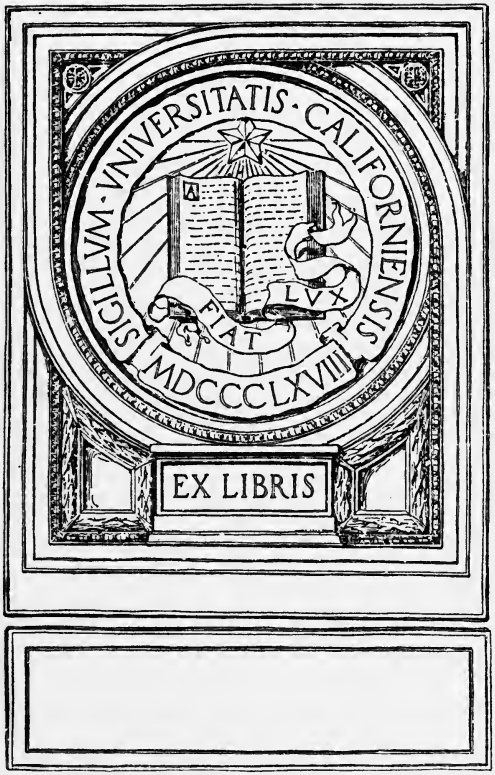
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Grant's Strategy
AND OTHER ADDRESSES

BY

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FOREWORD

In complying with the request of my deceased cousin's wife, Mrs. Viola Chase Jackson, that I select from her husband's writings, and prepare for publication, enough articles of various kinds to constitute a memorial volume, the embarrassment has mainly been to decide among the competing merits of the numerous productions he has left. I have endeavored to reveal the diversity of his literary gifts and tastes by combining here a few sermons, lectures, and addresses. Want of space ruled out even one of his several excellent stories, since it seemed fiction ought to yield where so small a portion of his solid work could be included. More than one volume could be published from his sermonic lore which, I feel, would rank with the best pulpit thought of our times.

It has been a pleasant task to traverse these fields of study anew, many of which we had, at intervals, discussed together during our years of ministerial commingling. Sons of fathers who were brothers, and of mothers who were sisters, and both bearing the name of our maternal grandfather, John Collins, it was our fortune to be pupils together in the same district school, and the same Sunday School, —to be reared and converted in the same little rural

chapel, and finally to enter the same Conference, and, for twelve years, to live and preach contemporaneously in the same capital city, Columbus, Ohio.

All of this happened, after my uncle's objection, in my infancy—protesting that I ought not to have the same name as his son, as it would cause confusion in years to come. To this my father is said to have replied, laughingly: "Why, they may not be within a thousand miles of each other when they grow to manhood." In our childhood, our parents and their two families, with ten children between them, spent one entire winter together under my father's roof, comfortably and happily, in a house with but eight rooms including the kitchen. Let parents with but one or two children, who feel cramped in modern nine or ten-room houses, ponder this problem to their profit.

Being two-and-a-half years my senior, my earliest recollection of my cousin name-sake is that of looking up, with childish awe and admiration, to him, who was the natural-born leader of the group of "the six Jackson boys," as the neighborhood knew them,—the trio in each family ranging two and two in almost identically corresponding ages. My cousin's native abilities and energies maintained for him that primal ascendency, in my estimation, thruout life. Tho more than once we crossed swords in ardent theological or social combat, with strained relations ensuing temporarily, we never were enemies. Originally he was progressive in theology, while I was conservative; and he was conservative in temperance re-

form where I was a radical. Both changed, but neither retrogressed. I attained to his advanced theological positions, and he abandoned "regulation" for "prohibition" in social reform. What he did in the latter field, after once breaking loose from his old political moorings, the world will long know. Reform became his ruling passion, and it was strong even in death.

When I last visited him but a short time before his decease, he was lying on his bed, in great suffering, but writing away with an uncontrolable intensity. He told me his mind had never been so active as then, and said: "I don't know whether this will last five months more, or five weeks more, or five days more; but I intend to work the old machine for all that's in it up to the last." Never was a grim resolution more rigidly kept. One year ago today, I received a telegram at seven o'clock announcing that he had passed away at about five that morning. An hour later I received a letter from him post-marked eleven-thirty the preceding night. If there has been a more intense and courageous personality than his, it has not fallen within my knowledge. And now I send forth this sample volume of his work, and feel that thru it "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

JOHN C. JACKSON.

London, Ohio, June 5, 1910.

Grant's Strategy at Chattanooga.

CHAPTER I.

The Situation Confronting Grant.

We take our stand in September, 1863, in imagination, in the town of Chattanooga. To the eastward about two miles and a half, and trending away to the southwest, is Missionary Ridge, so called from an Indian Mission established upon it at an early day. It is a rugged range, about six miles in length and from three hundred to eight hundred feet in height, scored with gullies and covered with rocks and thin timber. Coming up toward us from the south, about two and a half miles away, is Lookout, a long mountain running southward two or three miles, terminating at the northern end near us in a sharp ascent about two thousand feet high, and crowned with lofty palisades of rock, which extend back along the crest. From the summit there, you can look into seven states. Down yonder in the southwest, Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain come close together. Through the opening between, called Chattanooga Valley, goes the road to Chicamauga River— the "River of Death" in the Indian tongue — where the battle of that name was fought. On the southward slope of Missionary Ridge it was that Thomas, "the

Rock of Chicamauga," stood all that long afternoon until the September sun amid flame and smoke went down the coppery sky, and saved the day. One of his aids tells me the only time he ever saw Thomas move his horse out of a slow trot was that day when he was rallying his men. And through that mountain gap our army retreated to Chattanooga. Turning northward, from the far east, opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge, runs Walden's Ridge, extending a mile or so away all along the north, clear away to the west. Across Walden's Ridge winds a narrow, rocky, mountain wagon-road to Stevenson, Alabama. Between Walden's Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and reaching far back behind Lookout Mountain, is Lookout Valley. Down diagonally through the green landscape, from between Missionary Ridge and Walden's Ridge, comes the Tennessee River, looking like a ribbon of silver. It winds around the town four miles, then takes a turn southward toward Lookout Mountain, and then northward, leaving a broad tongue of land opposite Lookout, called from it's shape, Moccasin Point, and then flows out at the western end of Walden's Ridge. From the same quarter also comes the Nashville and Chatanooga Railroad. It pierces Missionary Ridge near the northern end at Tunnel Hill, follows the Tennessee down by the City, on past it between Moccasin Point and Lookout Mountain, then on through Lookout Valley, and so at last to Bridgeport, Alabama. This is a mighty frame for the battle picture;—Missionary Ridge to the east and

south; Lookout Mountain coming up from the south, along the west; Walden's Ridge on the north; the Tennessee flowing down past the town and curving around Moccasin Point; and the railroad coming through Tunnel Hill down the stream, passing the town, and going out at Lookout Valley. It is one of the most magnificent views in America, a fit setting for the mighty drama soon to be enacted within it's mountain walls and along it's winding river. So grand was it that General Sherman says: "Many a time, in the midst of the carnage and noise, I could not help stopping, to look across that vast field of battle, to admire it's sublimity."

II.

What is the situation within this theatre that confronts the military genuis of Grant? It is now the latter part of October, 1863. He is now at Washington, and has lately been put in command of the Department of the Mississippi, over the armies of Burnside, Hooker, Sherman and Thomas. Burnside is beyond the mountains with his army at Knoxville. Hooker is one thousand two hundred miles distant upon the Potomac. Sherman is down at Memphis. Thomas, who has been put in command of the army which he saved at Chicamauga, is cooped up in Chattanooga, starving. Famine, gaunt and desperate, has his army by the throat. Ten thousand horses and mules are dead of starvation, and thousands more have been turned out to perish on the moun-

tains. The only way of getting rations is by that one road across Walden's Ridge, from Stevenson, seventy miles away. With wagon trains raided and attacked all the way, and shelled by the rebel batteries on Lookout as they come into the city. Since the third week, the men have been on quarter rations, and that only for breakfast. Once a day they have had a piece of salt pork side meat, big as three fingers, made into a sandwich with two halves of a hard-tack cracker four inches square, called "the Lincoln platform," and one pint of coffee. The rest of the day they get what they can. Men followed the wagons in hundreds picking up the crumbs of bread, and grains of coffee and rice that rattled out into the dust. Guards had to be set over the artillery horses as they ate, to prevent the famishing soldiers from taking their corn. The thirty thousand of Thomas' army lifted their eyes and beheld themselves enveloped by sixty-five thousand of the enemy. From the northern point of Missionary Ridge on the east, to Lookout Valley on the west, the Confederates crowned the summits with their batteries and held the mountain passes with dense bodies of infantry. They swarm upon the mountain sides like masses of gray ants upon their hills. They thrust themselves down the spurs and advance their works toward the city. They fortify Orchard Knob, a hill a hundred feet high, three-fourths of a mile away. By day, ever since the fifth of October, the guns of Missionary Ridge have been growling at our left. On the right, great shells often come tumbling down from

Lookout like meteors from the sky. On the center, Thomas sends back shells from Fort Wood on the edge of Chattanooga, shrieking like lost spirits in their flight, which sweep men and horses from the Ridge. By night the Confederate bands play "Dixie" on the mountains, and the Union bands answer back from the plain with "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Bragg announces that in five days more he will have the place; and his pickets boast they will spend the Yankee Thanksgiving in it. But meanwhile, Grant has telegraphed Thomas to keep Chatanooga at all hazards, and Thomas has replied: "I will hold the town till we starve." Grant has ordered Hooker from the Potomac, twelve hundred miles away, with twenty-three thousand; and Sherman from Memphis, with sixteen thousand men, and all are hastening as fast as steam or their own legs can bring them. And on the twenty-third day of October, Grant, a small pale man, on crutches from a recent fall of his horse, has worked his way into Chattanooga from Stevenson, and for the first time surveys the military problem he was made commander to solve.

III.

And now look at the problem set him, and his plan for it's solution. The task is an appalling one. Briefly it is to dislodge a veteran and victorious enemy, fully equaling his own forces, from those apparently inaccessible mountain-tops, surrounding the town on three sides, and shutting it up on the fourth, to a river half

a mile wide, which cannot be crossed under the guns and attack of the foe, even if Grant had boats and pontoons, which he has not. As I stood there afterward, talking with Confederate soldiers, I said: "It seems to me all the armies of the earth ought not to have been able to get sixty-five thousand men out of these mountain tops." Grant himself declares it was "a victory gained under the most discouraging circumstances of the war." What were the simple but matchless tactics, conceived in a moment of inspiration on that twenty-third of October, that did the work? Before him stretched the Confederate lines upon those summits, from Tunnel Hill, at the north end of Missionary Ridge on the east; down the east; down the south; up the south along the crest of Lookout, and over into Lookout Valley; twelve miles long; sixty-five thousand men of them; over five thousand to a mile. He simply said: "I will attack that Army on it's right with Sherman's army of the Tennessee; I will attack it on it's left with Hooker's army of the Potomac; I will at the same time attack with Thomas' army of the Cumberland in the center. Somewhere, it will give way; and then I will roll it together in confusion, and sweep it from the field."

IV.

Let us next watch the execution of the plan. On the twenty-third of October, we said, Grant got into Chattanooga, and formed his scheme of attack. It was now the twenty-seventh of October. The army of

Hooker, twenty-three thousand strong, previously ordered, had made it's twelve hundred mile run by railroad, with all it's material of war, in the unexampled time of seven days. It now stood ready to knock, with iron knuckles, at Lookout Mountain, the Southern gate of Chatanooga. But Sherman's army, hindered by the enemy, was not up yet, and it's coming must be awaited before the grand attack. Meanwhile, there was preliminary work to be done. Grant saw that all the batteries on the summit of Lookout pointed toward Chatanooga. All the lines of intrenchments on the mountain side, all the bastions far down on it's shoulders faced the same way. It would be madness to assail Lookout Mountain in front; some point of advantage must be gained to assault it from the side or rear. That point he saw as had also been pointed out by Rosecrans, was Lookout Valley, extending far up behind the mountain. So a fight for this position of advance was planned for the night of the twenty-seventh of October. Lookout Valley was held by an entire brigade of Confederates. They were to be attacked at midnight at Wauhatchie, by a detail from Hooker on the outside, and at Whitesides and Shellmound (all stations on the railroad through Lookout Valley) by details from Thomas on the inside. The young officers met with Grant to receive their final orders just before starting. They tarried afterward a little, expecting some last words of caution or advice. It was an hour big with importance, the time for the junction of Grant's three armies. But he merely looked out the

window, and remarked that if the rain kept on falling as it was then, "it would be bad for the crops in Tennessee next spring." He felt no anxiety. At midnight the attack was made at the three points. The enemies positions were carried with a rush. The next day, Longstreet, from the point of Lookout, saw the result of our movement, appreciated it's danger to the Confederate position, and asked permission to dislodge our men. His attempt to do so was made on the night of the twenty-ninth, with desperate vigor. Longstreet could be seen standing amid the glare of his signal torches on Lookout Mountain, directing the Confederate movements. But fortunately, we had got the Confederate signal code some weeks before, and his orders where to attack were all read, and showed the Union troops where to mass for resistance. The result was that the men of Hooker and Thomas jointly held Lookout Valley. The vantage point Grant desired was gained.

Just afterward, Bragg, or Davis, or whoever was responsible, made the mistake of his life by detaching Longstreet to attack Burnside at Knoxville, thinking to draw away Grant from the relief at Chattanooga. It was the same tactics as when Lee detached Ewell to move on Washington, when Grant was at Petersburgh to shake him off, and as signally failed. For when Grant had once taken hold, he always held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog.

Meanwhile, time moved on past the middle of November. Sherman, after overcoming many obstacles,

was at last upon the ground with his sixteen thousand men. All things were ready for the grand attack.

And now, let us follow the events of the three great days of battle, which I narrate in order. The work of the first day is the clearing of the plain in front of Thomas to the foot of the Ridge. That of the second is the joint attack of Sherman on the northern end of the Ridge and of Hooker on Lookout Mountain; and Hooker's capture of Lookout Mountain. The third is the combined assault of Sherman at Tunnel Hill, of Hooker at the southern end of the Ridge, and of Thomas in the center. It was all accomplished in accord with the plan I have outlined; a plan of course kept concealed from the army in general, and from the Confederates.

CHAPTER II.

Getting Into Action.

The clearing of the enemy from Thomas' front to the foot of Missionary Ridge, was assigned in the mind of Grant as the work of the twenty-third. I have told you the Confederate's fortifications ran out of this side of the Ridge into the open plain, and embraced Orchard Knob, a hill about one hundred feet high, three-fourths of a mile from the city. Grant ordered that in the afternoon, Thomas' army of the Cumberland should move out into the open space between our front and the enemy's as if for dress parade. The troops were to put on their best uniforms, to produce that impression. At half-past twelve, the divisions of Wood and Sheridan marched outside their intrenchments. Bragg, looking down from Missionary Ridge, seeing that Hooker had come, said: "Now we shall have a Potomac review." The sight was an inspiring one. Thirty thousand men moved in line, and marched and countermarched in front of the Confederate works. Bands played, bayonets glittered and glanced in the sunlight like showers of electric sparks. Drums rolled. Howard, fresh from the East, cried: "Why this is magnificent. Is this the way your western troops go into action? They could not go on to dress parade better!" The interested Confederates thought it was

a dress parade. Their sociable pickets leaned on their muskets, and the Confederate gunners climbed over their works to see the spectacle. Groups of officers on Missionary Ridge looked down as upon a pageant. At half-past one, all our troops were in column marching parallel with the Confederate works, with company front and company intervals, and company fifers and drummers between. Suddenly the bugle for action rang out from Fort Wood. Then came the sharp orders: "Musicians to rear! Company, by right into line, quick time, march!" then, next, "Charge, Bayonets! Forward, Guide Right, Double Quick, March!" Then the whole long front rushed forward. Almost before the Confederates could awake from their astonishment, it was over their low works. The men in blue close in on Orchard Knob; they swarm up its slopes; drive out its garrison, and turn its batteries upon the fleeing foe. The day's work has been done. Thomas' front has been swept clean to the Ridge by the broom of fire and steel.

CHAPTER III.

The Battle of the Twenty-Fourth.

We next come to the events of the twenty-fourth. This is the day for Hooker's assault on Lookout Mountain and Sherman's attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge. All night long, Sherman's men are moving up from Bridgeport, back of Walden's Ridge, screened by it from the enemy's observation. Grant has swept all that northern side of the river clean of its inhabitants with his cavalry, so that no one should give intelligence to the foe of what is going on. By daylight the Army of the Tennessee has reached a point just opposite Tunnel Hill, behind Walden's Ridge. At eight o'clock, Sherman is marching over Walden's Ridge, attracting the entire attention of the enemy, from Lookout to Tunnel Hill. Soon he is laying his pontoons, and crossing the river, shielded by the fire of fifty-six guns. Let us now leave him, and turn our attention to the other end of the line.

In the camps of Hooker all is activity at daylight. A deep fog lies in Lookout Valley, and on the sides of Lookout Mountain clear up to its palisaded crest, hiding all below from the view of the enemy at the summit. Ten thousand of Hooker's men in column cross at Wauhatchie, and under cover of the fog undiscovered by the enemy, march in silence up the

western slope of Lookout, forming a line of battle from its base to the palisades at its top. Then they begin to sweep along its side, on the way to take the Confederate works upon its northern end, and on the eastern side facing Chattanooga, in flank. All the time the Confederates on the north, and east, and top, are watching Sherman. They congratulate themselves there will be no fighting for them that day. Confederates that were on Lookout told me they were utterly surprised by Hooker's movement, thinking Sherman was to deliver the only blow. And Sherman's army and Thomas' men are of the same opinion, knowing nothing of the attack by Hooker that was intended from Lookout Valley. Suddenly, the Southern troops on Lookout, are startled by a crash of musketry in their rear. It is Hooker's line, rushing forward, driving in their pickets. Instantly they knew they were to have part in the mighty struggle, and awoke to action. They file out of their intrenchments endwise, and hurry around the mountain to beat Hooker back. And now old Lookout turns loose all its dogs of war. We can hear the deep baying of the cannon—boom!—boom!—boom!—and the sharp, sustained bark of the musketry, crack-crack-crack!!! But steadily, the army of the Potomac pushes on. Far down upon the northern shoulder of the mountain, and on its eastern side, stand Confederate bastions and breastworks, built to command the railroad, and shell the wagon road from Stevenson. They are standing there yet. The Union troops of Osterhaus attack these in front

and threaten to assault, to sheild Hooker's march upon their flank. Our batteries on Moccasin Point, three thousand feet across the Tennessee, open against the Confederate batteries on Lookout. You can see yet where their shells struck the palisades that day. Meanwhile, on, over stones, around rocks, up right under the guns of the crest trained at their lowest elevation, surging forward in a line from the palisades to the base, come the men of Hooker, driving everything before them. Praises be to Heaven for the blessed fog! The great God, who hung Sinai with clouds while his dread law went forth with lightnings and thunders, hung Lookout with mist and clouds that day, while He "wrote the fiery gospel" of salvation for the Union across its bosom "in burnished rows of steel." A captured Confederate Colonel declared that if it had not been for that mist, their sharpshooters would have slaughtered us like pigeons, and we would have been left without a leader. But as God shielded Israel from the Egyptians by a cloud, so he let down a seamless mantle of vapor that protected our advance.

By noon, the soldiers of Hooker have reached the northern end of the mountain, and are rounding it. There they were to stop. But the battle is going so well that they drive ahead. As they turn the shoulder of Lookout, the whole mighty panorama of Chattanooga, and its surrounding mountains and armies, burst upon them, seen dimly through the eddying vapors, boiling up from the valley, like the steam from

a mighty cauldron. They caught their first glimpse of the men of Thomas below, and of Sherman's advance, and the twelve miles of the mountain lines of the Confederates. And they in the plain first saw their brothers and helpers on the mountain. As I said awhile ago, the troops of Sherman and Thomas had not known that Hooker was also to attack. All forenoon they could hear the sounds of conflict drifting down the Lookout Valley, and now more clearly as they rolled around the northern end of Lookout. Anxiety grew. A great battle was fighting, and they could not see it. It was like hearing voices from behind the curtains of the unseen world. Further along on the eastern side of Lookout the noise of conflict moved. Two o'clock came. Then a rift was made by the wind in the eddying volumes of fog and smoke. As the veil of the Temple was rent when Christ on the cross cried, "it is finished," and His spirit passed into the unseen Holy of Holies, so the curtain was parted on the mountains, and the soldiers on the plain saw a flag going through. "What flag is that?" they cried; It was the flag of the Union, blazing like a meteor on Lookout's bosom, in front of Hooker's heroes, and the enemy were fleeing before it. And now, Cheer, Army of the Cumberland! and the cheers of the thirty thousand men arose and smote against the face of the mountain. And the answering roar of Hooker's ten thousand sounded back like the shouting of the host of Gideon along the hills of Abiezer in Old Israel's day, and reached the men in the valley below.

