to take, from human body, its circulatory system and yet have life remain, as to think to rob that Character of a touch, either of the mortal or immortal, and yet have symmetry survive. For its two phases, the human, the divine, are so inseparably one, each so a part of the other, that no brush could have produced them separately, no art, either of earth or sky, could divide them.

And the many splendid intellectuals, alike of this and other lands, who have given so much of the very best, that in them lay, to erase the supernatural from the canvas and leave the natural still there, have found before them, as a result of their labors, not a character of grace or of beauty, but one a veritable monster of egotism, untruth and blasphemy.

IF JESUS HUMAN AND DIVINE.

If the portraiture, of those Masters, was of life and not of art, the Personage sketched was infinite in all those graces possible to man, infinite in all those attributes conceivable of God. From the lowliest to the haughtiest, all were His.

In Him, the toiling had cheer, the fainting strength, the mourning comfort. At His will, the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spake. At His touch, the leper was clean, the palsied well, the maimed whole. At his word, the wind hushed, the sea calmed, the tree withered. Thus He spake, and the dead obeyed: *Maiden arise. Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. Lazarus, come forth.*

HIS CLAIMED GIFTS.

Then, too, He asserted His own gifts of being in way so stately, so exalted, as to thrill the earth. Listen :

I am not of this world.

I am the light of the world.

I am the way, the truth, the light.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven.

Whosoever drinketh the water I give shall never thirst.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to me.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

He that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.

Every one who shall confess me before men, him shall the son of man also confess before the angels of God.

Every one who seeth the son, and believeth on him may have eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

HIS ASSERTED OMNIPOTENCE.

And, too, his assertions of Omnipotence, were so daring, so startling, that none but the lips of a God, or those of blasphemy, could have uttered them. Listen again:

I am the son of God.

I and my Father are one.

Before Abraham was, I am.

I came forth from the Father.

I am the resurrection and the life.

He that seeth me seeth him that sent me.

I lay down my life that I might take it again.

He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Hereafter shall the son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God.

For the son of man shall come in the glory of his Father and his angels, and then shall he reward every man according to his works.

IF JESUS BUT MAN.

But, cloud the vision, so that the exquisite colorings of the supernatural be not perceived

upon that glorified canvas, and still the one, even thus dull-eyed, will behold there the divinity of Perfection. For the Sketch, from the easels of those Masters, is the highest possible concept of the human. As mere man, the One portrayed is immeasurably great. He was, indeed, the very incarnation of the precepts He Himself taught. Not once did He point another to a standard higher than Himself. Not once did he plead to the world save that it might follow Him, might learn of Him, might love as He loved. His challenge to the ages, *Who convicteth me of sin?* has never been, nor ever will be, accepted either by unbeliever, critic, skeptic, or cynic.

TRIBUTE OF DISBELIEVERS.

Each of the great disbelievers bowed unto Jesus as the man matchless.

Spinoza, the acosmist, regarded Him as *The truest symbol of heavenly wisdom.*

Mill, the materialist, found His church *The chief refuge and hope of oppressed humanity.*

Renan, the romanticist, conceded that *In Him is condensed all that is good and lofty in our nature.*

Schelling, the pantheist, attested that *None before Him had revealed the Infinite to man in such a manner.*

Ewald, the orientalist, held Him *The altogether human source of the highest spiritual life of humanity.*

Paine, the infidel, confessed that *The morality He preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind.*

Hegel, the absolutist, though denying Him God Incarnate, acknowledged Him *The earth's one symbol of such incarnation.*

Baur, the rationalist, agreed that *The higher exhibition of the solitary and incommunicable life of God is nowhere else so apparent as in Him.*

Schleiermacher, the individualist, portrayed Him as *A Being so wonderfully fashioned that religious life is and must remain dependent upon Him.*

Fichte, the egoist, asserted that, *Till the end of time all the sensible would bow before Him and humbly acknowledge the exceeding glory of such a phenomenon.*

Paulus, the realist, admitted Him *An Extraordinary phenomenon, altogether peculiar in His character, elevated high above the whole human race; yea, to be adored.*

Gibbon, the skeptic, attributed the marvelous spread of His teaching to *the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and the ruling providence of its great Author.*

Strauss, the atheist, pronounced Him *The highest object we can possibly imagine with respect to religion, the Being without whose presence in the mind, perfect piety is impossible.*

Rousseau, the deist, halted in his raileries

against religion, to affirm that, *If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ were those of God.*

Kant, the transcendentalist, granted that, *If His Gospel had not previously taught the universal moral laws in their full purity, reason would not have attained so perfect an insight of them.*

Ingersoll, the agnostic, stayed his ironies, against the supernatural, long enough to voice, as a meed to His worth, *To that great and serene man I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears.*

Parker, the Eclectic, declared that *He united in Himself the sublimest precepts and divinest practices, thus more than realizing the dream of prophet and sage; arose free from all prejudice of his age, nation or sect; gave free range to the spirit of God in His breast; set aside the law, sacred and true, honored as it was, its forms, its sacrifice, its temple, its priests; put away the doctors of the law, subtle, irrefragible, and poured out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven, and true as God.*

Channing, the Unitarian, said, *When I trace the unaffected majesty, which runs through the life of Jesus, and see him never falling below His sublime claims amidst poverty, and scorn, and in His last agony, I have a feeling of the reality of His character which I cannot express. I feel that the Jewish carpenter could no more have conceived and sustained this character, un-*

der motives of imposture, than an infant's arm could repeat the deeds of Hercules, or his unawakened intellect comprehend and rival the matchless works of genius.

In short, unto each of the deniers of His divinity, whether Corinthian or Ebionite, Socinian or Artemonite, Alogian or Montanist, Arian or Monachist, Humanitarian or Rationalist, Unitarian, or Evolutionist, the Man of the Cross, was always the *The Incomparable, The Perfect*. And most momentous, indeed, is this question of the character of Jesus. For, as even the cynical Strauss felt impelled to admit, *Debate, as to Christianity's truth, has narrowed, at last, into a discussion of the personality of Christianity's Founder.*

TRAITS OF JESUS.

Again, the words of Jesus have served, for ages, as man's best standard for right; His deeds, as the world's highest precedents for good. He was wise, but not arrogant; dignified, but not proud; gentle, but not weak; gracious, but not familiar; genial, but not worldly; temperate, but not austere; firm, but not obstinate; brave, but not rash; zealous, but not impatient; severe, but not unkind; majestic, but not haughty.

He was at once ruler and servant. He was companion and disciple. He enacted love as a new law of action. He appealed but to the best

in human heart. He displayed His might only for others. He inspired the discouraged unto renewal of hope. He wept but in sympathy with sorrowing humanity. He wooed the innocent by the witchery of His Own innocence. He prayed, when dying, not for self, but alone for His murderers. He was, in short, the One lone personification, in all time, of the Golden Rule, and worthy the worship He demanded of earth.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

The teachings of the Master, were the Perfect. Even a Spencer affirmed them beyond the reach of evolution. And, of Himself, they were even more than a part, they were the whole. For, aside from the lessons given by His walk, no other taught as He taught, nor spoke as He spoke. Though too much engrossed with His Father's work, to think of the poetic, His tribute to the lilies, is the most exquisite metaphor in all literature. Though too much in the fierce conflict with sin, to think of rhetoric, His Sermon on the Mount, is the most wonderful address ever spoken. And though too much fired with zeal to win the world, to think of philosophic, His precepts, spanning life in its entirety, are the only flawless ones ever uttered.

The parables He spake, are so apt, so quaint, that no other tongue has even assayed to imitate, much less to equal, them. The prayer, He taught His disciples, is so incisive, so inclu-

sive, that it has been exalted, by the common thought of the centuries past, not only as the lone plea divinely fitted to be addressed unto Omnipotence, but as the one thing by far too holy to be changed or marred by humanity's profaning touch. And his one query, *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?* has done more to palsy the hand of greed than any other thought ever spoken into the ears of avarice.

SUBLIMITY OF JESUS.

The instances given, though striking, are not the exceptional among His teachings. For, no matter when, where, or the occasion He spoke, there was a like sublimity of statement, a sublimity far transcending the possible with any other being ever upon the earth.

And whether to Samaritan at the well, or to kneeling woman expectant of stoning, or to poor sufferer beseeching by wayside, or to twelve in the quiet and joy of seclusion, or to traitor when bidding Him forth to his purpose, or at prayer in the silence of lonely Gethsemane, or standing unmoved in presence of questioning Pilate, or asking forgiveness for those who had scourged Him and pierced Him, or crying to Father, heart-broken and anguished and dying, His words were ever so wondrous, so apart from the earth, that a heart must be stranger to feeling and dead unto thrill if unmoved, even yet, by their tenderness, terseness and beauty.

TEACHINGS OF OTHERS.

Besides, the teachings of no one, save Jesus, are fitted to all times, peoples and climes.

The Zend Avesta, of Zoroaster, was adapted alone to the ancient Persians; hence, as the latter passed away, died also the religion of dualism.

The Vedas, those wierd waifs begotten of Aryan thought, were peculiarly fitted to sway the Hindoos! yet not, in fact, them all. For the vision of a single dreamer, moved millions from Brahma to Buddha, the latter in turn, being powerless to rule save where already enthroned.

The Analects, of Confucius, so wise in part, so dead in all, could appeal to none but the Chinese, a people content to stand, for age upon age, gazing at the lifeless past, unthinking of the moving world about them.

And the Koran, of Mahomet, so vague, so mystical, so impossible, could have found lodgement nowhere else, in all the earth, except with the Arabs, or among a people as cruel and lustful as are the unspeakable Turks today.

ETHICS OF JESUS FOR ALL.

The teachings of Jesus, on the other hand, were perfectly adapted to the needs of all. Even when dropped into the stony fields, of the Caesars, they quickly sprang and grew, if lodging at all, unto characters rounded and beautiful.

Nor once, from Golgotha to now, has person lived, either too low or too high to be suited to the ethics of Jesus. His words, and His alone, are of character, so lowly, as to be adapted to basest of cannibal, fresh from his horrible feast; yet, so exalted, as to be fitted to lifting to heights the profoundest, such splendid intellectuals as a John, a Paul, a Luther, a Pascal, a Newton, a Bunyan, a Dante, a Milton, as also the myriads of others long since placed, by judgment of earth, into the ranks of the world's immortals.

ANCIENT RELIGION EXCLUSIVE.

And, by ancient wisdom, religion was reserved alone to the few, the gift to the cultured only.