Then the fog settles down again, hiding all from their view, and the battle goes on. The ammunition of Hooker's men gives out. Are they to be driven back now for lack of it? For three hours they hold their position with cold steel and wait. At five o'clock, Carlin's troops come on the run from the valley below, with cartridge boxes filled, and one hundred and twenty thousand rounds strapped upon their backs. They file in front of their comrades, who take the cartridges from their shoulders,and Carlin now leads the advance. The plateau half way along the side of the mountain where stands "The White House," and where the heaviest Confederate works are, is speedily cleared. The Confederate road down the face of Lookout toward Missionary Ridge is threatened. Night comes on, and the advance rests. That night the enemy on the summit, seeing that the road would be taken the next morning and their retreat cut off, take time by the forelock and quietly file down, and cross Chattanooga Valley to Missionary Ridge. Next morning, the Mountaineers of the Union Eighth Kentucky, hand over hand, clamber up the palisades, and take possession of the summit. There they stand, and just at sunrise, from the crest of Lookout unfurl the flag, and wave "Old Glory" in the face of Alabama, and Tennessee, and Georgia, and North and South Carolina. The great host below see it floating aloft there, as the sun's first rays strike its folds, and mighty cheers ring round the semi-circle of the three union armies. "The sight of it did my soul good," said

General Meigs. "What is it?" a war correspondent writes of a wounded Union soldier, "What is it? Our flag? Did I help put it there?" murmered the poor maimed fellow, and died.

The ridiculous treads ever close upon the sublime. Down low upon the mountain's northern end stood a cabin, occupied that day by a middle-aged woman, of that particularly long, lank, and snuff-seasoned description with which all travelers in that region are familiar. In the yard was a yearling calf, tethered to the fence by a rope around its neck. As the battle closed around, the calf pricked up its ears and tail in absurd astonishment, which quickly grew to terror. As shells began to burst above, it gave vent to its agony in loud bleats. Then that woman, clad to all appearances only in a long fluttering, flapping calico dress rushed out to the rescue. Right under the crossed and screaming shot from Moccasin Point and Lookout Mountain, she seized the rope, and tried to drag the calf out of danger. With the stupidity of its kind, it braced itself, drew back, and refused to be moved. The case admitted of no delay. Quickly she dropped the rope, sprang and caught the creature by the tail, "yanked" it around, and amid the cheers and laughter of the soldiers, drew it backward, through the door, and into the house, where she tied its feet together and thrust it under the bed. Tell me not of Joan of Arc, of the Maid of Saragossa! Don't talk to me about Molly Pitcher at Monmouth, or Nancy Hart in the Revolution! I point to as brilliant an example of fe-

male heroism in that lean mountain woman's rescue of her calf from the devouring fires of battle. And her strategy in taking the stubborn quadruped in the rear, when the front attack had failed, was, in its way, equal to Grant's rear movement on Lookout Mountain.

And now let us briefly return to Sherman. Having crossed the Tennessee to the northern end of the Ridge, by ten o'clock his guns are pounding away like the beats of a great heart. It is the iron heart of the Army of the Tennessee. Already the men are beginning to kneel in worship upon that rocky altar of death. from which they shall not rise again. Straight on he moves toward Tunnel Hill. The day is a succession of desperate assaults and captures, and counter assaults. There is not much room for strategy, but what there may be is used. Loomis deploys along this western side of the Ridge, to take the enemy on this flank. Smith on the eastern, to attack on the other. Corse is at the northern end, to make the direct assault. Sherman's army comes on like a giant; one arm to smite the foe on the right; the other, to smash in the left; the body to crowd forward in front. Cross-fire from both sides, direct fire in his face! Sherman's cannon pound on, great hammer strokes upon the clock of war. There is not such dramatic success here as on our right with Hooker. The Confederates fight directly under the eye of Bragg; are better led; and better troops; and are not taken at a disadvantage. But by

three o'clock, Sherman has affected a lodgment at the end of the Ridge, and he fortifies and stubbornly holds his position.

So ends the twenty-fourth. As the sun went down, the clouds blew off the mountains, the mists rolled out of the valleys, and the night came on clear, with the stars in the sky. It was a great night for the Army of the Cumberland. For nine weeks they had been buried in their trenches, save the clearing of the ground in their front the day before. Now, they looked up and saw a sight to gladden their hearts and thrill their souls. Away off to the right, and reaching skyward, Lookout Mountain was ablaze with the signs of Hooker's men. The camp fires of the Union and Confederate lines, still facing each other, looked like streams of burning lava from top to bottom. Between the flashes from the muskets of the skirmishers glowed like great fireflies, and the lanterns of those that gathered the wounded and buried the dead shone with the faint spark of glow worms. Off to the left, and far above the Valley, the northern end of Missionary Ridge was aflame with the lights of Sherman's army. The great iron crescent that had with threatening aspect long hung over the Army of the Cumberland and Chattanooga was beginning to vanish. The only thing that dampened their enthusiasm was that the foe was being destroyed on both flanks by other armies from a distance, while they in the center seemed destined to sit still and do nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

The Storming of Missionary Ridge.

The twenty-fifth of November dawned bright and clear, as the lines of the Blue and the Gray still faced each other; the crowning day in this struggle of the giants. There, looming in the vapors of the early morning, still defiantly stood Missionary Ridge untaken, crowded from Chattanooga Valley to Tunnel Hill with its unconquered Confederate hordes. All night they had been marching, countermarching, and correcting their positions on its winding summit. The troops from Lookout had been seen crossing and marching, for the most part to face Sherman. The semi-circular Federal front of the men of Thomas was pushed well out toward the base of the Ridge, and now included Orchard Knob. Early in the day Sherman and Hooker were assailing both ends of the Confederate line. All forenoon both flanks of the Ridge thundered and smoked like the furnaces of Tartarus. Sherman could not make much advance; the pressure was heaviest against him, and his force was lightest; often his men were fairly blown back by the fiery gust of the Confederate guns, but he held the enemy on his front with a grip like the vise of Vulcan. Hooker came on from his end of the Ridge with a formation like that of Sherman; flanking column to the front of the hill,

another along its back, the main body assailing it from the end. He did work that day that would have immortalized the Old Guard of Napoleon. Thus the struggle wore along, until far in the afternoon. It was past three o'clock. Then there came a lull. Sherman stopped on our left; Hooker had not got far in on the right. The day was dying, and Bragg still held the Ridge. The time had come for the final bolt to be launched. The sun was only a handbreadth above Lookout Mountain. Oh for a Joshua's power to stay his descent!

There on Orchard Knob stood Grant, Thomas, Granger, and their staffs. Directly above them on the Ridge at the Confederate headquarters, were Bragg, Hardee and Breckenridge, with their aids. Orders had been sent to the men of Thomas to move out at a given signal, and capture the rifle pits at the foot of the Ridge.

The idea was to relieve the pressure upon Sherman. The signal was to be six guns, with intervals of two seconds between. It was now twenty minutes of four o'clock. Granger stands by Bridger's battery on Orchard Knob. At Grant's order, he gives the sign for starting: "Number 1, Fire! Number 2, Fire! Number 3, Fire!" and so on to "Number 6." At Number 6, with a cheer that shook the earth, like thousands of boys let loose from school, the Army of the Cumberland sprang forth. Their nine weeks in the trenches had not rusted them out. They go forward in line of battle of brigades, with reserves in mass. It is a mile

and a half to the foot of the Ridge, every inch of it played on by the enemy's cannon. Then comes the first row of Confederate rifle pits, which they are to take. And now the big guns at Fort Wood, and all the federal forts around Chattanooga open at the Ridge over the heads of the men, and the light artillery in the valley takes up the chorus. The Confederates answer back with all their lines from bottom to top of the Ridge. The summit roars and smokes like a volcano, sowing the ground with iron, and garnishing it with the wounded and dead. But onward steadily sweep the Union lines. At last, a final cheer and charge, and over the Confederate works at the bottom of the Ridge they go; and they are ours and fairly won. And now comes the unexpected. As the men stop there to take breath, they begin to say to each other, "This is a good day to finish up Chicamauga; let us go to the top!" Not an officer gave orders. The men that carried the muskets started. The officers followed, then led. Oh, what a task they have set themselves! It is three hundred feet up the steep hill to the second line of Confederate works, every foot under fire. When that second line is taken, then comes three hundred feet more of the same sort. Then the summit, with its fifty pieces of artillery, and eight thousand infantry. It was the strongest fortress that could be devised by the art of man. The whole Union line is by this time upon the move. Grant turns to Thomas angrily: "Thomas, who ordered those men up the Ridge?" Thomas replied in his slow, quiet way: "I do not

know, I did not." Then Grant says to Granger: "Did you order them up, Granger?" "No," said Granger, "they started without orders; when those fellows get started, all Hell can't stop them." Grant remarked: "If it does not turn out well, somebody will suffer for this." Still on they go. Sheridan out there on the line is responsible for this thing. The orders sent out from Orchard Knob were: "take the works at the foot of the Ridge." He has given it to his men: "Take what is before you." When he sees the men going up, the rogue begins to hedge. He sends back to Grant to know "whether he meant the works at the bottom or the top?" Meanwhile the men climb on. Orders now come from Granger to go ahead, crowd up all the forces, and take the Ridge if they can. This is what Sheridan wants. He waves his hand and in mischief salutes Bragg and his staff upon the Ridge. Then two cannon—the "Lady Buckner" and the "Lady Breckenridge."—that stand by headquarters on the summit, cut loose at him, covering him and his staff with earth. "That's ungenerous," he cries; "I'll take those guns for that, here's at you," and rides like a fox hunter at the hill.

Pandemonium seems broken loose. The struggle is now for the second line of works. Bragg launches his troops down from the top. He is rushing help to the center from the right and left. The Confederates can be seen coming on the run from up and down the Ridge; all that can be spared from the ends. But steadily onward, no longer in line, but in groups, by

companies, or singly, now rushing forward, now halting, now gathering and climbing on, go the men of Thomas. At last, here, there, foot by foot, fighting desperately in many places with fixed bayonets and clubbed muskets, they get over the rifle pits, and the second line is won. Their mighty cheer sweeps up the hillside, and the "rebel yell" derisively comes back. The Confederates do not believe a single blue-coat will ever reach the top and live.

And now the contest redoubles. The men in blue start again. The Confederates have a perfect sweep for their fire in front; none of their own troops are now in the way. The five batteries straight ahead on the crest sweep every inch below them with grape and canister and shot and shell. The side batteries wheel and converge their fire, in great X's. The echoes roll back from Walden's Ridge and Lookout, as if all the thunders of the year had tumbled from the clouds into the valley. Still up go the men. Fifty-eight guns a minute are now playing on them, and eight thousand muskets. They climb forward in great V's, with the points toward the enemy. At the point of each V flutters the regimental flag,—fourteen of them, or more,—the flags that waved at Shiloh, and Stone River and Chicamauga. Sometimes one flutters and reels like a hit bird in air; a dead Color Sergeant is there! But they never stop, for other hands seize and bear them on. They are getting near the crest. The enemy's desperation increases. They lean over the works and yell at the advancing line, with a scream like that of caged hyen-

as,—taunting, "Chicamauga! Chicamauga!" They work their guns with frantic energy, until the cannon fairly leap from the quivering earth. They gather handfuls of cartridges, and thrust them into the cannon. They light the fuses of shells and bowl them over by hundreds. When they cannot train their guns down low enough, they pick up rocks and hurl them in their rage. It is a hand to hand conflict. At last, upon the crest in six places go the Union flags. No one knows which was the first; honor's self might have been proud to follow the last. The Confederates break and stream back, first from the center, and then from both the wings. Bragg is riding in hot haste, not to Abraham's bosom at Washington, but into the bosom of his beloved Dixie. He said he would give the Federals five days to get out of Chattanooga; they have only taken three, and they are going out over Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, with him leading the procession at a more than two-forty gait.

Meanwhile, the men of Thomas are coming up, and crowding on the crest by thousands, and give themselves up to wild rejoicing. They have done it! In sight of the Army of the Potomac! In sight of the Army of the Tennessee! Some sit down upon the ground and convulsively cry. Some laugh, and hug each other. Some wildly dance and cheer. In the midst of it all, Grant comes upon the summit, and the uproar of gladness around him swells into a tempest. They declare tears rolled down his cheeks that day. "Soldiers," he said, "Soldiers, you ought to be court-

martialed, every one of you. I ordered you to capture the bottom, and you have taken the Ridge." An old loyal Tennessean, who had got up there no one knows how, was wildly rushing about among the men, shaking hands and crying: "I knew the Yankees would fight; I knew it, I knew it!" And Sheridan was there, and his horse's heels were kicking up, as he was already vanishing over the Ridge in pursuit of the enemy.

It took one hour to go from bottom to top. What drove the Confederates out of that apparently impregnable position? Bragg said in his report, "No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops, . . in allowing their line to be penetrated. The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column. The enemy who reached the Ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion, from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them." Elsewhere, however, he says it must have been the moral effect of seeing such masses of Federal troops for days in front of their own comparatively unseen lines that caused them to give way. And curiously enough, this is the reason the Confederate soldiers themselves gave. I asked one of them "What made you fellows run?" He answered: "Well, it was just this way. We 'uns could see all of yo' 'ns down thar, about thirty thousand of you, a parad'n' t otin' an' drummin' an' wavin' your flags about a week. An we couldn't see our own men up here among the

rocks and trees, only about a company on your right and another on the left. An' when you 'uns started up the Ridge, it looked to us like as if the Yearth jest riz up an' got blue. But we 'uns fit and fit until it seemed as if God himself was a Yank; then we 'uns got skeart an' left." But I say they left also because they had come to recognize the masterly strategy of Grant, in his plan of attack, on right, left and center, and felt that it was useless to resist.

And that strategy was backed up by the devotion of an army which sunk every personal fear of death in an all absorbing determination to carry it out and make it effective. General Howard tells how, after the last charge, four men carried a sergeant to the rear. "Where are you hurt?" kindly inquired Mr. A. P. Smith, a member of the Christian Commission. He answered: "Almost up, sir." "I mean in what part are you injured?" He fixed his eye on the speaker, and answered again, "Almost up to the top." Just then Mr. Smith uncovered his arm, and saw the frightful, shattering wound of the shell which struck him. "Yes," said the Sergeant, turning his eye upon it; "I was almost up: but for that I would have reached the top." The sergeant was bearing the flag when he was hit. He died with the fainter and fainter exclamation, "almost up, almost up!" while his compa on the heights he almost reached were cheering triumph he would so much have enjoyed. It is iorting to

hope that his faithful spirit attained the crest of higher battlements than those which the living victors that day reached.

Those three days of battle cost us nearly six thousand such heroes dead or wounded. That last assault cut down one man in every four who started. It was such self-forgetful devotion as this, joined to the matchless skill of the general commanding, that gave us the victory. I know of no battle in modern times more strategically and tactically planned, or more perfectly delivered.

Twice have I carefully gone over that battlefield since the war. The last time was in the early fall a few years since. The scene was Arcadian in its peaceful beauty. The clouds chased each other in shadows along the sides of Walden's Ridge; the grapes hung purpling on the ridges enriched by the blood of heroes.

"Again I saw the mountain's blaze
In autumn's amber light;
Again I saw in shimmering haze
The valleys long and bright.
Old Lookout Mountain towered afar
As when in lordly pride,
It plumed its head with flags of war
The year our comrades died.

On Wooded Mission Ridge increased,
The fruited fields of fall,
And Chattanooga slept in peace
Beneath her mountain wall."

From Lookout's summit, just where the Union flag was first planted on those heights, my eyes wandered along the encircling mountain ridges for a hundred miles, and roamed at will over states once severed, but now dwelling in harmony.

> "O Country, free, from sea to sea,
> With Union blest forever,
> Not vainly heroes died for thee,
> Along that winding river."

Then I rode across to the National Cemetery, to look upon the graves, and see what it all cost. Thirteen thousand Union soldiers rest there, whose feet, once beautiful within the halls of home, marched to the call of duty, and halted only in death. The country they saved, tenderly cares for those graves. And then I went over to the Confederate Cemetery, overgrown with weeds and briars, with not a sign of a mound. The only monument that stood there then was put up by the charitable subscriptions of Northern residents of Chattanooga, and bears the inscription, "To our Confederate Dead." A little piece away stood the smouldering remains of the pine shaft which the Confederates, in their poverty, had been able to erect. It seemed a symbol of the decayed fortunes of the government for which they lost so much. The only individual mark I saw in all that burial ground, where many thousands lie, was a little marble cross, uplifting itself pitifully among the briars, with but these sad words: "To my Darling: Slain at Chica-

mauga." As I turned and went out through the barbed wires of the cheap fence, I saw a one-armed man reading under a tree. He was an ex-Confederate from Alabama, come to revisit the scene where he had been wounded. We sat and talked amicably over the war and its results. Upon my expressing regret for the neglected condition of the Confederate Cemetery, and contrasting it with that of the Federal, he mournfully remarked, "Yes, there's a mighty difference betw n whippin' an' bein' whipped." Yes, there is. And next to the bravery of our soldiers, and the blessing of God upon a just cause, nothing contributed more to make that difference in our favor, than the Strategy of General Grant.

The Northern and Southern Armies of the Civil War.

A Memorial Day Recollection.

There are many things of interest, statistical and otherwise, connected with both the Union and the Confederate armies during the great Civil War, which are scarcely known to the present generation. Some of them are here presented as suitable to be recalled on Memorial Day.

One is that of the almost extreme youth of the vast majority of combatants on both sides. No exact figures in this respect for the Confederates can be furnished, but it was commonly said that they "had ralled not only the grave, but the cradle," to fill their ranks. The troops which fought our fleets from the Confederate forts along the Gulf and around New Orleans were nearly all boys of from 14 to 18, the home-guards of their respective cities.

Our government began to enlist boys down as low as eleven years of age as powder-boys on men-of-war, musicians, orderlies and the like. There were twenty boys eleven years of age in our army. There were one hundred twelve years old. Of those aged thirteen there were seven hundred. Of those 14 years old there were one thousand in the national army; of

fifteen there were two thousand one hundred; of sixteen, twelve thousand five hundred; of seventeen, twenty-three thousand eight hundred. Then came a vast host of four hundred and twelve thousand at eighteen. The figures show that of the boys of eighteen and under there were far more than twice as many as of any other age in the Union army; at eighteen or under there were over four hundred and fifty-two thousand enlistments, while of the next highest number, at nineteen, there were only two hundred and twelve thousand—not one-half as many.

The figures show that of the two million two hundred thousand more than-one half were of young fellows of twenty-two or under—well might they, I say, be called "boys in blue." There is a deeper significance than people think when the veterans call each other "the boys" still.

It was largely an army of boys. We had hundreds of commissioned officers at eighteen. We had some colonels not yet of age, and young generals just over twenty-one. They were chosen because it was found by the test of the battlefield they could do the work. And yet the battle and service record of these boy regiments shows that they fought the most desperately and gave the most and best service of any in the army.

On both sides were as heroic soldiers as ever met in the shock of battle. Test the heroism by a comparison of the regimental losses in modern European battles with our own. The world has rung with the

praise of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Ballaclava, when six hundred and seventy-three British cavalry rode against the Russian batteries, and two hundred and forty-seven—or thirty-six and seven-tenths per cent, were killed and wounded—a little over one-third. But compare that with the mad rush of Major Pat Keenan's Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancellorsville. In order to make time for a battery to be gotten into place, they were ordered to charge Stonewall Jackson's entire advancing corps. They rode, and shot, and sabred, until there were none left to ride, and shoot, and sabre any more; and the boom of the battery that had been gotten into place to save our army, was their death-knell.

Or take the heaviest regimental loss in the fiercest battle of the Franco-Prussian war—that of the Third Westphalian at Mars La Tour—forty-nine and four-tents per cent killed and mortally wounded. I can count sixty-four Union regiments that lost upward of fifty per cent in a single battle, and the losses ran as high as eighty-two per cent. And fifty-one Confederate regiments have the same record. There is not in the history of war reliable record of such regimental losses as were suffered by both Union and Confederate regiments—not penned up in a corner and massacred either, as Custer and his men were at the Big Horn, but in open, stand-up battle.

Look at the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts at Cold Harbor. When they were ordered to charge the Confederate works, the men deliberately sat down and

wrote their names on the back of envelops and bits of paper, and pinned them on each other's backs, so that their dead bodies might be identified. The officers turned the peaks of their caps to the rear with the ornament and marks of their rank on, so that they might have a chance to live to lead the men. Then three hundred and ten all told started on the charge against the enemy's works, inside of which stood the Confederate lines, solid, five deep, all the rear ranks loading for the front ranks, and cannon to the right and left pouring grape and canister. Three hundred and ten Union soldiers went in. When they came out there were just four officers and sixty-two men left to answer roll call,—sixty-six out of three hundred and ten—one out of five.

Or take the case of the First Minnesota at Gettysburg. It was the afternoon of the second day. The Union line along the Emmittsburg Pike was broken and retreating. Hancock was patching up a second line. Re-enforcements for him were coming on the dead run. But yonder, on the other side, Wilcox's whole Confederate brigade was coming on the run too, and they were the nearest. Something had to be done to check them. Hancock turned to Col. Colville, with his little skeleton First Minnesota, already thinned by its battle losses to a shadow.

"Colonel, do you see those rebel colors? Take them!"

Like a live thunder-bolt, the two hundred and sixty-two officers and men of the First Minnesota

drove right at the center of the Confederate brigade. Two hundred and sixty-two went in. Two hundred and twenty-four were killed and wounded. Just thirty-eight came back; but they had the Confederate colors! The second line was ready, and the second day at Gettysburg was won. Hancock said: "There is no more gallant deed in history. I ordered those men in there because I saw I must gain five minutes' time." He gained it, and saved the day.

And the brave Confederate regiments were foemen worthy of the Union steel. Tried by the test of regimental losses, those ragged, gray battalions are the bravest men that ever stood on the round earth in the shock of open battle.

The Twenty-sixth North Carolina went in at Gettysburg with over eight hundred men who answered the roll call. Five hundred and eighty-eight men were killed and wounded; one hundred and twenty were missing—nearly all killed and wounded. When the battle was over, just eighty men of over eight hundred were left. Captain Tuttle of that regiment went into action with two other officers and eighty-four men. All the officers and eighty-three of the men were killed and wounded. One solitary man of the entire company was left.

Even more striking was the record of the Eleventh North Carolina. All there was left of it by the time it got to Gettysburg was three officers and thirty-eight men, consolidated to about one-half a company. In the first two days' fighting two of the officers and thirty-

four of the men were killed and wounded. One captain and three men were left. They charged with Picket on the third of July—a captain, two privates, and the color bearer. The color bearer was shot dead; the captain and the two privates came back, the captain carrying the colors. Three men left out of a regiment. That was the kind of soldiers we had to fight. Out of the whole military population of South Carolina over twenty-three per cent were killed or mortally wounded on the field of battle, not counting those who were maimed for life or died of disease. The Confederate armies lost in killed and mortally wounded ten per cent of their entire enrollment. The Union armies lost five per cent, because hundreds of regiments never made a battle record, their service being given to garrison or guard duty.

More than one hundred and ten thousand Union soldiers (one hundred ten thousand and seventy) were killed or mortally wounded on the field of battle. Over seventy-four thousand Confederates were killed or mortally wounded.

Tried by the test of sacrifice of life, bravery in the highest degree was shown by many who were non-combatants. Eleven chaplains fell in action. Many others, like Chaplain Bennett of the Thirty-second Ohio, carried muskets and fought in the ranks during the battles, earning the praise of the commanding general. And many another, like Chaplain Moore of my own regiment, enlisted as soldier, was detailed as chaplain, and died of disease contracted in the line of

duty. Forty surgeons were killed and seventy-three wounded while at their work on the battlefield. Many musicians fought, like the band of the Forty-eighth Ohio at Shiloh, which laid aside its instruments, procured muskets and lost two of its members slain.

Two thousand six hundred and eighty-five battles were fought; sixty-seven thousand and fifty-eight men were killed on the field of carnage; forty-three thousand and thirty-two died of wounds; two hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred and eighty-six died of disease; twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and twenty-five died in the prisons of the South, or were "missing" and never heard of more, saying nothing of a half million of men who were made cripples for life, nor taking into account the untold suffering of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the men who endured the horrors of war that their nation might live. It is safe to say four hundred thousand Union soldiers lost their lives during the great Civil War.

Here is an illustration of the power of song in the Civil War. It was the evening of that awful day at Spottsylvania, which is written in eternal letters of fire and blood upon the brain of every veteran of the Army of the Potomac. Major-General Rice had been killed. Major-General Sedgwick, commander of the second corps, idol of the whole army, had fallen dead from the bullet of a Confederate sharpshooter. General Hancock had made a tactical mistake in the battle which everyone had recognized. Eighteen thousand

men had fallen. The day was practically a failure. Grant said: "We've had hard fighting, and not accomplished much. We've lost a good many men and the country will blame me." It was a gloomy time. The air was thick with the low-hanging clouds of cannon and musket smoke, and the western wind drifted the sulphurous fumes across the woods to where the field-hospital was established. On the ground lay thousands of wounded, men with bandaged heads, those who had lost an arm or a foot, others with ghastly body wounds from which their brave lives were flowing out with every heart-beat. An army correspondent came along. The boys began to question him: "How is the battle going? Are they driving us? Will the boys hold them?" The correspondent answered: "We're holding the lines; we have a strong position; I don't believe they can drive us." It was a word of cheer. Away out on the edge of the crowd a soldier who had lost his left arm from amputation, and was still sick and faint from the chloroform and the shock, slowly staggered to his feet, pulled off his cap, and began to sing that old army song:

"We're marching to the field, boys, we're marching
to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union
and the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

"While we'll rally round the flag boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

It was like the call of the bugle to those weak and perishing men lying there. All around they began to lift themselves—on their elbows they with one leg gone; on to their feet those that had two, all swinging their caps, and joining in the chorus:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
Yes, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

The song drifted across the field, until the troops on the line caught it up. On the dim edge of battle amid the evening shadows, down in the thickets, under the overhanging pines—with throats parched with cannon smoke and mouths bitter with cartridge powder, they sang it:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
Yes, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

Far out on the front the Confederates heard it. Strange sound! The Yankees singing after such a day as that! And discouragement came upon the Confederates regarding their ability to conquer such men as those. Talking the matter over with a Con-

federate not long after, he said: "When we'uns heard you'uns a singin', we'uns felt like as if it wa'n't no use to fight you'uns, if you'uns could sing after sech a lickin' as we'uns give you'uns that day at Spottsylvania."

Of that Union army three-fourths were American born, notwithstanding we used to hear in those times it was made up of riff-raff of foreigners, mercenaries and hirelings; forty-eight per cent of it were farmers. How we used to sing in those heroic days:

"Along the Western prairies, where the glowing harvests shine,
We may see the sturdy farmer boys fast falling into line;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs."

In those days, in many places, women who had never done such work before, had to go into harvest-fields to gather the crops, while the men and boys were gone to the war; my own mother with my little brothers did. Twenty-four per cent of that army were mechanics; sixteen per cent were laborers, and smaller numbers from other occupations.

As for names, we could outclass any other army ever mustered that history tells of. It was seriously proposed at one time to form regiments of Joneses and

Smiths and Browns. But it was abandoned because there was no way of telling them apart.

But there were some names that nobody would get mixed. We had a great many Indian soldiers, among them three regiments from Kansas. Here are the names of some of the captains: Captain Spring Frog, Captain Eli Tadpole, Captain Dirt Throw Tiger, Captain Daniel Grasshopper.

We had also: Lieutenant Jumper Duck, Lieutenant Redbird Sixkiller, and Lieutenant Andrew Rabbit.

One of the things little known throughout the North is the great revival of religion which swept throughout the Southern armies just before the close of the war. The work began in Stonewall Jackson's corps. In coming to his command, Gen. Jackson found that fully half his regiments were destitute of chaplains, and that the chaplains already on the ground were largely ineffective. He began to take immediate steps for the remedying of these things in the interest of religion. He summoned his old pastor, Rev. Dr. White, in counsel. He called all the chaplains of his command together and exhorted them to religious activity. He urged the regiments without chaplains to secure effective ministers as soon as possible. He appointed the Rev. B. T. Lacy, in whom he had great confidence, as a sort of director-general of the chaplains and stationed him at the corps headquarters. Rev. Dr. Palmer, an eminent minister compelled to come north from New Orleans, was invited

to hold evangelistic services in the command. By means of military discipline and the interest excited by his own religious activity, a genuine spiritual interest began to spread throughout his corps. Great booths of logs and trees were made by the soldiers which would accomodate as much as an entire brigade, and at regular intervals various portions of the army were called to occupy them. A huge tabernacle in the open field was prepared near Hamilton's crossing to which Gen. Jackson removed his quarters soon after, and there services for his entire command were held.

Prof. R. L. Dabney, his son-in-law, says in his Life of Gen. Stonewall Jackson:

"Here on a bright Sabbath in the spring, might be seen the stately head of the commander-in-chief with a crowd of generals whose names have been borne by fame across the ocean, of legislators and statesmen who had come out from Richmond, bowed along with the multitude of private soldiers in divine worship, while the solemn and tender wave of sacred emotion subdued the great and the unknown alike before it. At these scenes which were so directly produced by his instrumentality, Gen. Jackson was the most unobtrusive assistant. Never since the days when Whitefield preached to the mingled crowd of peers and beggars in Moorfields has the sky looked down upon a more imposing worship."

Dabney notes that Jackson by his influence secured that none but orthodox chaplains should be appointed in the Confederate army. "There was not a

single regiment in the army which showed a disposition to introduce a minister who did not belong to an evangelical and orthodox communion of their chaplains except one or two priests of the Roman church."

As a result of all this preparation and preaching, a great revival broke out in Jackson's corps. Dabney thus continues:

"The effort thus begun in General Jackson's corps, was imitated in the others. The movement was not limited to the army of Virginia; but was also propagated in the south and west. Soon the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the other ecclesiastical authorities, encouraged by the advice which the friends of General Jackson were permitted to quote from him, began to take action on behalf of the army; and a number of the most distinguished ministers were sent to the different corps to labor with the chaplains as itinerants, and to communicate the wants of the army to the churches. The speedy fall of the originator of the work rather gave new impetus to it, than retarded it; and the result was, that general revival of religion in the Confederate armies, which has been even more astonishing to the world, than the herculean exertions of the Confederate states. A wide-spread reform of morals was wrought, which was obvious to every spectator, in the repression of profanity and drunkenness, the increase of order and discipline, and the good conduct of the troops in battle. It was just those commands in which this work of grace was most powerful, that became the most trustworthy

in the post of danger. The brigade of Barksdale, for instance, which had held its ground in Fredericksburg with almost incredible resolution under the great bombardment, was equally noted for its religious zeal. Returning to their post of honor in the city, they occupied one of the deserted churches as their chapel, and maintained a constant series of nightly meetings, attended by numerous conversions, for many weeks. In short, the conversions in the various Confederate armies within the ensuing year, were counted, by the most sober estimate, at twelve thousand men. The strange spectacle was now presented, of a people among whom the active religious life seemed to be transferred from the churches at home—the customary seats of piety—to the army; which, among other nations, has always been dreaded as the school of vice and infidelity. Thus, the grief and fears of the good, lest this gigantic war should arrest the religious training of the whole youth of the land, cut off the supply of young preachers for its pulpits, and rear up for the country a generation of men profane and un-Christian, were happily consoled; they accepted this new marvel, of an army made the home and source of the religious life of a nation, with grateful joy, as another evidence of the favor of God to the afflicted people."

To him who believes in a supreme providence over the affairs of men, the uses of this great revival were several. In addition to its value in saving the souls of men, by the impartation of sustaining grace, it enabled the Confederate soldiers to endure their in-

credible hardships during the last days of the war without being utterly crushed. So reduced had their numbers become, that often their poor little battle lines were stretched out with not more than one man to three or four feet, hardly heavier than our Union skirmish lines. When our forces captured a company, thin, ragged, and haggard, they all looked like old men —the faces of the very boys were black, wrinkled and aged from starvation and hardship. But God had use for these men yet, and their religion kept them. It reached beyond and helped them through the sad days of reconstruction, which, with, all the good intentions of the North, were times of hideous calamity for the South. And may we not also believe that the effects of that revival have extended through all the days since, producing that greater regard for morals and religion characteristic of the South, and including as part of its results, the temperance reform now gladdening our eyes in the former Confederate states?

It is well on these memorial days to recall the things which throw more light upon the trials and character of our southern brethren.

Old soldiers ask that the nation do not forget them. New issues, new times, new armies have arisen —the sons of the Blue and Gray made the way to glory during the Spanish-American war, and make by far the largest part of the Memorial Day processions— but let none cease to remember the Old Brigades of

the past. Let us enter at least into the spirit of the aged veteran who is represented as musing on Memorial Day:

"The new brigades are mighty fine, the boys are brave and true,
An' the gray is marchin' side by side with them that wore the blue;
I see 'em on the hilltops—they're drillin' in the glades;
But we won't fergit the old boys who made the old brigades.

"We won't fergit the fellers that fought on land an' sea,
An' followed "Stonewall" Jackson, an' charged with old "Bob" Lee!
An' Grant's an' Sherman's fellers—their mem'ry never fades;
We won't fergit the old boys who made the old brigades.

"They're thinnin' out—the old boys—they're few now on the sod;
They're crossin'—crossin' over to the campin' grounds of God;
I see the young boys marchin' on hills an' fields an' glades,
But we won't fergit the old boys who made the old brigades."

Stephen, the Model Layman.

"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Acts, 8: 2.

The New Testament records of the early Christian Church present us with every variety of Christian character and excellence. Supremely above all, and in all, shines the Christ. He is the peerless, central sun, and source of all glory and all good.

Revolving around him are constellations of lesser luminaries of every order and degree, shining by his reflected light. There are holy apostles, such as John and Peter, and Paul; setting the world ablaze with their fiery zeal. There are zealous young ministers—Timothy, wise in the scriptures from a child; and Apollos, matchless for eloquence and Alexandrian learning.

There are godly women, like Mary and Lydia and Dorcas; known and loved throughout the church for their quiet, womanly virtues and sweet charities. There are bold and stalwart "helpers" and traveling companions—Urbane, and the "beloved Onesimus," and Tychicus. And there is a long galaxy of "brothers and sisters in the Lord beloved," pastors, evangelists, martyrs, apologists, servants and holy little children,

all luminous—some shining in the white light of a peaceful life and death, and others encircled by the red halo of a glorious martyrdom. As all this heavenly host moves on amid the celestial spaces of the New Testament, it fills them with a visible harmony. It sheds a mingled radiance upon the world, which has not waned, but waxed through nineteen Christian centuries. In this splendid firmament there are some mighty spirits who dwell apart—stars of the first magnitude. If the Christian Church were asked today to indicate its one pre-eminent, realized ideal of a gospel minister, its suffrage would fall upon Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles. Would it command one, supreme rule upon its ministry for the conduct of their lives, it would bid them follow Paul, as Paul followed the Christ. But did it wish to celebrate the most transcendent example of distinguished excellence in the illustrious ranks of its laity, it would pronounce the name of Stephen, the first great martyr. We come this morning to exalt him as the model layman of the Christian Church of the ages. The times in which he lived were prodigal in greatness. Their New Testament records can afford even his biography but brief space. Enough, however, whereon to base our estimates of his character is given in the clear sweep of St. Luke's masterly outlines. They shall therefore be our main dependence this morning.

Not much is certainly known of his history before St. Luke's narration begins. But from his account, much can almost certainly be inferred. His parents

were Hellenistic Jews. They thus belonged to the Hebrew Dispersion, scattered throughout the territories of Greece. As Hellenists, they would be free from the prejudices, the narrowness, and the greed of the old Aramaic Jews. They would hold to Judaism, but their cenceptions of it would be liberal and enlightened. To the deep spirituality of their Hebrew faith would be united the keener insight and classic grace of the Greek culture.

With such parents, Stephen doubtless had a corresponding training. Like every Jewish boy, at a tender age he would be taught the "Shema"—or the Sun of the Law in Moses. He would learn to sing the "Hallel"—or the household praise from the Psalms of David. He would be taught to pray by the fringes on his garments. In the common schools he would gain the rudiments of knowledge. At home and in society he would hear and learn the language of Homer and Pericles, and the thoughts of Plato and Socrates.

As he grew older, like every young Hellenist of good family, he would go to the great University at Alexandria. His chief study there would be that Alexandrian Bible, from which he quoted in his defense. There he would imbue his mind with that eclectic system of Oriental philosophy and Hebrew religion which was the faith of the Hellenists. From Alexandria, he would go to Jerusalem, and sit at the feet of Gamaliel, the only Rabbi who taught in the language of the Hellenists. Stephen's prominence and power in disputation proves him to have enjoyed distinguished

advantages. In Gamaliel's school it is not unlikely that he was a fellow student with Saul of Tarsus.

And since Jerusalem was now subject to Rome, there he would come into contact with the thought and customs of the Roman world. Finally, leaving Gamaliel's school, he would almost certainly engage in traffic, the special avocation of the Hellenist. He belonged to a race even then the Pilgrims of Commerce,—the race which has furnished us in our own time with the Montefiores and Rothschilds. He would have his commercial training in Jerusalem, then one of the world's chief marts. In her markets, where Greek shrewdness, and Roman cupidity, and Jewish thrift contended together for the supremacy, would he gain his practical knowledge of men and business.

Thus, three civilizations contributed to his manhood. The Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman world poured their best influences into his blood. It may be said of Stephen, as of Saul, that "the books, and conscience, and inspiration of the Hebrews; the culture, and philosophy, and poetry of the Greeks; and the laws, and statesmanship, and power, of the Romans, were all tributary to his development." With such an equipment of heart and brain, he comes before us.

I.

We may call the first scene in which he appears, "Stephen exemplifying the ideally trusty and energetic church officer." It is a time of trouble and distress in the church at Jerusalem. Many are the desti-

tute, the widows and the orphans. The second great flood of persecution is about to dash its vast volume upon the Pentecostal church. Already are the feet of the believers in Jerusalem lapped by the bloody surf. A practical communism of property is for the first and last time in history established among the Christians. Four thousand persons hold all their possessions subject to all the claims of charity. The Hellenists complain that their widows are neglected in the daily distribution. The apostles, overburdened, ask the church to appoint seven deacons for this work. Stephen heads the list, the first choice of the church, the first lay official member!

And now, as he stands before us, let us look at the man. He is chairman of the first Board of Stewards the church ever had. What are his qualifications? According to the apostolic requirement, he is a man "of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, and wisdom for this business." So our Discipline directs that our stewards be "men of solid piety, who both know our doctrine and discipline, and of good natural and acquired ability to transact the temporal business."

The duty of the ancient deacons was "to collect and expend alms, and money for the support of the ministry and the poor, to search out the poor and apply funds to their relief, and in general, to be helpers of the apostles?" The Disciplinary duty of our stewards is given in nearly the same words. "It is to collect, apply, and account for money and provisions in the church, whether for preachers, sick or poor; to seek

the needy and distressed in order to comfort them; to be the advisers of the preachers and people; and to take charge of the temporal concerns of the societies." Our stewards may comfort themselves as they go about by thinking of Stephen in the same work. The very name "Deacon" indicates the arduous character of the office—it is from dia and koris—"through the dust"—and assuredly some deacons have much dust to walk through. But though it was a humble servant's part, doubtless this Stephen glorified it by his faithfulness.

He is manifestly a man of marked business ability. He would not otherwise have been called to the helm of the church's temporal affairs. We may easily suppose him to have accumulated a competence, and now to be the almoner of charities of which he has been the chief founder. He rises before us, a man "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The church needs such men. It is not the work of the ministry "to serve tables." That church is below the New Testament standard which compels them to manage its finance. Division of labor works as well inside the church as outside. We must have our Stephens as well as our Pauls.