Plato, philosophy's founder, affirmed that, *It is not easy to find the Father and Creator of existence; and, when he is found, it is impossible to make him known unto all.*

And his famed disciple, Celsus, the subtle, sneered that, *He must be void of understanding who can believe that Greeks and barbarians, in Asia, Europe, and Lybia, all nations to the ends of the earth, can unite in one and the same religion.*

And yet, as if to mock those words of the worldly wise, the teachings of Jesus do reveal, in glorious fulness, the Infinite Parent of being, alike to the high and the low, to the rich and the poor, to the wise and the foolish, in short, to humanity's all; and fashion and blend, as well, unto beautiful oneness of faith and of hope

and of love, not only the Greeks and barbarians, but all of the races of men, even those from continent center to farthestmost isles of the sea.

JESUS THE IDEAL.

So, alike, as Master and Man, Jesus was the Ideal. Nor has any one, no matter though devotee of another faith, denied to Him a standard less exalted than the highest possible to the human. Indeed, but recently, according to the press, the high priestess of Theosophy, declared Jesus and Siddhartha to have been the only perfect beings appearing among men. And that this leader of the occult, should have awarded this meed of worth, to the One, is far from strange, for she herself is product alone of a Christian civilization. But the surprising is that she should have thought to award like praise to the other. For, as she knows full well, her own gifts of mind and of culture would have been utterly impossible to her had she been so unfortunate as to have been reared in the home of the Buddhistic cult she now so zealously affects.

JESUS AND SIDDHARTHA.

Besides, the teachings of Siddhartha are nothing short of offense to intelligence, parent, as they are, to superstitions so absurd and castes so wicked. Nothing more senseless could possibly be than the placing of the Sage of Sakya,

according to whom, a person, to attain unto bliss, must not only live a life of practical self-murder, but pass through myriadic forms of existence, these requiring, for their course, multiplied millions of ages, as equal of Him who said unto penitent thief, *Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise*. Fittingly, indeed, has Buddhism been defined, by St. Hillaire, as *A spiritualism without a soul, a virtue without a duty, a moral without liberty, a charity without love, a world without nature and without God*. As impossible to justly liken the Sage of Sakya to the Man of Nazareth as it would be to rank the ebon of midnight with the glory of noonday.

THE RESURRECTION.

The fear of the friends of Jesus, when seeing Him in hands of maniac mob, may, in part, be guessed by oaths of Peter. Love, and love alone, for love is ever the truest, had thought to follow Him, yet not anear.

The grief of the friends of Jesus, when knowing Him mocked and scourged and crowned and robed and crucified, was torture beyond portrayal. Yet love, and love alone, for love is ever the bravest, dared to follow Him, if not anear, still well to the foot of the cross.

And the woe of the friends of Jesus, when seeing Him hanging there dead, like to malefactor, silent between thieves, was the agony that pervades the soul when light of the life is gone, when hope of the heart is fled. And yet love,

and love alone, for love is ever the fondest, came softly there, and drawing the spikes from the hands and the feet, bore the wonderful mortal away to the tomb of the sorrowing stranger.

And so the few faithful, for love is ever the faithful, went their way, dazed, desolate, disconsolate. True, He had bidden them to mourn not, for He would arise again the third day. But such words were too portentous for them to understand or scarce to hear. And so they went their way, weeping.

Yet, mayhap, they somehow divined, vaguely, yet divined, that the One, over yonder, was, of all clay, the most royal. For, at His cry of agony, had not the sky scowled, and the earth quaked, and the temple reeled, and the graves gaped, and the dead waked? And was He not lying in state, in rocky chamber, with entrance stone-barred and with eagles of Rome to guard Him?

But the King, for them, was dead. Nor, in all the earth, was there another for whom they had heart to shout, *Long live the King!*

And so the friends of Jesus waited, waited nor knew they why, waited as soft the weary hours, slow-footed, crept sadly on and grew to days, to one, and two, and—

But, hark! Behold: An angel came, with countenance lit with lightning, with raiment white as snow, wind-driven, and, then, by instant touch, laid all those eagles low, threw wide the chamber door ajar, when, lo, on couch of stone,

the Christ awoke, the while the stars of morning sang, and life, for the first, dared query of death, *Where, O where, is thy sting?*

And, then, what bliss, what ecstasy, disciples knew! For then to them the Master came, to sup, to dine, to hold commune, to counsel give, and way of life to show. And so they dreamed until full soon, nor yet too soon, He gave them glimpse of world beyond, as forth He went to glory, His before creation dawned.

CHANGE IN APOSTLES.

A belief in the resurrection of Jesus, wrought a change, instant and radical, in the character of each of the Apostles.

Peter, the coward, became Peter, the brave. And, at Pentecost, and utterly uncaring of results to himself, he stood in the presence of the very ones, before whom he had so recently quailed, and boldly charged them with the awful crime of having taken the Christ, with wicked hands, and crucified and slain Him. Nor could that charge be silenced save by nailing the Apostle to the cross and thus sealing his lips in death.

And, by tradition's word, Thomas, the doubter, elected to die rather than to say that he had not placed his hands in the wounds in the Master's side. Tradition also affirms that, of the eleven Apostles, all but three suffered martyrdom in preference to saving life by the simple expedient

of denying the resurrection story. Even those three, one of whom was John the Beloved, gave all their remaining years to no other end than of proclaiming the Risen Lord.

Nor could Paul, after that meeting on the way, be induced, or driven, or scourged, or stoned, into a retraction of that same story. So it may not be said, nor indeed has it ever been, that those witnesses, each having the fullest opportunity of knowing the truth of that which he spake, purposely falsified regarding this one supreme fact in the world's history.

And yet, if Christ did not arise, not only were they, as Paul declared, liars against God, but liars so strangely insane as to die for the untruth they told, a thing no other human being has ever done either before or since.

CHANGE IN PHARISEES.

Nor was this change peculiar alone to the Apostles. For, right in the city of the alleged marvel, and almost, too, in the same hour of its asserted occurrence, thousands upon thousands, many of them doubtless of the very mob guilty of His death, stepped to the fore, life in hand, to accept the fact of the rising of Jesus.

And, strange, the Pharisee entered no word of denial of the awful charge of the Christ murder, then so boldly hurled against him. Not only so, but he changed, in a day, from fierce and relentless zealot to whipt and whimpering craven.

More, he had not the heart to deny the resurrection, nor yet had he the courage to affirm the theft from the tomb.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BODY.

Yet that story, of the theft, is the only one ever offered, by disbeliever, for the disappearance of the body of Jesus. Still, the soldiers' report not simply could not have been true; but, when fairly considered, stands forth as a falsehood, doubtless procured to be made by those having dread to be charged with slaying the Christ.

MESSIANIC HOPE.

The Jews long had been taught to believe that a world conqueror would come and give them universal dominion. Years, in their course, had run, and this was the time to which prophesy pointed for that glorious day, for then had the scepter departed from Judah and a lawgiver from between his feet. So general, indeed, was this thought, that each of Israel's faithful kept place ever ready for the dining of Messenger, sent to herald the Mighty's appearing, should blessing be he happened that way. Indeed, Josephus, the sycophant, and Tacitus and Suetonius, the pagans, trace the revolt, and resultant destruction of the Jews, largely to this Messianic hope.

THE MESSENGER.

A voice had rung in Judean wilds, *Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight.* A multitude, breathless, had listened, and then, with all haste, had gone to the river to share in the rite denoting repentance. Unto common thought, Elias, the Messenger, was come. And so, full many an eye, of longing, was strained for glimpse of the Anointed of God.

THE NAZARINE.

Forth from Nazareth, a strange Being had gone. But a carpenter, He was the Master of sages. Untutored, He spake as man never spake before. Confessing Himself the Leader foretold He forbade the sword, gave unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's, and, when smitten on cheek, silently turned for another like blow. And yet, though, in truth, the lowliest of lowly and poorest of poor, He asserted Himself the King of kings and Lord of lords.

MIRACLE RUMORS.

..

And, of Him, most wonderful wonders were told. It was declared He had said that, in Him, were rest for the weary; joy for the mourning; life for the dying. It was claimed He had changed water into wine; made demons obey; given sight to the blind. It was asserted He had healed the sick; cleansed the leper; raised the dead. It was even reported He had walked the wave; hushed the wind; stilled the sea.

STRANGE CLAIMS.

And then, to thought of Sanhedrist, this singular Being went on to farthermost limits of blasphemy. He said, of Himself, *Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.* He affirmed himself the Light of the world; the Judge of the earth; the Savior of men; the equal of God. And then, as climax of all, He declared that, though He were dead, yet, upon the third day, would He again return unto life. Never before were words so strange, were claims so audacious. Jerusalem turned from Him, in horror, and became as a caldron, seething with hate. To Pharisee, His words seemed a dare, His claims a challenge to death.

THE PASSOVER.

The Passover was on. More than a million of pilgrims were there. The city was gorged with humanity. Even its roofs were beds. Throughout that living mass a thrill had run, perchance of nameless dread, at the ways of that Being of Mystery. His pretensions had set the teeth of desire at edge, and Pharisee hunger was keen for battle with death to begin.

BATTLE WITH DEATH.

The prayer, in the garden, had ceased. The kiss, of the traitor, had stung. The band, of the Leader, had fled. The crown, of the thorns, had

been worn. The shout, *To the Cross*, had been heard. The hands, of the blood, had been washed. The Lamb, to the wolves, had been loosed. The Doomed, to the wood, had been nailed. The plea, unto God, had been winged. The side, with the spear, had been pierced. The clay, to the rock, had been borne. The door, of the tomb, had been sealed. The troops, of the eagle, are guarding. The end, of the battle, is nearing. Death Victor, a blasphemer perished was all. Death vanquished, a Nation had murdered the Christ. In dread, the Nation awaits. In awe, it prays Death to be Victor.

ALLELULIA.

Heads bared! The Angel of the Lord is come. The seal breaks. The stone moves. And then—Look, O man! Give shout, ye Hosts on High! Death, Death the strong, is losing. And—Behold, O Earth! Swing wide ye gates of God! Alleluia! Death, Death the King, has lost.

BODY NOT STOLEN.

Who, in the light of reason, may think to assert that the body was stolen by disciples, or stolen at all? Such charge makes mock of intelligence. In cannot be fact. Disciples dared not attempt such theft; too mighty their fear. Nor could they have compassed the deed; too many were there. The soldiers' report had motive of ill, not truth. And Pharisees stamp it as

fiction; when, to charge of slaying the Christ, they cried in terror, *Ye seek to bring this man's blood upon us.* That it was false, then, palpably false, wickedly false, is clear, perfectly clear. More, if added of cause be desired for holding it so, it well may be found in answers implied, in answers demanded, to queries propounded below.

RESURRECTION QUERIES.