And happy is it when they like him, have not only business ability, but also an "honest report." He was no trickster—no sharper—no thievish Judas—no grasping Shylock. No business scandals, or odor of questionable operations clung to his name. Sad is the state of that church which must choose men of doubt-

ful honesty to office! Perhaps God saved the church at Jerusalem from such a disgrace when he slew Ananias who kept back part of the price and lied to the Holy Ghost. The church of today would have been kept from very deep shame had such men as Winslow, the "Reverend" Boston forger; and Pond, the Worcester embezzler; and Morton, the Philadelphia railroad thief; and Aliger, the absconding insurance agent; and Gilman, the defaulter, never lived to curse it. The church wants men who can make friends of the "Mammon of Unrighteousness," but in Christian ways. That long line of great bankers and commercial magnates—the Markoes, the Collins', the Budgetts' the Lycetts, the Woolmans, the Peabodys—prove that this is possible. Such men compel the god of this world to pay tribute to the God of Heaven. They solve the problem, "how to be a Christian in trade." They renounce the hidden things of dishonesty. They provide things honest in the sight of all men. They carry business into religion, and religion into business. They gain the life which now is, and that which is to come. And the first factor of their grand success is, that to a splendid ability they marry a splendid honesty.

II.

The second model feature in Stephen's character you may remember by this title, "The Christian of Vital Godliness." Not only is the secular side of his piety developed, but also the spiritual. He is "full of

the Holy Ghost." The completeness of the earthward half of his character, is rounded out by the completeness of the heavenward half into a perfect sphere. His business duties are not performed at the expense of his soul's higher exercise. He does not attend to church finance and turn over the works of faith and power to the apostles and the women. He knows that such a course will be bad for the church, and worse for himself. The Holy Ghost dwells in him so richly that he is irresistibly impelled to tell its power. He feels as Amos did, when he said "The Lord hath spoken, who can but prophesy!" There is such an impulse in him as there was in David when he cried "I cannot hide thy righteousness within my heart. I must declare thy faithfulness and thy salvation. I cannot conceal thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation!" Those who love God will confess Him. And so the church sets Stephen apart for the office and work of the ministry—not indeed to travel abroad, as the apostles, but to labor at home.

Stephen is the first local preacher. He makes full and acceptable proof of his ministry. The report of him is that "Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." He preaches the crucified Christ so mightily that in fair conflict he overthrows the picked champions of five synagogues. They suborn men to lie against him and he is haled before the council. He is so full of the Holy Ghost, that when the judges behold him, in the beautiful Jewish expression of the Scripture, "They

saw his face as though it had been that of an angel." It is as though his countenance has caught the glow of the Shekinah between the Cherubs on the Mercy Seat! Or as if like another Moses, he has come from communion with God in the mountain top!

That "Solar Light," which according to one of our keenest observers sometimes beams in the countenance of him in whom conscience sits regnant—which often glows in the face of the holy dying — which streamed from the person of the transfigured Christ—and which differs from all other light in this, that as one of the Fathers says, in it God seems to terrify evil, and overawe beholders, and rejoice — this "Solar Light" is now in Stephen's face in life's supreme and final hour. "The judges, when they saw his glorified countenance, might have remembered the supernatural shining on the face of Moses, and trembled lest Stephen's voice should be about to speak the will of Jehovah, like that of the great Lawgiver. Instead of being occupied with the faded glories of the second Temple, they might have recognized in the spectacle before them, the Shekinah of the Christian Soul, which is the living sanctuary of God." What marvel was it, that during his presence with the church at Jerusalem, "the word of God increased, and the number of the disciples multiplied greatly"? Give the church an officiary full of the Holy Ghost today, and the result will be the same. Next after its presence in the minis-

try, the spirit of God must dwell in their helpers. Unless they are suns, radiating warmth and light, they are icebergs, chilling to spiritual death the garden of God.

III.

The third scene in his life we will entitle—"Stephen the Layman of Intelligence." He is not only "honest," and of "good report," and "full of the Holy Ghost," but he is also "full of Wisdom." Now he stands before the counsel making his defense. His plea is a wonderful specimen of keen dialectic skill and philosophic breadth of culture. In those seventy doctors of the Sanhedrin yonder, he has to face the combined learning and prejudice of all Judaism. Not Huss at Constance, not Savonarola at Florence, not Luther at Worms had to face such frightful odds. He is arraigned, prejudiced and foredoomed, on that old fatal charge of blasphemy against the Temple and the Law. He is as good as a dead man, and he knows it.

But see him standing there in the splendid courage of his conscious grasp of every issue. He ranges the whole domain of Jewish law. He constructs a philosophy of Hebrew history. He shows that its inevitable logic is Christianity. He holds the Council in the grip of his merciless argument. He impales them on the glittering lance of his relentless logic. He goads them into uncontrollable fury with his terrible reproofs. He outfaces, and crushes and utterly humiliates the whole Sanhedrin, until they have no answer but stones,

and no argument but the wild yell of a brutal mob. Only souls that have been down, down to the foundations of rock, can thus stand for God and truth. Only those who are able to give a reason for the hope that is in them can withstand the winds of opposing doctrine. What a bulwark of strength to the church are laymen so grounded in her principles! How safely she can trust her doctrines in their keeping! What respect for her does their cultured devotion secure!

Saul of Tarsus sits there in the Council, with his slight form, and splendid head, and Jewish face, and hooked nose, and steady eye, intently listening. Stephen burns some arguments into his unwilling brain that he will remember, and use too, after awhile, when he is come, in his turn, to stand before kings and councils. Stephen makes his historic argument, and Paul will repeat it at Antioch. Stephen affirms his loyalty to the true Jewish faith, and Paul will use almost the same words in his own defense before Agrippa. Stephen declares that the Law came by the disposition of Angels, but Grace and Truth by Jesus Christ, and Paul will write those very phrases to the Galatians. Stephen cries out that the Most High dwells not in Temples made with men's hands, and Paul will ring that sublime utterance again on Mars Hill, at Athens, in the ears of the court of the Areopagus.

Saul sat before at the feet of Gamaliel. He is sitting at the feet of a greater than Gamaliel now. One of the chief of Spanish artists has painted a pic-

ture of Stephen conducted to the place of execution He has represented Saul as walking at his side with a melancholy calmness. In his face is the shadow of coming repentence. That shadow is a tribute to the power of Stephen's wondrous words before the Council. It is enough, though one should die, to drive the electric bolt of new convictions into the mind of Saul, or such as Saul. Only to a royal mind, royally dowered with earthly and with heavenly wisdom, is such achievement given.

Such a Christian layman was Stephen. In his nature were combined all the elements of a model. Not one was lacking. Give any man good natural abilities, fill him with the Holy Ghost, and give all the needed culture, and he will be a brilliant success as a Christian and a man. And now let us look at the results of Stephen's life, and especially of his defense before the Sanhedrin.

IV.

The first result was his own death. "When the Council heard these things they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." As Dean Howson eloquently observed, "The scene before his eyes was no longer the Council hall at Jerusalem, and the circle of his infuriated Judges; but he gazed up into

the endless courts of the celestial Jerusalem, with its innumerable company of angels, and saw Jesus in whose righteous cause he was about to die." That Saviour at God's right hand is not now seated on his throne as he is usually represented; but as Chrysostom has beautifully observed, he has risen, to receive his faithful martyr. "And Stephen said Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God!" "Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord."

The wild and tumultous mob drag him out of the Council Hall, over the Via Dolorosa, along which his Saviour's feet had walked at Calvary, on past the hall of judgment where that Saviour was scourged, out through one of the city gates which now bears Stephen's name, rejoicing to suffer, like his Lord, "without the gate," over the beetling crags of the Valley of Jehosaphat, and down by the little brook Kedron. And there, under the shadow of those sacred cedars which to this day stand, close by that garden of Gethsemane, upon whose tear-drenched sod his Saviour had bowed all the long night of his agony; kneeling beneath the missiles of his murderers; like his Lord, praying that this sin be not laid to their charge;—Stephen "fell asleep."

The next result was a most violent persecution. Stephen's defense, and dying prayer smote Satan as with a spear, full in the teeth. The powers of Darkness howled with rage and rallied to his aid. By the

recoil of the blow, the Church was scattered far and wide. But, oh, wonderful, "God makes the wrath of man to praise Him!" Wherever that scattered Church goes, it goes preaching. Every word is like a spark of fire in the dry grass of the autumnal praries, and lo! the flames are flashing heavenward all over Judea and Samaria! When Stephen fell, it was as in the Fable—a Demi-god stamps the earth, and out of it spring a thousand plumed warriors!

But there was another and still more marvelous result. We saw Saul of Tarsus sitting by in the Hall of Judgment. Into his proud, bigoted, persecuting soul there is creeping the thought that Stephen may be right. And now he sees his face shining, he hears him speak of the opening heavens and the risen Saviour. And now he stands by and sees him die. He hears the martyr's prayer for his enemies, and that drives the barbed arrow of conviction deep into his inmost soul. And now, like some maddened creature, he rages up and down throughout the land, "making havoc of the Church, entering every house, haling men and women, and committing them to prison," for very anguish from the unbearable torment of a soul aroused.

Still goaded on by rankling darts, he turns towards Damascus, "breathing out threatings and slaughter." At midday he is smitten down by an intolerable brightness above that of the sun, and hears a Voice, saying what his conscience has all the while been saying, "Saul, Saul, it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks!" Saul of Tarsus falls headlong, to rise up

Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles! The Church has lost Stephen, its first great layman, but it has gained its first great apostle! And the most poignant arrow of Paul's conviction he has confessed in his own words—"Lord, when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by and consenting unto his death." Well has St. Augustine said that "if St. Stephen had not prayed, the Church would not have had St. Paul!"

The world might have learned that the policy of persecution is so poor that it is no policy at all. All attempts to stone a principle, or whip the right, or behead justice, are against the nature of things, against the law of the universe, and the very stars in their course will fight against them. Persecution is an insane attempt to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to argue against gravitation, to make a rope of sand. Truth has an eternal life and cannot be slain. Its fair image may be shattered, but, like that of the good Egyptian goddess, the future will hunt up the pieces and put them together again! As well try to put out the sun with a fire engine as to extinguish Truth. A martyr cannot be dishonered. Every lash is a tongue of flame. Every prison is a more illustrious abode. Every burned book illuminates the world. Every suppressed word vibrates from side to side.

Persecution of the ancient form has ceased, not because the inclination to persecute has departed, but because "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Every pillar in the temple of Truth stands

on some martyr's grave! In the mouth of two witnesses shall every evil be condemned. The dead speak louder than the living. When the thunder went forth from the lips of the dead Christ, and the dying Stephen, then heathenism and Judaism were smitten with their doom. Let a present day application be made of these facts, by all who oppose and malign the apostles of God's ever new gospel given in truth's revelations of the 20th century!

"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial." That little funeral procession was a grander one than any funeral train that ever followed earthly king or conqueror. "And they made great lamentation over him." Those few and simple words are brimming with the tears of a weeping Church. They are a more precious tribute than piled granite, or monumental brass. In their hearts was a sorrow only felt when the good man dies. But we may easily believe that with the note of their sorrow there mingled a more triumphant strain. Their faith ascended above the plaintive sound of the martyr's funeral hymn. They saw him victor, crowned and palmed forever, in the presence of his God. They beheld his fame imperishably preserved in the records of scripture. They knew him embalmed in the thought of the coming universal Church, as the First Great Layman, and the First Great Martyr.

The Feast of Ingathering.

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

Exodus, 23, 16. "Thou shalt keep the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in they labors out of the field."

The "feast of ingathering" was one of the three great annual festivals of the Jews. It fell toward the latter part of what would be our month of October. It was a season of gratitude and thanksgiving for the ingathering of the harvest, a time of family reunions and feastings and rejoicings, a time of personal, and religious, and national interest. It was also called the "feast of tabernacles," because the people at the same time celebrated the journey through the wilderness by dwelling in booths and tents, to remind themselves of that eventful sojourn. The whole occasion furnishes, perhaps, the best prototype of our American Thanksgiving. Let us, then, call this day our "feast of tabernacles." Coming a little later in the season, it is significant of the same truths and lessons.

How excellent are all such acknowledgements of God's love and care. "Be careful for nothing," is the encouraging admonition of scripture, "but in every-

thing, with prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." One day in each year is none too much to be given to a rehearsal, before God, of our gains and prosperities. Israel's Thanksgiving lasted a whole week. And here in our land, when the plow is laid aside and the toils of the season are past; when all the autumn fruits are safely housed under sure shelter, and the Indian Summer is over; when the glorious, crisp frosts come, filling the veins with vigor and the steps with a more elastic spring; then indeed it is a sight worth looking at and admiring, to see a great people, summoned by their Chief Magistrate, coming up devoutly to thank a beneficent Creator for His patient care of them all. It gives hope for the future.

The duty and beauty of thanksgiving seem to inhere especially in Christian character and Christian peoples. Thanksgiving is peculiar to believers in the Bible. **Indians** remember a friend or enemy for many years, but the best observers say it only comes from their instinct of **self-preservation,** as in the lower animals. But Indians, I am told, never express thankfulness. They take whatever is given them, from good bread to bad whiskey, and appropriate it without the slightest sign of gratitude. Missionaries report the same characteristic of the natives of the islands of the sea. Thanksgiving is largely a fruit of the Bible, which teaches us that we are pensioners upon the bounty of heaven.

So then, such a day as this is the first thing for which we have to thank God. It is a national recognition of God. It could not exist under the theory of materialism. That there be any reason in it, requires that something be at the head of this universe more than mere evolution, more than fate, more than blind law, more than dead matter. It requires a personal will on the throne of a moral government, ordering this universe in the interests of His kingdom, even by a general and a particular Providence. To thank anything less than this Divine, personal, voluntary Ruler would be a crime against the clearness of the human intellect, against the instincts of the human heart, and against the convictions of the human conscience. Thanksgiving Day is sound in philosophy, sound in theology, sound in morals, sound in religion, and sound in experience. It signifies much, then, to have the nation render thanks to God. The public conscience is not dead.

As we begin to cast about a little, how subjects for gratitude multiply! To begin with, thank God for existence itself. I lately read the biography of Norman McLeod, that noble Scotchman, chaplain to the Queen of England, and nothing in it strikes me more forcibly than his frequent and hearty expressions of gladness that God has given him life and part in this grand, beautiful world. We had no choice in reference to existence, and yet who of us would not wish to be? To whom, having his right mind, is the earth so dreary a place that he would wish never to

have come into it? Thank God today that you are, and that he made you! Your whole physical structure, adjusted so nicely, equipped so admirably for service, made so noble, so alert, fashioned so delicately and yet so strongly, standing up before the gaze of angels and of men, a masterpiece of mechanism—God made it. That wonderful thought-power of yours—wandering through the ages backward and forward—diving to the depths and soaring to the heights of eternity—darting quicker than an arrow's flight—that inventive, wonder-creating, earth-astonishing, heaven-admiring thought-power—God gave you! These wills, the masters of your souls, lording it over them with imperial sway, seizing the helm and tossing the vessel whither they will—these wills God gave us. The whole man, from center to circumference, the man, known and unknown, God has made for our own happiness, which is His glory. Life as it is, notwithstanding all its toils and troubles, diseases and disappointments, griefs and graves, sorrows and sighings, we feel to be desired rather than non-existence. Thank God for being.

Then He has given us our being in a land of liberty and Christianity; bless Him today for that. We do not see a woman here yoked with a donkey in a leathern harness, drawing a plow through the furrows, as you can in that country where Jesus stilled the tempest from His place in the boat. It is because this is a Christian land, while that is not. You will not see a man driving his own wife yoked with a cow,

the two pulling a heavy harrow over the plowed ground, as you can in the old land of the Pharaohs. You do not hear men apologizing here for having to mention such a thing as a wife or a daughter in decent society, as you can in Turkey. When a little child is born here, they do not bring in a tub of water and hold a family council whether it shall be drowned or not, as they do in China. Our religion makes the difference.

Look around you and see how Christianity touches with its beams the darkest lots in life, and makes them brighter. Go into our great cities—and little cities, and even country places, and see our Gospel benevolences! Homes of kindness and plenty for incurables and cripples; infirmaries for the helpful treatment of the eyes, the ears, the limbs, the deformed; hospitals for old men and old women; reformatories for delinquents, for wandering girls and homeless boys; for Magdalens and drunkards; for those diseased in mind and distressed in body. It might be said that every one of these institutions is a child of Christianity in some form of its working. A few years ago I walked with a returned missionary through the halls of one of our spacious asylums for the insane. "There is no such native institution as this in all India," said he.

There is nothing Christianity does not brighten—even the very presence of death itself. Go out into our beautiful Greenlawn cemetery yonder. There is a group of mourners standing round a new hillock. A man stands in their midst. He is a minister. He is

telling those broken-hearted men and women to look down into the grave, and see the opening on the other side of it, through which Christ passed when he broke the bars of death and led captivity captive. And he is telling them that those who sleep He will bring with Him when He comes again, and that eternal life shall have the victory over death.

So everywhere; the religion of Jesus brightens all our land and lives. Faith stands holding up a torch—like that great bronze figure of Liberty in New York harbor, with its prodigious light for every one that passes out toward the ocean through the Narrows—so Faith stands, flinging its illumination forth upon the silent ships that are sailing over deeps of existence as yet to us unknown.

The fact is, my friends, we are not half thankful enough for the **common blessings** of existence, let alone the **greater blessings** of our Christian religion. I was reading something a while ago from the "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," the grandest stoic of the old pagan Roman emperors, that puts one to the blush, and that I fear shames us all. He knew of no Christ, no future life, no heaven; and yet hear his gratitude for some of the great common blessings which we so often forget. "To the gods I am indebted," he says, "for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends, nearly everything good. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offense against any of them, though I had a

disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might have led me to do something of this kind; but through their favor, there never was such a concurrence of circumstances as put me to the trial. Further, I am thankful to the gods that I was subjected to a ruler and a father who was able to take away all pride from me. I thank the gods for giving me such a brother who was able by his moral character to rouse me to vigilance over myself; that my children have not been deformed nor stupid; that I did not make more proficiency in rhetoric, poetry and the other studies, in which I should perhaps have been completely engaged if I had seen that I was making progress in them; that I received clear and frequent impressions about living according to nature, and what kind of a life that is, and that I was helped by the gods to live such a life, though I still fall short of it through my own fault, and through not observing the admonitions of the gods; that my body has held out so long in such a kind of life; that though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affectionate, and so simple-hearted; that I had abundance of good masters for my children," and so he continues.

Those words are written, he tells us, while he is leading his armies in a campaign against the barbarians of Northern Europe—penned in his diary after days of battle. We can imagine that we see him "seated in his tent, on the borders of some gloomy

Pannonian forest, or Hungarian marsh; through the darkness the watchfires of the enemy gleam in the distance; but both among them, and in the camp around him, every sound is hushed, except the tread of the sentinel outside; and in that tent, long after midnight, sits the patient emperor by the light of his solitary lamp; and ever and anon, amid his lonely musings, he pauses to write down" those words that, after eighteen centuries, reprove the thoughtless ingratitude of thousands of Christians far more privileged than he.

Cannon Farrar declares in his "Seekers after God," concerning this same pagan emperor, that "a nobler, a greater, a purer, a sweeter soul—a soul more fitted by virtue, and chastity, and self denial to enter into the eternal peace, never passed into the presence of its Heavenly Father." And I have no doubt that his habit of thanksgiving, of which I have given you but a single instance out of many, contributed largely to the formation of his lofty character. Thanksgiving, cultivated into a habit, enlarges the whole man.

It is a means of grace to the soul. It is not difficult to change the entire current of religious experience by the exercise of this virtue. You can pass from misery to joy, or from joy to misery, by the way you look at the same happenings. Try it! Think how little you have, compared with what you desire; how little you have, compared with some of your neighbors; how your plans have failed and your work been vain, and your hopes been blasted; how much your

friend is allowed to enjoy while you grope in sorrow. Try that, and see how bitter you become. Your heart dies within you! You feel like murmuring, "God does not treat me as he does others, He is a hard Master." All this comes out of your mode of thinking concerning God's treatment of you.

Now reverse the order. Look at the bright side. How many things you have that you do not deserve! How much you are blessed above the blind beggar standing in the street in front of your house, waiting for the tardy penny of charity! How much more you have than the poor creature on the hospital cot—more than the unfortunates that fester in tenement houses! Think how wonderfully God has blessed you in the experience of knowing the Bible and the Saviour. You are an heir of God! You are a candidate for immortality! You are going to an eternal throne. You have the divine chart to guide you, an accessible mercy-seat to strengthen you, an open heaven to inspire you, angels to accompany you, an Almighty Providence to protect you, the Holy Ghost to comfort you, the Son of God to pass you by all the guards and sentinels, outposts and gates of Glory. And you have God Almighty to be your Father! Surely God has treated you better than you deserve! How your breast warms up, and you feel as if it was a boon to receive such a life!

Thanksgiving is a means of Grace! This day render unto God thanksgiving! If for nothing else, thank Him that He has not punished you for your

sins as you deserve; but instead of judgment has remembered mercy. If the sun should fold up his beams, and shut them up in his own bosom, he would die out of the universe. Pour out your gratitude to the Giver of all good, and shut not up your heart, lest it die within you, and there be none to deliver you from the body of this death!

How manifold our reasons for thankfulness to God today! We have not yet wearied His patience, nor exhausted the fulness of His grace. Although some of us have been carried far out, we have not yet crossed the great ocean of infinite love. Its depths no plummet of ours has sounded. Has pestilence walked in darkness, we have escaped it; has destruction wasted at noonday, it has not come nigh us. We have slept unharmed while many have waked in pain. We have fed to the full, while many have lacked. Our hunger has been supplied from the animal kingdom, by large demands from the harvest-fields, by contributions from heavy-laden orchards, and from the wealthy caverns and winding caves of the mighty deep.

For our poverty, earth has opened her varied treasures; and for our sickness, all her healing powers. Sorrows have been sanctified. Losses have not crushed us utterly. We have been supported in trials, rescued from dangers, and kept from the power of temptation. The Almighty arm has undergirded us continually. His hand withdrawn, we perish! Therefore, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. What shall I render unto the

Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord."

There are those of us who are in the prime of life. Thank God today for the opportunity we have of striking strong blows for the right. There is much evil in the world, but the Lord is giving us a chance to beat it down. That which the old pagan Roman soldier rejoiced in as he struck the enemies of his country—the **gaudium certamenis**—the joy of battle—is ours. Thank God, we have not yet been smitten dead upon the field, or invalided to the hospital; but with the heart's pulses leaping full high, and arms nerved to might by the infallible assurance of victory, we follow where the Son of God goes forth to war.

The season of the year is suggestive of change. We have passed the glory of the dying autumn. The forests, which a month ago were burning with the gold and crimson of the oak and maple, are stripped of their beauty. Some days there may yet be when autumn, loath to leave, will seem to linger and mingle again her warmth with winter's outward look, but the coldest weather of the year is at hand. The familiar voices of birds in field and grove are hushed, and summer songsters, like fair-weather friends, are gone. The fruits and corn are gathered, and the ripe grain

stands in lordly stacks around well-filled barns and granaries. The season is that wherein the husbandman enjoys the fruit of past labors.

There are those here today in life's autumn time—verging well on toward the winter — whose early snows that never melt, have already fallen on their heads—in their autumn time of reward and enjoyment. You have labored faithfully for your master, and now he is rewarding you. You are in the Beulah Land of rest and foretaste. You are veterans in His service who have fought and almost won. Battles have been many, but God has brought you through them all. Trials have marked your pathway, but God has sanctified them to you and purified you by them. His hand has held every cross. His love and wisdom has dictated, or permitted, every trial. Deep waters have not overflowed you. Many sorrows have subdued and sanctified your spirits, and you are only watching and waiting on the further shore of life for the mystic passage across the tide. We who are younger take courage by your example, and thank God for a sanctified old age, and its beautiful lessons of victory and trust. We repeat with reverence, as we stand in the presence of you who are in the autumn-time of life, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

As with the Jews with their "feast of ingathering," so with us; today is the great household festival of the year. All over the land today, great numbers of families will go out from the cities to the old home in the

country, or come to the town-home of some favorite son or daughter. The little ones will be there of course, but it is chiefly "the old boys and girls," whose age is multiplying upon their frosty heads, but whose hearts are young nevertheless—it is chiefly those who will be in their glory.

How the domestic graces will be cultivated at these family gatherings. How the old affections will be revived! How this festival mingles religion with our best home sympathies. Gather around the old fireside! Talk over old times and new times. Give your opinions of things and listen to what the old folks say, if they are with you yet, even though they should criticise some of our new fashions somewhat. It is just possible that, with all our progress, in some things, they are nearer right than we are.

Cultivate family love now! Reconcile family jars!

I would not trust the man, who, without awful cause, suffers himself to remain estranged from those brothers of his, who in childhood slept with him in the room upstairs, under the rafters next the sky, and heard in the winter frost, as each told his stories before going to sleep, the weird crackling of the beams overhead. I do not see how he could hope that the starlight, shinging on the other side of the roof, could ever shine upon him again in benediction.

And as for casting off a child, no matter how bad it became, I would follow it in its lowest fall, and up against the back-door of hell, before I would do that.

God gives men these sensibilities, and woe to him that hurts his noblest nature in checking them! Let us get together, if we can, and keep together— God willing— for many and many a faithful, fond year yet!

As we celebrate our "feast of Tabernacles" today, some hearts and some households will be filled with conflicting emotions. There is a feeling of sadness as we think of the changes which have taken place within the year. Old associations have been broken into by death. Some that have mingled with us in many such annual reunions, today are absent from us, and on the other shore, waiting for a better reunion. Softly and tenderly be their names whispered in our heart of hearts, who have gone to dwell with the immortals, beyond the flood of years. "Good bye" is one of the saddest of words, spoken across a chasm of days or months, but there are some here who have spoken it across that wider chasm which separates time and eternity. Let us be thankful that it is not spoken forever.

Our departed came, with us, out from the bosom of God, the source of all life. By disease or slow decay, by accident, or sudden death, when it was better, He removed them higher to Himself, in some other sphere of being. We cannot understand it—we do not need to, or He would have told us. But since He is good, and rules the universe for good, we doubt not it was for the best. Just what is before us, where they have gone, we know not, but we trust and follow on.

Just how it is with them yonder we know not, but

we have all faith that the Infinite love which was over them here is over them still, and that as God led them the best way here, so He will there, for He is the same in all worlds.

"And nothing walks with aimless feet;—
And not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete."

And some day, when God sees it is best, we will go and be with them again. It is a very frail and thin curtain that divides us from them. Perhaps even now invisible fingers are drawing it aside, that some of us may pass within.

So we all celebrate our Thanksgiving with joy: for life and its attendant blessings; for a Christian land; for health and the comforts of home; for prosperity and the blessings of friendship and love; for pleasant reunions with old friends; for the grace of the spirit given to us under temptation; for all the promises of God which have failed not in affliction and bereavement; and for the good hope of a better life to come.

The leaves in this autumn time have drooped and died, not because the life of the trees is ceasing, but because it is getting ready for another spring. This feast of Tabernacles tells us of an eternal feast beyond. As we look thither, our hearts swell with hope and emotion. No enclosed garden, or circumscribed

forest, or lake, can uplift and enlarge the soul like the onreaching stretch of the mighty ocean, or the boundless plain. No view of even the greatest possible good in the earthly years to come, will surcharge the soul with feeling like the thought of the future life.

Today, we look beyond the material, beyond the finite, beyond this earthly prison-house. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Toward that eternal dwelling place of the soul, our minds' imaginings sometimes go out with strong desires.

"The City's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim, earthly vision,
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key,
That opes those gates Elysian."

"But sometimes, when adown the western sky,
The fiery sunset lingers,
The Golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers."

"And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story."

God help us all to reach that better land—that "land of untrodden distances"—the "land that to the flesh is very far off" but to the spirit very near. And there, when time has gathered its ripe fruits and poured them into the lap of eternity—when earth has garnered its harvests in the granary of heaven—there, at that "feast of Tabernacles," the everlasting "festival of Ingathering"—the marriage supper of the Lamb—we shall hold Thanksgiving forever.

The Mediation of Character Between Learning and Life.

I.

It is, I suppose, the theory of an Alumni Address, that a class which has been out in the world twenty years trying its ideas, ought by this time to have learned something worth saying to young men. I accept this theory; and propose as a thought of value, The Mediation of Character between Learning and Life.

II.

One word preliminary,—which is also a word of encouragement. We have learned that College studies are "practical." About this time in the year, look for such advice as the following to College Graduates, which I condense from a late number of the Milwaukee Journal: "You are now going into work you know nothing about. Burn your diplomas; they are of no more value than last year's almanacs. Forget all you have learned in College as soon as you can; it is only an expensive fertilizer applied to your brains to get them ready to receive the seeds of practical knowledge."

Now, in the name of the Class of '70, I wish to brand all that sort of stuff as unmitigated bosh. We got our Mathematics yonder; we have found them

practical; we have not had to forget them. We got our Science there, and our Language, and our Ethics, and they have staid with us; our only regret is that we did not get more. These things have been our foundations; a little more widely built out afterward, perhaps, and somewhat higher up, I trust, but still, the bases upon which we have wrought, no more to be removed from us than a man can travel away from himself.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has also lately been giving a great deal of comfort to callow thinkers by saying that he was "unable to see that College men had any influence in affairs." Perhaps Mr. Carnegie does not look upon the business of governing the country as an affair of any importance. But in 1888, Senator Ingalls pointed out that thirty out of seventy-six senators had received a classical education; and one hundred and eight, out of three hundred and thirty-three representatives and delegates. In other words; about two hundred thousand men out of sixty-six million have furnished one-third of the house and half of the senate of the nation.

III.

No, young Gentlemen, your studies are not unpractical; and they do not unfit you for real life. But the question now is: By what means shall you make what you know most available in every-day affairs? For there is, after all, a popular idea, which is pretty well founded, and which is related to the notion just

quoted from the newspaper and from Mr. Carnegie, that there is naturally a kind of distance between learning and life. The two may not always have been thus apart. The Hebrew tradition seems to teach that there was a time primeval when knowledge sprang up spontaneously within the bosoms of men, in the midst of affairs, according to their needs, without study, as when Adam instinctively named the beasts according to their nature. But if this were true once, it is so no longer. Learning and life are now separate from each other, as Calpe and Abyla, the twin Pillars of Hercules at the entrance of the Mediterranean.

"They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

And, although parted by the sounding strait, they feel the ground continuous beneath them; they know their former relationship. Therefore it is the practical problem of our lives, as College men, to bring them together again. And the method by which we are to do this, the way in which we are to make our acquirements most practically valuable, is by uniting knowledge with characters of manliness and rectitude, of high devotion to Truth and Justice. Thus will we

import learning into life, and project it into usefulness among men by the dynamic influence of right personality. Milton, writing of Bradshaw, that upright, conscientious and heroic Republican who presided over the court which tried Charles I, says: "John Bradshaw appears like a consul, from whom the fasces are not to depart with the year; so that not in the tribunal only, but throughout his life, you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon Kings."

It is of such character that I speak; and when I set forth its mediation between learning and life, I am not vaunting a mere fanciful conceit. Mediation is everywhere a law of the universe. The teacher mediates knowledge to the child. The actor mediates the play to the audience. Music mediates to us youth, and hope, and love; books, all human experience. Nature is the mediator to us of all material good things, as was recognized by the Persians when they named the sun, which gives us light and heat and life, Mithras, or, The Mediator. And, last and highest of all, this law of mediation is carried out between man and man, in all the blessings which we bestow upon each other; and between man and God, through Jesus Christ, the great Mediator of every spiritual gift.

IV.

The mediation of character between learning and life: What is character? Novalis said it was "a perfectly educated will." And, verily, such a will has power. When the wife of Concini was asked what

means she had used to coerce Mary of Medici, her answer was: "Only that influence which every strong will has over a weak one." Carlyle goes farther, and teaches that character is heroism; meaning, by heroism, sincerity; and he therefore exhorts all to be heroes, since all can be sincere. Luther, he says, was "a true hero," because he was a sincere "son of nature and of fact." And Carlyle shows us that the reason we feel one man's presence, and do not feel another's, is simple enough: "Truth is the summit of being: Justice is the application of it to affairs; and all individual natures stand upon a scale and influence us according to the purity of these elements in them." Less particular, but still more largely inclusive, is Emerson's definition of character: "A reserved force, which acts directly by presence and without means." Johnson said of Burke: "If a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'this is an extraordinary man.' If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse dressed, the ostler would say, 'we have had an extraordinary man here.' But if Foote had gone into the stable, the ostler would have said, 'here has been a comical fellow,' but he would not have respected him." Such men as Burke conquer us by force of superior personality, and not by mere eloquence or arms. We recognize their quality without requiring proof, even as the Greeks said the higher gods could be known under all disguises. "O, Iole, how did you know that Hercules was a God?" "Because," answer-

ed Iole, "I was content the moment my eyes fell upon him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in a chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did." There is nobility in the voice of right character. Plato said it was "impossible not to believe in the children of the divinities, although they spoke without probable or necessary arguments." There is an ethical character in their form and gait. When the Eastern sage would test the merit of Zarathustra, he looked upon his approach and at once cried out: "This form and this gait cannot lie, and nothing but truth can proceed from them." But beyond speech, and form and gait, charater is an incomputable force which we can feel, but not describe, and which to attempt to define is like trying to paint the lightnings with charcoal. Character is in the man; that is all any one can tell you about it. Nay, rather; character is the man himself; see him, and you will know why he succeeds, as easily as you might understand the victories of Napoleon by looking upon him. His triumph rests mathematically upon his substance; upon his quality and his quantity.

V.

It comes to this, then; that, in order to proper influence of learning upon life, a man must be greater than that which he knows. This is what Theremin means by saying that eloquence is virtue; and Cicero, by declaring it is beauty of mind.

Look at the miserable failure of a man who was absolutely enormous in his knowledge, and yet had neither virtue of character nor beauty of mind—I refer to Lord Bacon. You remember his Essays, his **Instauratio,** his **Novum Organum,** his writings on English Law, his whole enormous philosophic labors —all that vast erudition which made him not the star, but the risen sun in its strength, shining its splendors from mid-heaven upon the closing age of the great Elizabeth. You have read also the titles of his civil dignities, the rounds up which he climbed the ladder of fame to a place only below the King: Member of the House of Commons, Knight, King's Counsel, Solicitor General, Attorney General, Privy Counselor, Lord Keeper of the Seal, Lord High Chancelor Baron Verulam, and Viscount of St. Albans. But you know that other wretched record; how he ungratefully turned upon the Earl of Essex, his friend and benefactor, and hunted him to his death—and after death; how he racked the aged and venerable clergyman, Peacham; trying—for the last time in a British court—to torture from him an admission of treason, of which Bacon knew he was innocent; how, at last, he wrote with his own hand twenty-three separate instances in which, as judge, he had taken bribes to pervert English justice; and how he was degraded and sentenced for his intolerable corruption. And then you recall Pope's terrific couplet on him, impaling and holding up to scorn forever mere intellectual greatness without corresponding moral dignity:

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

The magnitude of his knowledge but lent weight and swiftness to his fall; it was the millstone about his neck that drowned him in the depths of the sea. And it was from this same lack of moral greatness of character that Danial Webster, the great expounder, became the great compounder. Ah, young gentlemen, what we **are,** is of more significance than what we **know!**

VI.

A person must be greater even than what he does. The impression which all really great men make upon us is that they are larger than their deeds of which we are told. There is not enough in the recorded acts of Washington to account for his influence upon his time. What Carlyle tells us of Mirabeau, in his History of the French Revolution, does not justify his estimate of the great orator's genius; there was something about Mirabeau that could not be put into history. Riemer, the biographer of Goethe, tells of the benevolence of Goethe's character; and then, in proof, brings forward a list of his benefactions—so much money to this one, so many good deeds to that. Germany laughed at Riemer, for it felt that Goethe's benevolence could not be measured in that thumb-and-span way; his nature was larger than his gifts were, or could be—as all true benevolence is. But let a small

person try to do a large deed; he does not measure up to it. It bankrupts him, and we see that he is inadequate to the performance. Or let him try to say a great thing; the execution is worse at the breech of the gun than at the muzzle; there is not propulsive force enough in the man to send the word clear of him.

VII.

If you want to move men, bring them into touch with a great personality. You recollect that medieval legend of the discovery of the True Cross in the time of the Empress Helena. Her searchers unearthed three crosses upon Mount Calvary; how should they know our Saviour's? They brought a corpse, and stretched it upon the first, and then upon the second; but still no pulse started in the wrist and no flush kindled in its cheek. But now they laid it upon the third; and at once the pulse began to flutter, the blood mounted to the cheek, and they knew they had found the True Cross, because life had come out of it. The story is but the invention of a too credulous age, and yet there is in it the suggestion of truth. Bring a dead soul, a dead nation, into contact with a mighty personality, and it will start into life and power. Yonder is ancient Israel, educated through her misery in the college of her wrongs, but apathetic under her woes, until she is touched by the flaming spirit of Moses. Then she arises and marches through the Red Sea and howling wilderness to her Canaan. There are the scattered tribes of the desert, holding in common the doctrine of

the one God. But they are uninspired by it until Mohammed comes. His zeal enkindles theirs, and they carry their conquering crescent westward, until it is placed upon the spires of Cordova and lights up half of continental Europe. Or again, see all Europe, compelled by the personality of Peter the Hermit, rushing headlong to the land of the Saracen to rescue the Holy Sepulcher. General Garfield said that to have President Mark Hopkins on one end of a log in the woods, and a boy on the other, was equivalent to a university course. Of one of our college presidents, an acute observer remarked to me not long since: "It is a liberal education to have a boy under that man's shadow for four years."

VIII.

It really matters little what dogma a man holds if he manifest a right character. John Wesley teaches absolute Free Will; and John Calvin, absolute Divine Sovereignty. Their doctrines are perfectly irreconcilable; but both Wesley and Calvin alike are uplifting men. Ignatius Loyola, the Catholic, and Martin Luther, the Protestant, preach squarely into each other's teeth; but each puts a leverage under the age that elevates it. Yonder in New England was Theodore Parker; discarding Revelation for his intuition of the Divine, of the just and right, and of the immortal; teaching a system of doctrine like nothing that has been seen before or since in the heavens, or earth, or waters under the earth; and yet a man of moral recti-

tude and earnestness; "courageous and ever ready to defend the weak against the strong, and to run to the rescue of suffering humanity," as McCosh says; and therefore a savor of life unto all with whom he came in contact. And there, too, was William Ellery Channing; utterly unorthodox according to "my doxy;" careless of the scholastic theology; unable to

> " * * * distinguish and divide
> A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side."

But he so stood for the slave when chicken-hearted evangelicals trembled and hid, he so shined forth in the brightness of a noble character in all his life, that he raised the Christian temperature and consciousness of half a continent.

I heard a great preacher in revival meetings last winter. He crossed almost every line of our traditional evangelical doctrine in his sermon; and yet, at its close, forty men sprang to their feet in response to his appeal to them to live a better life, moved thereto by the better life before them.

Will you tell me wherein has consisted the peculiar power of Jesus Christ upon men? It is not especially in His words; you can duplicate nearly all He said from other and earlier sources; and as for reducing it to a great intellectual system, you may all but print it upon the fly leaves of one of your catechisms. His power dwelt in what He was, rather than in what he said. "And I, if I be lifted up"—not my

teaching first of all; not my system, pre-eminently—"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." And therefore it is, as Richter declares, that the nail-pierced hands of him who hung on Calvary have lifted the kingdoms from their hinges and turned aside the stream of centuries from its course. It is of him that Emerson (to whom I am much indebted in this address) writes: "The history of those gods and saints which the world has written and then worshipped, are documents of character. The ages have exulted in the manners of a youth who was hanged at the Tyburn of his nation, who, by the pure quality of his nature, shed an epic splendor around the facts of his death, which has transfigured every particular into a universal symbol for the eyes of mankind." And I think that if you were to bring and place here, just below Jesus, the great religious leaders of the world—Moses, Buddah, Confucius, Zoroaster, you would see men who, while they utterly contradict each other in dogma, have yet uplifted mankind by the force of true character. You might even set in the eye of men a person of such mental idiosyncrasy that, if possible, he should hold that 2 plus 2 equals 20,000; and yet with due moral greatness, he would move the world unto himself and hold it there, as gravitation binds the stars upon the bosom of God.

IX.