1. Dared soldiers sleep upon duty?
2. Dared they admit it, even if so?
3. Does not their act imply price?
4. Does it not tell immunity, also?
5. Why sleep, watching but 3 hours?
6. Why not punish, if story true?
7. Would all 60 sleep at one time?
8. Would each, if asleep, not waken?
9. How know body stolen, if asleep?
10. How deny the resurrection, also?
11. Why not Pharisee mention sleep?
12. Why not even refer to soldiers?
13. Why silent regarding the theft?
14. Why fearful, if body were taken?
15. Could theft have occurred then?
16. Could it possibly on third day?
17. Why was body not seen, if taken?
18. Why was it not found afterward?
19. How could disciples procure it?

20. How conceal it from multitudes?
21. Why not Pharisees ask for body?
22. Why did they not search for it?
23. What brought hope to disciples?
24. What gave to them such courage?
25. Did they, by any act, show guilt?
26. Did they die for known untruth?
27. Who, but guards, could take body?
28. Who, of earth, holds them guilty?

BATTLE WITH PAGANISM

But now the battle was on, waged by paganism, to blot, from the memory of mankind, the tale of the Risen Christ; a battle destined to last all but three centuries, and to end, at last, in a triumph so complete, for the soldier of the cross, as to all but portend danger to the cause he espoused, by reason of the pride coming to him from his sweeping victory.

CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE.

Besides, he met the enemy with weapon, till then, new to combat, that of *non-resistance*. For, like to the Master when smitten on the one cheek, he turned the other. When danger became too imminent, he fled to catacomb, companion to beast. When a Nero made, of him, a lamp of flame, he sung of the Light of the World. When a Decius or a Diocletian drove him to doom, with teeth of iron clawing his back, he went with joy, for the Lord was waiting at the

end of the way. And, no matter how dread the torture, so resigned was he that the fiends, who gave him to anguish, made bitter complaint because no moan could they wring from his lips, nor would he utter a pleading for mercy.

TERTULLIAN'S SHOUT.

The Spirit of the Christian, during all that terrible period, may not be better epitomized than in Tertullian's shout of defiance. *Call us staked ones and fagoted ones, names derived from the posts to which we are bound and the wood wherewith we are burned—this is the garment of our victory, our embroidered robe, our triumphant chariot.*

FROM CROSS TO CONSTANTINE.

The epoch, from Cross to Constantine, was scarce less filled with miracle than were the days when the Man of Sorrows went wandering in Palestine. To expunge its supernatural would leave it a riddle unsolved and unsolvable. But, with the miraculous there, all is plain, for then is manifest that hand of Omnipotence fashioned its ending.

THE TEN PERSECUTIONS.

Its ten great persecutions make it as black as infamy had power to paint it. The sword, then, was ever suspended over head of follower of

Jesus, and any Governor, in all the Empire, might cut the cord and let it fall. Christians were slaughtered, their books burned, their places of worship destroyed, their houses blotted from earth.

THE MARTYROLOGIES.

The martyrologies, written of those times, are too pitiable and terrible for perusal. The noble Paul, the aged Polycarp, the learned Justin, were alike victims to that era of evil. And, so murder, red murder, mad murder, went on, unstayed, each despot, in turn seeking to make the misery, meted out by him, more atrocious, more diabolical, than that conceived by the demons before him.

PAGANISM, THE SERPENT.

Paganism, like the dying serpent it was, strove ever, throughout that epoch so wild, to drive its venomous fangs deep into the veins of the one lone faith, in all the world, then either living or deserving to live. Constantly went Christians to death, each proclaiming the miracles and resurrection of Jesus.

SEED OF THE CHURCH.

And never may it be known the multitudes of the very worthiest, of earth, thus immolated upon the altars of envy and hate. Yet, despite all this constant depletion of the followers of

the Cross, the miracle the world beheld was that the martyrs' blood was seed from which sprang an ever increasing host into the depleted ranks. And true were the words of the skeptical Gibbon when he said that, during that era of evil, *A pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigor from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the Cross on the ruins of the Capitol.*

EDICT OF MILAN.

Even that the Edict of Milan was issued at all was not because Constantine became truly a Christian, for his deeds affirm him as mostly a heathen; but it came solely for the reason that it seemed unwise to him, man of affairs as he was, that a murderous few should be permitted longer to martyr the best of the realm he ruled. In short, Christianity's victory was due alone to the fact, as so graphically shown in Chenevaud's famed cartoon, *The Toilers of the Catacombs*, that the hands of believers had undermined the pagan throne, so of needs it fell.

CHRISTIANITY LAWFUL.

The instant of the granting of that Edict, Christianity became an ever recurring miracle of miracles. For then, at last lawful, it was moved by impulse born of freedom, to accomplish the task of winning the world. And the

marvels, by it done, are so tremendous, that their recountal is no more possible than would be the numbering of the eyes of the night.

CHRISTIAN MARVELS.

It touched the conscience; spoke to man of his neighbor; warmed the heart of the Roman; closed the temples of lewdness; stayed the hand of the Vandal; broke the ranks of the Moslem; claimed the Sabbath of rest; changed the dial of time; built beautiful homes; reared magnificent churches; erected munificent hospitals; founded asylums for friendless; furnished retreats for the aged; made the wife a queen unto honor; freed the slave from barbaric shackles; reached a hand to shield the downtrodden; strove for the saving of the soul of the pagan; sent salvation to cannibal isles; took from the ruler and gave to the ruled; hushed the cannon where wounded were lying; taught the nations the lessons of mercy; changed the thought of a wondering world.

THE GREATEST MARVEL.

And farther still, and still more strange, it lives today, and yet shall live, and rules today, and yet shall rule, despite the numberless crimes, so cruelly done, in its great name, by demons and devils incarnate. In a word, great as the physical marvels, wrought by the Master, the moral ones, caused by His life, have been infinitely

greater. And great as the effect of his teaching, in the realm of religion, its result, in secular world, has been infinitely greater.

CHRISTIANITY'S ASSUMPTION.

Again, it asserted its right to supremacy wherever was life. It searched the deed to find if love were its mainspring. It came to the home with counsel for child and for parent. It stood in the halls of State proclaiming the Golden Rule. It blazoned its name, by law of right, on each of history's pages.

CHRISTIANITY'S CONQUEST.

It claimed the thought of the builder,
And, lo, to the crucified Jesus,
 A million of temples arose;
It stirred the pulse of the poet,
And, lo, at the feet of the Risen,
 The measure of genius lay;
It moved the heart of the sculptor,
And, lo, from the heart of the marble,
 The master of masters stept forth;
It touched the hand of the artist,
And, lo, by the spell of the easel,
 The canvas grew voiceful of Christ;
It fired the soul of the singer,
And, lo, to the praise of the Savior,
 Hosannas awakened the earth.

CHRISTIANITY LABORS.

And still it labors. It wards the infant cradle. It marks the ways for steps of childhood. It leads the one of honest toil by narrow path of duty. It seals the sacred troth with word, *What God has joined, as one, not man should put asunder*. It makes the earthly home the fittest type, that hearts may know, of that beyond. It makes the white-plumed hearse seem all but fair by plea, *Suffer little children to come unto me*. It robs the grave of half its dread by the wondrous claim, *I am the resurrection and the life*. It gives to countless throngs, upon each holy day, the will to shout, with Miriam, *Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously*. And, best of all, it brings, to dulling sight, when lamp of life is burning low, a glimpse of bliss to be, of bliss supreme, of bliss beside the King.

LAW OF RELIGIOUS SURVIVAL.

Supernaturalism lives; naturalism dies. Such is the law of survival in the world of religious thought. Christ, uncrowned of divinity, is Christ dethroned. However numerous those may be, holding Jesus but man, they produce, at best, but a decadent church. Modern Cerenethianism, justly proud as it is of its culture, contrives to sputter, in a few minor sockets, alone because it borrows a little of oil from the numberless churches, by which it is girt, lifting aloft the Light of the World.

BELIEF IN FIRST MIRACLE.

The momentous achievements of Christianity have come alone from a faith in the resurrection of Jesus. The crucified King could never have rallied His despondent followers, nor indeed have gained followers at all, except by creating belief that He no longer was dead. Without His victory over the grave, His words, though marvelous, would never have induced the thought, with any human being, to die for them. What made them live, despite Pharisaic jeers and ages of martyrdom, was the belief that Jesus Himself still lived; hence, as the grave did not, for Him, end all, neither would it do so with His adherents.

KEY TO HISTORY.

The Apostles possessed the teachings of Christ all the hours He lay in the tomb, as also the memory of all the miracles done; and yet this was far from enough to move them to stand up for Him, as a person, much less for His mere words. But the moment they saw Him, after the cross, in the fulness and glory of life, they were transformed into soldiers, ready for Him, to do or to die. Thenceforth, He became the Key to the history of earth. Then, indeed, as so eloquently said by Jean Paul Richter, did the earth, *Behold Him lift, with pierced hand, empires from their hinges, and turn the stream of centuries out of its accustomed channel.*

MARTYRDOM COURTED.

Nor once, from the incarnating, in disciples' heart, of the fact of the resurrection, has the cause of Christ wanted for defenders, valiant and true, nor ceased its purpose to make conquest of earth. So common the belief among the early Christians, as to the raising of Jesus, that those, in authority, in the church, had to use all possible means to prevent believers from actually courting martyrdom, moved by a desire to see the Master quickly.

That this thought of the resurrection was universal then, is not only proven by the writings of the Fathers, and conceded generally, but the conduct of the Christians, of those days, would be utterly irrational and inexplicable upon any other possible hypothesis.

BUT FIRST MIRACLE REQUIRED.

Moreover, in the light of the wonders, affirming Christ Deity Incarnate, all the marvelous achievements, of the cross, become perfectly plain. And well did Napoleon say, that, in the divine nature of Jesus, a wonderful explanation is found for the history of man.

For the one fact, of the resurrection, made all that followed simply the natural. That is, to find ample cause for the whole of the great Christian movement, but this one marvel is needed, a wonderful one it is true, and yet but one, no more, and that, indeed, just such as the

world might well have longed, though undaring to hope, in view of the universal thought of mankind as to the life to be.

SECOND MIRACLE.

But, if the resurrection were not real, then another miracle, a second, and infinitely the greater, lifts itself to view, and neither logic nor reason may bid it be down. And, instead of being like to the first, but single, this second hovers over a brood of others, each, in turn, also the supernatural. So marvelous this second, Almighty Power is inadequate to have created it, human thought impotent to give it befitting rank. It is, in short, nothing less than *the apotheosis of untruth, or deception glorified and made beautiful by the splendor of its own achievements.*

APOTHEOSIS OF UNTRUTH.