This is not belittling correct belief. If we were asked to account for the true character of certain of

these men who held false doctrines, we might say that men are hardly ever logical beings; and that, therefore, the heart may be all right and the head all wrong; but a larger and better way would be to say that the great Spirit of all truth surrounds us on every side, and finds inlets into honest souls through many a way beside clear intellectual perception. Of all the mistakes that flit like poisonous flies around the head of "Star-eyed Science," there is none worse than to suppose that knowing and feeling and willing can be separated, and that we can obtain knowledge by the dry light of discursive thought alone. Even ministers, whose business it is to know better, sometimes fall into this error. A distinguished Boston preacher some years ago said: "If I could present truth as clearly as the Holy Spirit, I could convert souls as easily as He." It is not true. Man does not live by bread alone, and he does not know by brain alone. Knowledge comes in by the instincts, by the sympathies, by the desires, by a kind of **endosmose** and **exosmose** through every pore of our spiritual being. The human soul it not a shut building, with only one entrance and that a skylight; it is a vast cathedral, with many windows of stained glass; and through each, truth pours, being colored according to the place of entrance. A man's mind is not to be separated into several different sections, and **such** a process allotted to **this**; and **such**, to **that**. Rather, like Milton's Spirits, that

" * * cannot but by annihilating die,
* * * * *
"All heart we live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense."

I would rather trust the instinct of a pure woman to teach me what is pure, than a Socrates, sitting at the feet of Aspasia. I would rather rely upon the heart of a saved spirit in Heaven to tell me what is holy, than all the intellects of earth. Men do not believe in God because He is the outcome of a syllogism, but because He is the satisfaction of the soul's hunger; and one process brings just as legitimate knowledge as the other. It is the miserable mistake of a mole-eyed philosophy, that has just now burrowed up into the sunlight, out of the ages of a defunct paganism, to insist that true knowledge can be acquired only in the complete isolation of the intellectual process from all feeling, volition, and choice, and so, to exalt the speculative intellect at the expense of the moral, the aesthetic, the religious, and the practical, in man. Into all sincere and honest souls, the great God himself comes. Through them He shines out. All such spirits may say—whatever their intellectual creed,

"There is an inward center in us all
Where truth abides in fulness; and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entrance for a light,
Supposed to be without."

The intellectual creed has neither made the man, nor is it the full exponent of what a man is, nor even of what he believes. He really believes what he **is**; and what he **is**, shows forth in his character, and has been derived from a hundred sources.

X.

So my report to you, young gentlemen, is, that you will yet find the plain, old-fashioned virtues of common rectitude quoted at par in the world's market. It is a splendid generalization of modern science that all the forces which move onward the physical universe are, in their last analysis, spirit forces. Physical causation is the will, physical law is the habit of God. It is an equally magnificent generalization that all the workings of this universal will are to the one end of righteousness among men. Janet, for example, in his epoch-making work on **"Final Causes,"** does but adopt the conclusion of every respectable school of modern thought when he declares that the great purpose in nature is morality. And society does, more and more, either consciously or unconsciously fall in with this tendency, and goes forward in the groove which has been made for it by the Author of all things. The strongest forces that operate in its bosom are moral forces, evoked from the deep profound of man's spiritual nature, and moving on ever toward righteousness. I know that among a certain clique of babblers at this time there is much uncertainty what the real bases and sanctions of this righteousness shall be; and so,

great doubt as to whether there is any other righteousness than mere conventional utility. They have struck at the old basis, that of revealed religion; and in denying the validity of our knowledge of God, they have also torn away the foundations of any knowledge whatever. Therefore, frightened by the confusion wrought within their own minds, they are groping about in a pitiful condition of uncertainty as to what they shall believe, or teach. Matthew Arnold is the Jeremiah of this small agnostic clique whose noise, like that of the prarie wolves of the west, is much greater than we could expect from their numbers. He comes to the old Monastery of La Chartreuse. He views its monks as the relics of a supernatural faith that is dead, and himself as the despised prophet of something yet to come—he cannot undertake to say what, and thus he utters his lachrymose complaint:

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side."

"Achilles ponders in his tent;
The kings of modern thought are dumb;
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come.
They have the grief men had of yore,
But they contend and cry no more."

But I have to pronounce this story that the old foundations of the faith are gone all a false alarm. The true Achilles—he of theistic faith unshaken—is not pondering in his tent; he is out on the field of battle, brandishing his victorious weapons, and making all the shore resound as never before with his triumphant shouts. It is the agnostic Hector who is doing the pondering just now; for he realizes that he has received his death stroke at the hands of Achilles, and is about to be dragged by the heels around the walls of Troy. The real kings of modern thought are not dumb. Upon the contrary, any intelligent survey of the situation for several years past will convince one it is only a set of pretended kings that are dumb; and their mouths are shut, except to groans, because the real kings have discredited their pretensions, and have shown the trustworthiness of the old knowledge, and the old revelation, and the old righteousness, by which the world is running and will continue to run. The great masters in philosophy in Europe and America are not of Arnold's despondent mood. They are still living by those

> " * * * Truths that wake
> To perish never," * * *

and which, despite the lament of a half-hearted, superficial, temporary fashion in thought,

> "Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet the master light of all our seeing."

Therefore I say unto you: "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not." We young men sometimes get our noses down into our books, and almost wonder if there is any truth. Such weak doubts need not long exist. It so happens that my home is seventeen miles inland from the ocean. Sitting shut up in my study, I might in sickly mood persuade myself that the ocean has dried up into a stagnant pool. But when I go down to the seashore and feel the thunderous crashing of the breakers on the beach, or when I ascend the Ramapo Mountains just back of the city where I dwell, and looking eastward, behold the Atlantic still rolling onward its three thousand miles of brine against the Jersey shore as it always has done since creation's dawn, I realize that the "great and wide sea" is there yet. And so, when our souls are perplexed by the jangle of vain voices, or our brains beclouded with the fogs that will sometimes arise from overmuch study, when we doubt if the spiritual verities are still abiding, let us go down in experience to where we can feel across our souls the wash of billows from off the shores of the unseen and eternal; or, ascending the heights of clearer thought, above the mists that rise within the troubled brain, let us look out; and lo! there rolls the all-comprehending ocean still!

"So in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,

Our souls catch sight of the immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Young gentlemen, believe in those everlasting verities—the everlasting right, the everlasting true, the everlasting good. Trust your lives to them! Shape your characters by them! Otherwise you will find many a plain, unlettered man walking off with the world's prizes before you, because he has gained the world's confidence. For what we want in our leaders is not, first of all, ability and learning, but the power to make talents and acquirements trusted. In the long run, men will appoint no one to represent them, whom God has not already appointed, in virtue of His sterling worth, to stand as the embodiment of truth and righteousness.

XI.

You may tell me that genius is one thing, and rectitude quite another; that talent is able to make its own way in the world; that it is a law unto itself, as Byron, Shelley and Poe thought; and that decency and morality will do for common people. Yes; and the locomotive is one thing, and the track quite another; but if the locomotive does not run upon the track, it will go to smash! Ability is one thing, and morality is quite another; but if ability does not run upon the

track of morality, it will go to smash, as Byron, Shelley and Poe did! And it ought to go to smash; and thank God, for the world's sake, when it does! If a man will set himself in opposition to the welfare of society, and take arms against the nature of things, and dash against the thick bosses of the buckler of the Almighty, the best thing the universe can do is to turn and crush him.

There is a great picture by Jerome, named "Thirst." A vast, barren desert stretches away from the foreground, far as the eye can reach, until it blends with the distant horizon. There is no tree, no shrub, nor any green thing. Above is the white heat of the quivering air and the brazen sky. In the front, just up against the spectator, is a huge, gaunt lion, lying on the sands by the side of what was a pool of water, but is now dried away into a fetid puddle of slime. That lion has once ravaged the desert and the forest; at his roar all the beasts hid themselves. Now he lies there; old, toothless, starving, dying of thirst by that putrid slough; his tongue lolling forth and licking the foul mud, in a vain effort to find one cooling drop. Aesop's ass might come and kick at him; already the desert eagles gather to his death. It is a parable. That dying brute is but the symbol of those animal passions and forces, which, uncontrolled by the moral nature, sometimes for awhile seem to bear everything gentler and better in the world down before their roaring onslaught. But at last, they lie prone beside the exhausted pools of passion which the heat of lust

has burned dry, and there perish in misery; calling, like Dives in Hades, for one drop of water to cool their thirst. That is the fate of high ability dominated by the lower nature. It dies of its own fever; men are glad, and the world is better when it is gone.

XII.

Here, then, in this breach between learning and life, in this sounding strait between Calpe and Abyla, we college-bred men are to take our stand. We are not simply to form part of that eternal flow of duration and events which, according to the old Greek Sophists, endlessly goes on, having man for one of its momentary phenomena:

"In the tides of life, in the storms of motion,
I toss up and down,
I wave hither and thither,
Birth and the grave,
An eternal ocean,
A waving and flowing."

These lives of ours are more than mere transient apparations of The All; more than "little breezes," which,

" * * * dusk and shiver,
Through the wave that runs forever."

No, taught by our intuition of an abiding personality—which is God's tuition, we may know, instead, that we remain, separate from this transitory current.

"Yes; in the Sea of Life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their separate bounds they know."

And, being divided by personality from the ever-flowing tide of time and circumstance, we will not yield to that debasing suggestion of materialism, either, that we are of the same grade of being as the mere brute beasts, dominated by forces within us and without, over which we have no control. In the consciousness of free will, we cry with the great dramatist:

" * * * I'll never
Be such a gosling as to obey mere instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

Nay; even among the throng of human personalities, we will assert ourselves as individuals:

"One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

Here, then, I say, we college men are to find our position; by right character interpreting learning into terms of life, and making them one.

Thus, as we have seen, we do but fall in with a great law of the universe, the law of mediation, which runs through monads up to men, and on through Jesus up to God. We employ that incalculable force which resides in just personality; which makes a man

greater than what he knows, or does; which by its own dynamic touch lifts other men, even though we be faulty in our teaching—character, which is just, notwithstanding occasional intellectual error, because that into the Holy of Holies of the human soul, by many another entrance than the brain, goes the Shekinah of the God of Truth, dwelling with him that is of an humble and contrite spirit—a character which draws its strength, in spite of the pale negations of doubt, from firm belief in the eternal right, and true, and good—these imperishable verities which, as in all the past, forevermore endure—realities to be felt within our souls by experience; and always to be seen from the uplands of clarified thought, if we do but trust our power of knowing.

And we will be "practical" men. We will accept the test of utility; agreeing with Milton,

> "That not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom."

And, as "practical" men, we will believe that the law of universal good-will, the first principles of truthfulness, justice, and benevolence, are settled beyond dispute.

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars;" and we will give ourselves to their practice; thus mediating learning to life by character.

The Dead Hand.

Sermon Preached at Wesley Chapel, Columbus, Ohio, 1896.

II Samuel xxiii, 10, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

Eleazar was one of the three mighty men of King David. With the other two he one day defied the army of the Philistines, fought them, stampeded them, and all that the army of Isreal had to do was to go after and gather up the spoil. After the fight it was found he had clenched such a grip on the sword handle, and had held it so long, not daring to loose it in the hot encounter, that his hand had stiffened in that position; circulation and sensation had ceased; it could not let go; it was practically a dead hand. "His hand clave unto the sword." Soldiers often see similar things on the battlefield. Cavalry horses gallop out of the cannon smoke with dead riders sitting bolt upright in the saddles, with one dead hand still grasping the saber, and the other the bridle rein. The English officer who led the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava came back from among the Russian batteries that way.

We see something like this in other directions, and it is of them that I want to speak. I am reminded of

the grasp of the dead hand by the way some rich people hold onto their money in this world. They have taken such a grip upon it during their years of health and activity that they apparently cannot let go of it in their years of senility and old age. Even sickness and approaching death does not loosen their grasp. A certain English minister was called to pray with a dying man. He tried to take the man's hand in token of their agreement in offering united prayer, but the sick man withheld it, keeping it beneath the bed covering, and the minister prayed without it. In a little while the sick man died, and then they found why he kept his hand under the clothes. He was holding in it, with the grasp of death, a key. It was the key of the safe where his money was kept.

A newspaper in Lewiston, Me., published some time ago a similar story about a man in the town of Durham, in that state. The man was very penurious and determined. He died at an advanced age. On his deathbed he kept his hands closely clasped. As he drew his last breath he tightened his hold. Everybody knew what he had in that hand. It was the key to the chest in which he had kept his gold. As his nerveless clasp unclosed, the key dropped from his fingers and clattered against the bedside. As if to hold it even after he was dead, the miser had tied the key about his wrist by a strong cord, which he grasped as long as life remained. He could not take his gold with him, but he kept the key. They buried him just as he was, with the key to his money chest tied about his wrist. And what be-

came of the gold? Oh, the heirs took care of that all the same. They split open the chest with an ax, and divided the money, and let the miser keep the key tied about his wrist. He is mouldering in the grave and the key is resting beside him. It was the grasp of the dead hand.

Browning says he hears some men begin to doubt the truth of Christianity. He has a strong argument for its truth—it teaches natural depravity.

The only way it can be broken helpfully for ourselves is to begin to break it during life and health. The Christian farmer who found, under a searching sermon, that he was growing too penurious and who cast all the considerable amount of money he had with him into the collection and then cried, "Now squirm, old nature," was on the right track. The only way to keep our nature from at last getting a stereotyped, habitual set in penuriousness that it will carry into the grave beyond is to systematically make "nature squirm" by free-handed liberality until nature learns to give with open-hearted generosity without squirming.

Sometimes rich men design their money for some charity but hold on to it so long that they defeat their own object. They leave it to some executor by will for certain purposes. Then the will is broken and the purpose defeated. Men tie up their bequests sometimes by conditions that become impossible, or invalid, or foolish by the lapse of time.

Would-be benevolent people seem often possessed with the idea that all wisdom and all honesty will die with them; and so out of their graves they still reach the dead hand, damaging the community with money that should have been left to the enlightened and liberal control of the living.

Parents sometimes try to control all their property as long as they live, and then they entail it, so that neither their children nor the community can get hold of it. Sometimes this is a device to keep a worthless set of children up in the world that ought to be allowed to go to their own place. Families are thus perpetuated that are a social stench and abomination in the nostrils of the community. Nature provides that her carrion shall be resolved back to its original element and thus benefit somebody. Men provide that theirs shall be preserved to curse mankind. I know of children who, left to themselves, would long years ago have found their natural and appropriate level in the penitentiary, who are sustained as a reeking pestilence in a certain town by their father's entailed money—the power of the dead hand.

Occasionally a parent wants to found a family and perpetuate his wealth as its basis, and for this reason entails it.

I am glad that the constitution of Ohio prohibits the entailing of property. It goes on the theory that while a man is a member of society here, and accountable to law on earth, he has some vested rights; but that it is contrary to public policy to allow beings

who have passed into the realms of spirits and own no earthly jurisdiction to control the world still. At that rate the dead could soon crowd the living off the earth. Men who have been "bosses" while on earth are not to be permitted still to "boss" us from heaven or the other place. Occasionally the dead hand becomes an instrument of revenge. People want to wreak their spite upon somebody and their hatred smites in their will, or an old man or woman indulges in some senile whim or freak that is utterly wrong.

I do not see why the command that we avenge not ourselves does not apply to dying men as well as to living men. I cannot help but think that injustice framed and perpetuated by a will that cannot be altered when we are gone will damn deeper than injustice perpetuated while we are here where it may be corrected. But perhaps the chief sphere in which the dead hand has attempted to maintain its grasp is in matters of religion. Money and religion are the two greatest concerns of men; one sums up all that pertains to this world, and the other all that relates to the world to come. Accordingly we see that one of the chief tendencies of men is to keep their money for themselves as long as they can and then control it after they are dead if possible. But there is a still stronger propensity to try to make other people accept their religion while they are here and then to enforce it some way upon mankind when they are gone.

Our chief method of doing this is by arranging to fasten our creed upon the generation following. So,

incorporated with their creed and church organization and tenures of property and privilege, is some provision that their theology shall never be changed; that anybody who does not accept it just as the fathers held it must leave that church, must forsake the associations of his childhood, must relinquish those rights of inheritance which are ours in virtue of being born into this world and must become a heretic and an alien.

Now, the direct consequence of such an entailed creed and church is that in the next generation we find a larger number of the most intelligent ministers and church members who have to sophisticate their understandings and consciences a little in order to remain in the communion.

We find outside also in the community a large class whose affections or interests have not bound them quite so closely to the church of their fathers, and they have drifted away because of these antiquated doctrines. Some of them have had a less flexible conscience, or greater intelligence, than many who have remained and they are outside the church because of the very height of their moral development.

Then we have still another section who are trying to interpret the ancient symbols in modern fashion, and to bring about revision of the creed.

It will be perceived that all I have said applies only to entailed churches and systems of theology. I trust I have sense enough to see that systems of theology, more or less complete, are necessary as a basis of church organization and fellowship. A church can no

more erect itself in society without a creed—either human or divine—than a body can stand upright without bones. What I object to is having my grandfather's skeleton handed down to me to build myself up around; and then if I don't like it, being told that I can get out of the house and leave all my family rights behind. I contend I have a right to stay in the old home and to grow my own bones. I claim that every generation ought to be left free, under the spirit of enlightenment from heaven, to make its own theological formulas, according to the progressive development of God's plan of the ages. I hold that divine truth is not such a rickety thing that it has to be thus propped and guarded by hands reached up out of graves, where their owners mouldered back to dust centuries ago.

One of the chief obstacles to pure and undefiled, practical Christian religion today in Christendom, is the mass of effete theological dogma that has been entailed by the inordinate self-conceit and blind distrust of God and man in the future which our ancestors felt. This mass of dogma has gathered about itself vested interests and church propetry and a vast and complicated ecclesiastical machinery. It has power to raise the man up who will yield to its power, and to cast him down who protests.

Another form of this dead hand's grasp is seen in the creation of theological seminaries which are

committed in advance by the terms of their foundation to the perpetual advocacy of a certain philosophy or theological theory.

I have nothing to say against the study of philosophy or theology. It is the noblest pursuit of man, next to going about doing good, as our Savior did. A theological seminary left free and untrammeled to find and teach the true doctrine as it is in Christ Jesus, is, to my mind, one of the best things in existence.

What I object to is the erection of buildings and faculties that are sworn, in advance to the advocacy of some dead man's doctrines to time's latest generation. Theological seminaries ought to be left free to ascertain and publish truth. I cannot have confidence in the findings of professors whose "bread and butter" depends upon their finding in accord with the will of the founder.

It is a very significant fact that Professor Henry P. Smith, with whom the Presbyterian church at Cincinnati had so much trouble because of his advocacy of the higher criticism, was an independently rich man by marriage.

It is further a very significant fact that Professor Briggs, who was so sharp a thorn in the sides of the ultra-conservative orthodoxy in New York, was in a theological seminary and in a chair that did not depend upon the Presbyterian church for support.

In connection with the course of these two financially independent men, I saw it stated in the journal of that church that it was always a dangerous thing

for a professor to have means enough to support himself. There was no telling whether he would teach according to the creed of his church or not.

A judge in our courts cannot sit in any case where his own financial interests are involved. Should the judge in the courts of spiritual truth, where the case is far more delicate, and the interests far higher, be made any more subject to temptation?

A congressman will not legislate in a matter which directly involves his own private concerns. Should ministers and professors, who practically set the religious beliefs of Christendom, be compelled to do this difficult and onerous work under the direct influence of self-interest?

This age needs emancipation in every way from the grasp of the dead hand. In financial matters and in spiritual, the children should be left free to work out their own destiny.

The Man With One Talent.

Sermon Preached at Wesley Chapel, Columbus, O., 1896.

Matt xxv, 25, "I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth. Lo, there thou hast that is thine."

I never heard a word of praise in a sermon in my life for this one talented man. He seems to have few friends and has received but little sympathy. But there is some good in every man, however depraved, if we only stop to find it; and there is some good in this man. He had at least one redeeming trait of character. He did not spend his Lord's money upon himself. He did not waste it in riotous living, or put it in his purse for himself. He hid it away carefully in the earth so that it might not be lost; and then when the Lord returned he was honest enough to bring it back just as he received it.

Everybody who has had trust funds embezzled, or been swindled out of his money by rascals, or who has ever suffered from friends who borrowed and forgot to pay back, will think more highly of this man if he only consider his case. It is true that he says he was afraid; but then it is a mark of grace sometimes to

be afraid to do wrong; and this man was ahead of many in these times, who seem not to be afraid of God, man, or Satan.

There are worse men than this man was. Many a man would have squandered the money at once for a little selfish gratification. Others would have put it out at interest and when the time came for settlement would have tried to bring in a bill for something or other that would have eaten up both principal and interest. Thousands of the people who throw stones at this man live in glass houses themselves. Of course, we cannot wholly excuse him, because our Master does not; but in condemning him we should be careful we do not pronounce sentence upon ourselves.

Many of us cannot help feeling a good deal of sympathy for this man of one talent. We have a personal acquaintance with him; the fact is, we have known him all our lives. When we undertake to say a few words in his defense we are not wholly disinterested, but are trying to buoy up our own sinking spirits.

To begin with: The man of one talent is the very man who has the strongest temptation to bury his talent. He is overcome by the sense of his own insignificance. He feels that he amounts to so little, that if he does bury his talent, there will be no great loss. So far as he can see, anything worth attaining is wholly beyond his reach. He is completely cast into the shade by the man with the five talents, who easily makes his mark, steps to a high position of honor and usefulness, and carries off the laurels. Whatever the

man of ability does is grandly done, and receives recognition, and it is very easy for one to use one's talents under such circumstances. A hero has a hero's inspiration. But what stimulus has the man of medium endowments, when he knows that what he does is of very small account, and though he may try ever so hard, and do his "level best," his work will not be noticed. Poor man! If he could only become the founder of a great philosophical school, or endow a college, or thrill a multitude with eloquence, he would then have something to inspire him to a life of activity. As it is, he feels crushed and disheartened, and goes and buries his poor talent with a sigh, or perhaps a groan of despair.

We see this one-talented man go to a religious meeting with his mind made up to honor his Master by a few words of public testimony. But before he has had an opportunity to do so, another man has gained the floor, and with oft glowing, brilliant speech tells of the goodness of God and the rapture of a religious experience, until the whole assembly is touched and melted. How can the man of weaker endowments summon the courage to speak after listening to such words? His halting, hesitating speech would only wear the good feeling of the meeting; and so he yields to the tempetation to keep his seat, and bury his poor talent.

Or perhaps he has been induced by the persuasion of friends to take charge of a Bible class, and he really feels that he would like to become an efficient teacher.

Howbeit, after several trials, he sees that his efforts are futile; one member after another drops out of the class, while those who remain are sacrcely able to disguise their listlessness and dissatisfaction. But no sooner has he given up his class than some man of greater ability, but with no more true devotion, accepts the position and does the work with ease and acceptance. The temptation to bury his one talent forever out of sight becomes almost irresistable with the man who failed, and if any one needs help and sympathy, he does.

However, in every experience, be it ever so sad and disheartening, there are some complications; and the life of the one-talented man is not wholly devoid of them. Here is one: He is spared certain peculiar temptations that assail every man of brilliant abilities. It is difficult for such a man to keep his motives pure. The praises of men are apt to turn his head, and before he is aware of the fact, he is seeking their plaudits rather than the approbation of God. Constantly he finds himself looking for the applause of the crowd, and if it does not come vigorously his heart sinks and his courage fails. Many a man has been wrecked morally on the shoals of popular appreciation, and has come to regard the voice of the people as the voice of God. The man of slender ability escapes these temptations.

Not only so, but he is spared a great deal of damaging criticism that comes to his more brilliant contemporary who occupies some conspicuous position.

Doubtless many a public man who has received scathing criticism from his enemies looks with envy upon the man whose name is not mentioned outside the narrow circle of his acquaintances. The five-talented men are not to be envied. The applause they get is always qualified by some invidious criticism or comparison that stings and rankles in the mind, spoiling every moment of triumph. It should be remembered, too, that the responsibilities of the man of one talent are not so great. For "to whom little is given, of him little is required."

Another thing ought to be a source of great comfort to persons of meager talent and that is that almost all of the five-talented men who have ever amounted to anything have also been tempted to bury their talents. Moses tampered with the napkin, and had already wrapped his talents in it and was about to bury them in the wilderness, when God commanded him to become the deliverer of Isreal. Moses plead a thick tongue and inexperience, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharoah?" The same is true of Jeremiah. When God said unto him "I have ordained thee a prophet unto nations," he replied, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child." He, too, had the napkin in his hand and wanted to bury his talent.

The fact is that the cowardice which the one-talented man pleads is not felt by him alone, but is felt by Moses and Jeremiah, and by all men alike, with almost no exceptions. Nearly all public speakers are affected with it, and the more efficient they are as public speak-

ers generally the more they are so affected. The very nervous susceptibility which makes them acutely sensible of fear is the highest equipment for public address—without it a preacher or teacher or lecturer never succeeds, for he lacks the power to strongly feel what he says and to make others feel it.

We are to bear in mind that God does not look with kindly regard only upon the splendid achievements of genius, but also upon the most humble service, if it is done sincerely. A cup of cold water offered in Christ's name, a secret prayer, a few alms given in private, none of them shall lose their reward. When the Pharisees came to the treasury and threw in of their abundance it elicited no remarks from the Master's lips, but no sooner had the poor widow deposited her gift in the treasury than it caught his attention and won a golden tribute of praise. Remember what Christ said to his disciples, "He that would be greatest among you let him be the servant of all." God does care for little, seemingly insignificant things. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. He made the mighty planet which swings through space; but he also made the tiny blade of grass in the meadow, and with wonderful delicacy of touch painted the petals of the rose and of the modest violet. And so He cares for the sweet, unobtrusive bloom of the humblest service.

So be content to seem what you are and to give Him the very best service you can as you are. As Beecher said some years ago: "If God made you half a fool it is better that you should seem to be half a fool

than that you should make believe that you are wise. All sorts of animals are willing to seem what they are. A donkey is always willing to be thought a donkey, and he honors God in it. An owl is always willing to be thought an owl, and he fulfills the function given him, even if he does look wiser than he is. And a man should be willing to be just what God has made him. Not that he should not desire to increase, to augment his talents; not that he should not put his money out at interest, but a man who is ignorant had better admit himself to be ignorant. A man who is not a genius had better not think himself a genius. A man who is poor had better think he is poor. A man who is unskilled had better admit that he is unskilled. Whatever you are, while you strive for greater excellence, stand on that which is true and right, and do not make yourself out to be more than you are. Do not attempt to put on guises and pretenses in the vain hope of winning praise."

It ought to be a comfort to recollect that the greatest part of the world's work is done by ordinary, comfortable, jog-trot sort of people after all, whom God must love most of all, as Abraham Lincoln used to say, because he has made so many of them. "For our own part," as a writer in The Tribune, speaking on the state of the times, declared, "we are willing to acknowledge in these feverish days a great yearning toward commonplace people, who write no poetry and are content with life's everyday duties. Depend upon

it, to this kind is the world indebted for whatever happiness it may secure from wrecked hopes and disappointed ambitions."

Wordsworth was right. A woman may be too bright and good for human nature's daily food. Her irritating restlessness may grow to be a bother. Her elegant sentimentalities may lead to nerves. She may expect an impossible happiness from marriage and grow morbid with disappointment. And what we say of her, we may say with equal propriety of him. Happy both if God vouchsafes to them the inestimable blessing of obscurity and the mild lot of the majority.

After all these variations of natural ability, what is the end of our human life?

The end of life is not to do good, though a vast number of Christians think so. It is not to win souls, though many say so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the way of doing good or winning souls or making a name, or it may not. The maximum achievement of any man's life, as Professor Drummond says, after it is all over is to have done the will of God, be it in a high place or a low place. No man or woman can have done any more with his or her life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with his life, and a dairymaid or a scavenger can have done as much. Therefore, the safest principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report or ill, through temptations and through prosperity or adversity, to the will of God for us.

The use of even a very humble order of talent may be full of all blessing to our fellow-men and bring us blessings from them. I am convinced that the happiness and prosperity of mankind depends far more upon the one-talented people who cook our food and make our beds and fashion our clothes than upon any other class. We could do without the great generals and orators and statesmen far better than we could do without them. And once in a while, the doing of some commonplace duty faithfully and steadily is the way to the highest honor. When we are willing to put our one talent to use then God sees to it that it shall sometimes have a marvelous increase.

The Sermon on Number in Nature

Sermon, Wesley Chapel, November 15, 1896.

Rev. J. C. Jackson, sr., delivered an interesting lecture at Wesley Chapel last night. His theme was, "Number in Nature," and his text, Isa., xl, 26: "Lift up your eyes on high and see who hath created these, that bringeth out their hosts by number." Dr Jackson said:—(Ohio State Journal).

The prophet bids us look upward into the skies on a clear night and notice the order and proportion in the movement of the heavenly bodies for a proof of the existence of God. One of the chief agnostics of the present time a few years ago advised those who believed in God to stick to the argument from design, as it was their best hold with men of common sense. In the spirit of the two-fold injunction of Isaiah and Professor Huxley I propose to speak of a few examples of number in nature as an evidence of creative wisdom and design. I believe it is easy to point out such remarkable mathematical proportions in the make-up of the commonest things about us that the impression upon the natural, healthy, unbiased mind will be irresistible that it is a Divine Creator who has brought forth all by number.

God has indeed made all things by weight and measures. The waters, the air, the earth, the rocks and the stars have all been combined by the infinite mind in definite proportions, as by a wise master builder. Let us see how this is so and thus increase our sense of God's being and wisdom and order. The sacred writer declares that His eternal power and Godhood may be plainly seen from the things that are made.

First—Let us begin with chemistry. In nature there are some sixty or seventy so-called elementary substances. Out of these all the compound substances are built up. A compound substance is one that is made up of two or more elementary or simple substances. Salt or salt-petre or water are compound substances.

Now all these elementary substances go into the compound substances in exact proportions. Just as a good cook in making bread takes the same proportion of flour, yeast, salt and water every time, so does God in making anything. Thus water is always eight parts, by weight, of oxygen and one of hydrogen. This is what chemists call the law of constant proportion. In Kamschatka, in the tropics, on the summit of Chimborazo, water is always built up that way. And so of everything else; always one way. With God there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

But there is another thing still more remarkable. It is the way He mixes two or more simple substances

in different proportions to form a whole series of entirely different compound substances.

Thus He makes oxygen and nitrogen, and makes out of them nitrous oxyde, or laughing gas. Then He uses different proportions, and gives us nitric oxide. Then, dipping in His hand again, and bringing out another combination, He gives us nitrous acid. Another turn, and another proportion, hypo-nitric acid. And then, finally, by still another proportion, nitric acid, the powerful substance that will eat almost any metal up—the substance that Jewish pawnbrokers try gold with, and that one of the illustrated papers not long since pictures a Jew pouring on the pavement of the new Jerusalem to see if it was really the precious metal.

Five substances out of the two, by different proportions. But now comes the marvelous thing. These five different substances are not made out of the two at haphazard or random; as if the Infinite Chemist should take three parts of one and three of the other to make the first thing, and five of one and six of the other to make the second thing, and seven of one and eight of the other to make the third thing. No; into every one goes 14 parts of the first; then, of the second, he takes proportions that are obtained by different multiplications of eight. In the first combination it is fourteen and eight; in the second, it is fourteen, and twice eight, or sixteen; in the third, it is fourteen and three times eight, or twenty-four; in the fourth, it is fourteen and four times eight, or thirty-

two; in the fifth—nitric acid, it is fourteen and five times eight, or forty. This is the law of multiple proportions—that is, that as God builds up the higher product of things, he always does so in proportions that are obtained by multiplying one or more of the lower elements. So we have, first, the law of constant proportions, according to which the ingredients of the different substances never vary; and, second, the law of multiple proportions, according to which the constant proportions go forward into the higher products by a series of exact multiplications of the lower ones.

And do you have any sort of an idea that God, who is so careful about fixing the particles of nitrogen and oxygen in just the right proportions, so that not one of them is too much or too little, will not care for you, oh ye of little faith? Ye are of more value than a whole world full of nitric acid!

There is a third law, which to my mind is more wonderful still. It is a little harder to follow than the last, but by close attention, I think all can see it. It comes out in this way:

Suppose God is going to make by the hands of a chemist, some sulphurous acid. He takes sixteen parts of sulphur by weight and eight of oxygen. That gives us sulphurous acid—what all the bleaching establishments use to bleach straw, wool, silk, and the like, that would be injured by chlorine. So, our first

fact is, that sixteen parts of sulphur and eight of oxygen will combine exactly with each other into a useful substance.

But now suppose that some iron ore is to be made, to be stored away in the earth for ages for the use of man, twenty-seven parts of pure iron are mixed with eight of oxygen. This is fact No. 2.

Now for No. 3. We saw that eight parts of oxygen combined with sixteen of sulphur to make sulphurous acid. And eight of oxygen combined with twenty-seven of iron to make oixde of iron. Now, will the sixteen parts of sulphur and the twenty-seven of iron, that each combines with the eight of oxygen, combine with each other? In other words, can we find something in chemistry that is like the law in mathematics, that two magnitudes that are each equal to a second magnitude, are equal to each other? Will that principle hold good here? It will. For the fourteen of sulphur and the twenty-seven of iron go together and make iron sulphide, which is the source of sulphuretted hydrogen, of such great use in extracting metal from the ores. It is also the source of copperas, of use in dyeing.

Here, then, is what I may call a kind of triangular possibility of combination of substance, each useful in itself singly, and then affording new possibilities of usefulness when taken two and two—a permutation of contrivance and usefulness. And any good chemist can point out scores of these triangular arrangements, and show that all chemistry is built up

on the most exact laws of mathematics, and that these combine and recombine, and then make cross-combinations, until the finite mind is lost in the maze of calculations needed to follow the mathematics of the Almighty.

Let me make a little divergence here, from which the return will show that it is related to my subject. The higher criticism is modifying many of our former conceptions of Scripture. Scholars, theologians and ministers who are abreast with the times, and bishops and college presidents tell us we will have to change many of our ideas as to the way in which the Bible was produced and the nature of its contents. It is none the less an inspired book; it is as valuable and authoritative as ever for a guide in faith and morals. But we are to come at its inspiration from a different approach and learn the same lessons in faith and morals in a different way.

Coal was none the less valuable because scientists discovered that instead of having been mixed up in the crucible of nature as mortar is mixed in a vat and poured into a bed prepared for it, it grew through ages by the slow compacting of innumerable layers of plants and trees and leaves, and that there were in it lignite and stones and other substances not yet turned to coal.

So with the Bible. It has grown up by leaves from the Bibles of more ancient religions, edited by inspired men, such as Moses and others. By the blending and collating of various accounts, by addi-

tions from later hands, by successive ages contributing their portion. God is none the less in it and over it than he was in the making of coal according to the new method instead of the old. For, if we are theists, not to speak of being Christians, we must believe in a God who is in all, through all, over all, and by whom are all things, and for whom are all things; blessed be His name forevermore!

But here in chemistry, in nature, is a Bible that no higher critics can change our ideas of. Its meaning is plain. It is as clear as mathematics and microscopes and eyes can make it. And it spells out intelligence, design, will, wisdom, in every line, with no subtractions to be made from admixture of human error.

Second—Look again at the systems of numbers we discover in crystallography.

When we come to deal with mineral substances, we are not handling mere unorganized lumps of dirt; we are looking upon objects as regular as geometry and mathematics can make them. As Davy says, "We are not dealing with pebbles of pretty shapes and tints, but with objects modeled by a Divine hand; and every additional fact becomes to the mind a new revelation of His wisdom." We find—to use an expression of Plato—"God geometrizing."

In the mineral kingdom God builds up everything by systems of crystallization. We have found a stone in a field covered, it may be, with regular-shaped, diamond-like little bodies. Those are quartz crystals. In Licking county there is a place called Flint Ridge,

where all the stones are covered with quartz crystals; the farmers gather them in their yards for ornaments, a heap of them in the morning sun is one of the most brilliant objects you can look upon. Now, if you were to be able to take apart any mineral substance whatever, you would find that God had put it together of a greater or less number of these regular, geometrical shaped little bodies. And each kind of mineral has its own particular shaped crystal. You will not find quartz-shaped crystals in iron. Iron has its own shape. And so of every material. There are six great systems of crystallization. They have as their base or type six different geometrical figures, and each system is built of crystals of that figure. And the remarkable thing is that these six different systems, while each having an almost infinite number of permutations and varieties in itself, never runs over into, and mixes up with another system, any more than roses are mixed up with pinks. God is not the author of confusion. Each system works into itself and combines with itself and perpetuates itself in almost endless variety, but never crosses over into another any more than horses cross over into cows.

Let me now give you one illustration of this wonderful geometrizing of the Almighty. I went up one day to the department of mineralogy in the State university and asked the curator to gather me together all their specimens of the mineral called fluor spar. When I began to study fluor spar I discovered some marvelous facts.

A perfect crystal of fluor spar has one hundred and fourteen different faces or facets. Split it in any way you please and you come upon some regular geometrical figure. Keep on splitting it and you discover the figures that are called for in, I know not how many, demonstrations in Euclid. For example, cleave off in succession one hundred and eight of its one hundred and fourteen facets and you come to a solid figure, a regular cube, or perfectly square figure.

See now, how singularly this cube will cut. The boys who have studied geometry may recall that the first proposition on the 15th Book of Euclid, is "How to inscribe a regular tetrahedron in a cube," and they may recollect the hours they spent in trying to do that thing. But you hold this cube of fluor spar in your hand and strike it a sharp blow on its edges with a knife held at exactly the proper angle, and your tetrahedron will come out. You will have a visible demonstration right from the hand of God, how to build a tetrahedron inside of a cube.

Or perhaps you have cudgled your brains in vain over the third proposition of the 15th Book of Euclid: "How to inscribe an octahedron in a cube." Just put back on your cube certain regular sections that you have removed by chipping, and you have it—the Divine Mathematician's demonstration of "How to inscribe an octahedron in a cube." I do not know of anything anywhere out of which I can get a better

argument for a God than out of this piece of fluor spar in my hand. Mind, or chance, had to contrive that, and chance never did it.

And God carries out these systems of crystallization everywhere; in the very blood of all living creatures. Columbus has been made known throughout the learned world by its Professor Wormley—were he speaking to you tonight, he would tell you that the Great Creator has made even the blood of the guinea pigs that our boys keep in cages, to crystallize in tetrahedrons, and that of the squirrels in the state-house yard in six sided plates, and that of the rats in our back yards in octahedrons. God's laws of crystallization enables the chemist to tell whether the blood on a knife is the blood of a beef or of a man, and thus, it may be, to detect a murder.

Third—With one more line of illustrations of number in nature, I will close. We will take it from botany:

"A pleasant writer tells of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods reading the writings of Plato. He came to where that great writer uses the phrase, 'God geometrizing.' He thought to himself, 'If I could only see plan and order in God's works I could be a believer.' Just then he saw a little 'Texas star' at his feet. He picked it up and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there

were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. He found the chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers having exactly this relation of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him were multitudes of those little flowers and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, and picked up the little flower and kissed it and exclaimed, 'Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me.'"

Or consider the leaves of plants. They are not scattered over the stem at hap-hazard; they are arranged symmetrically. You take our Indian corn; it is always made so that the leaves come out opposite each other, as also in the honeysuckle. Then, the second set are made to come out over the intervals of the first; that is, if the first extend east and west, the second will extend north and south. The third set will be east and west again. So there are two ranks

of leaves up and down the stem. This is called the two-ranked arrangement. And corn and honeysuckles are always that way.

Now, suppose God is going to make a stock of sedgegrass. A leaf comes out on the east side; a little further up, one-third around the stem, the second; a third, two-thirds around, and a little higher or three-thirds around, the whole way, the fourth leaf, or directly over the first. So the leaves of sedgegrass go marching up the stem in three rows.

Well, now, take an apple tree twig. How are the leaves set on? To make a long story short, it takes five leaves set on, each a little above the last, until the sixth leaf comes over the first, so that they go marching up in five ranks.

Then there is an eight-ranked arrangement, as in the common plantain, that is such a nuisance in our yards. Then there is a thirteen-ranked arrangement, as in the houseleek. And so they go on; next twenty-one rows, then thirty-four rows, as in the pines.