For, if Christ did not arise, then a falsehood, that told of the resurrection, has not only run riot through the centuries, making conquests of intellects the choicest, but, despite its course of sin, has, by spell of its deceit, wrought more, for humanity's good, than all of the truths by humanity spoken.

Indeed, to recount the wonders of worth, accomplished by this untruth, if man so dare to

call it, would be to portray the whole of the progress of earth since the Master ascended on high.

BROOD OF SUPERNATURALS.

And this second, or parent, falsehood, has among its brood of supernaturals, these:

THE YOKE: Christ bade the world to wear His Yoke. Hosts gave heed. And ever since that triumph morn, His faithful ones have slaved, with will, to draw the world within His Realm of love. And yet, if He were not from God, of all impostors He was chief. Nor aught but ill could come to those who wore His yoke.

But He was Truth. Nor yet, in lands, where thought is fair, could one be found to so deny. And good alone has come to human ox and plodding world because that yoke. For, where the neck has bent to bear it, there man has moved to nobler heights.

THE CROSS: Christ bade the world to bear His Cross. Multitudes obeyed. And, ever since the Holy One was lifted high, the wood, that held Him there, has served as emblem fit for knightly crest, for martyr breast, for saint at rest. And yet, if He were less than all He claimed, He was but poor indeed. Nor had He gift to glorify the thing on which He died.

But He was Truth. Nor yet, in all the earth, does mortal live who holds Him false. And, more, that sacred wood, so hateful once, so win-

ning now, was set by hand of love to mark the way that leads from life below to life above.

THE WILL: Christ bade the world to learn of Him. His will was law. And ever since the hour, when first He spake in Nazareth, a worldly throng, a thronging world, has joyed to hear the music of His voice. And yet, if He were merely man, His heart held much of human sin. Nor could the erring world be led aright by counsel born of such.

But He was Truth. Nor yet has person lived who dare would name Him sinner. And even those who hold Him man, nor more than man, accord to Him full meed of praise, and, joying much, cast flowers sweet before His feet, and wing His fame as teacher.

THE CALL: Christ bade the world to come to him for rest. Earth paused to hear. And ever since He spake those words, so more than kind, the feet of care, so stained, so bruised, have upward toiled to Him. And yet, were He alone of earthy mold, His call came forth from guile. Nor may the soul, sworn with sin, find rest where dwells deceit.

But He was Truth. Nor yet, in all the ages done, has skeptic one, nor cynic one, found aught in Him to blame. And, from the hour He gave that call, to woo the weary world, unbroken hosts have gone, with song, to gain, with Him, their rest.

THE LIGHT: Christ claimed to be the Light of the World. All eyes beheld. And ever since the Voice Divine proclaimed Him Son of God, the sky has smiled a sweeter smile, and hearts have joyed with deeper joy, for earth has known a Savior. And yet, if He were naught but child of sin, He was, of egotists, the one supreme. Nor had He will to rout the black of ill.

But He was Truth. Nor yet have lips, though evil's own, linked once His name with egotist. Besides, if all were asked, who scorned or mocked His claim to superhuman, not one could think to say he cared to dwell where fell no rays from Jesus.

AND GOD: Christ claimed to be at one with God in might and wisdom. All hearts were thrilled.

And ever since that long ago,
When He spake of His coming glory,
A spirit tells, to souls below,
Of the truth of that awesome story.

And yet, if He were not the One Divine, He was, of blasphemy, the all in all. Nor could the world, by mortal thought, know full His sin.

But He was Truth. Nor yet has height nor depth laid to His charge the awful crime of blasphemy. Nay more, not once in haunts of sin, nor still in felon circle, would one be sure from harm if there he dared affirm that Christ

was thus of evil. Still more, each day displays but added proof of the wonders of His will, and brings more near, to earthly sight, the Throne of Power whereon He sits to rule the world.

THE DILEMMA.

And so reason stands facing the great dilemma as to which to accept as true, *the stupendous miracle of the resurrection, or the unthinkable miracle of infinite good resulting from infinite falsehood.* And one of these it must accept, it may not shirk this duty.

FIRST MIRACLE SCARCE CREDIBLE.

To adopt the first demands full much of credulity. For, despite the hope of life to be, no one, but Christ, has stepped to mortal view yon side the bounds of death. Still, if reason bows to this lone wonder, the stress, for it, is done. For then all else, of Christian marvels, though wondrous strange, are but the normal. Farther, not to concede this first, leaves all these marvels reft of cause, and this itself, to honest thought, would seem astounding miracle.

REJECTING FIRST ADOPTS SECOND.

To deny the fact of the resurrection adopts, perforce, the second marvel, that of *infinite good resulting from infinite falsehood.* For pen has written deep, alike in heart and history, the

myriadic wonders, for betterment of earth, wrought by that tale of the Risen Christ. And that one story, so fair if be so false, has worked far more for cure of human hurts, and more for lift of fallen world, than all of fact by mortals told.

ANOTHER BROOD.

Besides, to hold it false, presents, to instant view, this other brood of miracles, each of which is wonder more than would the rising be of countless dead.

The One supremely lowly, was the one supremest egotist.

The One supremely truthful, was the one supremest impostor.

The One supremely faithful, was the one supremest hypocrite.

The One supremely holy, was the one supremest blasphemer.

WHICH OF THE TWO.

Placed, then, fronting the two major miracles,

*The Resurrection, and
The worth of Untruth,*

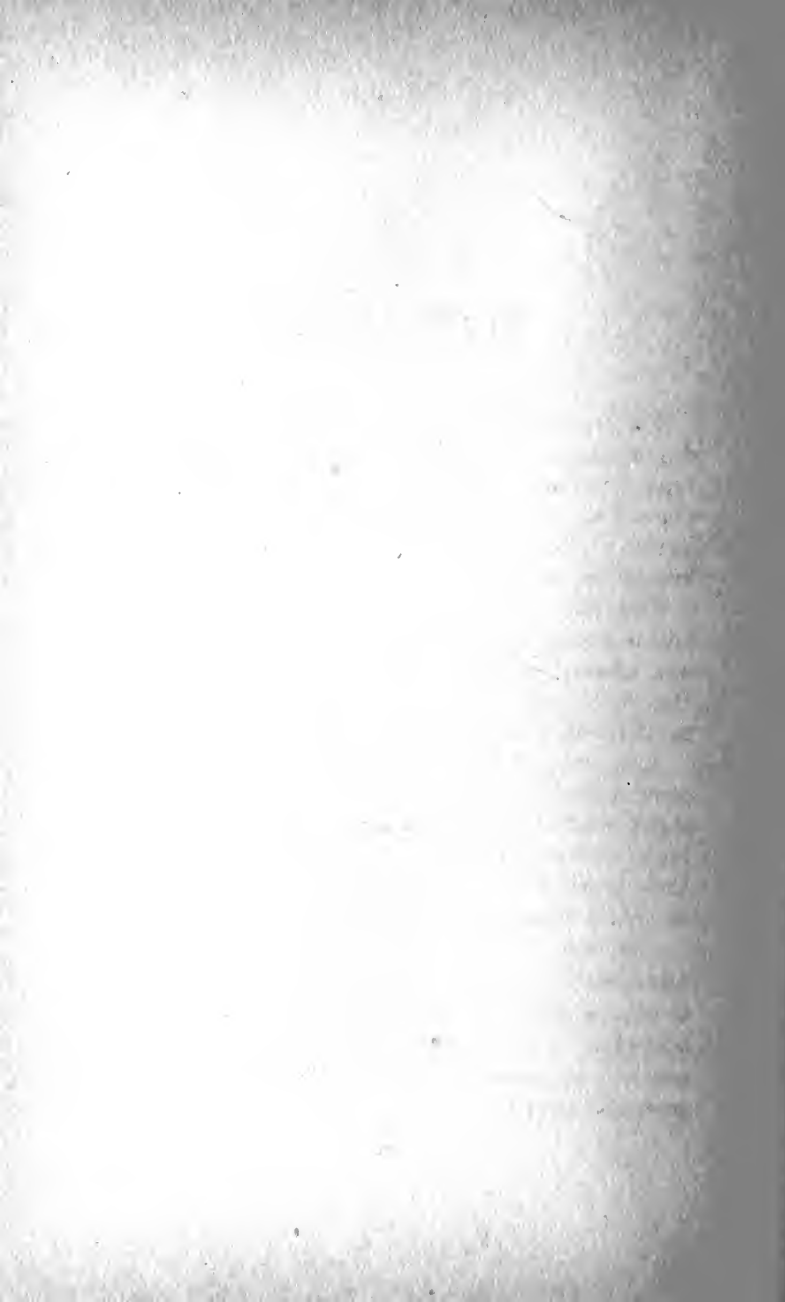
one or the other of which must be accepted, it cannot be but that reason will, under the very law of its being, elect to adopt the lesser of the twain, and looking, by faith, to the Crucified One, cry out, in ecstasy :

Blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

And there shall be no curse any more; and the throne of God and the Lamb shall be therein; and His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face; and His name shall be on their foreheads.

And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord shall give them light; and they shall reign forever, and ever.

FORCE TO GOD



Force to God

The universe affirms a God. Height and depth display intelligence. Earth and sky portray wisdom. Nature reveals control. Realms, countless as human heart-beats, are close at hand. Laws, myriadic as the years of eternity, receive obeisance.

Step into yonder garden plot. There the one soil is warmed by the one sun, thrilled by the one air, blessed by the one rain, tilled, perhaps, by the one hand. And yet, in bounds thus lowly, multiplied kingdoms lie, multiplied forces ply.

And countless are the blades beheld. To casual view they seem alike. Add thought to sight, and differences appear. Aid vision with lens, and contrariety is seen to be the law of their existence. To final analysis, each stands as entity begotten by segregate force.

And above each are snuggling vines; and upon each one are glowing leaves. And here, once more, as affirmed by the blades, variance reigns supreme. For no inch of the sinuous length, nor one of the manifold leaves, has like or counterpart elsewhere.

And blades and vines have numberless neighbors. These are standing, it may be beside them; crowding them closely, perchance; assuredly with elbows akimbo. And each of these is there, as well, pursuant to a law alone its own.

Of life, order is potency chiefest, existence the chiefest desire. And so, though vagrant the plant, it heeds to the rule and lives by the law assuring survival. Here, tokens of life are lifted aloft by the one; secretly hidden in earth by another; lifted in part, buried in part, by a third, as if with concern to render the future the doubly assured.

Moreover, these prophecies of survival are as varied, in form, as the manifold causes by which they have come. For, this unity of soil, and of sun, and of air, and of rain, acting pursuant to laws entered only on high, evolve fruitage of colors, ranging from the white of the wind-whipt snow to the red of the heart's rich blood.

Look again. There, from that one soil, warmed by the one sun, thrilled by the one air, blessed by the one rain, and tilled, perhaps, by the one hand, yet other forms of being have answered unto calls of force. And, unlike those having utility for end, these have esthetic purpose alone.

Turn to the azure-eyed bluebell, for there, in its gaze, is a story of heavenly constancy. Peer into depth of lady's slipper, for there is a beauty as dainty as vision may know. Stoop to the royalist pansy, for there, upon velvet, a painter

has pencilled his dreamings. Bend to the sanctified marigold, for there is a glory befitting the sainted Madonna. Kneel unto heavenly rose, for there is the bud of the stake, God's cheer unto Zillah, the maiden. And then consider that each of those wonders, of life, is a child to the riddle of force, with the mode of its dress, and the colors it wears, fashioned before it was born.

And yonder is the morning glory, that Belle of Aurora, glowing and blushing and wooing, with chalice of nectar at heart for the busy-bee lover. And there is the sunflower, that Parsee so faithful, watching the lord of the sky, even from his chariot's appearing, in east, till golden-capt driver is hidden by hills of the west. And there is the four o'clock, that wanton of fairy-world ring, sleeping till wane of the day, then donning a skirt like nymph of the steed and poisoning like sylph of the wire. And here is the night-blooming cereus, that nun so esthetic, exotic from Garden of Eden, shunning the gaze of the world, coming to gladden the gloom, unveiling alone when expiring. And then consider that each of those marvels of being, though of parentage in common with all, is of mood thus strange, and of grace thus rare, as a gift of a force to the others unknown.

Look once more. There, in that humble plot, with its oneness of soil and of sun and of air and of rain, are numberless forms of animate life, so many, in truth, not eye of mortality may behold them all. And these, too, have ends in variance,

for some have motive for good, some seem purposed for ill, some show esthetic design, while others are nature's enigma. A moment pause to note them.

And there is the ant, with its village defined; its dwelling ornate; its statute severe; its army unmatched; its dairy unique. And there is the butterfly, that glory of the worm; that vagrant of the lawn; that idler of the field; that emblem of the soul; that spirit of the dead. And here is the bee, master of angles and lines; threader of compassless wilds; servant, by choice, unto toil; vassal to queen of its will; communist, the wisest of time. And yonder is the dragon fly, wizard of the air; meteor of the wing; fleetest of the earth; trebling the pace of the swallow; tacking and backing, full speeding; cutting the zigzags of lightnings; mocking the laws of momentum; viewing the world ways through 50,000 windows, And then consider that each of those beings, so wondrous, is the product of a force, unmoving save alone in its realm.

Look, then, into wider world. There also diversity is the law unto unity. For, throughout the whole of nature's immensity, variant forces have wrought unto ends of variance. And, wherever, throughout all space, the thought of the finite wanders, variety abounds, infinite beyond the gift of tongue to portray.

Behold omnipotent wideness. There, in that vault of vaults, that height of heights, that depth of depths, worlds race by worlds, suns by suns,

systems by systems, eternities by eternities. To gaze into heaven's kaleidoscope, vision surfeits at splendors unspeakable, reason stumbles at beauties unthinkable, fancy staggers at marvels undreamable. Distances there, stretch so mightily away and beyond, and beyond and away, that the wisdom of ages falls prone, upon face, reaching and reaching for ultimate end.

And there, mazes of forces, forces unmeasured, burden the brain with their wonders. The earth hurries or lags as need there may be for its speeding. The moon gives forth its power to waken the tides of the ocean. Jupiter, the mighty, enrobes its satellites with garments of variant hues. Saturn, the distant, is circled by arms of its children. Comets rush in and away, mysterious, defiant, resplendent. And so, wherever the thought may turn, in all of nature's expanse, multiplied forces abound, multiplied forces surround.

And of all the children of force, gravitation is the mightiest begotten. For, although itself but effect, so nearly does it come unto cause, that a severance line, twixt it and its parent, only Omnipotent eye may discern. Muse upon it for a moment.

It is the grasp of the earth having matter in clutch. It is the strength of the sun holding planets in thrall. It is the string of the swing whereby universe is swung. It is the perimeter of ring for races on high. It is the Infinite Hand leading chaos to course.

And yet, despite its unspeakable power, gravitation is constantly mocked by others of the children of force. The tiny bladelets pry themselves loose from its arms. The giants of Caliveras lift haughtily heavenward their thousands of tons regardless its might. The smiles of the sunlight recoax to the clouds the waters that fell at its beck. The masterful eagle, first heeding its call, remounts to the skies, in riotous might, unmoving of wing. The heavenly lark, unminding its spell, flits, in the morn, to empyreal heights, for rapturous song. In short, monarch, as it is, of matter, and chiefest, as it is, of the universe forces, it is itself forever and ever defied.

Man, for the first, beheld, amazed, the infinite results of forces. He divined, as well, the absolute need for adequate causes behind them. And then, with him, desire was strong to master the riddles of power. Hence, reason, atiptoe, went out, from beginning, to seek and to solve the unknown. Nor matter the age, thought ever assayed to trace the dim trail leading backward to origin.

And here lies the line, one never yet crossed, dividing the man from the beast. The ape of captivity now, as little has reason as had its ancestor of the ark. Place mirror before it, and its chatters will tell of its wrath at the grimace the reflection discloses. Train it to the full, and nothing of lift will its progeny gain. The reach

of its brain today will be that of its brain tomorrow; and the reach of its brain tomorrow will be that of its brain forever.

Not thus with man. Trace him to cave or to wild. See him! Low-browed he may be, brutish may seem. Yet, from his windows of soul, peers forth inquisitive thought. Speculation, that tell-tale of reason, yet lurks and gleams in his eyes. Simple the dream that he dreams, yet a dreamer of dreams is he. And the height, where he rests him at eve, is the point of new climbing next morning. Should he now but reach to the tree tops, in time he will reach to the stars.

Luther said well, to worship was to bow. For homage calls for yielding up of self. And man was born to worship. As surely as the needle points to star, his face is upward turned. Nor may this yearning go from human heart. Attraction is no more a law to matter than worship is a law to being. And, like the other, it reigns a force, silent, persuasive, irresistible. It holds the soul with secret grasp, mighty if soul be much, puny if soul be so. As light the task to kindle the fires in the depth of the moon, or to fan the flames from the face of the sun, as to wrest, from the earth, this essence divine, the omnipotent spirit of worship.

And Force was first declared by man as Cause. For though itself unseen, itself unsolved, all things declared its presence, all things portrayed its glory. By deeds, it seemed the very spring of all; by gifts, the very chief of nature. To

thought, it formed the bud, the bloom; the wood, the wild; the rock, the rill; the vale, the vault; the sea, the sky; the sun, the stars; the years, the universe. And so, unto Force, an altar was reared, and there the suppliant knee, for the first, was bent, and penitent face, for the first, was raised, to offer, in awe, the gift of the heart, the mysterious tribute of worship.

And strange the thing thus honored first with worship. For though, while close at hand, not once it stept to view. Though all, from worm to world, revealed its reign, it reigned unseen. Though sound of breeze and brook, and roar of wind and wave, and quake of mead and mount, made known its presence, when sought it was not found. Though every way, by reason trod, led to its throne, no throne was seen, no voice declared dominion. And though anear its feet, the altar stood, where orison was winged, no heed it gave, nor smile bestowed, nor blessing spake to suppliant. And Force was Mystery.

Yet man still lingered there at foot of altar. Himself though feeble, he reasoned well of power, well its splendid gift. And saw he, too, that, willed it so, the grasses stirred; the leaflets waved; the flowers blushed; the zephyrs strayed; the tempests charged; the lightnings leaped; the thunders roared; the oceans heaved; the mountains rocked; the peoples passed. Yet knew he not the wondrous All itself was mere effect. Nor could he know, so dulled his sense, he had not even touched the hem of Cause. And so, enigma

as it was, and careless, stern and ruthless, Force seemed to him a thing supreme, a thing to worship. And long, with soul content, he knelt to majesty of might.

But man, in time, awearied of such service. He saw the thing, to which he bent, not less was cruel than was kindly. And, too, its deeds, on every hand, seemed ever more complex, ever more perplexing. He grew, at last, to doubt them one, to doubt their single grouping. The very vastness, of the thing adored, confused him. He came to yearn for forms to serve of simpler guise, of gentler mould, more like to self. And then, for such, he sought. When, lo, unnumbered powers thronged about, each one, but bent, in lieu thereof, to forces many. And polytheistic thought had then its sway.

Of forces seen, by man, himself was first. All else, of cause perceived, with will its own, was of the brute and brutish. With self the chief of cause beheld, man reasoned source, akin to self, behind each act whose spring was hidden. For true, as said by sage of old, the dream is like the dreamer. And, were a horse to dream a god, the god, so dreamed, a horse would be. And so, for every deed by force revealed, man dreamed a cause imbued with human will. And hence the pantheon, his thought conceived, was rife with airy fancies, with fancies good and ill, and mattered not the forms invoked, nor if grotesque, nor mighty, each showed the trace of human touch, each told its human parent.

And the law still held, of self in the dream, all the way up the heights of culture. From the sands to the fanes, from the wilds to the marts, each being called, from the phantom world, traced line of blood to its maker. Besides, the law was one, nor broken in the march of the ages, that, countless as the actors were, thus summoned from the realms of fancy, but one, unto each, had a sovereign will, but one held a sovereign scepter. And above, and about, and beneath, was life; was abounding life. And though to man, the whole was mystery, himself was also mystery. Nor was the life without, a riddle else than was the life within. And so, he dreamed the one akin to other, and dowered each with attributes in common. And, too, as force responds to force, and like to like, he sagely dreamed each form of life had gift to sway the other.

The woods were God's first temples. Thus Bryant sang, thus nobly sang. For, by the chase, man best might live; and chase was best in forest. And so, where prey was most, was first his home; and where was home, was first his worship. Nor was it strange he there should give first homage. As there, of all the earth, is haunt most like to spirit. For there the temple floors are velvet soft, with rest for weary feet. The stately limbs are lifted high as if beseeching heaven. The colonnades stretch out and on with spell to woo the worshipper. There songsters nest, in love, and voice ecstatic carols. The

zephyrs touch harmonic strings and wake divinest benisons. The choral winds stalk down the aisles and wing sublimest symphonies. The very storms, when there they charge, make known Almighty power. And forest hush, so often there, is lone a silent prayer. Aye, that poet seer might well have sung, *The woods are God's best temples.*

The Indian, that child of the wilds, conceived the human in all. By him, man, in a raven's form, winged to the realms of the eagle, and stole therefrom the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the fire, and the waters. Returning, he gave the sun and the moon to the sky, the stars he flung to the night, the fire he threw to the woods. the waters he dropt to the vales. And man, in the guise of a cloud-hidden bird, with thundering wings and a lightning glance, is the spirit of the storm, the keeper of the rain, the restorer of the air, the preserver of the plants. The mischievous crow is a wayward child, transformed for running away. The crown-tufted jay is the medicine dunce, with the queer roached hair. The high-leaping deer is the double-tongued knave, with a knife in his heel. The wan-faced moon is the maiden drowned, the father's pride, the wind's betrothed. The big round sun is the daylight ball by the giant's hand each morning tost. The coo of the dove is the cry, in the wild, of the bear-fearing boy. The croak of the frog is the call, for his bride, of the headstrong son.

The moan of the pine is the lovers' plaint for the sweetheart lost. The wail of the wood is the demon's call to the tribes of the imps.

In a word, the day and the night, and the rocks and the trees, and the hush and the breeze, and the flash and the crash, and the bird and the beast, each told, to the child of the wild, of self; each spake, to his heart, of the human. And, granting these fancies reached not to religion, they, at least, were the highest his thought might go. And, out of them all, with their quaintness, their weirdness, their rudeness, their sternness, loomed ever and aye some power most potent of all, a hint, if no more, of a oneness of rule, a sign, a suggestion, of God.

Man stood in flower world. Here waved the leaf; here swayed the stem; here swelled the bud; here blushed the bloom. And each was fraught with life, with life akin to human. The faithful crocus drew the bolt and swung the door of spring. And Zephyr, chancing there, went in to wake the flowers. But more than one already then was up. For Cowslip had arisen at the nudge of roguish Pixy. And Daisy, too, with key of gold, had loosed the gates of Day. While forth, from snowy bed, Arbutus coyly trailed, lisping soft, *I love thee*. Yet Zephyr, gently calling, tript on from cot to cot. And where he went the laggards rubbed their eyes and peeped. And all was life; and beauty graced the scene.

And man saw more. For Hyacinth, Apollo's own, sprang up from blood of youth. The tear

of Love was changed to Rose, the tear of Eve to Lily. The Fleur-de-Lis, the knightly bloom, came forth from lips of prayer. The Foxglove, lined with pointed lace, was gift of Sainted Mary. The hapless spouse, through hate of nymph, became the bleeding Lotus. The hag, with evil eye, was changed to thorny Haw. The wicked witch, with draught of ill, to deadly Nightshade grew. Yet all was life; and beauty graced the scene.

Yet more saw man. For Heather served as horse for fairy. Poppy bent with kiss for maiden. Peony stayed the tread of tempest. Laurel hushed the voice of thunder. Tulip offered cup of glory. Love-in-the-mist concealed a satan. Alyssum banished thoughts of anger. Hesperia sang divinest vespers. Rose, in red, prest lips for silence. Tuberoses stepped to throne of darkness. Mandrake stalked on feet of evil. Geranium pumped in prophet's garb. Forget-me-not gave thought of Eden. Amaranth told of life eternal. While baby spirits, borne above, bestrewed the earth with flowers. And all was life; and beauty graced the scene.

And then man mused. He walked, by thought, through flower world. He gauged, by thought, the whole. He dreamed a force, a subtle force, behind each vagrant there. He dreamed, as well, each nodding one had soul attune with Zephyr. For, but he passed, nor giving more than lover's sigh, each lifted face and blushed, each scattered fragrance on his trailing robes.

And man mused more. He saw, by thought, the flower world was wrought to wondrous symmetry. No strife the variant forces waged. Each lived at peace with other. Each loved the touch of other. And so he dreamed a force, a blending force, a woman force, supreme within that world. And Flora then, the Zephyr's pride, the Zephyr's bride, he throned the Queen of all. While little ones in morn of May, with dance and song gave worship. And thought to God was turning.

Man roamed the forest. Nor less his way was wierd than wild. For scenes grotesque were ever close at hand. And forms uncouth stood forth in countless numbers. The monarch trees, so great, so calm, were dark, and stern and brawny. The mighty limbs, so gaunt, so grim, reached out as if defiant. The serpent vines, with stifling hug, crawled up to topmost branches. The mistletoe, with leeching lips, drank deep from veins of oaks. The leaves, those waifs of vanished years, lay there as rotting mould. The light, that filtered down to earth, had look of glaring eyes. The dark defiles held tawny beasts that drank from throats of deer. And if, betimes, the winds stole in, betimes they charged with wrath. And awesome was the forest; and fitful were its moods.

And man, in time, was one with forest. He grew to crave its wooing wierdness, its winning wildness. He came to share its every spell, it came to own his every gift. Its lights and leaves, its lyres and loves, its brooks and boughs, its

smiles and storms, to him alike were human. And so, with self, he dreamed it mortal spirit. To him, the Almond tree was faithful wife be-moaning truant husband. The Bay, by poets sung, was maid disguised from ardent suitor. The Fir, was but despondent one, by goddess stayed from self-destruction. The Cypress was from Pluto's gate, a gift proclaiming death eternal. The Banyan was from soil with Adam, the high-arched fane where angels knelt. The Hawthorn was the dread of the demons, the guard at the doorway, the sentinel standing by little one's bed. The Oak was the gift of the gods; the aider of men; the builder of faith; the giver of hope; the emblem of love; the power of truth. The Ash was the glory of Thor; the haunt of the serpent; the perch of the eagle; the tryst of the squirrel; the source of humanity; the Universe Tree. And forest limb held sunny sprite; and gnarly knot held ireful imp; and twisted trunk held struggling soul.

Again man mused. He saw that force was there aside from force of forest. For, did the breeze but sigh, the leaves grew all atremble. And, did the winds but rave, the trees grew tense with passion. And so this force, of kindly mood, he dreamed was gracious Zephyr. While force, that wrought the trees to wrath, he dreamed was King Aeolus.

And more he mused. He felt that life was there aside from life of forest. For though the deeds beheld gave proof of countless doers, the

whole obeyed a single will, proclaimed a single Ruler. Besides, this Force, this masterful Force, appeared, to him, the human. Then Pan, unseen, he dreamed the god of nature and gave him viewless throne. And thought was wending upward.

Man loved the waters. For this, and more: They gemmed, at eve, the breasts of bending blades. They hung, at morn, to lips of bursting buds. They crept, ajoy, from beds of snowy white. They stole, agleam, from paths of mossy green. They ran and romped adown the stony slopes. They purred and swirled in depths of laughing leas. They lagged and lounged where dozed the dreamy marsh. They came, in time, to river.

And, too, man feared. For waters blent. They grew to one. They gathered might. They came to know their majesty. They rose to insolence of pride. They mocked the barriers set them. They raced, a ruthless, stayless horde. They trod and tramped the fields to wastes. They swept to ocean.

And man was moved yet more. For this: The waters pulsed. They basked in silver. They tranced with splendor. They grew to grandeur. They seemed infinitude. Then they changed. They told of danger. They heaved with anger. They surged in passion. They leaped, at trumpet blast, and thundered gauge of battle. They rushed, with demon shouts, and charged the stony strongholds. They lashed with brawny

arms; they beat with naked fists. They shook their frothy manes; they gnashed their gleaming teeth. They raved; they roared; they ravened. They slew the shrieking foe; and then, for sport, tost high the slain. And when, to full, their wrath was gorged, they dropt the dead to underworld, or let the corpse lie, to rot, on vulture rocks. And wails arose of spirits lost.

And waters were, to man, yet more than inspiration. For though a cause for dream, they ranked a need to life as well. They smiled; they wooed; they told to him of mystery. He marked their every phase of mood; if kind as love, if fierce as hate. And mattered not the glimpse he caught, he saw, in all, the touch of human. Their gifts of grace, their grants of good, their acts of awe, their deeds of dread, seemed tinged of mortal spirit. He saw them race to gain the depths, on eager quest, the sport of forces not their own. He also knew they climbed to cloud and scaled to height by dint of might beyond themselves. And so, of these, those powers unseen, he conjured fancies, fancies strangest thought had known.

He dreamed, for waters, countless rulers. By him, each spring and fount, each rill and brook, each stream and lake, had one or more its own. The boundless deep appeared a mighty serpent, encircling, in its coil, the lands and seas. Where waters smiled, divinest daughters held the sway; where scowled, satanic monsters claimed control. And where, for human weal, the waters

wrought, not they so willed, but Naiads or Nereids, or Oceanides, those nymphs so fair and gracious; and where, for woe not theirs the guilt, but wrong of Harpies, or of Gorgons, or of Typhon, or of others of the demon clans.

Man saw the world, he dreamed, was framed to discord. He knew the monsters and the nymphs invoked were born opposed. And, too, he saw the river charge the deep, and wave make war on wave. He heard the swish of sabers. He felt the jar of meeting. And, lo, he saw, when once they clashed, they moved to common purpose. And they were one. Then quick he felt some potent might, some single will, had caused the blending. And soon he saw the need of one Supreme.

And then, by thought, he conjured Neptune from the skies, and crowned him mighty god. For realm, he dreamed him whole of water world. For couch, he spread for him the billows. For boat, he sought for him a shell of pearly whiteness. For steeds, he harnessed him the dolphins, those racers of the seas. For arms, he furnished him the trident, the triple wand of might. For train, he marshalled all the hosts that stalk the vasty deep. For herald, he summoned kingly Triton to sound the trumpet conch. And these his power gifts; He strode the realm, he ruled, by steps but three. He smote the seas, and islands rose to greet him. He walked the lands, and mountains quaked about him. He glanced, and clouds were lit by lightnings. He spake, and

thunders bellowed from the vault. He willed, and torrents charged the earth. He frowned, and clash of rulers ceased. And his the will that blent the water world to oneness. Then thought went winging Godward, anear Creator's throne.

Man dwelt in Egypt. And all about was awesome. The land itself, a gruesome sphinx, was wordless. The Nile, his hope, his hoard, was silent. Its source, its torrid clime, was mystery. As soft its flow as pace of sunlight. Its depth betimes grew dark; again seemed tinged with blood; and then again was green. And changeful were its moods. But now, it wound, by serpent trail, to northern lair. And now, it rose, with sullen mien, and gulfed the panting plain. And now, appeased, it slunk away, and in its wake lay treasure.

And strange indeed was Egypt. No forests spread their sheltering arms. No songsters winged their roundelays. The Sacred Ibis dozed in oozy marsh. The crocodile beguiled unwary prey. On either hand the hills were ranked, and gashed and gaunt and grim. And close behind were simoon sands, with breath of fiery furnace. And though no soothing shadows fell from kindly clouds, the ghastly fogs, in ghostly white, stole out and up from river. When night was come the stately stars stood forth in solemn conclave. And man himself grew awesome.

Man loved the Nile. To him its flood were tears of Isis, the tears of love for lost Osiris. It held, or so it seemed, a magic will, with gift to

woo and conquer. For burning wastes made way before it; and deserts blossomed where it wandered. And mighty ages knelt beside it; and storied empires told its glory. Its touch had healing; its smile gave plenty; its very frown was thing commanding worship. And where it went, was life, was teeming life, and only life; for death itself was life. And man, divining much, knew self immortal.

And man divined yet more. He peered behind effect for cause, and glimpsed a wonder scene. He saw, and well, that force, in changeful moods, had place in all of being. And, keener-eyed than ever yet was pantheist, he saw that nature's self was less than Cause, was not divine, but place, at most, for deities. And life he found of myriad forms, of numberless shades, of variant wills, and brother all to human. He also found each phase of all was born in realm unknown, of power unseen, nor yet was earth's nor earthy. And true, as said at Temple of Sais, that all that was, and all that is, and all to be, was hidden by veil of mystery. Then came to him a dream.

He looked to life awing and reasoned thus: The tumbling scarab was self-begotten. The stoic heron was gift of river. The splendid eagle was Lord of Vision. The sparrow hawk was messenger of sunlight. The Sacred Ibis was Father John of hades. The lofty vulture was mother force of nature. While each had gift, and each was haunt, of deity.

And then he looked again and reasoned thus:

The stealthy cat, of velvet tread, had come by huntress moon. The monarch bull, of worth to earth, saw life by ray of light. The cunning ape, of sight alert, kept watch where sins were weighed. The crocodile, of beady eyes, was evil's slimy self. The noble lion, of kingly mien, brought forth the morning hours. The wailing jackal, of filthy maw, led way to world below. And each had trait, and each was seat, of deity.

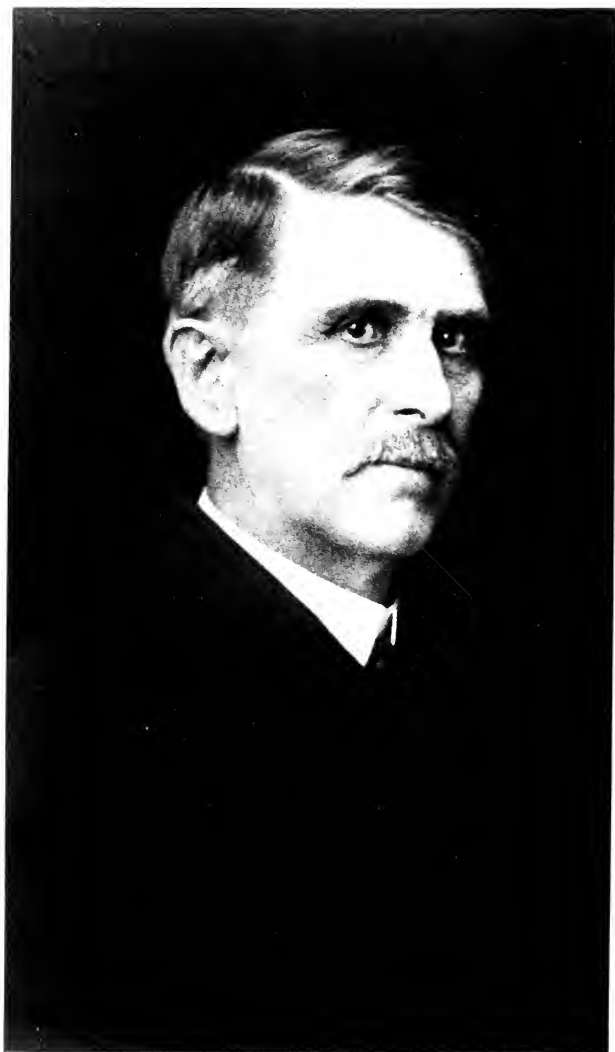
And then his dream took higher flight, and showed him stranger wonders. He viewed the sweep of time, and everywhere saw powers. Chaos had her Mother Mut; air and light had Mother Shu. Seb was chief of earth; Nut was queen of vaulted sky. Mentu tript with morn; Atmu saw the eve to rest. Kohns sat Luna's throne; Hathor ruled abyss of night. Khem was force to vegetable growth; Kneph gave breath to the races of men. Osiris spake word of the underland court; Chnemu declared, *I am the resurrection and the life.*

And then his dream went yet to nobler flight. He saw his land had life by Nile and sun. And one he knew to worship, to render tribute of his love. So great, to him, it seemed, he willed its care to Hapi, the helpful one, the god of fruit and flowers. The sun, the great, the far away, yet ever near, he also sought to solve and serve. And so, on wings of dream, he went to heights, to mortal thought, till then, unknown.

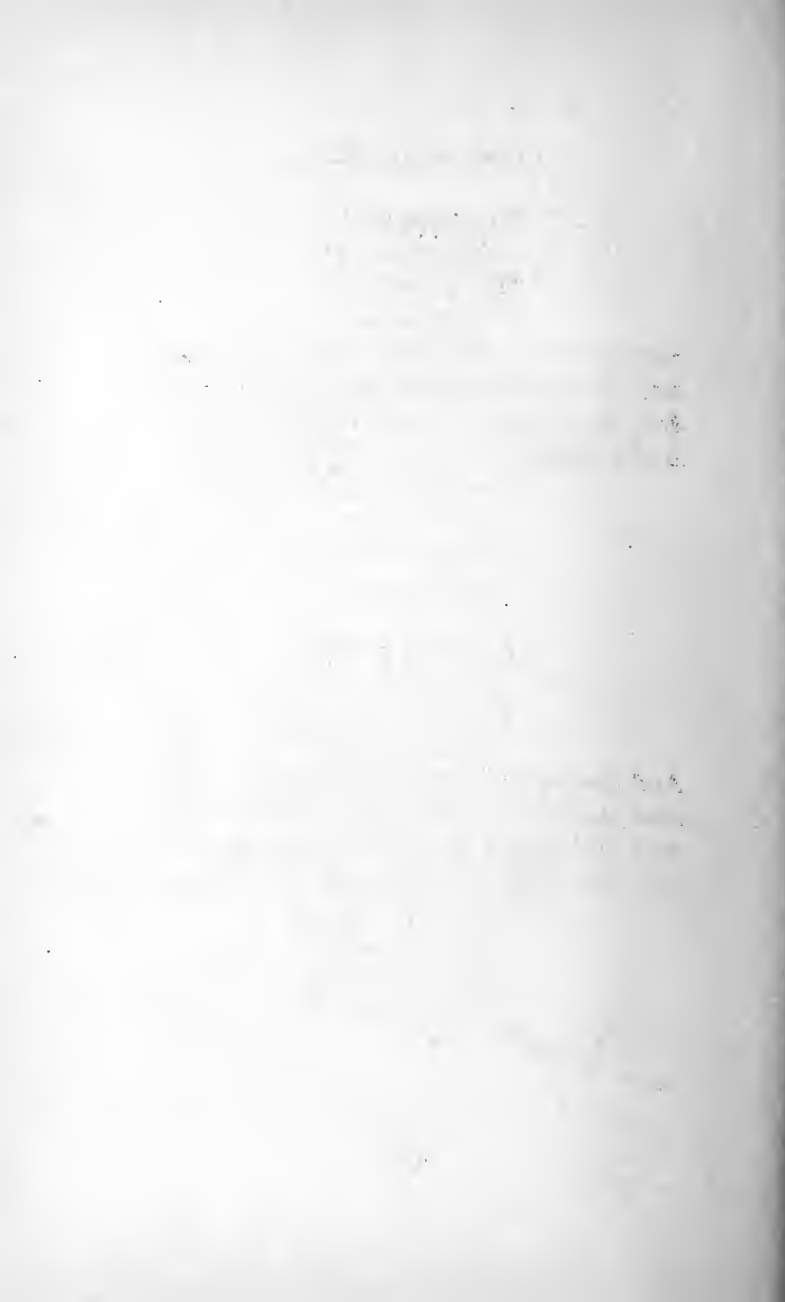
He saw the world imbound by light, the heavens robed in beauty. The Source, the Fount,

of all, appeared to grow in grandeur. Too great, in time, it seemed, for seat of single deity. And so, confused and awed, he prayed of Ptah, the artist god, to speak to him of sun. This then the word:

Its disk was throne of Aten. Its light was sheen of Horus, the harbinger of spring. Its rays, so soft, so soothing, were smiles of sunbeam Sati. Its heat, by which the valleys thrilled, came forth from Bast, the mother soul of nature. Its force, of fiery will, was energy of Khepra, the strong, the stern, the tireless. Its glowing heart held Amen-Ra, the One, the spirit One, the only One, the dweller in darkness, the spreader of heavens, the Lord of Truth, the Lord of Eternity. Its full-orbed splendor, concealed yet One more wise than all, more worthy than all, of power unsaid, of glory undreamed, the inscrutable, the unknowable, the everlasting unto everlasting, who, queried for name, vouchsafed but answer, Nuk Pu Nuk, I AM THE I AM. And wing of thought had touched the throne of God.



DEVOTIONAL POEMS



LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

Tho fears abide,
 Hope springs;
Tho ills betide,
 Joys sings;

And the blithesome birds wake sylvan lays,
And the winding winds bear mystic praise,
And the laughing leaves kiss finger tips,
And the blushing blooms lift ruby lips;

 Tho hate may sneer,
 Love gains;
 Tho doubt may jeer,
 God reigns.

 Tho dark be night,
 Day soon;
 Tho earth be white,
 Comes June;

And the regnant rays shall rule the land,
And the romping rills give mirth command,
And the wooing woods know bliss supreme,
And the winning world make life a dream;

 Tho foe be strong,
 Love pleads;
 Tho way be long,
 God leads.

CLOUDLIGHT.

I marked the legions troop adown the sky,
And viewed the molten darts zizzag to earth.
And saw a promise arched by hand on high,
To give to gentle hope a newer birth.

I marked the billows of the giant deep.
And felt them wildly surge in fierce unrest,
And heard the ocean sigh to soothing sleep,
As soft as baby one on mother breast.

I marked the forests stand in splendid night,
And watched them bravely front the angry
blast,
And saw the shadows chase the golden light,
As soon as tempest wraiths had thundered
past.

I marked the lily gem the laughing lea,
And smile to mortal eyes thro dewy tears,
And heard the zephyr sing to bird and bee,
And speak to heavy hearts thro mortal ears.

And where was darkness, light was waiting nigh,
And where was anger, love yet winged a dream,
And where was tumult, peace was standing by,
And where was error, truth yet reigned
supreme.

WISDOM, POWER AND MERCY.

When, in the morning, woos the golden day,
And path, awaiting, seems a joy-lit way,
Tho souls, exulting, thoughts of ills deride,
Lord God of Wisdom, yet do Thou but guide.

When, in the noonday, glares the burning heat,
And coils of worries wind about the feet,
Tho fears should harry and poor wage we earn,
Lord God of Power, yet to Thee we turn.

When, in the ev'ning, wanes the rosy light,
And, all aweary, strength gives o'er the fight,
Tho hearts be heavy and desire be low,
Lord God of Mercy, yet to Thee we go.

BE NOT AFRAID.

Should voice of storm affright the air,
And tempest near with flashing blade,
Yet One, of might beyond compare,
Bids fainting hearts, Be not afraid.

And should the angry waters leap,
And dangers press, in ranks arrayed,
Yet One, whose will controls the deep,
Bids fainting hearts, Be not afraid.

And should the day to darkness grow,
And all the lights of heaven fade,
Yet One, whom angels joy to know,
Bids fainting hearts, Be not afraid.

And should we dare to walk the sea,
And, sinking, cry for saving aid,
The One, whose word gives victory,
Bids fainting hearts, Be not afraid.

And, lo, a hush becalms the wave,
And strength divine is now displayed,
And One, who came the lost to save,
Bids fainting hearts, Be not afraid.

O, child of doubt, engirt by gloom,
Let all your fears be now allayed,
For One, supreme, beyond the tomb,
Bids fainting hearts, Be not afraid.

SAFE IN THE CARE OF GOD.

Safe in the care of God,
Joy replete,
Lies the one we love,
Life so fleet;
Ne'er again to moan,
Wounded sore,
But to be sorrow free,
Forevermore.

Safe in the care of God,
O, so blest,
Sleeps the one we love,
Soft at rest;
Ne'er again to cry,
Unto night,
Nor to go way of woe,
To gain the light.

The loved is safely now,
In holy keep,
Then why, tho heart bereft,
Should yet we weep?
Unwise to call the lost,
In soul despond,
For, lo, our angel ones
But wait beyond.

THANKS.

For the worlds, whose wondrous story
 Makes known thy awesome might,
For the suns, whose founts of glory
 Pour forth thy golden light,
For the heights, supreme with grandeur,
 Where but thy feet have trod,
For the depths, profound with wisdom,
 We thank Thee, O our God.

For the hills, where rills are dancing,
 And birds trill sweetest lays,
For the vales, where brooks are glancing,
 And winds sigh softest praise,
For the woods, where shadows slumber,
 And dreaming branches nod,
For the fields, where all is beauty,
 We thank Thee, O our God.

For the heart, of consecration,
 To pulse with love so strong,
For the voice, of adoration,
 To waft aloft in song,
For the strength, of faith unfailing,
 To walk through ills unawed,
For the dream of joy transcending,
 We thank Thee, O our God.

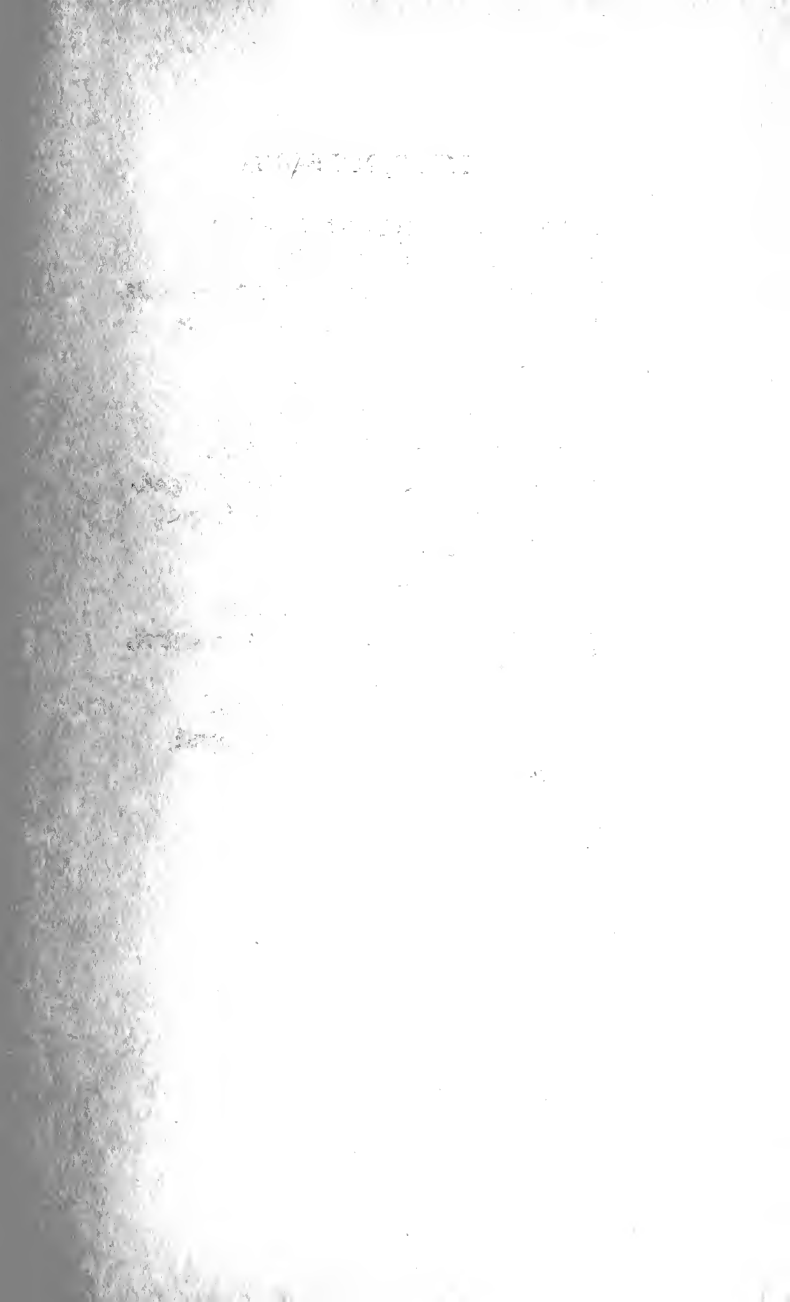
For the trust, so pure and lowly,
 When grief has wrung the soul,
For the hope, so sure and holy,
 That gains the final goal,
For the prayer, devoutly winging,
 As, weary, here we plod,
For the bliss, awaiting yonder,
 We thank Thee, O our God.

O THOU, MY SOUL.

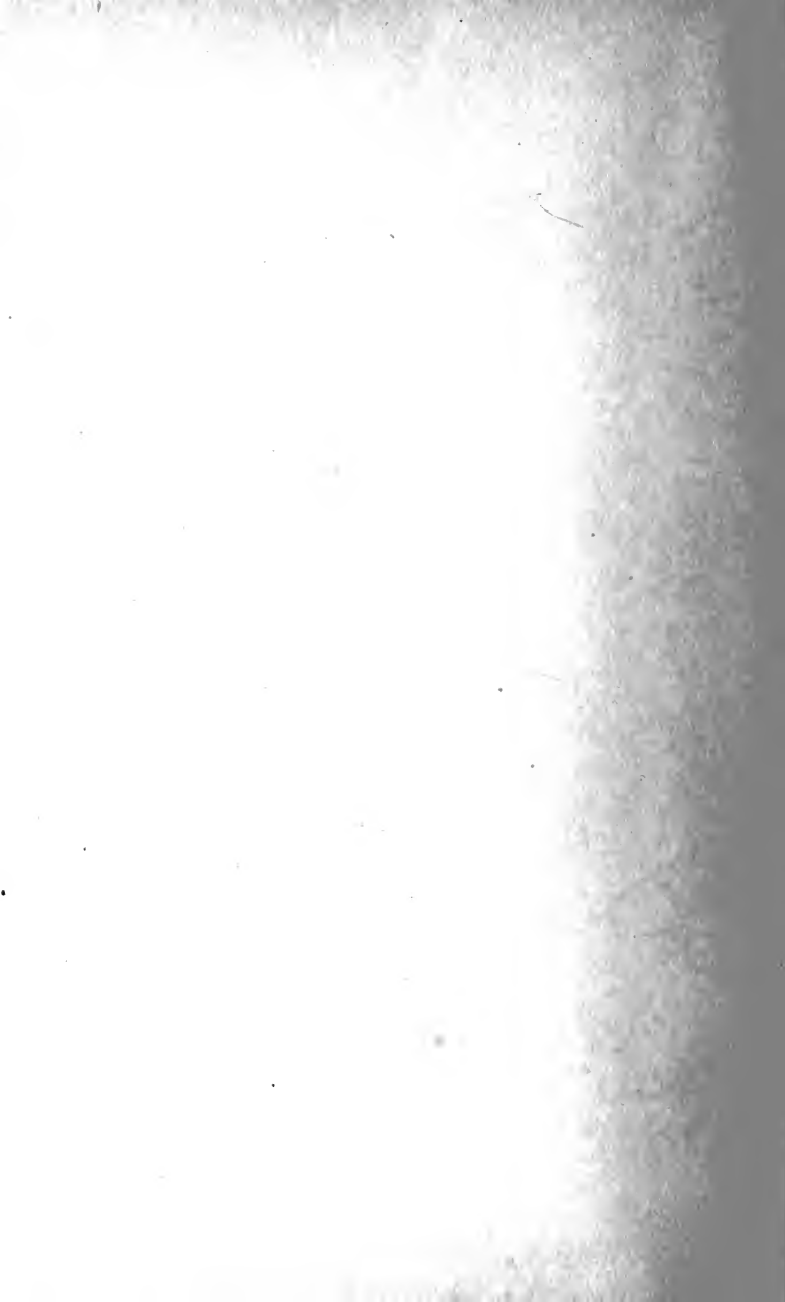
O Thou, my Spirit, ne'er repine,
Before thee lies the realm divine,
Where worn shall know a glad release,
And life begin nor e'er shall cease,
And all is peace.

O Thou, my spirit, hope be thine,
Nor once thyself to doubt resign,
Nor care to court the shades of night,
Where error stalks, and ills affright,
But seek the light.

O Thou, my Spirit, O my Soul,
Dwell Thou in love, give love control,
O Thou, my Soul;
Oh Thou my Spirit, O my Soul,
Look Thou above, be life thy goal,
O Thou, my Soul.







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