But what have I been saying to you? Two ranks, and three and five and eight, thirteen, twenty-one, thirty-four? Do you detect the relations between those numbers? Each is made up of the sum of the two preceding. Two plus three equals five. Three plus five equals eight. Five plus eight equals thirteen. Eight plus thirteen equals twenty-one. Thirteen plus twenty-one equals thirty-four. This lets us in to the law that you can always determine the number of

ranks of leaves in any order of plants above the two rank and three rank arrangement, by taking the sum of the ranks in the two orders next below it.

Now, if you think these facts over, you will find that you have also a law by which God has determined how many leaves should be in each turn around the stem. The sum of the number of leaves in a turn around the stem of any two successive orders gives the number of leaves in a turn around the stem in the next higher order.

If you look still further you will find that the same law God determined should give the number of turns around the stem in every order before one leaf should get above another.

Still further, you will see that the same law which He adopted settled the angles at which the leaves should be set in the spiral line around the stem when compared with a line that ran horizontally around it.

Still further you would notice that—considering that light and rain must come from above, since the plants are to stand closely together side by side, the number of leaves, and number of turns, and the width of the leaves, and the angles, are all mathematically correct in order to give the plant the most light and rain. You will find this true, from the broad leaved corn plant, with its few leaves, and turns, and ranks, and angles, to the pines with their narrow leaves, etc.

And you would find that the botanists had succeeded in summing up the mathematics of the plants in a wonderful series of fractions, in which we may

think the thoughts of God after Him, viz: One-half, one-third, two-fifths, three-eighths, five-thirteenths, eight-twenty-firsts, thirteen-thirty-fourths, and so on —the sum of each two numerators giving the next higher numerator, and representing the number of turns around the stem; and the sum of each two successive denominators giving the sum of the suceeding denominator, and representing the number of leaves in each turn.

We may sum it all up, as Professor Gray has done in his botany:

"So the place of every leaf on every plant is fixed beforehand by unerring mathematical rule. As the stem grows on, leaf after leaf appears in its predestined place, producing a perfect symmetry; a symmetry which manifests itself not in one single monotonous pattern for all plants, but in a definite number of forms, exhibited by different species, and arithmetically expressed by the series of fractions, one-half, one-third, two-fifths, three-eighths, five-thirteenths, eight-twenty-firsts, etc., according as the formative energy in its spiral course up the developing system lays down at corresponding intervals two, three, five, eight, thirteen or twenty-one ranks of alternate leaves." (p. 75.)

And there is to me a still more amazing thing. If you go down into the lowest orders of animate creation, as distinguished from plants, the polyps in the deep sea, that are so closely related to the plants that we can scarcely tell them from plants—the polyps, that

God seems to have evolved from a plant by putting just a spark of animate life into it—the polyps, that down in the deep sea depths get their living by waving their tenacles around in the food-laden water just as the plant waves its leaves around in the food-laden air, you will find that the branches and tentacles of the polyps are set on the same great law that governs the plants.

And then in the great family of spined sea-creatures, the echinodermata, that correspond, on the one hand, to our cactus plants and other prickly plants below them on land, and to our porcupines above them; you find the spines set around them according to the same laws of regularity which governs the plants.

So, even in the spined fishes, which seem to be a higher evolution still—in what the boys call the "swell-doodle" for example, along the Atlantic coast, a ridiculous fish which swells itself up when pursued by an enemy into a creature many times its true size, with its "stickers" pointing out all over it—you can trace the same mathematical laws which govern the plants of number in nature.

If "an undevout astronomer is mad," surely also is he bereft of reason who can look into all these examples of number in nature and account for them in any other way than as the work of an intelligent, contriving mind.

Second Sermon on Number in Nature

Dr. J. C. Jackson, Sr., preached to a large audience at Wesley Chapel last evening on "Number in Nature." His text was: "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span."—Isaiah xl,12.—(Ohio State Journal).

Dr. Jackson said in substance: In the former sermon on this topic we noticed a few of the exact numerical relations discoverable in chemistry, mineralogy and botany. These were adduced as evidence of a God of creative intelligence and wise design. Taking up the theme where it was left off, we bring forward a few more instances of number in the plant world, and then pass on to other branches of the subject.

How many persons present know whether the rows of kernels of corn on the cob are odd or even? I have examined many ears to find out. I never found, and I never knew of anybody who had found an ear of corn with anything but an even number of rows of kernels upon it. There is corn with four rows, eight rows, ten rows, twelve, fourteen, sixteen and even twenty-four rows; but the botanists say that there is no cob that has on it naturally five rows, or seven, or eleven, or thirteen. Now, how does it happen, that in billions of ears of corn that grow all over the fields of the United

States, there is never one with an odd number of rows? When you see the two rows of buttons up and down a coat, you say they did not happen to take that arrangement by chance. You declare that somebody put them on regularly thus, and that a man would be a fool who said they got on any other way. Is he any less a fool who declares that all those myriads of even rows of corn grains "just happened so?"

We cannot tell why there should be an even number; for all we can see, corn would be just as useful and perfect with an odd number; but whether the rows run straight up and down the cob, or are twisted around it by some mishap to the ear, the even number is always there. God reckons, and counts, and puts those rows of corn on even for some reason no man knows, in accord with exact mathematical laws.

But to be perfectly fair, I have seen a statement that there is a nine-rowed variety of corn, but I cannot substantiate it. But even supposing this were true—which is very doubtful, what would the existence of an exceptional variety of corn that always invariably had nine rows of kernels prove? It would establish what is shown by the never-changing numbers of rows on all other varieties, namely, that God makes each sort in an unvarying way, and plants every kernel mathematically, which proves our point.

But now, leaving the cornfield, let us make our way towards the planets. Suppose that as we do so we should pass again under the branches of the apple tree of which we spoke last Sunday evening. As we

stop and look upward we are reminded of some things that will help us to see the mathematics of God among the stars.

As I stand and look at the apple tree twig I am reminded of one of the famous geometrical problems of the ages: thousands of years ago, geometers busied themselves with the problem of drawing a pentagon, or five-sided figure, inside of a circle. Like squaring the circle, or expressing in figures the relation of a diameter to a circumference, it sounds easy enough; but let anyone do it in figures if he can. The only way a pentagon can be inscribed in a circle is by a complicated process in what is called "extreme and mean ratio," which is too difficult for me to make plain to a popular audience, and will not be attempted. By that process we can establish five approximately equi-distant points on a circle, and from point to point we can draw our pentagon.

Now this method of using extreme and mean ratio had been known for thousands of years among mathematicians; but it was not suspected to have been used in nature until 1849. Then, for the first time, it was noticed that the leaves of the typical apple tree were set on, normally and ideally, as I told you last Sunday evening, around the stem of five exactly equidistant points. Then in an instant it flashed upon the minds of botanists that God had considered beforehand the principles of the pentagon inscribed in the circle, and had divided the leaves upon the obscure principles of extreme and mean ratio.

But this is not the point upon which I especially desired to arrest your attention, to which we must now come. I showed you last Sunday evening how to get the number of turns around a stem before one leaf came exactly above another, making a row or rank. You had to take the sum of the turns in the two orders or species below it; and in order to find the number of leaves in such a complete turn around the stem you were to take the sum of the leaves in such a turn in the two orders next below. And we saw that the botanists had expressed these ratios in a series of fractions — one - half, one-- third, two - fifths, three eighths, five-thirteenths, eight-twenty-firsts, thirteen-thirty-fourths, and so on. The singular thing was that each numerator and denominator was the sum of the two preceding numerators and denominators.

Now comes the astonishing thing. Long ago astronomers, following the lead of Copernicus, established that the sun was the center of our solar system, with the planets revolving around it in order. Then they began to measure the distances between the orbits of the several planets, and the times of their revolutions; that is, how far it was from the path of one to the path of another around the sun, and how many days it took each to get around. Making due allowance for imperfect instruments and observations, and the difficulties of the case, they found that Neptune revolved around the sun in sixty-two thousand days; Uranus revolved around the sun in thirty-one thousand days; Saturn, ten thousand three hundred and

thirty-three days; Jupiter, 4 thousand one hundred and thirty-three days; the Asteroids, one thousand five hundred and fifty days; Mars, five hundred and ninety-six days; Earth, three hundred and sixty-five days and a fraction; Venus, two hundred and twenty-five days and a fraction; Mercury, eighty-seven days and a fraction.

Now, the astounding fact about this series of times of planetary revolution is that, starting from Neptune, with its revolutions of sixty-two thousand days, and going down to the smallest, Mercury, with its revolution of eighty-seven days, you find by figuring that you can express the relations of these numbers by the same series of fractions that we use with regard to plants, and that these fractions are made up in the same way as those that tell the method of God's putting on the leaves.

Starting from the sixty-two thousand days of Neptune, the time of Uranus is one-half that; and of Saturn, the next, one-third of Uranus. Then the sum of the half of Saturn and the third of Uranus (I do not mean the numbers, but the fractions), gives two-fifths of the time of Saturn, which is the time of Jupiter. And so on clear down to Mercury, which is thirteen-thirty-fourths of the time of Venus. The sum of each two fractions among the stars gives the fraction expressing the time of the next star.

In other words, I can go out into my back yard tonight, and on the twig of the apple tree there, I may

read the law by which God makes the eternal stars turn around the sun.

The great God, when he bowled forth the worlds from his hand and set them to spinning round the sun in space used just the same principles that he did when he set the little leaves to marching around the stem of the plants. The same series of figures do for both.

I showed you last Sunday night how that same law went down to about the lowest organized forms of animal life, the polyps beneath the deep sea waves, and gave us the mathematical formulas by which their branches and tentacles were set on; and how it ranged on up, through the echinodermata; and then through the fishes; and then out into some of the land animals, regulating their spines; and if I had time I could have shown you how it doubtless plants the very hairs on our heads, so that they are all numbered, and feathers out the little sparrow's wings.

And now I have shown you tonight how the same law mounts up into the region of the stars, and governs the solemn march of the planets around their central sun.

The leaves are marching round the stems, and the stars are marching round the sun at the same mathematical rates. The leaves on the stems, considering their size and distance and angles, are at just the right distances to get the sunlight; and the planets, at just the same proportionate distances, according to their size and relations, are placed in the same mathematical way to best get the light of the sun. And yet

there are stark, staring fools who can tell you they think all this "just happened so"—"there is no God." I will guarantee my friend, Dr. Richardson, has no worse lunacy than that in his asylum yonder.

When we come to think of it, it is not so strange that the plants in their leaving and the stars in their revolving should keep time and step with each other. All are parts of one great system in the Infinite mind. All vegetation depends on the heavens in a way we cannot fully fathom; there are subtle interrelationships between the earth and the stars—relationships which science as yet but guesses at, and which form the slight basis of facts underlying the superstitions of astrology. Everything on the world and in the skies fits into something on this or that side, like the parts of some great machine. What if one part were left out?

There is only one possible idea I can think of, or have ever read of, that really gets rid of God. It is an idea that was suggested by some of the old atheistic pagan philosophers, and was more recently worked out by the French skeptic, Maupertuis. It is really only a thinly disguised form of the doctrine that everything comes by chance. It is simply this in essence, that if you set an infinite number of atoms to tumbling about in infinite time, they would keep moving on until they happened to hit into a system which had in it the element of permanence, and then they would stick there and go on in that system forever.

But when we look at this idea, which has doubtless occurred to some of us also in our mooning hours of revery, it vanishes into nothingness. Who started that tumbling among the atoms? You have to assume your atoms and your tumbling at the outset, which begs the whole question of a God. As Martineau says: "You have to crib causation and then deny the debt."

And then there is this additional fallacy, there is no necessity that the atoms tumbling to all eternity should ever fall into a coherent shape. It is conceivable that there is a mathematical possibility they might, but the merest tyro in that branch of philosophy knows that mathematical possibilities never prove actual possibilities. It is a mathematical possibility, as Cicero shows in his discussion of the subject, that a sufficient number of Greek letters shaken together in an urn and tossed out might fall so as to form the Iliad of Homer, but it is an eternal impossibility when tried by common sense. And so, while chaos theoretically might happen to fall into the shape of the universe, practically chaos don't work that way. It goes on forever being chaos; unless mind and power get hold of it, as the Bible says God did, and put it into shape.

And then there is this further fallacy in the notion of Maupertius. Supposing that chaos did happen to fall into shape, what power is there in chaos to put the clamps down on the tumbling atoms and hold them in their place in the system? If they did acci-

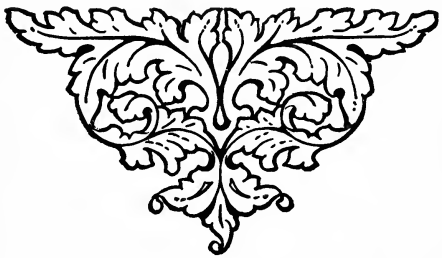
dentally take that shape one instant they would fall out of it the next, as everything does the moment God lets go of it. There is inconceivably more sense in the idea that a woman, by setting a lot of batter to whirling in a crock, might have a perfectly-formed baked sponge cake come out, all fluted along the edges, just as though she had used a proper cake pan and oven without employing them at all, than there is sense in the idea that the tumbling atoms should take the shape of the universe and stay in it without the help of a God.

That such a cake should come out of a crock of whirling batter is mathematically possible, but not possible to the thought of anybody blessed with ordinary judgment.

(Other instances of number in nature, based upon the number seven in the Bible, were given, and Dr. Jackson closed as follows):

When a boy in college, number in astronomy did more to establish me in a belief in God than any other thing. I trust the facts which I have brought forward in these two evenings may contribute to a like end with you. For my own part, with Lord Bacon, I would infinitely rather believe all the fables of the Talmud than that this universal frame of nature, shot through and through with the most surprising systems of numbers, was the product of anything else than an all-wise, all-contriving, all-ruling God. To that God our whole being should bow. So far as we can discover Him through nature or revelation, to His

service should our lives be given. And then may we be sure that in this and all the universe of worlds ruled by the great One, it will be well with us in time and in eternity. To Him be all glory and praise forever and ever.



Biographical History.

By Mrs. Viola Chase Jackson.

My husband, John Collins Jackson, was born in a plain country home near Lancaster, Ohio, February 8th, 1848. He was the oldest of six children—having three sisters and two brothers. His family on his mother's side was of the Collinses of Maryland, of good repute in the civic and religious history of that state, and running back to before the Revolutionary war. His grandfather, John Collins, was a captain in the War of 1812. His great grandmother, Sarah Anderson, was converted to Methodism about 1782, by the preaching of Freeborn Garrettson from the window of the old jail in Cambridge, Maryland, where he was imprisoned for being a Methodist. From that time on the three generations were most of them Methodists.

My husband's parents both having been teachers, the household was accustomed to books, and became possessed of a considerable library of standard works in history, science, literature and theology. The atmosphere of the home was religious and intellectual in an unusual degree. He received his early education in the country school, and owing to his love for books,

he was much in advance of the average boy of his age.

When only fifteen years old, much against his mother's wishes, he enlisted in Company H, 159th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, as a musician, for one hundred days, May 2, 1864, and was honorably discharged August 22, 1864. Serving for a time as a drummer and fifer, he was next given a gun, and his record as a soldier, through brief, was good. His regiment was assigned to hold fortifications whose garrisons were sent to the front. In a letter which he wrote to his mother, as he was recovering from measles in the hospital at Paterson Park, Baltimore, Maryland, he said: "Mother, I know I will be protected, and taken care of, for God has promised, and His promises are true." In another letter which he wrote to his brother, he said, "Now, Clark, while I guard the rebels away from here, you and Elmer must be men and guard the corn as it grows, and work in the hay and wheat. Remember that you are just as useful as I am; while I hold a rifle, you hold a pitchfork, or hoe, or plow, and that it is just as honorable as my big Enfield is to me."

He returned from the service broken down in health, and according to his physician's report, it was thought he could not live long; but in that weak body there was still a bravery and patriotism which ever remained with him. One incident before he enlisted, characteristic of his patriotic nature, I particularly recall. It was related to me by his name-sake cousin. The Confederate general, John Morgan, had invaded Ohio, and the farmers of Fairfield county were ordered

out to serve as militia. In the hay-field, where these boys were working, was a man who immediately became too feeble to obey the government's summons. This was an unpardonable sin, in my husband's estimation, and he declared, "So-and-So is a coward!" The word was quickly carried to this man's son, about the same age as my husband. He came around, and supposed he would get an apology for his father by saying: "Pap's a coward, ain't he, John?" But instead of embarrassing the accuser, the apology he got was this: "Yes, he's a coward, and you'r the son of a coward!" That ended the affray.

After returning from his term of military service, my husband's energy and ambition moved him to have an education. He entered college at Athens, Ohio, and during his years of college life he was continually pursuing various alleged health means to build himself up physically. At the age of twenty-three he graduated: his record was among the highest in his class. He was converted while in college, and felt impressed that his life-work should be devoted to the saving of souls, and the uplift of his fellow men. After graduating he entered the Ohio Conference, and his first appointment was at Alexandria, then a half-station. He began at once, with his church-work, to study for an honorary degree, and after some years he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, from the college at Evanstown, Illinois. Then another course of study for the degree of Doctor of Divinity,

was taken up, and in a few years he received that degree from the Ohio University, at Athens.

September 14th, 1875, he was married to Viola A. Chase, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Ira Chase, then a member of the Central Ohio Conference. From this union, came three sons and one daughter to grace and cheer the home. The oldest son, Frederick Chase, had a brilliant mind, grew to manhood, graduated from medical college when only twenty-one, went to the Philippines as a lieutenant, then as captain-surgeon. How proud we were of him! But September 30th, 1902, at the age of twenty-six, our Heavenly Father saw fit to take him from us, and when it seemed a little more than we could bear, the Angel gently whispered to us and said: "Be resigned,

'Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.'"

May I be permitted a few personal remarks in regard to my husband's character and home-life? Referring to a past which is so dear to me, and one upon which I love to think, it is not an easy task after the companion of one's life has been taken away; but of that noble husband and father, as brave a character as lived, it may be said. He could only be appreciated fully by those who knew him best and were nearest and dearest to him. He was very reserved. To the closest friend he had, he did not often unbosom himself. He did not let even his best friends know what he knew about himself. He was proud, but not vain.

He never flattered any one; he had no hypocrisy or affectation; he had a brilliant and constructive imagination, and a wonderful memory. In his home he was tender and unselfish; his devotion as husband and father will ever linger in the memory of us who are left. There is a comfort and cheer that comes to us, as we think of the many years we were permitted to live with one so noble and brave.

My husband was pastor of some of the prominent Methodist churches in the Ohio Conference, and in the Wisconsin, and the Newark, N. J., Conferences. He was then transferred back to his home Conference, and stationed at Wesley Chapel, Columbus, Ohio. From this church he entered into the work of the Anti-Saloon League, and soon after became the editor of its official organ, "The American Issue," which position he held until the day of his death.

He was a man of great courage, and knew no such word as defeat. In his ministry and reform work he was a firm and fearless defender of everything that was right. He had a push and energy that became contagious and inspired earnestness among his people. It was his strong will and determination to live that prolonged his life. After he was forty years of age, his health continued to improve until 1905, when excessive labor induced heart-weakness. This was farther aggravated in the winter of 1908, when he was taken ill with a carbuncle on his neck from which he recovered only by the use of the knife, and months in a hospital. His health from this time on was seriously

impaired, and only his wonderful grit kept him up and at work during the last ten months of his life. He was not afraid to die, but wanted to live to see some farther results of the great reform-work in which he was engaged, and which lay so near his heart.

Since his college days, his life had been full of labor for the benefit of his fellow men. His sermons always showed earnest study and great resourcefulness. He was a natural reformer, and believing in the work of the Anti-Saloon League, he devoted the last years of his life to that cause. Up to the second day before he passed away, he sent out enough editorials for three weeks to come. His brain was never more active, and it was a source of great comfort to him that until the last he was able to help uplift humanity.

He had talked much of death and the future during the last months of his illness, and when the call came, it seemed like not a leaf had been left unturned. The day before he passed away, he felt that our separation was near, and as I held his hand, and smoothed his brow in the twilight, he remarked that we had lived together as husband and wife nearly thirty-four years, but said he felt that our time to part had about come. I asked, "My dear, are you ready?" and his answer was: "Yes; if I die tonight I am ready; my work is done; the gospel I have preached to others for almost forty years has been the power of God to my own salvation." And at the dawn of day, on the following morning, his spirit passed

into the Great Beyond, from whence no traveler returns. This little poem best expresses the very great sorrow and loss which we as a family have sustained:

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, O, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore."