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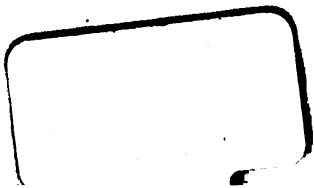
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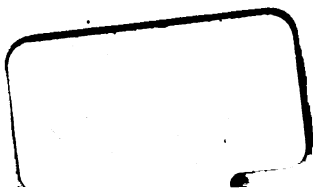


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INCENTIVES FOR LIFE

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INCENTIVES for LIFE

PERSONAL
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by

JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D., Litt.D.

AUTHOR OF

"DEBORAH," "The CAPTAIN of the JANIZARIES," etc., etc..



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To

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES



*With AFFECTIONATE
RECOLLECTION of A BOY
IN the PEW WHO HAS SINCE
IN PUBLIC LIFE and
PERSONAL CHARACTER
SIGNALLY EXEMPLIFIED
the PRECEPTS CONTAINED
IN THIS BOOK.*





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**THE DANGEROUS CLASS IN ALL
CLASSES**

I

THE DANGEROUS CLASS IN ALL CLASSES

FROM what class of the population is the chief menace to modern society? The philosopher of the library, meditating in opulent or academic ease, sees a dire specter rising from what he calls the lower classes. A miasm of ignorance, immorality, and discontent seems to come up from these social lowlands. Widespread, it assails the foothills of the common life, and menaces even the heights of authority with anarchical intent. The philosopher of the garret, on the other hand, sees the specter descending upon him from the pride of the better conditioned, from incorporated industrial greed, and the tyranny of political power in the hands of the rich. Both critics are partially right, but more largely wrong.

The despotism of gold is to be little feared in our new age of universal opportunity. While the wealthy are permanent as a class, the individuals who constitute this class are constantly changing. Rich men's grandchildren are not, as a rule, rich. The coming and going of the

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generations make society a shaking sieve, which drops all save a few of the big clinkers into the heaps of common humanity. American aristocracy quickly becomes threadbare, and modern conditions are very prolific in generating the "moth that fretteth the garment" of show and pride.

The Waldorf-Astoria has close relation with the Mills hotels, as a comparison of the guest list may show. Every pastor of a city congregation finds aristocratic names on his poor list, and has occasion to honor the memory of some large benefactor to the church by rescuing his children from penury in the tenements, in distant mining towns, or on return from the army into which they have, perhaps, sought refuge to avoid even narrower discipline. An expert genealogist notes that there are few straight-blooded English families, however poor, that cannot find a king among the thousands of ancestors which accumulate in a few generations. One of our richest men is giving away his estate, not, as he confesses, to play the rôle of philanthropist, but from the prudent consideration that it is becoming impossible to endow one's descendants as a dynasty of wealth. He recognizes the fact that

*"To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor,"*

and proposes to "make a virtue of necessity"

and side with heaven by personally superintending this generous distribution.

For the same reason the danger from the lower grade of society may be heavily discounted. The class is permanent, the poor are always with us; but the individuals are changing. Poverty does not necessarily breed of its kind. When Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haytian patriot, was twitted upon the lower condition of his black people, he pictured a prophecy: "Fill the keg with black beans on the bottom and white ones on top. Roll the keg, and count the black beans at the upper end." While the better conditioned are filtered downward by the weight of their own lethargy, the less favored individuals are climbing up by a sort of capillary energy inspired by the necessities of life. The refuse of the social field is the ultimate source of its enrichment.

Most of those now in control of business, politics, educational and benevolent life could once say with Gideon, "My family is poor in Manasseh." Some of our Presidents evolved themselves from the early environment of the rail pile, the cobbler's bench, and the canal path. The writer was in England at the time of the assassination of Garfield. Some bejeweled ladies were deriding the lowly extraction of our national martyr. Professor Seeley, the eminent Cambridge historian, very courteously came to the

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relief of the solitary American present, and reminded the company that the founders of the present English aristocracy in the time of William the Conqueror were doubtless roughs, and that the crest of a line of their kings was "very appropriately a wisp of broom corn." Edison, whose genius, tact, and toil have won for him the name of "Wizard of Science," began his useful career by manipulating the water glasses in the cars for the refreshment of passengers. The first chariot used by one of the great "kings of industry" was an ore wagon, drawn by mules. The recent head of our national exchequer extracted his first gold from the dust of the office which he swept. Many of the brightest college professors were once charity students, or acquired the means of education by winning the prizes for scholarship. Of three prominent gentlemen speaking at the anniversary of a juvenile reformatory, two announced themselves to have been street waifs who owed their start in life to the bread and butter, sauced with discipline, which they received in that very institution. As in the industrial arts so in society, the by-products once thrown out as refuse often become the most valuable output.

By this incessant interfusion of blood the social extremes of arrogance and humiliation are kept from clashing. The danger to society comes from neither the rich nor the poor as a

class, but from the degeneration of manhood of whatever social grade.

The so-called middle class is contributing as much to the common menace as are either of the extremes of poverty or wealth. There are a million homes where the father's business toil provides needed comfort, but cannot endow his family with fortune for the future. Even though the parents have laid by a goodly competence against their own old age, there is not sufficient, when divided among the children, to give each either a home or an independent business start. These young people must breast the world with as much tact and persistence as do the children of the common mechanic or laboring man.

Yet in many instances the comfortable condition of their childhood has failed to impress them with the necessity of enterprising initiative on their own behalf. They do not appreciate the fact that their favorable condition in life is not the common gift of nature, but the result of hard work and sacrifice of years on the part of others. The time of life that should be utilized—and among the poor is ordinarily utilized—in sharpening the most practical faculties, and training one's pluck to alertness and endurance, is spent over easy lessons and in abundant pastime.

The average young person is impatient of—

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because he does not realize the need of—accurate education, and is unprepared for business, and especially for any of the professional careers which our new sciences are opening on every hand to those capable of appreciating them. He scorns a trade, as if it were soiling, though he does not shrink from the dirt and dishabille of athletic games. His chief concern in the business position which he has obtained through the family "pull" is to receive the largest salary for the fewest hours. While his employer sits with knitted brow over his plans for economy or enlargement, the young hopeling's thoughts are upon the pleasures of the coming evening, or, like "the fool's eyes to the ends of the earth," in stupid anticipation of prosperity which will come to him only when Birds of Paradise light upon his shoulder. He longs for a windfall, and awaits the cyclone.

There is a far sadder sight on our streets than the push-cart vendor, the digger in the subways, or the bare-footed newsboy: it is the well-dressed incompetent who, though without fortune or the pluck to make it, thanks God that he is not like other men, while he is about to slip into the condition of the worst of them.

One can readily imagine the mental and moral change which passes upon such persons when they realize their disability. Occasionally the shock of the awakening serves as a stimulus, and

the man determines to redeem the time. But in ordinary cases he is not possessed of sufficient energy to make the attempt. His habits of thought have already made brain creases which are like the paths in the woods, beginning anywhere and ending nowhere. He cannot originate any decided purpose, or follow long one suggested to him. He soon becomes despondent; bewildered with the circumstances he cannot control. He accepts what he assumes to be his lot in life, to be like a chip that swirls in some eddying nook of the river's bank, while the grand current of the world's life hurries by, freighted with other men's prosperity. From this time, he is tempted from his lowest nature. Since the pleasures of enterprise and position are seemingly denied him, he indulges in the cheaper vices. Self-respect goes. Lust and intemperance put their leaden crown above his eyebrows and force him to look only downward; for the counsel of Cicero is applicable in all generations, "Hold off from vice, or soon you will be able to think of nothing else." Perhaps he comes to rebel a little against this degradation. He will at least be free. The wild life of the far West, the army, the sea, the tramp's highway—anywhere to get out from under himself!

Admiral Evans has a sad passage in his otherwise rollicking book. When stationed at the Boston Navy Yard he had so many applications

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from the well-to-do fathers of weakling boys for places that he could almost wish that the schools were burnt down, and that the rising generations were forced to learn the handicrafts which would at least fit them to earn a decent living.

While this is a sort of "dash sentiment" on the part of the Admiral it suggests a fact—the children of the abject poor may be prospectively better off than those who scorn them. Their narrow circumstances, keeping them always so near to the pains of actual want, educate them in economy, caution, diligence, a quickness of eye and thought to turn the least opportunity to greatest advantage. Early necessities train them in what we may call the technique of life, the proper manipulation of little things, which fit them to play their part in the world's larger symphonies. They become expert artisans and are always at the doorway of invention. They are close students of finance, having from childhood been compelled to calculate the minutest fractional percentages of business gain in order to live from their capital of nickels and dimes—the same sort of calculation as that by which our bankers finance the vast schemes of the industrial world.

The greater alertness and prowess of the poorer classes are shown in public-library statistics. Careful inquiry proves that the children attending schools in our so-called lower sections

draw out a higher grade of books than do the young people of better neighborhoods. The trashy novel is thumbed most by delicate fingers. Society romances, ordinarily vapid in sentiment where they are not erotic, make little appeal to those whose brains have been wrestling with the hard problems of actual life. The laboring man's boys and girls select the story of real adventure, travel, exploration: the biographies of self-made men and women, rudimentary works in natural philosophy, chemistry; poetry that sings, not of moonbeams, but of the sunlit fields of labor, of generous thought, and of the deep heavens of man's larger hope.

Gigantic pine trees often spring from poor soil. They have, as compensation for inferior environment, a tremendous power of appropriating and assimilating whatever nourishment there may be in earth and air. Indeed this inner force is developed by their harder struggle for existence. So is it among men. Inferior condition stimulates strength of purpose to make the most of it; and, when condition improves, the man thus trained by hard necessity is more than a match for one who has always been in favorable circumstances.

Suleiman the Magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, commanded Kotchi Bey to write a book describing the glories of his reign. When the historian began his work the Sultan asked its title, and

received the following reply: "It will be entitled, 'The Decline of the Ottoman Power,' because while former Sultans were content to call themselves the Earners of Empire, the present Majesty calls himself the Heir of Empire." It was when the Turks were struggling to maintain themselves in Asia Minor and to get a foothold across the Bosphorus that they developed the strength which beat back the armies of Europe. With the feeling of security came the weakness which Kotchi Bey predicted, and which has ever since marked the "Sick Man of Europe." A nation is but an aggregated personality. Human nature is the same, whether in the individual or the mass.

Ants are born with wings—long, gauzy appendages which they are unable to manage except for a brief flutter above the dirt. These insects start in life by disporting themselves in the air, as if they belonged to the bird world. Millions of them are blown to destruction by summer zephyrs. Their sister ants, with that quick wisdom for which Solomon famed the species, having learned that the true art of life is in successful labor, seize upon these gay and inexperienced adventuresses, and strip them of their dangerous appendages. Similarly, the children in our well-to-do homes sprout the wings of desire and expectation which can bring them only disappointment. Unless exceptionally en-

dowed with wealth, they must get down to the ground of common toil with hand or brain. The impulse for pleasure, the flying leap after early success, must be abandoned. The world has wages only for what one can do; no prizes for what one expects. How big a grain can you tug to the common hill? How hard can you fight? How tenacious is your grip? How long can you endure patient waiting? How far can you see ahead and forge ahead? These are the world's questions of everyone who asks of it a living. It is only in the fabled Halls of Walhalla that the viands transport themselves into the feast.

**THE DANGER-POINT, THE UN-
TRAINED WILL**

II

THE DANGER-POINT, THE UN- TRAINED WILL

IN the parable of the Two Sons our Lord made a diagnosis of the most fatal disease in human character, and pronounced it to be an impairment of the Will. The father had commanded—"Go work to-day in my vineyard." The younger son replied, "I go, sir," but he went not. This was doubtless a well-meaning fellow, honest at the moment; but something diverted him from his purpose. Perhaps the fish were breaking, and the rippling circles on the pools fascinated him as the baited lure beneath the water caught the eyes of his victims; a fox had been tracked to his hole under the rocks in yonder copse, and the baying of the hounds was enchanting music; a strolling storyteller, the novelist of that bookless period, was holding a gaping crowd in the village; it was market-day in the adjacent town, and the fields outside the walls by the gates were spread with bright rugs, covered with attractive wares, and tended by gay-dressed vendors from various tribes; a Roman centurion had camped his company on the hillside; or, perhaps, it was none of

these, the youth having only been seized with a more rigid feeling of his own chronic laziness.

Whatever the occasion which makes it apparent, the most common weakness in character is an unassertive Will, a lack of volitional initiative. This is not necessarily associated with intellectual weakness or the absence of high moral sentiment. Men and women who are rarely endowed by nature in other respects afford our saddest illustrations.

The mother of the visionary Prince of Orléans—regent during the minority of Louis XV., patron of the "Law Bubble" and other vicious schemes to which he fell an easy victim—said of her son, "The fairies were invited to the birth of my boy and each endowed him with some happy quality. But one wicked fairy, who had been forgotten in the invitations, came leaning upon her stick, and, not being able to annul her sisters' gifts to the newborn child, declared that the prince should never know how to make use of any of them." The "wicked fairy" would seem to be as ubiquitous as the multitude of her better disposed sisters.

The Will is like a dynamo. When the armature spins rapidly close to the magnetic field the mechanical power which drives it—steam or water—is changed to electric power. It is no longer confined to the factory, but conducted through wires to do its work miles away, lighting the city

or propelling its cars. But if the shafting is not properly connected, or the mechanical and electric parts are not carefully adjusted, no power passes out; the engine hums as a gigantic illustration of wasted energy. There are many people who possess great ability, but it is, as it were, down in the cellar of the soul. They are unable to "connect up" with outward duty or opportunity, and hence are practically as un-serviceable to society as so many wooden angels.

The Empress Catherine of Russia, looking around upon her broad-browed advisers who were holding up some policy which demanded immediate execution, longed to found "Professorships of Decision" in all the schools of her land, lest the Russian Empire should dissolve into the North Sea.

Schiller describes the able person as one who "mans his heart"; an expression aptly supplemented by Emerson's declaration that the Will is the only real man in us.

That was a fine tribute John Tyndall paid to his friend Michael Faraday: "His nature was impulsive, but there was a force behind the impulse which did not permit it to retreat. If in his warm moments he formed a resolution, in his cool moments he made that resolution good. Thus his fire was that of a solid combustible, not that of gas, which blazes suddenly, and dies as suddenly away."

Huxley said of Professor Henslow: "He had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly, and force of character to do it. Which of us dare ask for a higher summary of life?" We may give such commendation to everyone who makes a success in any department of endeavor. Opportunities are but fuel; ability is a match; what we call "genius" is, as E. P. Hood says, "the power of lighting its own fire"; that is, the power of resolute initiative. George Eliot's definition is not diverse from, but only supplementary to this—"Genius is great capacity for receiving discipline"; that is, the power of resolute and patient continuance.

The most casual glance will convince us that volitional promptness and patience are the secret of success in business life. It would be well if the young man could select the occupation that lies closest to the line of his taste; if artistic disposition could find life-long employment at the easel or modeling block; if literary enthusiasm could win a livelihood with the pen in the seclusion of the library or den; if mechanical inventiveness could draw wages at experimental works, and philanthropic zeal earn bread by superintending the benefactions of the rich. But such is not the order of the world. As a fact few men are permitted to deliberately select their vocation. The necessity of turning a penny quickly and frequently, in order not to

starve, forces us to accept whatever opportunities offer. The head of a great retail drygoods store hates the detail of his business and groans daily as he goes to what he calls his "tread-mill." One of our most genial poets complains, "For six hours I must go to the detestable scrimmage of the stock exchange, and shout myself hoarse trying to drown the outcries of the other bedlamites, in order to gain a few moments each day in which to melodiously tell what my soul is saying to itself and would say to other souls."

Mr. Carnegie, in the introduction to his "Gospel of Wealth," says, "I am sure that I should never have selected a business career if I had been permitted to choose. The eldest son of parents who were themselves poor, I had, fortunately, to begin to perform some useful work in the world while still very young in order to earn an honest livelihood, and was thus shown, even in early boyhood, that my duty was to assist my parents and, like them, become, as soon as possible, a bread-winner in the family. What I could get to do, not what I desired, was the question."

Few have such ardent love for a study, art, or business as had Max Müller for his profession. For twenty years he worked on his translation of the Rig Veda at a starvation rate of compensation, declining all sorts of literary overtures which

promised large commercial returns. "And yet," he said, "I was as happy as a king all the time." Most men are, like stones of diverse shapes, compelled to square themselves with their outward environment. Thus business superiority is largely the result of sheer resolution, whose first gain is the subjugation of inclinations which are selfish, however honorable.

Quick and persistent volition is also the really heroic element in a martial career. We are apt to think of a great soldier as one "born with blood in his eye," loving the din of battle; but our most distinguished captains have been devoid of such passions. Some called Grant "a butcher," but his memoirs reveal a man with a heart as tender as a girl's, hating war as a trade, disliking even the sound of a gun. Having given himself to his country and been honored with command, he first of all commanded himself, shook off a natural lethargy of disposition, laboriously studied the plan of his campaigns, decided upon what were best to be done, and did it though he forced the nation through a sea of blood to its only safe landing, that of liberty and union under the old constitution. We doubtless had abler theoretic strategists and far more expert students of war as an art, but alas! the word of command too often froze upon their lips.

Carlyle thus describes the end of the French Revolution: "Some call for Barras to be made

commandant. Some bethink them of the Citizen Buonaparte, unemployed artillery officer, who took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action. He was in the Gallery at the moment, and heard it; he withdrew, some half hour, to consider with himself; after a half hour of grim compressed considering, to be or not to be, he answers Yea, . . . Women advance disheveled, shrieking Peace; Lepelletier behind them waving his hat in sign that we shall fraternize. Steady! The Artillery Officer is steady as bronze. Fire! say the bronze lips. . . In old Brogli's time, six years ago, this whiff of grape-shot was promised. . . Now the time has come, and the man; and behold you have it; and the thing we call the French Revolution is blown into space by it, and becomes a thing that was!"

As much heroism or Will-pluck is often shown in the more peaceful professions. A noted surgeon remarked that in the practice of his profession he suffered almost the pains of vivisection. He was never able to overcome a repugnance at the sight of blood. His sympathy with the suffering of his patients would render him an unsafe operator, were it not that he steadied himself by tremendous effort of Will. He was once overheard to exclaim, "O God, why didst thou give me this knowledge of my art? I cannot, I cannot cut this poor child. But for the child's life I must go." There are shadows which remind one

of Gethsemane. Yet this man was called Old Saw Bones.

One of our foremost pulpit orators ran away from his first audience, and hid himself in the woods until the congregation had dispersed. He then went to his study and reconsecrated himself to his ministry, saying, "O Lord, I can preach, and with Thy help I will." At sixty years of age he said that public speaking was still a purgatory to him, but by strength of will went to his weekly martyrdom.

Scholarship is not due so much to brilliancy of faculty as to the power of concentrating one's thoughts, holding the mind at proper focus above a subject until it glows—purely an act of volition. Cecil's tribute to the genius of Sir Walter Raleigh was, "I know that this man can toil at a subject terribly." Dr. Philip Schaff was once complimented upon his linguistic and other talents. He replied, "Any man can do what I have done, if he is only willing to think steadily of a topic for ten consecutive hours." Joseph Cook, one of our most voluminous and voluble men, confessed that he spent nine consecutive days thinking up a definition of conscience. Dr. Johnson described study as holding one's face to the grindstone until one's wits were sharpened. Virgil reined in his Pegasus to the slow pace of four hexameter lines a day; and Macaulay, who could talk history "like an ex-

press train," forced himself to the slow schedule of two pages a day when he wrote it. Dickens, to whom romancing seemed as easy as gossiping, had to "whip himself up" to commence a new book.

Great literary power is generally the product of years of self-denial. The philosopher Fichte, when a lad, was addicted to novel-reading. He observed that the habit was demoralizing to his power of concentration upon definite topics of study. He was becoming a weakling, needing vivid and dramatic scenes as pictured by others to lead his thoughts. One day, midway a thrilling romance, he threw the book into a stream, and henceforth read only those treatises which were written by men of deepest philosophy, whose virility gave tonic and strength to his mind.

Spinoza was often sorely in need of bread money. In one of his times of extremity a German prince offered him a professorship in a university with large emolument. Spinoza declined it, lest its duties should divert his attention from his chosen line of philosophical thought.

J. Lothrop Motley possessed those graces of mind and bearing which bring personal popularity in social circles. He was fond of genial companionships. His historical researches led him to become almost a recluse in European libraries. In a letter to his friend Oliver Wen-

dell Holmes he said, "I am in a town which, for aught I know, may be very gay. I don't know a single soul in it. The dead men of the place are my intimate friends. I am at home in any cemetery. With the fellows of the sixteenth century I am on most familiar terms. Any ghost that flits by night across the moonlit square is at once hailed by me as a man and brother. I call him by his Christian name. Whatever may be the result of my labor, nobody can say that I have not worked like a brute beast. Here I remain among my fellow worms feeding on these musty mulberry leaves, out of which we are hereafter to spin our silk. How can you expect anything interesting from such a human cocoon?" The delighted readers of the "Dutch Republic," may not be aware of the dead weight of will that went into the composition of that grand monument to the memory of the martyrs of civil and religious liberty, like the weight of the bronze which glows in the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

John Fiske confessed to the same lifelong pursuit of a single project. A scheme of thought dawned upon his mind when he was fourteen years of age. It assumed shape in 1869, and was still the theme on which he was preparing to write when Death accepted the desire instead of the accomplished work.

India doubtless owes more to William Carey

than to any other western scholar. His genius for language and philosophy was startling, even to Orientals seemingly born with polyglot tongues, and to whom metaphysical distinctions are as familiar as the various inscriptions on their coins. Carey, anticipating the design of his would-be biographer, said to him, "If, after my removal, anyone should think it worth while to write my life, I will give you a criterion by which you may judge of its correctness. If he gives me credit for being a plodder he will describe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything."

Science furnishes a long list of martyrs to their mission. They are not the less to be commended because their patience was sustained by passion for their pursuit. Edison says, "I never did anything worth doing by accident. When I have fully decided that a result is worth getting, I go ahead on it, and make trial after trial until it comes." The visitor to his experimental works may be shown a room, furnished with only a table, chair and lounge, in which he shuts himself up for days, while he turns over a project a hundred times in his mind until it fits in with some practical purpose. Frequently it never can be made to fit; there is discovered what they call in the factory "a bug in the wheel" of the device, when it is abandoned as promptly as

it would have been accepted, the inventor taking no time to kick himself for his failure. Indeed, he has not failed: he has discovered something perhaps of great importance, namely, that certain things cannot be done in certain ways—thus his knowledge is augmented, as mathematical problems are sometimes solved, by the process of elimination. There were over ten thousand such “failures” before Edison hit upon the composition of the phonograph cylinder which would most facily receive and most durably hold the tiny scratches which are to be converted into sounds. There were over twenty thousand wrong tracks followed for a certain distance before he came upon his improvement of the X-ray instrument.

Whatever may be the value of Edison’s inventions, he himself will be a revelation in volitional force, of power through abstraction of mind from unnecessary engrossment. He is afflicted with partial deafness. An aurist recently promised him a cure, which the savant declined, lest, as he says, he should hear too much and be diverted from the concentration of thought upon his chosen problems. He is one of a pair with the ancient Democritus who, according to the legend, put out his own eyes that his mental sight might be the clearer for abstract philosophy.

We may not be irreverent in applying Christ’s saying that the “kingdom of heaven suffereth

violence" (literally, "is gotten by force") to the method by which astronomers have made conquest of the lower heavens; capturing for human knowledge the infinite spaces hitherto but seeming wastes between the worlds. When Herschel was making the great lens for his telescope, he must walk about it polishing it, without removing his hands. This he sometimes did daily for sixteen consecutive hours, his sister putting his food into his mouth. Oftentimes it happens that, to a more serious degree, there is no one to feed the body of the inventor or discoverer while for fame or for philanthropy he pursues his fate.

It will not be until the old superstition comes true and "dobbies" enter unawares the homes of clever housewives to do the churning for them, that men of thought may depend upon their inspirations to do the task which nature sets before patience and grit.

Many of the most vigorous minds in every department of life have shown tremendous will power, not only by concentrating their thoughts upon given topics, but also by diverting their attention from subjects in which they were intensely interested. Bonaparte could force himself to sleep in the interludes of a battle. Brutus, the day before Pharsalia, though he realized the tremendous issues both to himself and the Republic which hung upon that engagement, spent the time in reading and copying extracts from the

histories of Polybius. Count Cavour, at a most critical juncture for the kingdom of Sardinia, of which he was Prime Minister, journeyed to meet the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Himself a man as yet but little known, he was to play at the game of diplomacy with one famed as the shrewdest and most unscrupulous in Europe, the stake being the war between France and Austria and the enlargement of Italy from the provinces of the defeated. Yet during the journey Cavour was absorbed in reading Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." Before one of the great battles in The Wilderness Grant, having made his preparation for one of his masterly flank movements, by which during the night the entire Federal army should be swung miles to the southward, spent a couple of hours before sundown in "reminiscensing" with an old acquaintance who had gained admission to headquarters. This gentleman asserts that Grant was as much at his ease as if the camp had been in the Adirondacks instead of where the midgets were rifle balls and the hedgehogs wore bayonet quills. Dismissing his guest the general offered to provide him a horse for the following day, a promise which he fulfilled at sunrise, with a kindly suggestion of the direction in which to look out for stray shots from the Confederate guns. All men in public life, and those with many private cares of business, have to learn volitional versatility, or their

interest in one duty will rob them of ability for the next.

The same necessity of prompt and persistent purpose is seen in all moral attainment. Virtue lies primarily not in thought, not in feeling, however noble and pure, but in volition. The feeling "I ought" must be wrought into "I will," as bits of crude iron must be melted and forged into steel.

In saying this we do not undervalue the influence of refined education. Socrates emphasized this. Paul insisted upon it. "Whatsoever things are pure, just, honest, lovely, and of good report, think on these things." But these are the drawing on the etcher's plate; only determination can "bite" the lines. Seneca was the purest moralist of the pagan ages. His favorite pupil was that crowned and crowning disgrace of human kind, the emperor Nero. A Roman cartoon represents the career of this infamous man by a chariot, which is being whirled along by a runaway dragon—his passions—while a little bird—Seneca—sits upon the dashboard with the reins in its bill. Aaron Burr spent his early youth in the home of his father, the saintly President of Nassau Hall, with vacations under the roof of that sternest of modern thinkers, Jonathan Edwards. But this did not prevent his becoming a traitor to his country, to society, and to almost every man and woman he touched. He was a

man of tremendous force, but that force was like the strength of a gigantic slave—for it was dominated by his passion. Willfulness is not real will-power; in final analysis it will be found to be the reverse. It is like the fire force in a great conflagration; if nothing without can stop it, neither can it subdue itself. Many a man is thus an outward power who is himself a victim to his own inflamed energy and conceit.

Matthew Arnold speaks of "the power in the world that makes for righteousness." Within the human soul this is the power that can say, "I will do the right." Our Lord understood this; He impressed his generation with the two facts of the perfection of the law He proclaimed and his own perfection as the exponent thereof, and then looked men in the face and said, "Follow me." Righteousness with him was not a matter of either theory or sentiment, but of volition. The Will must act, or the whole spirit remain in that stupor which is the paralysis of virtue.

The method of Jesus is suggested by the statement of Dr. Maudsley, the eminent English physician and alienist, "The Will is the culminating effort of mental development, the final blossom of human education." Consistently with this law of mental science the Great Master taught us that when God touches a man the Divine quickening is first felt at the highest point of his nature, the faculty of the Will, just as the

rising sun gilds the mountain top before it drops its rays upon the plains and valleys. The full work of the Good Spirit is seen in producing the "final blossom of human education," the Will consecrated to all that is right and true.

No novelist ever conceived a finer picture of spiritual heroism than this from the actual experience of Charles Kingsley, romancer, poet, preacher. At the age of twenty-two he was strongly tempted, as many young men of virile passions are, to follow a roving life of adventure and pleasure. He realized that he was at the crisis of his career: "June 12, 1841. My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if he gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled." This determination sent the thrill through all his faculties both of vision and feeling. "Saved—saved from the wild pride and darkling tempests of skepticism, and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me. Saved from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse."

The late Admiral Foote, the hero of the West

African Coast in breaking up the slave trade, and of the Mississippi in cleaning out the Confederate batteries and gunboats, recorded a similar experience. When a midshipman on the old warship *Natchez*, he fought the grandest battle of his life. Pacing the deck one midnight he was tempted by all the fiends that lodge in the hot blood of youth. With compressed lips, and emphasizing each syllable with his footfall, he made this splendid resolve, "Henceforth Andrew Foote serves God." It was a repetition of the ancient scene when Jacob by a sublime act of consecration became Israel, "for as a Prince thou hast favor with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

Wendell Phillips was a young man of undecided purpose. One day, having heard an appeal from Dr. Lyman Beecher, he went home, threw himself upon the floor, and prayed,—“O God, I belong to Thee. Take what is Thine own. I ask this, that whatever is wrong may have no power of temptation over me; and that whatever is right I may have the courage to do it. Amen.” Phillips afterwards said, “From that day I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right.” Martyn, his biographer, adds, “For him henceforth there was no compromise with animalism, selfishness, cupidity, or

any debasing inclination; they were but sup-
pliants at the feet of his soul."

Samuel Morley was one of the noblest of Eng-
lish manufacturers. To him Victoria offered
a peerage as a tribute to that which more en-
nobled him, his own superlative character.
Morley and Gladstone were among the few men
who could afford to decline the title. Morley
was more noted as a Christian than as a success-
ful merchant. He thus describes his conver-
sion. Hearing a sermon on the duties of reli-
gious life, he said within himself, "If this is to
be done, it should be done at once," and an-
nounced his public profession of faith.

The late Dr. Stephen Tyng, for many years the
rector of St. George's Church, New York, had
a similar experience. One night when he was
nineteen years of age, lying awake, he thought,
"What a wasteful life I am living!" Upon
the instant he exclaimed, "Lord, I will live so
no longer." He knelt by the bedside and made
his prayer of consecration. He subsequently
said. "This impression and choice were not at-
tended with strong emotion: I had no distressing
conviction of guilt. . . Not five minutes per-
haps elapsed between my first awakened thought
and my prayer upon my knees. I was never
more calm, more self-possessed, or more con-
siderate. But this was the turning point in my
life. I rose from my knees with a fixed determi-

nation, and without a single hesitation or doubt. I was converted."

George Bowen, missionary to Bombay, is famed for his life of self-sacrificing love for Christ. For many years he was a skeptic. Utterly wearied with the contention of his thoughts, which like phosphorescences in the wood fascinated him, but gave no light for his path, he once exclaimed, "O God—if there be a God who notices the desire of men—I only wish that Thou wouldst make known to me Thy holy will. I will do it any cost." From that moment his skepticism ceased. It was the illuminating rays of God's sunrise touching the highest peak of his soul, his volition, and soon it filled all the landscape of his being with light.

Such examples remind one of the words of Amiel, who thus sets forth the Gospel method of giving power to men—"Christianity brings and preaches salvation by the consecration of the Will: humanism by the emancipation of the Mind. The one wishes to enlighten by making better; the other to make better by enlightening. It is the difference between Jesus and Socrates."

**WEAKNESS OF WILL, A DISEASED
CONDITION**

III

WEAKNESS OF WILL, A DISEASED CONDITION

THE writer was once called to visit a young woman in a private hospital. Her face indicated good health, and her conversation much mental brilliancy. She had been brought to the hospital in a box which conformed to the shape of the letter S, in which she lay upon the bed, from which she was unable to move. Paralysis is ordinarily due to the breaking of the nerve connection between mind and muscles. The Will commands, but the message is not transmitted. In this instance the break was further back. The nerves were unimpaired, as experiments proved. It was the Will itself that refused to perform its function. Her judgment told her that she ought to rise and walk; but she could not put her thought into the imperative. Once, in sleep, she did leave her bed, go to a window, and return again to her rigid position, where she lay for months without repeating the experience.

The case is an extreme illustration of what is really a commonplace disorder—volitional paralysis. Of this disease there are many degrees, from the confirmed drunkard who cannot turn from his glass and the tramp who suffers all other

discomforts rather than "stir his pegs" for a decent living, to the inane dawdler at a summer hotel.

Scientists agree in assigning all volitional weakness to the care of the alienist. Ribot, one of the ablest prospectors in the borderland between body and soul, does not hesitate to declare that "All irresolution is the beginning of a morbid state." Dr. Carpenter, the English physiologist, uses these words,—“We are satisfied, from extensive observation, that in a large proportion of cases of insanity, the disorder is mainly attributable to the want of acquirement in early life of proper volitional control over the currents of thought: so that the mind cannot free itself from the tyranny of any propensity or idea which once acquires an undue predominance.” Dr. Maudsley, an equally eminent authority, writes, in describing what he calls the twilight states between sanity and insanity, “There are many who are not sufficiently mad to be shut up, or to be deprived of the management of their properties, or to be exempted from punishment if they have committed a crime, but who are not all there, whose Wills, though not completely atrophied, are manifestly diseased. . . In the wise development of the control of the Will over the thoughts and feelings there is a power in ourselves which makes strongly for sanity. We see two persons who have had the same faulty heritage (weak

minds) go very different ways in life—one to reputation and success, the other to madness and suicide. A great purpose earnestly pursued through life, a purpose involving much renunciation and discipline of self, has been the life-saving labor to many.”

Experts are accustomed to note two occasions of the lack of Will energy. The first is indicated in the case of direct Will paralysis, or in the physiologist's phrase, “impairment of the motor center.” However intense may be the patient's desire to act, he cannot command himself to do so, as in the case cited above.

The second occasion of the imbecility is where one is not devoid of power to do what one desires, but where desire itself fails. The patient suffers the impairment of those faculties by which he appreciates motives. He has lost the ability to feel incentives, to vividly realize the things which should stir him to action. An extreme example of this is the case cited by Ribot of a patient, who said, “I am like one to whom objects appear as though wrapped in a cloud, to whom persons seem shadows, to whom words come as from a world afar.”

Perhaps most moral weaklings will readily recognize something like this in their experience. They have lost the sense of motive. Imagination has become feeble, so that they no longer make vivid contrasting pictures of what they once

longed to be, and what they are very evidently coming to be. Ambition flags because its former allurements have lost their colors and no longer excite emotion. The victim sentimentally believes in right, as he always did, but duty fails to cut itself into his conscience. It is a shadow picture, no longer a die. He has a sentiment of love, but it is only a sentiment, not a passion, so that the grief and penury and disgrace of loved ones through his wretched living cease to sting him. As the Apostle Paul describes such sinners, he is "without natural affection." Perhaps the person still holds to the theology of his childhood, but the sense of Divine presence is gone and future life grows more and more remote from his appreciation as he actually approaches its borders. Truths that were once almost a part of his consciousness become, as the asylum patient said, like "clouds," "shadows," and "words from afar."

In some instances the failure of appreciation is limited to a certain class of subjects, while other subjects are unduly emphasized. Dr. Carpenter notes this to be the case of the hasheesh-eater. "The individual feels his thoughts being continually drawn off by a succession of ideas which force themselves into his mind." This is equally true of the victim of any vicious habit whose lust absorbs the energy of the brain.

Simonds in the "Age of the Despots" thus

accounts for some of the monstrosities whose lives he depicts: "A person may easily allow a greed for certain pleasures, or a love of bloodshed, to acquire morbid proportions in his nature. He then is not unjustly termed a monomaniac. Within the circle of his vitiated appetite he proves himself irrational. He becomes the puppet of passions which the sane man cannot so much as picture to his fancy, the victim of desires ever recurring and ever destined to remain unsatisfied. Nor is any hallucination more akin to lunacy than the mirage of a joy that leaves the soul thirstier than it was before, the paroxysm of unnatural pleasure which wearies the nerves that crave for it."

In minor form this helplessness to prevent one's thoughts from drawing into a predetermined channel is the condition of the common crank. He has lost the ability to realize the force of any consideration except that to which he has allowed himself to become habituated. On this one line he will drive himself like a fury, and sometimes with a shrewdness surpassing genius; just as people with tumors on certain parts of the brain show almost preternatural ability in corresponding directions. But our monomaniac, either in the asylum or out of it, is like a one-winged eagle, who, though he smites tremendously, rises only high enough to flop over.

Whatever the occasion of Will impotence, whether lack of actual power or lack of appreciation of motives, physiologists connect it with physical conditions which may be either cause or effect. It is observed that as "lesion of the frontal convolutions of the brain leads to almost instant and total loss of Will," so loss of Will induced by purely mental habits registers itself in changes, if not lesions, in the brain.

The progress of science in this field of inquiry is indicated by a new use of an old word. Ancient writers spoke of "Obsession," a condition of soul in which one was supposed to have been besieged (as the word means) and captured by some foreign evil spirit. Spiritualists use the word for the dominating influence of ghosts; the "obsession" or "breaking into" the house of the soul being so complete that the spirit of the departed comes to occupy the medium's consciousness. Medical science has now appropriated this word, originally used for purely immaterial phenomena, and made it apply to such abnormal states of mind as are due to a giving way of brain tissues. Dr. Arnaud says that "Obsessions are not purely intellectual, nor purely emotional in origin, but complex phenomena, generally accompanied by lesion."

A fearful consideration is that of the ease with which this disease of the Will, primarily generated in either body or mind, fastens upon one;

and the celerity with which it works to a fatal end. Nearly every reader knows of those who are scarcely out of their teens, but are "past-masters" in moral imbecility. They fall into meanest habits, and rise repentant only to fall again. As friends we have kind words for them, pleasantries about "sowing wild oats"; but as business men we would not trust them, and, except for the blindness of our partiality, we have little hope for them.

Sometimes the diseased Will does not show itself until one reaches mature years, as the parasite rots the fruit when ripe. Frequently it reserves its penalty and produces premature senility, as poisons taken into the youthful blood slowly generate their fatal power, and curse one's later years. A liberal education engrossing the mind with generous themes, a genius for some art that employs the waste time, or the excitement of events spurring one into temporary activity, may delay the outcropping of the evil; but when the natural zest of life begins to flag, the injured Will, no longer sustained by what is outside itself, may suddenly collapse.

Schiller notes the malady that developed in Wallenstein and ultimately brought to imbecility and ruin the man who once held Central Europe in his iron grasp. His enemies were gradually hemming him in. He stupidly watched the growing network of their camps, seeming unaware of

his danger. At the critical moment his opponents made a mistake in the arrangement of their forces. The Wallenstein of old would have instantly taken the advantage offered and smitten his foes with the swiftness of a thunderbolt. But now he stupidly smiles, consults the stars, and waits.

General Illo. Wilt thou now by one bold act. . .

Wallenstein. There's time before the extremity arrives.

Illo. Seize, seize the hour

Ere it slips from you.

Wallenstein. The time is not yet come.

General Terzky. So you always say,

But when will it come?

Wallenstein. When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon your stars, and on their hours,
"Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, promptness, resolution,
This is your favoring star.

The case of Samuel Taylor Coleridge has become a classic in the sad annals of acquired imbecility. Except for a tendency toward a single vice he was probably the man best endowed by nature in his generation. Thomas Carlyle thus describes the physical appearance of his friend: "Coleridge's whole figure, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with

knees bent and stooping attitude. In walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked that he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both." Dr. Carpenter notes of Coleridge that this physical shiftlessness was matched by mental. "It used to be said of him that whenever either natural obligation or voluntary undertaking made it his duty to do anything, the fact seemed a sufficient reason for his not doing it." No deeper soul tragedy was ever written than this page from one of Coleridge's letters to his friend, Cottle, who had urged him to break away from certain habits which were holding him as the serpents entwined about Laocoön. "You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle; but it is oil of vitriol. For ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable. I have prayed with great drops of agony on my brow. . . . But there is no hope. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him."

One of the saddest features of a weakened Will is the liability of its being transmitted to one's children. Two thousand years ago the Roman poet Horace noted

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis."

Hartley Coleridge inherited many of the bril-

liant qualities of his distinguished father, but with them his defects, like the clay mingled with the iron in the feet of Empire which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream. The younger Coleridge thus voices the lament of weakling generations:

“ Oh! woeful impotence of weak resolve,
Recorded rashly to the writer’s shame!
Days pass away, and time’s large orbs revolve,
And every day beholds me still the same,
Till oft-neglected purpose loses aim,
And Hope becomes a flat, unheeded lie.”

Many of our bright young men may see something at home which will remind them of Wordsworth’s “Address to the Sons of Robert Burns.”

“ Ye now are panting up life’s hill;
’Tis twilight time of good and ill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

“ Strong-bodied if ye be to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if your father’s wit ye share,
Then, then indeed,
Ye sons of Burns! for watchful care
There will be need.

“ Let no mean hope your souls enslave!
Be independent, generous, brave!
Your father such example gave,
And such revere!
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear.”

The slavery entailed by an impotent Will suggests that this may be the disease of devils. It is said in Scripture, that "they believe and tremble." They realize the truth, see heaven's glories beckoning them on, and feel hell's fires begirting them, yet cannot break away from their eternity of evil doing and suffering. We may, however, leave the condition of fallen angels an unsolved mystery; another mystery is more practical—a mere speculation, but it is sometimes worth one's while, having come to the land's end, to look off upon the trackless sea, and think. Given an absolute inertia of Will; let this continue when the soul has passed into the spirit world. There, we may suppose, all the motives to holiness glow with the immediate prospect of reward. But the power of choice is gone. Will not this be perdition? Will not conscious inability to take heaven be itself hell?

There is a brighter side to this subject. This disease, which is induced by yielding to volitional inertia, may be broken by persistent practice of resolution. Dr. Maudsley notes that, in his asylum experience, "the beginning of recovery from mental derangement is always a revival of power of the Will." When a patient endeavors to execute some plan other than that associated with his mania, especially if he be able to hold his mind upon this plan for a length of time, the expert alienist pronounces him to be on a fair

way to recovery. The spell is breaking. The attendant plies the patient with generous incentives until the soul, bound as in iron, becomes fully free.

This is the Gospel method. Of the Great Physician it is said that "He knew what was in man." To Him sin was dementia; reformation, as in his description of the Prodigal Son, was "coming to one's self." The Master insisted that the destiny of the soul was "poised upon the point of the Will." Hence He made his words sharp and ringing as a bugle summons. His presence was morally inspiring to even the Zaccheuses and Magdalens. In this He demonstrated the Divineness of His being, since it is "God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

George Macdonald beautifully expresses the doctrine of the regenerating power of the Divine Spirit: "Even then, should the well-springs of thy life be polluted, the well is but the utterance of the water, not the source of its existence; the river is its father, and comes from the sweet heavens. Thy soul, however it becomes known to itself, is from the pure heart of God, whose thought of thee is older than thy being, is its first and oldest cause. Thy essence cannot be defiled, for in Him it is eternal."

This thought, only fully revealed in the Gospel, was vaguely anticipated by the sublimest of the

pagans. Epictetus represents Zeus as saying to a man, "Thy body is not thine own, but only a finer mixture of clay—but I have given thee a certain portion of myself."

That Divine element is one's free agency. It is as marked a prerogative of human nature as is the intelligence itself, and as inalienable. Rousseau, realizing the bondage of impotence in sin, records that he seemed to hear the voice of his Maker saying, "I have made thee too weak to get out of the pit, because I made thee strong enough not to have fallen into it." This is not the philosophy of hope. The mass of mankind are "in the pit." It is not inspiring to meditate that the descent was willful, if the will has no power of ascent. Christ taught no such pessimism. By His words and Spirit He revivifies the volition, and gives the soul the power of resurrection, however deep it may be buried beneath the accumulated moral débris of a misspent life. Whittier is a true Gospel interpreter:

"Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin,
Rise from the dust thou liest in,
As Mary rose at Jesus' word,
Redeemed and white before her Lord!
Reclaim thy lost soul! In His name
Rise up, and break thy bond of shame.
Art weak? He's strong. Art fearful? Hear
The world's O'ercomer, 'Be of cheer!'
What lips shall judge when He approves?
Who dares to scorn the child He loves?"

It is, however, an unwarranted conceit that one who for years has allowed his Will to be inoperative can of his own initiative, at any given moment of need, assert and instantly make good his claim to free agency. The expectation will be like that of John Brown, who looked for the blacks to rise and use the arms he brought them at Harper's Ferry. The liberator did not count upon the acquired inability of the slave of many generations to even strongly want his liberty. Bancroft in his "Life of Seward" comments on this "wild delusion that Brown could smite the rock of slavery, and call forth from it a continuous fountain of freedom." Not even yet, after a lapse of a generation, has that race acquired the ability of sustained enterprise. But individual negroes have heard the resurrection call to full manhood. Booker Washington and his corps of teachers at Tuskegee, Paul Dunbar the poet, and Tanner the painter, with hundreds of the graduates of Hampton Institute, Lincoln and Howard Universities, prove the capacity for volitional redemption through the application of the religious incentive among this far-fallen people.

Witness also the transformation in the African savage Crowther, who, under the appeal and tuition of Christianity, became a worthy peer of Livingstone himself in the great endeavor for the evangelization of the Dark Continent, and

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wore the bishop's ensign as worthily as the incumbent of York or Canterbury.

Michael Dunn was white of skin, but dark-souled, yet his is a name to be associated with that of John Howard in reforming criminals, though for half a life time he was himself behind the bars. One night, while still intent upon crime, he sought a pal among the back seats of a Water Street prayer meeting. The leader of the meeting spoke of trusting in God. Dunn misunderstood him. His half-besotted mind thought he said, "God is trusting you." It was a new idea. No one had ever trusted Mike Dunn. That his Maker would "give him a hand," that the Almighty "wouldn't go back on a thief if he only wanted to live honest," was an inspiration to the wretched man. He "laid hold on the arm of strength" that seemed to reach down from heaven. He "rose and burst the bond of shame," and like the Great Captain of Salvation led many like himself into the new world of liberty.

The bondage of the Will! there is no slavery like it under Sultan or Mogul. The freedom of the Will! there is no liberty like that "where-with He makes his people free."

**INCENTIVES FROM A GOOD
CONSCIENCE**

IV

INCENTIVES FROM A GOOD CONSCIENCE

THE strongest Will-tonic is a healthy human conscience. The quickening spring for jaded moral energy is in the depths of one's own nature, fed there by the incessant descent of the moral energy of God into the heart of humanity, as earth's springs are fed from the clouds.

There are people who seem devoid of moral impulses. To teach some children the common virtues is like writing on a greased slate. In mission and settlement work we come across men who can hardly be made to believe in others' goodness, presumably from having never felt its impulse themselves. An old man was picked up on the sidewalk where he had fallen, and taken into a house where he was carefully nursed until consciousness returned. He at once started for the door and made his exit, glancing back in fear. A few days later he returned, cautiously inspected the premises, and rang the bell. Confronted by the lady who had befriended him, he demanded to know why he had been taken into

this house. Did they want to pick his pockets? He had nothing in them. He shook his head at the explanation, then seemed to be dazed. Was he trying to recollect something far back in the years, something of mother, sister, friend? Was he searching some hitherto unfathomed depth in his own heart, which had been frozen over with many years' experience of "man's inhumanity to man." He burst into tears and went away.

Oftentimes men of long career in crime seem to have lost the commonest sentiment of justice. They do not resent their arrest on false accusation, but with nonchalance charge it up to profit and loss in their life business. But those who have charge of the reform side of discipline never despair of in some way finding access to conscience. Over the door of the prison on Blackwell's Island the incoming culprit used to read this sentence from Dante's "Inferno":

"Abandon hope who enter here."

The wretched salutation has been taken down as a crime which society perpetrates upon the criminal, and in its stead is the scriptural inscription:

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

It is hard, but not hopeless, for the moral sense abides.

There are subterranean streams beneath the desert. When the great Khaled was making

the Mohammedan conquest of Syria his army nearly perished of thirst in the arid plains east of the Lebanons. Said a guide, "Oh, master, search for a bramble." A tiny bush was found. "Dig," said the guide. A few spade-thrusts cut a vein of water. Character may be, as in Jotham's parable, only a bramble, hard and hurtful to whatever it touches, but its very dryness scents the currents of moral life. Above the alkali plains bordering the Rocky Mountains the moisture of the atmosphere is evaporated before it can form into drops. But though no rain falls, the long roots of the alfalfa grass will find "a breath of dampness," and inhale it with their gasping pores. Invisible threads of moisture lace the granite sides of the mountain. From the crevice in the cliff they break out into tiny cascades—the flower work in nature's tapestry. Human nature is outward nature's counterpart. What we call individuality may be only the deposit of the habits of a lifetime, an upper stratum—arid, flinty, or fertile, it matters not which; beneath and within everybody is a part of humanity, and humanity is always essentially moral. A philosopher says, "Man is built up around a conscience." Break through what is factitious and circumstantial, and you will find the ethical man.

The mistake in much of our so-called reform and evangelical work is that we are sowing the desert patches, not with alfalfa, but with lawn

grass, and fertilizing it only with top-dressing. The Salvation Army workers are wiser. Their harvest is of coarse stuff, but it lives; and they are making the desert which even churchmen regard as beyond "God's country" to "blossom as the rose."

A police justice in Jersey City had been in the habit of sentencing boys and girls to jail, only to have them return for repeated subsequent offenses. He at length tried the experiment of "suspending sentence" on condition that the culprit should visit the Head Worker in the Whittier House. Not one of those who did so was arrested a second time. The touch of another strong character somehow made what moral strength there was in the weakest to tingle and feel itself. Self-respect developed by being respected, believed in, appealed to. A city missionary, asked if the sight of so much poverty, due to shiftlessness, sensuality, and criminal propensities, did not lessen her faith in human nature, replied, "On the contrary, it confirms and deepens it. I find, as miners do, the richest veins in the most sterile places."

Oliver Twist had in him the making of a saint; he only lacked a shapely mold in which to cast his life. Unfortunately he had never seen any nearer approach to the Urim and Thummim on the breast of the High Priest of Jehovah than the shield of a London cop. If only some Moses

had struck his heart with a divining rod, as the policeman's club had knocked his head, a life might have poured out from his flinty nature as pure as that of the boy Saint Edmund.

This is not theory. Among the friends whose memory the writer cherishes was "Wicked William ——" Forty years of his life had been spent in prison; once he had been sentenced to death for murder, but his sentence was afterward commuted into a term of imprisonment because of extenuating circumstances. He read "Oliver Twist." His first comment was, "Dickens must have been a 'hard 'un, and knowed how it was himself, for he's got us birds exactly. That's just the way I grew up: knew nothing but what the Devil told me." Yet at the time of this confession William had been for over seven years an humble, sweet-lived Christian; devoting himself day and night to the care of ex-convicts for whom the world had not even its coldest charities, and all the time he was subjected to temptations which the strongest and best of us may thank God are not sent to test our characters.

Stanley discovered the fact of universal conscience in dealing with savages who were scarcely off "all fours." In his expeditions through the Dark Continent he warned his men to deal honestly with the natives, since, though the white man's speech was unintelligible, they all under-

stood the language of right and wrong in conduct. Paton testifies to the same moral ability of the South Sea Islanders. Though they eat a man, they insist upon a fair division of his anatomy among the captors.

Darwin, in exploring that other Dark Continent, Evolution, discovered evidences of the rudimentary moral faculty in brutes, developed in the ratio of their approach to human kind in other respects. The late Professor Matthew B. Hope, lecturing upon the distinction between reason and instinct, after consigning in conventional terms all the brute creation to their limbo of intellectual and moral darkness, quaintly added: "But, gentlemen, there is one exception to all this—my dog: that brute will submit to all righteous discipline, but will resent any unjust treatment, either by snarling rebellion or by a look of pity in his eyes for the mistake of his master." A noted trainer of bloodhounds asserts that these so-called ferocious brutes are gentle when well treated, and show the devil fangs only when abused. They submit quietly to punishment, if merited; do not retaliate the accidental hurt when one treads upon their paws, but are transformed into hell-hounds by a wanton blow. Certainly the moral faculty in men and brutes is as universal as intelligence, account for it as we may.

Edmund Burke's observation that "All public

bodies of men possess a love of virtue and an abhorrence of vice" is suggestive of the fact that conscience is so ineradicable an element of human nature that it will show itself *en masse*, even when it is not apparent in the individual. Standing above the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone and looking down into its depth and along its extended walls, one's eyes are dazzled by the array of brilliant colors that make the chasm like a wrecked rainbow. But if you pick up separate stones or handfuls of the sandy débris from the spots where green or orange, red or purple are most pronounced, you will not find any marked coloring in them. It takes the massing to bring out the tones. So the common laws and customs of society, and more especially the sentiments that become dominant in time of great public excitement, reveal what is at least the undertone in every individual constituent. Lecky, who is most widely informed in the history of morals, as well as independent in his opinion, says, "I do not believe that the world will ever greatly differ about the essential elements of right and wrong. These things lie deep in human nature, and in the fundamental conditions of human life. The changes that are taking place lie chiefly in the importance attached to different (moral) qualities."

If a man be so insignificant that he takes no part on the larger and public stage of society, he

nevertheless has his own drama of conscience, intense, perhaps tragic, of which he is not only player, but playwright also. The chief effort of the novelist is to photograph in words this and that scene in which somebody's conscience makes its dénouement. The failure of most romances is through the inability of the writer to fathom the experiences of others or to truly interpret his own. The best authors prove their skill by being accurate within narrow limits of some local observation. Except here and there a Shakespeare or a Victor Hugo, no romancer grasps much of the tremendous proportions of the play for which "all the world's a stage." Says the latter in "Les Misérables,"—"To write the poem of the human conscience, were the subject only one man, and he the lowest of men, would be reducing all epic poems into one supreme and final epos."

Giordano Bruno, that wide-eyed father of modern science whose mind took in so much of things in heaven and in earth that he excited the jealousy of the Pope and was burned at the stake, called moral science "The Astronomy of the Heart," and attributed to it the laws of "deeper worlds than ours." Immanuel Kant, doubtless the subtlest metaphysical writer of recent generations, said, "Two things fill me with awe; the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility in man." In his estimate the moral imperative, "I ought," is the loudest and sharpest

command that ever sounds through a human soul.

This is, however, no modern discovery. The earliest books of the world attest the fact that ever since men gazed at the stars they saw also the lights in the moral heavens. For example, we read in the Chinese Shu-king the words of Shang—B. C. 1754. “The great God has conferred on even the inferior people a moral sense, compliance with which would show their nature to be invariably right.”

Socrates was the strongest spirit for whose life and sayings religionists do not claim special Divine inspiration. Critics cannot agree upon the nature of that invisible monitor which he confessed always counseled him, and which he called his “*dæmon*”; but if it were more than his conscience, it certainly used that faculty as its trumpet, and stirred his soul to moral martyrdom. Says Lewes, in his biographical sketch of this wonderful teacher,—“The world of sense might be fleeting and deceptive; the voice of conscience could not deceive. Turning his attention inwards, he discovered certain truths which admitted no question. They were eternal, immutable, evident. Moral certitude was the rock upon which his shipwrecked soul was cast. There he could repose in safety. From its heights he could survey the world and his relation to it.” So strong was Socrates’ sense of the absolute

authority of the moral monitor that, when condemned to death, he thus addressed his judges,—“The difficulty, O Athenians, is not to escape from death, but from guilt: for guilt is swifter than death. And now I, being old and slow-footed, have been overtaken by death, the slower of the two; but my accusers, who are brisk and vehement, have been overtaken by guilt, the swifter. We quit this place, I having been sentenced by you to death; but you, having had sentence passed upon you by Truth.”

Marcus Aurelius, the imperial philosopher, said of this,—“Philosophy consists in keeping the dæmon within a man free from violence and unharmed; superior to pains and pleasures; doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy.”

From the day Socrates drank the hemlock the grand characters of history have been sustained by this same strong sense of right, an obligation to something above and beyond their own momentary desire,—and even the excitement of any cause in which they were engaged.

Woodrow Wilson, in his *Life of Washington*, records this prayer which our great leader appropriated from Joshua in founding the Hebrew Republic,—“The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, He knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day.”

During his course of debates with Douglas Lincoln read to a coterie of his shrewdest political friends these sentences which he proposed to utter, and which have since become historic, as they were then prophetic:—"A house divided against itself cannot stand. This government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. . . It will become all one thing or all the other." His advisers were afraid of such a pronouncement. The South would be stung to madness, and all the North, except the extreme Abolitionists, be offended by the utterance of a sentiment which would put the settlement of the great question beyond all compromise, in which compromise was, according to the popular impression of the day, the only hope of the Union. Lincoln foresaw what ultimately happened, his personal defeat as the candidate for the Senatorship from Illinois, should such words escape his lips. Yet he would not withhold them. He replied to his friends, "I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people than be victorious without them." Mr. Depew comments on this episode,—“Lincoln's answer was the first revelation to his advisers and to the country of that basic moral element in his nature which ultimately found its full expression in the Proclamation of Emancipation.”

Conscience is so dominant a power in a great

character that no phase of religious conviction, or lack of all religious conviction, can silence its monitions. This was the well-tempered metal in the soul of Sir Henry Vane, the chivalric Protestant leader against the tyranny of the Stuarts. Led out to execution, he resented every bribe that life could offer, proclaiming:—"Ten thousands deaths rather than defile the chastity of my conscience!" But not less sustained was Sir Thomas More, the Catholic, when he was haled to the block in the Tower of London by Henry VIII. Says the historian Greene, "The summons was, as he knew, simply a summons to death; and for a moment there may have been some passing impulse to yield. But it was soon over. 'I thank Thee, Lord,' More said, with a sudden start as the boat dropped silently down the river. 'I thank Thee, Lord, that the field is now won.'" What field? Not of earth, but that "field of honor" which Moses saw when he wrote the Ten Commandments,—a field under the feet of God, "as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in clearness." On that high field, above all this world's contentions, grand souls of whatever title, fight and win.

Renan, renouncing Christian faith both Catholic and Protestant, wrote, "But there is an indubitable foundation which no skepticism will shake, and which man will find to the end of time

a fixed point in all his uncertainties; good is good; evil is evil."

All ocean creeks to whatever point of the compass they move, and however narrow their banks, feel the throb of the great sea tides. They may be deep with the bright waters and float navies on their broad bosoms, or the rising tide may do little more than cover the muddy bottom,—yet they show the ebb and the flow of the infinite deep. So man, great or little, Christian, Mohammedan, or Pagan, cannot avoid the swing of the moral tide which is God in man, the universal conscience registering itself in every conscious being. Alexander the Great believed that his passion for drink, under which he killed Kleitus, was the curse upon him for a sin previously committed, which Dionysus, the tutelary god of wine, was commissioned to execute. Cæsar, while Rome was celebrating his victories in Gaul, crawled up the steps of the capitol on his knees to avert the Nemesis which pursued him for his slaughters; just as millions of Catholic pilgrims have climbed the stairs in penance; and as Luther did halfway, until the better truth, "the just by faith shall live," burst before his conscience.

So essential a thing in human nature is the conscience that it is never eradicated. The old alchemists asserted that if one kept the fires burning a sufficient time, salamanders would be

born in the flames indestructible by the element that gave them birth. Unfortunately for the experiment, every experimenter has died before the sparks—salamander eggs—had sufficient time for incubation. Similarly no life of sin, however hotly pursued, has been long enough to breed a conscience insensate to the misery of sin. Hawthorne, than whom literature has produced no more careful critic of the drama of the soul, says, in the "Scarlet Letter,"—"Be the stern and sad truth spoken, that the breach which guilt has once made in the human soul is never in this mortal state repaired." Dumas, in his study of character, reaches the same conclusion,—“Moral wounds have this peculiarity, they conceal themselves but never close; always painful, always ready to bleed when touched, they remain fresh and open in the heart.” Emerson confirms this from his own analysis of human nature,—“Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it.” The confession of those who have vainly tried to flee from their own shadows is sufficiently voiced by Lord Byron, who thus “melodiously curses his day.”

“There is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony; nor, greater than all these,
The innate torture of that deep despair
Which is remorse — can exorcise

From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance and revenge
Upon itself."

We might thus run through the whole gamut of human experience, from King David, who cried "My sin is ever before me," to the Emperor Nero, who tried in vain to wash the acid from his soul in a sacred fountain, and ran shrieking that every victim of his crimes was stabbing at him.

But not only is Conscience the abiding element in human nature, to be reckoned with in life's extremity: it is all-pervasive, and affects all the faculties and energies. Truly "man is built up around a conscience," and whatever breaks through his ordinary experience, or cuts deep into his feeling, is apt to strike upon this moral sensitiveness and stir it to either pain or exaltation.

This phase of the persistence of the ethical force in men is so seldom dwelt upon that we may extend somewhat our illustrations of it. Sometimes these rents into the soul are made by sudden providences. When the Czar, Alexander of Russia, lost his favorite daughter, not only were the glories and cares of empire forgotten in the desolation of his heart, but grief turned to remorse. He bowed over the coffin as if he were a criminal at the confessional before execution. He went about the palace beating his forehead

and crying that God was visiting him for his sins. Neither royal chaplain nor court physician could explain his experience, only the fact was evident,—that which had cut through his affection had also cut into his conscience. Frederick W. Maurice was one of the purest of men; yet he tells us that, when his wife was taken away, his soul went out in a great sense of unworthiness. He cried to God as a penitent begging, not for comfort, but for pardoning grace.

In this connection read a line or two from a letter of a friend sojourning for a while under the shadow of the Alps—"Grand as is the scenery here about Interlaken, I cannot enjoy it. To be shut in by these mighty piles gives me a wretched sensation, and a peculiar one which I cannot understand. Every sin I ever did stands out before me as big as the mountains themselves." Why was John Newton forced by something that entered his soul during a storm at sea to pray to his mother's God for forgiveness, and then to consecrate himself to that life of piety which changed the profane African slave-dealer into the humblest of saints? Jonathan Edwards tells us that scenes of natural sublimity, the play of the torrent, the crashing of lightning bolts, were his school of religious impressions. Was there no special purpose in God's delivering the law of holiness amid the tremendous phenomena of Mount Sinai, and preparing Moses to

be its enunciator by the awful silence of the desert of Midian? Why did Elijah go to the inspiring retreat of Mount Gilead to learn how to be the corrector of the sins of his nation? By what "law of the association of ideas" was John the Baptist sent to abide a while amid the physical terrorism of the wilderness of Judea, and there learn to preach, as with avenging fire, repentance and the coming of the kingdom of righteousness? Peter's experience was on the same line, when, under the spell of the power of Jesus displayed in the miraculous draught of fishes, he exclaimed, "Depart from me: for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Luke, the physician, touches the explanation in his comment, "For he was amazed," and amazement, awe, cuts through the surface of the mind, and reaches that core of being which is Conscience.

The writer of the Book of Job evidently intended to bring out this same psychological fact that whatever excites the soul to its depths excites the moral nature. Read chapter iv. 13-19. Eliphaz is swayed by a tremendous impression which seemed to come from purely natural causes. He dreams, or has one of those waking visions which, to a real philosopher, are more vivid than the colors of dreamland. The majesty of an Oriental night enwraps him. All commonplace thoughts are blotted out, as the scenes of day-life are obscured by the darkness, or shrink within

their vague outlines beneath the unrolled immensity filled with stars. He realizes his own littleness before the vastness of his environment. The soul is sensitized so that it feels the impingement of the inner spirit of things, that is, the One Spirit who is in all things. It is one of those moments of which Emerson says, "There is a depth in them which constrains us to ascribe more reality to them than to all other experiences." So awed is he by that which is without that his very flesh partakes of the sensation; as Dr. Finney once said of a mental experience, "I could feel as it were the soft touch of an angel's wing brushing my flesh,"—a phenomenon that physicians are familiar with in connection with certain states of nervous excitement. Eliphaz thus describes what happened to him,—“In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes. There was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be just before God? Shall a man be pure before his Maker?” We can have but one explanation of this,—the Creator Spirit that brooded over chaos, and laid there the beams of the natural order of the world is the same spirit that “convincens of sin, right-

ousness and judgment," and however He appears He performs his moral work.

Turn to another part of this wonderful psychological study, the Book of Job, a work that surpasses all other literature in indicating the subtle interaction of the various faculties of the soul. In chapter xlii the patriarch cries out, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." But what led up to this penitential outburst? An address of Jehovah. But in this address we find not a single ethical statement, no charge of sin against Job, and no reference to Divine holiness. It is only a description of the Divine power as displayed in nature. God spoke out of the whirlwind; portrayed creation when "the morning stars sang together"; the varied beneficence that roars in the sea, gleams in the dawn, looses the reins of the wild ass, gives "goodly wings to the peacock" and scales of iron to the leviathan that "maketh the deep to boil as a pot." Yet all this crashes into the man's conscience: the inner citadel trembles and falls with the assault upon its outworks. Superficial critics say that something must have been lost between the verses. Not so, or the grand lesson itself would be lost. As the sun's rays have not only light and warmth which are perceived, but also a subtle actinic force in which is the secret of the chemical changes produced by them, so there is a moral actinism in all the displays of Divine power and presence.

Truly there is an ethical spirit, as well as a spirit of beauty and sublimity, enshrined in the cascade, the ocean billows, among the mountains and stars; for God is everywhere, and man is always near to God, and as the Greek poet Menander said, "God is with man by conscience."

Until one feels the grand "Imperative" he knows neither the real freedom nor the force of life. William Rufus had inherited the English throne from his father, The Conqueror. He was to receive the crown from the hands of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury. The prelate, knowing the disposition of the prince, refused to proceed with the ceremony until the royal aspirant had taken a vow to administer the realm according to righteousness and patriotic duty. So King Edward VII. must be warned by the representative of the Church to shrieve and cleanse his conscience before his royal anointing. Thus over every man's head is the crown of an excellent and useful life; but Heaven withholds the benediction of power until, in the sacred chamber of the soul, the vow is taken to do the right and to smite the wrong. Then comes warranted confidence, against which there can be but one menace,—that which Mary Lyon, the founder of Holyoke Seminary, wrote as her own epitaph, "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, except that I may not know all my duty, or may fail to do it."

**SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE:
APPARENT EXPEDIENCY**

V

SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE: APPARENT EXPEDIENCY

SOLOMON was a wide-eyed observer. His study of character ranged from the Queen of Sheba to the Shulammite peasant girl, the heroine of the Song of Songs. The royal writer had a rare gift for judging human nature in his power of introspection, of knowing how it is one's self. To this he added an honesty in recording his experiences such as we ordinarily attribute to newspaper men in recording the foibles and scandals of other people. One of the sagest conclusions reached by Solomon was this,—“God made men upright, but they have sought out many inventions.”

A noted Chinaman, about the same age of the world,—1000 B. C.,—made a similar observation regarding the fact of man's aberration from righteousness, but failed to note the real cause of it. In the Shu-king we read this: “The people are born good, and are changed by external things.” Solomon avers that they change themselves and substitute “inventions” for the original endowment.

The chief and most dignified of these substi-

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tutes for pure conscientiousness is Expediency, the theory that conscience is not a distinct faculty, but only a judgment of our own intelligence as to what is wisest conduct in view of results. "Honesty is the best policy" is the legend on the helmet of our new moral chivalry; only most men read it backward, thus "Best policy is honesty." *Ich Dien* is regarded as a threadbare and faded motto, good enough for the blind old King John of Bohemia, from whom the Prince of Wales borrowed his crest, but not up to date for a ruler of commercial England. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum* is supposed by our practical politicians to be a bit of painted lightning found in the garret of the ancient mythologic playhouse beside the effigy of Jove.

An argument for the theory that conscience is not a distinct faculty of the mind, but only an exercise of intellectual discretion, is drawn from the seeming variability in its decisions. Thus the Spartans taught their children that it was a virtue to steal, if it could be done without discovery. Cardinal Julian recommended that the Christian armies, without giving warning, break their truce with the Turks, in order to attack them with advantage at Varna. The Moslem, resenting the perfidy, rode into the battle behind a banner inscribed, "O Jesu, avenge the insult to thy name!" Benjamin Franklin deliberately closed the treaty with Great Britain after the

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Revolutionary War without consulting the French King, notwithstanding the fact that, in order to gain the assistance of France during the war, the American colonies had agreed to make no settlement with the enemy without the consent of their ally. Thousands of Labor Union men, otherwise of undoubted honesty, recently advocated disregard to their contract with the companies employing them. It is plausibly asked, If these men were conscientious, does conscience furnish any reliable standard for conduct? Is it a distinct voice of the soul worth recording?

A close analysis of the motives involved in these cases will show, not a variation in conscience itself, but rather in the intellectual judgment, the data upon which conscience acted. All the alleged delinquents would plead their honesty of purpose. For example, in the rude age when men had scarcely organized industrial society, the law of *meum* and *tuum* was unsettled. Possession was credited to the strongest. It was therefore not an unnatural judgment on the part of the folk who were physically weaker than their neighbors that it was right to match strength with shrewdness, that the fox might honestly outwit the wolf. Thucydides, who tells this ancient tradition of the Spartans, is careful to note that they patronized thievery because they thought it was right.

Cardinal Julian, in announcing that no faith

need be kept with the infidel, based his decision on the assumption that a greater wrong would be done by allowing the Turkish invaders of Christendom to have uncontested sway of the lands which did not belong to them: that it was right to deceive robbers in order to save one's property. We may dissent from his reasoning, but cannot charge his conscience with patronizing wrong as such.

So in Franklin's case. To have put the issue of the Revolutionary War into the hands of France would have been to alienate from the possession of the colonies vast sections of North America which France intended to claim for herself to the menace of the very right of self-government for which the American patriots had fought; and further it would have perpetuated an alliance with a people who, however generous their assistance, were foreign to the New Republic in race, speech, religion, and ideas of government; and that to the exclusion of the further alliance with those who, though they had been temporarily enemies, were joined to us by ties of blood, of civilization, and prospective destiny. It doubtless seemed to Franklin as to his fellow members of the Peace Commission, John Adams and John Jay, that there was a higher right involved than the technical keeping of a word passed in the game of diplomacy. When the pledge to France was given it was

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conscientiously given, and when the events proved that it would be a wrong to the new government to keep the compact, not even the French charged us with immoral proceeding, though they chafed under their discomfiture.

Similarly we may exonerate the conscience of the laboring men from the charge of substituting temporary expediency for moral judgment. They argued among themselves that a higher moral principle demanded their breaking the contracts,—namely the defense of their families from penury. In this they may have erred, as they certainly did in regard to the probable success of the strike; but we may attribute the error to their intelligence rather than their conscience. A righteous judge may give a wrong decision without staining his ermine if the case has not been properly presented to him, or if, through mere lack of acumen, he has failed to grasp the real matter to be adjudicated. Conscience is only judge of moralities. Where the intention has been to do the right, Expediency cannot claim to be a new Daniel come to judgment.

The Expediency theory proposes to eliminate entirely the moral element from conduct, and to submit therefor the mere estimate of advantage. Its more benevolent advocates would, of course, enlarge the term "advantage" to include "the highest good to the greatest number." Even

Machiavelli, whose name is the synonym of false-dealing, was a reformer. Those inclined to build up an ecclesiastical tyranny thus propose the eternal advantage of the soul in a future life as the wages of obedience to prelates in this. But as a scheme of morals it is essentially vicious. Expediency needs first to be itself justified by conscience sitting in equity.

Jeremy Bentham is the reputed father of the Expediency theory, but it was born long before his day. A Roman moralist two thousand years ago counseled his pupil, "Amuse thyself, only do no harm"; the first half of the precept as easily kept as playing with matches, the latter half as difficult as to extinguish the flames of burning garments. The real inventor of this substitute for conscience was the Devil in Paradise. The Serpent said,—“Hath God said, ye shall not eat of the fruit of every tree in the garden lest ye die? Ye shall not surely die.” Eve was the first disciple of Expediency, for we read, “When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat.” If this story be but a fable, it is one in which experience has compacted its deepest wisdom, for all history has confirmed its teaching as men have gone out from the Eden gate of native simplicity along the thousand ways of the curse.

The difficulty with the Expediency theory is its impracticability, since human intelligence is unable to discern what is expedient in the long run. It is inexpedient to aim one's voyage across the seas by the smooth waters, lest one be wrecked upon the flats. A party of mountain climbers selected what seemed to be the most direct path to the summit. When utterly exhausted they discovered that they had climbed the wrong peak, an impassable chasm lying between them and the route they should have taken. It is the picture of the ordinary life of self-sufficiency. Neither fool nor knave designedly ruins himself.

The harbor of Ephesus was once the finest on the Ægean coast. To its deep waters was due the wealth which built the Temple of Diana, whose walls emblazoned the prowess of merchant princes amid the exploits of the gods. The most celebrated engineer of his day was engaged to construct a breakwater to deepen the channel. Unfortunately he so placed his dike that the sand silted into the harbor instead of out to sea. The bitterns in the pools, the storks in their nests on the broken aqueduct, the jackals roaming the thick grass are to-day the chroniclers of this wise man's mistake. Who knows the deeper current of the Time-Spirit which underlies every man's life? Who, without the stars of celestial guidance, can line his course across the endless sea of destiny?

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Expediency to be a perfect guide needs to be perfect expediency, which implies infinite intelligence. God has given that to no man. But in the native judgment of Conscience, that right is sacred for its own sake, He guides every man to avoid his own undoing and to take his part in the best work of the world. A master builder gives to his workmen certain principles of construction which insure the safety of that upon which they are to labor. The plummet is to secure the right elevation of the walls on the line of the pull of gravitation toward the center of the earth, though the individual stone mason may not know the height to which the edifice is to reach. So God says, "Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet"; conscience being the gravitation toward the infinite purpose. So also the cement must be properly mixed, though the mixer knows nothing of the grandeur of the coming structure. Thus God warns us against selfish or sinister motives as the "untempered mortar" of conduct. One does not need to understand astronomy to set his watch by the great chronometer in the heavens: and God calls himself "The Sun of Righteousness." The principalities and powers eternal move in obedience to His solar law of justice, and every soul may catch the flash of it, if only the mirror of conscience be kept clean. It is because of failure to recognize the fact that man's "little day" is a

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part of eternity, that the night of moral darkness with its remorse and terrors comes upon so many who might otherwise be prepared to "lay them down in peace and take their rest," when life's shadows deepen.

A fatal criticism upon the expediency substitute for conscience is that it deprives the individual of moral tone and stamina. The first discussion of the theory the writer remembers to have heard was in college days. Several of our most brilliant fellows derided the old-fogy morality of "Conscience a divine sense," and announced themselves the disciples of the maxim "Do what seems to pay the best," hedging their conduct, of course, with all sorts of benevolent resolutions to take all their friends and the age into co-partnership with themselves in the distribution of the earnings of their astuteness. One of these men has since spent years in prison for having shot a comrade over a gaming table; another has been deprived of his license to practice at the bar of his State for outrageous betrayal of the interest of a client. Both plumed themselves on never doing that which at the time seemed to them inexpedient. Did the outraged conscience take vengeance by paralyzing their very intelligence? Paul shows a deep knowledge of the psychology of willfulness in thus describing the outrageous lives of some of his contemporaries,—“ Even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge,

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He gave them over to a reprobate mind," literally, "to a mind void of judgment."

Expediency has its place among the guides of conduct, but only a secondary place. It is like the red glare of the light-house at Gibraltar, which is seen far away and suffices to give a general direction to incoming vessels. But in the center of the red rays is one of pure white, which shines along the channel of the harbor. Only when this colorless flash rests upon the prow can a ship make safe entrance. Thus, while a soul may not make a shipwreck by following its own well-meant devices, it can never attain the highest excellence, never accomplish greatest usefulness, nor gain the truest satisfaction; it cannot make port and secure the reward of the life voyage.

While it thus true that expediency is not itself a moral motive, there is need, however, to consider a somewhat counterbalancing fact; namely, that it is immoral to pursue that which is manifestly inexpedient, however pure the ultimate motive may be. He would be a wretched artilleryman who should aim a sixteen-inch gun point-blank at a mark ten miles away, making no allowance for the fall of the shell; and equally foolish if he should assume by mere elevation of the piece to make a small howitzer reach the target at half that distance. Good conduct is equally the result of careful moral marksmanship. It is worse than Spanish stupidity to blaze away at impracticable

schemes, and then to credit the conscience with so much powder of good intent burnt up and so much detonation in the cause of reform. Yet the stupidity is chronic with many.

A most serious waste of society is that of moral energy on the part of good people. Life, means, influence are the talents spoken of in the parable; we have no right to bury any of them even in what seems to us holy ground. Henry II. of France would be a monk. He sought out a holy friar whose word would be to him as a Divine monitor. "Wilt thou promise me implicit obedience, if I take the direction of thy conscience?" said the friar. "I will," replied the king. "Then," said the holy man, "go back to thy kingdom and rule." A healthy conscience considers the results of action as well as the motive; tries to keep accurate account of expenditure as related to accomplishment, for God proposes to look through life's ledger of items, not to take solely the character of the business it records.

President Roosevelt in his article on "Latitude and Longitude among Reformers," strikes broadly enough to "hit both sides of the head of the nail," and to drive it straight, when he says of some of our political and social reforms,—“If there is one tendency of the day which more than any other is unhealthy and undesirable, it is the tendency to deify

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mere smartness unaccompanied by a sense of moral accountability. . . On the other hand, mere beating the air, mere visionary adherence to a nebulous and possibly highly desirable ideal, is utterly worthless. . . Now and then one can stand uncompromisingly for a naked principle and force people up to it. This is always the attractive course; but in certain great crises it may be a very wrong course. . . No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency. He is bound to do all the good possible. Yet he must consider the question of expediency, in order that he may do all the good possible, for otherwise he will do none."

In this sentiment of our present Chief Magistrate Democratic and Republican level-headedness reach a high plateau, for ex-President Cleveland warned the doctrinaires that society is always "confronted, not by theories, but by conditions." Both these honored and wise leaders belong to the school of Niebuhr, who said, "The secret of statesmanship is the gradual improvement of the actual condition, not to raise an institution at once to perfection." And all these men are political disciples of Moses, whose legislation implied the principle of universal peace, yet provided for war under growing restriction of its horrors; the principle of domestic purity, even monogamy, yet allowed with certain mitigation a plurality of

wives; the principle of personal liberty, yet put safeguards about both bondsman and lord. One cannot read carefully the Hebrew code without finding in it the incentive for the final abolition of war, polygamy, and slavery. But doubtless Moses would not have been heard of in these later ages if he had disarmed his people amid the warlike tribes that surrounded them, or attempted to put out the world-wide fire of polygamy with a bucketful of Judaistic continence, or proposed to cut the throat of every master and mistress, that man-servant and maid-servant might wear the family jewels. In dealing with slavery Lincoln practiced the Mosaic expediency. He refused to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation at a time when it could not be wisely carried out. He waited long, resisting appeals addressed to his conscience by the less responsible conscience of the Abolitionists, until the hour struck. For Moses the hour did not strike, since he lived in an age when slavery was unchallenged by either lord or servant, and not, as Lincoln, in an age enthused in the cause of personal freedom, and with the single question in conscientious debate,—how and when to best accomplish it.

In dealing with national questions we should remember that whatever comes within the sphere of politics partakes of the necessity for compromise. It is of the first importance that the country shall have a settled, stable system of laws. This

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can be secured only by the passing of such laws as shall be indorsed by the conscience of the majority of the people. Until the ideas of reformers, however honest and thoroughly convinced they may themselves be, shall have become acceptable to the common judgment of at least the intelligent and controlling classes, it will be futile, and even dangerous to the peace of the community, to put these ideas into compulsory laws. When the hill is too steep to drive up, one must make the road of gentler inclination at the expense of going farther. The engineer who should insist that teams must assault the crag might well be thought to have injured his own head in some similar attempt.

Had radicalism in this respect prevailed in 1789 our American constitution would not have been adopted, since many of our statesmen were opposed to some of its clauses and omissions. Jefferson denounced vehemently its failure to include a Bill of Rights and its allowance of the re-election of the President. At first he was inclined to have it rejected, but on second thought urged its enactment, trusting to future amendment. Had he insisted upon his own ideal, he might have prevented the Union of the States.

No one can dispute the honesty of the Prohibitionist; but he may be asked to consider if practicality be not an element of wise conscientiousness. Can one blunder righteously when one's eyes are

open? Is it duty to be always storming the heights, and cowardly and unpatriotic to dig trenches for slow approach? Is it not essential immorality to throw away one's vote for other and important issues under the pretense of serving the cause of temperance, when we may foresee that the cause of temperance cannot gain by our vote? Robertson in his "History of Charles V." notes the failure of the best political movements through measures that were inexpedient because premature. He says, "The sentiment of the people must change, or some new power sufficient to counteract the prevalent custom must be introduced. No custom, however absurd it may be, if it has subsisted long, or derived its source from the manners and prejudices of the age, was ever abolished by the bare promulgation of laws and statutes."

Our Sabbatical reformers may have the same conscience problem. In his early ministry the writer prepared a sermon on Sabbath observance with special reference to secular recreation. The sermon was written in the comfort of the library, to be preached to people whose homes were stocked with books and pictures; people who, after hearing the sermon, would retire to dining tables loaded with the product of all the climes, and take their siesta beneath the canopy of aromatic Havana smoke, amid luxurious surroundings by which wealth and art had made a New

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York Christian's home as near as possible like one in the Mohammedan Paradise, where each house is a single pearl and the attendants perspire musk. Saturday afternoon, his sermon completed, the preacher was called to visit some tenement people on Ninth Avenue. Children lay panting on the sidewalk; every window was paned with frowzy heads of housewives trying to catch a whiff of air sweetened with the breath of God: within a room a mother was ironing five little dresses, for "John was to take them to the park, and maybe on an excursion to-morrow." That sermon was never preached. It was conscientiously written, and with a better, because a wiser, conscience torn up.

Professor Huxley very suggestively said, "Your life is like a problem in the Rule of Three, in which your duty multiplied into your capacity, and divided by your circumstances, gives you the fourth term, which is your deserts." Enthusiasts are apt to omit the second and third terms, and to take the first for the result. Good morality, like good seamanship, may be shown in tacking; neither drifting with the wind of popular sentiment, nor yet with boastful conscientiousness trying to sail into the teeth of it. Gravitation is a universal law, yet few things fall straight downwards. They roll along the hillside, they float upward on the air: even the plumb line is

diverted by the mountain. Yet must we observe the law of straight downward tendency, or we can neither build nor fly things successfully. The bulk of the weight of a house's projections must not be beyond the line of the center of gravity, but this does not mean that all lines shall be drawn to the perpendicular. The analogy suggests a phase of the difference between an intelligent building with righteousness for the plummet and cranky conscientiousness. The earth's pole is toward the north, yet not exactly: nor is its axis an unchanging line, for the globe oscillates thousands of leagues from the line of its direct pull. But it returns again and keeps the average direction age after age, thus proving that it is in faithful dependence upon the North Star. One must, in leading a true and useful life, feel both the swing of circumstances and the stronger, dominating impulse of the absolutely right. The former need not affect the latter, except the more signally to illustrate it.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE:
OTHER PEOPLE'S CONSCIENCE**

VI

SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE: OTHER PEOPLE'S CONSCIENCE

CONSCIENCE becomes degenerate and ceases to be an incentive by having substituted for it some standard of duty other than one's own persuasion. It is bad enough to have another man or set of men outside of you control your actions. That is slavery. It is worse to have another man or set of men control you from the inside: to think thoughts as others may dictate, without the exercise of rational judgment on your own part, and to be set on fire with motives and passions such as others may choose to kindle on your moral hearthstone. That is worse than slavery: it is the destruction of manhood. The only free man is he who forms his own principles, and then voluntarily conforms himself to them. He mines their substance indeed in the rich field of God's righteousness, but the veins gleam in his own moral sense. If he has learned these principles from others in early education, it is only as a newcomer learns the location of a lode from former prospectors. He insists on assaying his moral metal himself by meditation, or else demands that the "sterling mark"

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of heaven be indubitable. Such a man is independent; as he who travels with his own money, and has need neither to beg nor to borrow.

Epicetetus was the slave of Epaphroditus, and Epaphroditus was the slave of Nero: but Epicetetus was really freer than the Emperor whose servant he served. Hear him. "Master says, 'I will fetter you.' I reply, 'What do you say, man? Fetter me? You will fetter my leg, but not Zeus himself can get the better of my free will.'" So the slave of a slave became the philosopher of liberty, just as Paul became the Apostle of liberty when he gave us that ringing command, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Conscience and consciousness have the same etymology. They both mean "knowing with or within one's self." Conscience is consciousness applied to morals. Until one feels in the depth of his own soul that a thing is right, though he may happen to be in the right, he is not conscientiously so, because not consciously so. You would not be Paul's ideal of a man even if you believed and did all he taught, simply because he said so, any more than to accurately copy a painting is to be a great painter. Peter was doubtless more Paul-like when the one withstood the other to his face, than if either had obsequiously taken the other for a perfect model. How grandly Paul swung himself into independence of character,

cutting loose from the tradition of his fathers, from the leading strings of his home education; from his university cult, at the feet of Gamaliel; and, harder still to accomplish, from his own past, breaking with that sense of consistency which even strong men drag behind them, as a ship might drag a fastened rudder! Paul yielded his judgment and life to Jesus, but not until the light from that Divine face shot its persuasion through his mind,—and then he followed Jesus, still in absolute independence because the Master's mind had become his own. Our Lord says that His yoke is easy and His burden light, because His will becomes ours. It is such a yoke and burden as wings are to a dove, a part of herself. Our Lord's full conquest of souls is pictured in the book of Revelation. Redeemed men cast their crowns at His feet,—that is their highest, most royal act of free will. My Christian conscience is literally *con-scio*,—what I know within myself; for “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

There are, however, men with other men's consciences, like the slave-master's rope, dragging them singly or in bands. There, for example, is the Jesuit whose will is broken, as is that of the horse, by the discipline of his Order, until he is dead to himself and alive only to his General. Ignatius Loyola seems to have taken his clew from Kara Khalil Tschendereli, the Turk, who

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devised the similar system of the Janizaries, an organization of captive Christian boys, who were transmuted into Moslem enthusiasts for the destruction of the faith in which they were born, as the cubs of chetahs are trained to hunt down their kind.

Our English word "assassin" was originally the title of a murderous band of Moslems who frenzied themselves with hasheesh (Arabic, *hashishin*), and obeyed the "Old Man of the Mountain," as a dagger follows the hand of the holder. It was the boast of their leader that a literal dagger point touched the heart of every ruler in the world, to enter it whenever this monster should command. These Assassins thought they were saints of Allah while acting like devils; as the Indian Thugs who spring at one from the bush, or poison his food, deem themselves the direct agents of the divine Seva.

A bigot differs from these in that, laying aside his conscience, he substitutes the rule of his sect instead of any single Director. The word "bigot" is presumed to be a corruption of "By God!" Paul was a bigot and thought he was "doing God's service," when, as deeper self-knowledge revealed, he was only following the conventional code of the Scribes and Pharisees.

The word "hypocrite" is given in the lexicons as a secondary meaning of "bigot." We are

accustomed to think a hypocrite one who deliberately acts out a lie. As our Lord used the word it did not imply purposeful dishonesty. The Pharisees whom He condemned would prove their sincerity by going to death rather than break a law of their sect. They would pay the last "tithe of mint, anise, and cummin" with their last drop of blood, though they would not give the first drop of blood for real "judgment, mercy, and faith." Thus we learn that sincerity is not necessarily conscientiousness.

"Is this really the skull of Saint —?" we asked the cicerone of an Italian cathedral. He replied, "*Credo*,"—this with an uplifted countenance denoting positive conviction and a militant intent to defend it. In a moment, however, he added, as if talking to himself, "Who am I to dispute it?"—this with the look of pious humility that would have fitted the face of the Penitent Thief. Then he turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, muttering, "Besides, it is easier." Reverse this order and we have the making of the ordinary bigot, either conservative or liberal. He begins with "It is easier"; mental inability or laziness tires of inquiry. Then he makes a virtue of his fault, calling it reverence for authority—"Why should I dispute it?" another way of resting,—on one's knees. Finally he is ready to fight—shall we say for his faith? or is it only for the comfort of his priedieu? But let us not

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too closely dissect his motive, for we may hold the knife by the blade.

Perhaps the choice specimen of the bigot or hypocrite is the man who calls himself the free-thinker, who really does not think at all, but accepts the fact that others disbelieve as the warrant for his own emptiness of mind. These are not to be dignified with the title of "skeptical." They do not doubt, for doubt implies thought, and they do not think. Dean Milman, speaking of the vagaries of people in the Dark Ages, says, "Heresy stepped in and seized upon the vacant mind." How many self-styled free-thinkers have read a chapter of the Bible since they left Sunday school at fifteen! The chirp of bats in the belfry is not another species of chimes. If religious bigots are iron-headed from having let their brain-stuff harden in some unfortunate ecclesiastical mold, these people never put their bits of mental ore into the furnace, but have left them in the shape of the heaps into which they fell from the dump-cart. The religious bigot has at least strength for good or evil. The free-thinking bigot has none.

There are multitudes of political bigots and hypocrites: those who follow party without versing themselves in either the principles of government or those of the organization whose badges they wear. On a ferry-boat, crossing the river to join a monster parade, were over a thousand

men with McKinley buttons. The leader was asked if all his men would prove true at the polls. "Sure," was the reply, "they will all vote together, but on which side I don't know yet." The night before election a brewer pledged to turn over a strong Democratic ward to the Republicans. It was done: an "eminent" citizen in high office predicting to the writer, an hour before the closing of the polls, the exact number of votes transferred. These are not men, nor, unfortunately for the country, are they only sheep flocking under a bell-wether. They are wolves moving in packs.

There is, however, something sublime about a great political party, compacted through mutual loyalty to a common standard, whatever may be the special planks of its platform so long as they rest on the strong timbers of patriotic purpose. No army marching to the drum beat is comparable with the millions who, each exercising his own best judgment, go to the polls keeping step to a single conviction. When such forces clash it is as when two chemicals come together with temporary strife, but to make a new substance which is more valuable than either. By conflict of marshaled ideas the science of government keeps up with the advance of the people. But when ideas are eliminated and the two parties are only two masses of voters, each moving compactly through shrewd leadership, their conflict

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is that of kindred masses in collision, shattering the strength of both. The solution of our political evils may not be through Independent parties, but it can be only through the independent exercise of the political conscience in the voters of all parties.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE:
CONVENTIONAL MORALITY**

VII

SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE: CONVENTIONAL MORALITY

AKIN to the evil of blindly following the dictation of others in determining our conduct is that of substituting for the voice of independent conscience conventional morality, or the mere allowances of society. If there were some universally settled social code it would be less dangerous for the ordinary individual to follow it, for the maxim, *Quod semper, quod ubique et quod ab omnibus*, is too near the truth to be ignored. Edmund Burke said, "A conscientious person would rather doubt his own judgment than condemn his species."

But there is no universal agreement upon the laws of conduct. The social code varies with the habits of the people who make up the various grades. Upper-tendom has some "good forms" which the grace of a natural conscience would feel to be contortions. City club life has its own brands of good fellowship, which only an acquired moral taste can relish. College custom labels cowardly hazing "manliness," blazons the honor of the class coat-of-arms with orange or blue paint on public works of art, and, with a chivalric

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sense of decorum that might have been borrowed from mediæval villeins rather than from knights, lounges in dirty sweaters at the feet of the "Ladies Faire." The Bowery has its etiquette of slang and slouch, as marked of its kind as the intonation borrowed from the English snob, or the high hand-shake of another aristocracy. There is an "honor among thieves," those of the pawn-shop and those of the bucket-shop, those who sell "green goods" and those who deal in stocks which they either know to be worthless or endeavor to make worthless by squeezing their value into the pockets of their promoters. The eyes which were dazzled by the lightnings of Sinai soon looked with worshipful awe upon the gleam of the Golden Calf. This moral gregariousness, even if it were of a persistent and uniform sort, would be as remote from true manhood as that which goes on all-fours.

A great evil resulting from this substitution of conventional morality for the originating conscience is that it tends to lower the conventional standard itself. Every variation from the absolute right is a subtraction, as every change in a perfect statue is a mutilation. Society is preserved only through the exalted lives and teachings of individuals who are great enough to lift themselves above their generation, and to voice again the teaching of native manhood. Prog-

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ress is thus always re-formation, restoration to the ideals which men have lost, and which here and there a seer finds in himself as he searches his own heart. You cannot see the sun's shape in a thousand broken waves, but the orb lies clear-cut in the tiniest bit of smooth water. So there are souls strong enough, sufficiently self-restrained and self-contained to have quiet hearts amid the turbulence of popular thought, unaffected by its "winds of doctrine" and its currents of custom. These souls are the springs of the world's divination. These men are the prophets. Observe how throughout the Bible ages they all speak one truth, one morality, making the various Books of the Bible, written in different ages, one Book for all ages. Observe how the sages of the heathen—not themselves heathen, as their words prove—agree with those of Israel and Christendom; the writers of the Shu-king and the Vedas, Zoroaster, Confucius, Mohammed—when he rises above his sensuality—Socrates, Plato, Seneca,—the moral thoughts of these men are as like to the inspiration of the great Word as scattered particles of gold are like the solid vein which lies near by.

Every Christian is, in his own community, such a prophet, seer, restorer, renovator, regenerator, as he himself has become regenerate by the power of the Spirit. His commission is not merely to fight gigantic evils, but to press with all the

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energy of his truer conscience against this fatal subsidence of the common virtue. He himself, joined in covenant with the Eternal Righteousness, is like the rib of rock on the mountain side, which holds back the landslide. He is the spring of fresh virtue which saves the stream of humanity, of which he is a part, from stagnation, and purges it of the poison that would generate in dead waters.

Men in all ages have approved the moral heroism of those who rebuked the conventional customs of their day by exemplifying some finer judgment of the individual conscience. Amid the ruins of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus there was recently found a bronze tablet inscribed to the eternal honor of Agathocles, son of Hegemon of Rhodes, who arrived in the harbor with three ships laden with fourteen thousand measures of wheat, at a time when a syndicate of speculators had forced the price of food up to the starvation line for poorer people. Agathocles refused to countenance this imposition, sold his grain at a reasonable profit, and broke the "corner in the market." We suggest that the governors of the Chicago Produce Exchange purchase this relic, and build it into the wall of their building.

The need of an absolutely independent conscience is emphasized by the changing views of virtue and propriety even in the more stable religious communities. Some reader will smile

at his recollection of the Puritan Sabbath, while he thanks God for the knowledge of the Bible and the habits of heavy thinking which it imparted, and which have proven a splendid discipline for life, making him a better business man, citizen, and Christian. So we smile at the big helmets, breastplates, and two-handed swords in our museums, while we envy the old warrior the tremendous strength of muscle he developed in carrying them. But whether for better or worse, ideals of conduct are changing. Many Christian people now feel justified in seeking recreation at the theater, but fifty years ago it was not an uncommon thing to hear sermons against the reading of Shakespeare, and the actor's profession was regarded as a Mephistopheles cloak hiding the hoofs and tail of the Devil. About forty years ago a generous patron of one of our leading universities offered to build a gymnasium and equip it with bowling alleys and billiard tables. The gift was declined, on the assumption that the wooden balls always rolled hell-ward, and the zigzags of the ivory balls suggested the maze of a lost soul. A professor within the present generation lectured on the virtual blasphemy of backgammon, on the ground that, there being no such thing as real chance, the tossing of the dice was a direct appeal to God, and was related to good morals only as profanity is related to prayer. It is not thirty years since a religious book by a

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most genial writer and of very wide circulation at the time, bewailing the unspiritual condition of the Church, instanced the awful example of a theological professor playing chess publicly on shipboard. Some of our denominational Conferences and Synods are not yet through with official denunciation of card-playing, dancing, smoking; yet a nonagenarian saint plays solitaire while waiting for the heavenly gates to open, and smokes his "pipe of peace" to conciliate his otherwise contentious nerves.

The variable notions of the saints regarding these matters makes us think of the ancient Chinese precept, "There is no invariable model of virtue—a supreme regard to whatever is good gives the only model of it."

It is evident that conventional morality affords no permanent standard. Everyone must judge for himself in all these matters.

A source of great danger in the education of young people is the insistence on the part of parents that their views of the right or wrong in the matter of conduct shall gauge the consciences of the children. What is the inevitable consequence? A shifting standard is erected. In the place of the law of conscience, that right is to be sacredly observed, there is set up a passing interpretation of what is right, a judgment to be overruled, as by a higher court, by those whom the child will soon come to recognize as wiser

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than his parents. The young person thus taught will either break with his instructors, who by their narrow opinions have forfeited his confidence; or else, assuming that their view is the only true voicing of conscience, and feeling within himself no compunctions against the forbidden things, he will come to regard conscience itself as only a conventional conceit, and will take no further counsel of its dictates. There is no safety for the young person until he has learned to depend upon his own judgment. All that parents and instructors can do is to teach the children how to adjust the scales; they themselves must do the weighing, for the problems of each generation differ from those of the preceding. Military engineers look to their predecessors for the wisdom acquired by experience in the art of fortification and attack, but no line of battle, however wise it proved to be at the time, can be reproduced for subsequent wars.

Careful distinction should be made between the essential and merely circumstantial in apparent temptations. Billiards and bowling were once to be found only as a lure to the bar of taverns and saloons. Cards and dice were commonly used as the implements of gambling. The opera and theater were chiefly for the parade of character in dishabille. Sunday recreation was the open challenge of infidelity to the Church. If the purport and tendency of these things have been

changed, there is no more need of remanding them to "durance vile" than there is of cutting the throat of every Indian because his ancestors tomahawked our forefathers.

Our Lord's mode of moral discipline goes straight to the point we are making. He antagonized the Scribes and Pharisees in their method. They issued hundreds of precepts: for every circumstance they had a maxim drawn from the theorizing of some rabbi and illustrated by the conduct of some saint. Their rules related to all things, from the sacrifice on the great altar to straining of animalculæ from the wine and water. Jesus, on the other hand, gave few precepts. A child can readily memorize all He said about conduct. He did not criticise passing customs. All His appeals were to common conscience which abides always. He might have summed all up in saying, "Let God set your judgment: then do what seems right." The Scribes challenged Him, "By what authority doest thou these things?" meaning,—What Rabbis do you quote? He would not even talk to them about "authorities," but spoke such things as men of all sorts felt were right, so that the people said, "This man speaks with authority and not as the Scribes." He did not aim to chart every wave, but lined the direction to port, and pointed to the North Star.

The great beneficence of the Reformation was not merely in exhuming true doctrine by opening

the Bible, but in bringing forth the individual conscience out from its burial place beneath the rubbish of centuries of conventional conduct. It bade the world think, every man for himself. Luther said that he accepted the Bible as inspired, not because anybody else or all past ages declared it to be inspired, but because, "My conscience is held captive by the word of God." What is declared from heaven, that *con-scio*, that I know also within myself. There were plenty of Roman Catholic saints of as good conduct and loving deeds as Luther,—indeed, more refined: but they were like certain ponds, beautiful in shape because their banks made them so, and reflecting the deep heavens in their tranquil bosoms. Such ponds do not, however, irrigate the land beyond their own edges. Streams fed by independent springs, each draining the pure water from subterranean depths, fertilize the valleys through which they flow. It was only when men and women felt the springs of individuality, and accepted responsibility for personal judgment, that society as such began to change from the desert of the Middle Ages into the abounding beauty of modern Christianity. The "living water" revived everything that was healthily natural in humanity. Tyrannies died and free governments started in the Dutch and Genevan Republics, and the Anglo-Saxon spirit of liberty burst into bloom. So strong was the incentive which communities

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received from the new individuality that John Calvin, of domineering disposition himself, became, as Bancroft calls him, "The Guide of Republics." Schools sprang up, for every man's son was inquiring "What is best?" Science, which had been planted long before by Bruno and Roger Bacon, but had not grown in the soil of conventional learning, now struck downward and took root, because every man was asking, "What is true? What is real?" Philanthropy spread everywhere, regardless of cloister walls: it sweetened society to its very bottom, as new springs purge with their bubbling the bottoms of old pools.

Conventionalism, whether of scientific, religious, and philosophic thought, or of maxims and allowances of conduct, is at best but the bloom on the tree of advancing civilization. Its roots are in the hearts of individuals and drink the grace of heaven as earth drinks up rain.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE:
MORAL SENTIMENT**

VIII

SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE: MORAL SENTIMENT

THOSE inclined to be conscientious often delude themselves with merely entertaining the sentiment of morality instead of obeying its precepts. There is a sort of virtuosity which marches only to music and on smooth pavements. Yet it has in it the heroic thrill; one imagines one's self willing to withstand the fiercest charges of temptation and to storm batteries of evil, yet is conscience only dreaming of these things, not purposing them.

There was an orator much sought by Associations for his eloquent pluming of virtue. He undoubtedly believed in righteousness, for it is incredible that he could have played the actor so well without feeling his part; yet he was the victim of several contemptible vices, which, when known, utterly discredited him for even ordinary manly courage. A preacher was in prison for a crime which he confessed. During his incarceration he spoke with such power to his fellow-convicts that many of them were persuaded to a better life. He was intensely honest, seemed to

feel the bolts of Sinai rankling within his own heart; but, on his release from prison, he challenged again the divine and human judgment by repeating his former crimes.

Many readers of our most popular novels pursue the villain from page to page with absolute hatred, despise the shiftless and incompetent characters, and love the good and strong; yet some of the most impressionable readers might themselves have been taken by the writers as models of the weakness or viciousness they describe. Indeed, the writers of some most excellent books have been utterly disreputable in private and public life, from Bacon, "greatest and meanest of mankind," to the scribbler of temperance stories who does his work in the intervals of debauch. A detective tells of his having followed a street garroter into a theater to arrest him. The play was, as too often the case, the "ins and outs" of villainy. The cut-throat in the audience raged over the success of the cut-throat on the stage, cried like a woman over the suffering of the unfortunate victim, and roared his applause when the buskined rascal was brought to justice. The detective adds, "The signs of deepest emotion had not left his face when I laid my hand on him, and he tried to stab me."

Pope Benedict XII., when asked by the French King Philip VI. to side with him in a matter,

replied, "If I had two souls, I would willingly sacrifice one to do your Majesty this service; but, as I have only one soul, I cannot go beyond what I think right." Many persons have not the same sense of the singleness of their personality. Mr. Hyde of action retires into Dr. Jekyll of sentiment.

It has been affirmed that dwelling much on the virtues of merely fictitious characters, as in constant novel reading or theater going, destroys the moral stamina for actual life: conscience burns its ammunition in blank cartridges and has little left for shot. Certainly no artilleryman ever learned marksmanship through exploding powder. Men and women practically engaged in charity works are apt to know less than their neighbors of the fiction literature of poverty and misfortune: and they care less for it, for they constantly witness scenes which make the romance like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean" as compared with the actual storm and wreck. Romance cannot reproduce the groans of those buried in the débris of life's hopes, nor the sobs that are like the sound of the blood dropping from a broken heart, nor the gleam in the eye of those made desperate through oppression, nor even the tragedy played on the little stage of a single face when the soul supplies the actors. Now and then, say once or twice in a generation, is there one sufficiently gifted with talents to appreciate and express real experiences. The ordinary

character novel is superficial even when not false, mistaking freckles for play of passion.

A million such pages teach one less than a single actual conflict with an evil that assails the conscience, if one only has the courage to fight that evil "to a finish." It was a humiliating confession of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had presumed to teach mankind the philosophy of life in learned books, that when half through life he made the rare discovery that successful resistance to a petty temptation could give him a thrill of satisfaction of which he had not thought himself capable. Mere moral sentiment is impotent within the soul and over the life. Like heat lightning, it illumines a little, but strikes nothing. Goethe's counsel is only the echo of common experience—and therein its weight—"Try to do your duty, and you will discover what you are worth."

Yet moral sentiment may by practical purpose be transformed into a great working force. Professor Tyndall noted that "every pound of vapor condensing into cloud liberates enough heat to melt five pounds of iron." So that morality which has heretofore been only a vapory conviction, scarcely sufficient to send a rheumatic twinge through the conscience even after some abominable misdeed, holds within it a tremendous potential energy for good, which will be liberated and become active only when condensed by reso-

lute purpose. It often takes a special divine influence to do the condensing, as winds hurl cloud upon cloud until the fire falls.

Nearly all advance in the arts is through the discovery of methods of conserving the waste energy in nature for human benefit. The cylinder conserves the waste of steam, that which until Watts' day was the idle breath of water. The electrical apparatus gathers up and holds for light and power a force so tenuous as to elude the sensitiveness of an exposed nerve. Our mill-wheels are turned by the frayed hem of the robe of gravitation in the flowing or falling water. Commerce for thousands of years had only harnessed the winds, the runaway wild horses which Æolus had corraled in his cave. We search the million leagues of space by gathering in the flashes of light that play between the stars and focusing them within a bit of glass; and we make the tiny air waves cease their purposeless frolic and bring us sounds from half across the continent. But none of these exploits of genius and care, under man's commission to dominate all material things, can compare with the prowess of a soul in utilizing the wastes of its own nature. To the man who thinks himself impotent, and who is impotent while he thinks so, God speaks, as when He said to the peasant boy of old, "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt redeem Israel!"

**SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE:
SELFISH INCLINATION**

IX

SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSCIENCE: SELFISH INCLINATION

THE substitutes for intelligent, independent moral judgment already noted belong to the higher order of what Solomon called the "inventions" which men have sought out to ease them from uprightness. Expediency, the Consciences of Others who are willing to assume authority for our conduct, Conventional Morality, Moral Sentiment: these have the sheen of plausibility, though but phosphorescent imitations of real ethical light. We now consider an "invention" of a lower grade.

The tramp is one of the most ingenious of men. The tact he displays in getting an unearned living would win him success in almost any honest business, or decorate him with patents if he should apply his talents to the useful arts. But, alas! his pains-taking ends only in pains. He lives on the decayed ends of nature's bounty; habits himself in the raveled edges of society's common comfort; rests on a "pillow of stone" without the vision of the angels, only experiencing the

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noisome presence of winged creatures from a lower, nearer the infinitesimal, world. There are moral tramps equally shrewd within narrow limits, and equally miserable, who pursue a similar method, namely, follow the passing or chronic inclination.

We read in the Chinese Shu-king that the great Emperor Mu, on coming to the throne, thus charged Khi-ung his grand chamberlain, "In providing me counselors do not employ men whose likes and dislikes are ruled by mine, either one-sided men or flatterers." By ignoring this ancient wisdom, and clothing court favorites with responsible office, many kings have ruined themselves and wrecked their dynasties. The same thing is done in a myriad lives by investing one's wish with the office of counselor; the wish too often belonging to the grade of the Court Fool. The conceit of many people seconds their selfishness and makes them especially gullible in this respect, for there is no more taking delusion than that the advice which runs with our own desire is wisest. "The wish is father to the thought" might be placarded upon the walls of nearly every chamber of moral dementia, as describing the peculiar malady of the inmate.

Few have the courage of F. W. Maurice, who in order to enter Oxford University, was required to subscribe to certain religious views, of the truths of which he had not yet been convinced.

Fearing lest his desire to complete his education might unduly bias his judgment, he replied "No, I will not hang a bribe around my neck to lead my conscience." Few consciences have the independence of the Roman Papinian, Counselor to Caracalla. When the Emperor commanded him to write out a legal justification of his murder of his brother Gæta, he indignantly refused, risking his life for his words: "No, Sire. It is easier to commit than to justify the crime."

It oftens happens that where there is so much vitality left in the moral sentiment that it refuses to entirely abdicate authority, inclination will suggest subterfuges to annul its dictates. Sextius Pompeius discovered that his two enemies, Octavius and Antony, were together as guests on his ship. A comrade suggested that this was the opportunity to make way with both of them. He replied with a momentary outburst of righteous feeling, "Such treachery would not befit Pompeius." A little later, however, desire tampered with dignity; for he more than hinted to the sailing master that he and his friends were prepared to save themselves if the vessel should sink on some adjacent rocks. The early tyrants of Rome were manly enough to declare against the cruel and despicable custom of maltreating children; but it is recorded of them that when they needed the property of minors, or when it

was policy to destroy the scion of a certain family noted for its patriotic devotion, the Tyrants first changed the law fixing the legal age, and decreed to the youth the robe of manhood; then executed him as a traitor and confiscated his estate. Some of the vilest dens in New York are owned by men who would not be seen in them; but there is an understanding with the agent that he shall not inform the owner of the character of the tenants. Men who would not gamble in stocks leave their investments in the hands of unscrupulous brokers, promoters, real estate sharpers, asking no questions so long as large dividends are paid, and the reports of advancing values are kept up; and so twisted do such persons become in their judgment that when the inevitable failure comes, they will have only hot words of righteous indignation for the rascality of their betrayers.

The life of Jean Jacques Rousseau abounds in illustrations of the stultification of conscience by desire. He was more outspoken than most men in that he confessed, not only his deeds, but the adulterated motives which led to them. As fast as his children were born to him he put them out of sight in a Foundling Asylum, without so much as giving them his name or taking precautions for their future identification. At the time he wrote, "I did it cheerfully and without the least scruple. It is the usage of the country, and one may as well follow it." It was the usage only

of the vile set among whom he was then living. He was soon made to feel the contempt of decent people, and, wanting their good opinion, he convinced himself and tried to persuade others that his motive was not so heartless after all. He professed to be too poor to support so many; besides they would bother him. "How would domestic cares and the confusion of children leave me peace of mind enough to earn a living by writing." He imagines that their care would overtempt his otherwise immaculate nature and lead him to dishonest methods in securing money. "No, it were better for them to be orphans than to have a scoundrel for a father." A few years later, when he had become vain of leadership among the imagined benefactors of society, he reviewed these former motives, and convinced himself that his action had really been taken solely with regard for the children's culture. "I know that foundlings are not delicately nurtured; so much the better for them: they become more robust. They would not know how to dance, or ride on horseback, but they would have strong, unwearied legs. I would not practice them in handling the pen, but the plow, the file, the plane—instruments for leading a healthy, laborious, innocent life." Later, as popular applause palled upon even his intense vanity, and when longing for companionship more strictly his own grew within him, we

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find him mourning what he imagined to have been a personal bereavement in the loss of his children, "I deprived myself of the delight of seeing them, and I never tasted the sweetness of a father's embrace. I delivered them from misery at my own expense." At another time when he had quarreled with the mother of his children, who, never having had much intelligence, had now lost the physical attraction that once drew him to her, he laid up a new excuse before his avenging conscience: he declares that from the beginning he had feared that his darlings would be spoiled by their mother, and therefore had sent them to an Asylum. Again, under the enthusiasm of the socialistic reform, he boasted of his patriotic example in giving up his children to the care of the State. Toward the close of his life realizing that his motives must soon be weighed in the impartial scales of the Great Judge, as by a light shot down from that assize he saw through all these wretched sophistries by which he had sought to make his conscience sponsor for his contemptible selfishness, and wrote these honest words,—“In this, far from excusing myself, I accuse myself; and when my reason tells me that I did what I ought to have done in my situation, I believe that less than my heart, which bitterly belies it.” Then, prematurely an old man, broken by sickness, depressed by penury and the sense of life's failure, he wrote this grand

moral for others to read: "Remorse goes to sleep when we are in the enjoyment of prosperity, and makes itself felt in adversity."

The deepest channel will draw the water from the shallower ones where there is not enough to flood them all: so where selfishness in any of its forms, of lust, laziness, greed, or ambition is the strongest of our passions, all other emotions will be made tributary to it. On an old map of the world, that made by the cartographer Martin Behem in 1492, is shown a group of islands, supposed to be in Mid-Atlantic. They are named "Manillas," and over them is the warning information to navigators, "No ships with iron can sail among these on account of the loadstone with which they abound." Columbus did not find these islands, but their moral counterpart has proved the wreck of many a fleet of souls voyaging over the sea of life. Sinful desires are the fatal loadstone which divert the needle of the moral sense, and draw the individual to his doom.

George Eliot speaks of her amazement at "the stupidity of a dominant impulse." Most sinners are blunderheads. The proverb has it, "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird,"—but men are sillier than birds. They even spread the net for themselves, bait it and walk into it, deluding themselves that they are acting wisely. But for the recorded history and our knowledge of the fatuity of human nature, we would scarcely

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believe the following story: The Emperor Isaac, the weakling sovereign of the Greek Empire of Constantinople, once grew jealous of his chief general, whom he suspected of diverting the popular attention from the palace to the field. That no one might outshine himself in any exploit, he appointed to supreme command his own brother-in-law, whose eyes had been put out. The new general was helped to his horse, and striking in the spurs bade his men to follow him. His army was quickly cut to pieces. This is only an allegory of what we may see any day. Every town, every street is a battlefield where the blunders of the blind are marked by moral corpses.

That blind general lost his sight by the process of abacination. A powerful firelight was brought close to his eyes, not touching or marring them, but by its intense glare and heat drying up the optic humors, and killing the tiny branchings of the optic nerve as they spread upon the retina. Sinful desire is the devil's firelight. It drains away that inspiration and deadens that aspiration which God gave us at the same time He put the humors and nerves into our eyes and bade both body and soul to see.

Even where there is no special vicious passion, one's constant pursuit of selfish interests will lead to the degeneration of conscience through lack of its use, if not through its actual abuse. A magnet intensifies its power by being kept active. It can

be made to retain its own energy while imparting energy to other magnets. Unused, it loses its magnetic quality and soon becomes like any other bit of metal. The conscience is as sensitive to the honoring of its function.

We may find illustrations of this on the wide field of community life. Whole nations may rapidly lose the capacity for self-government. The most urgent call for defense of the common good fails at times to keep the public spirit long enough awake to expel the robber of the common right. Perhaps this public evil is due to the private lives of individuals. They are so absorbed in seeking personal gain that the commonwealth is not thought of, except as the goose with golden feathers to be plucked by everybody. President Thiers in a public address, just after the reign of the Commune had ceased, told the French people that the national hope was in a reformation of honesty and the sense of civic duty in shopkeepers, even more than in the reorganization of the army.

What is true of political decadence is true within the character of the individual himself. Character is made up of many motives, the citizens of the soul. When a person busies himself only in the details of passing gain or pleasure the civic sense of the Town of Mansoul, as Bunyan would put it, decays. Virtue fails to attract the man because his mind does not dwell suffi-

ciently upon the virtues to allow them to make an impression. It takes time for sentiments to ripen, and for convictions to form. A young scientist recently discovered a new method of producing electric light. He was confident that the theory upon which he worked was a correct one, yet the light did not appear. One day he focused a photographic lens upon the spot where the gleam should show, and walked the street for several hours in "patient anxiety." Upon his return a dark spot on the plate brought to his lips the cry "Eureka!" He has since developed that dim light into most beautiful and powerful illumination. Thus the objects of virtue may be unrealized because of what we may call lack of time exposure.

Old Thomas Manton compares the moral sense to the clock used in his day. "Its works are quiet when its weights are run down: but wound up, it is full of motion." It took a few moments to raise the weights; then the piece would keep true for a week. Many of our young people have never taken time to wind themselves up morally. Conscience gives them no correct motion; does not keep time with their daily activities. Its hands point to noonday when the evil inclinations have far lapsed toward the night gloom of the soul.

Under the direction of a very experienced and wise head master one of our large preparatory

schools became noted, not only for the high-grade scholarship of the boys sent to college, but, what signified far more, for their manly qualities. We had been trying to follow Sunday afternoon Bible lesson. When the hour was half up the Doctor said, "Boys, I want you to do something for yourselves which will help you more than I can. Please go to your rooms and spend the remainder of the hour in just thinking. Think who and what you are, and what you are going to do about it. Listen to your own heart-beats for a while:—I mean your conscience. No matter what you want to be: no matter what you have been; let each one try to say 'I am going to be just right.' To your rooms, boys, and God bless you!" The result of that "think" was the Christian consecration of several of the class, hitherto the most heedless.

INCENTIVES FROM A LIFE PURPOSE

X

INCENTIVES FROM A LIFE PURPOSE

CONSCIENCE is the judge of conduct: not its director. Lack of evil intention will not redeem a life from failure through lack of intelligent choice of a proper course and equally intelligent persistence in pursuing it. Indeed one's goodness itself is precarious if one is not actively engaged in some scheme of usefulness which engages the energies, as a ship that is making no headway, though headed right, will drift at the mercy of wind or tide.

We may compare right principles to the constitution of our country. Conscience sits as Supreme Court, approving or denouncing according as the separate acts of conduct are to be allowed or forbidden. Intelligence legislates, while the Will is Chief Executive of the life. It matters little that the Judge's ermine be unstained if the Legislature be foolish or the Executive inert. Dante observed that Italy in his day had inherited all the excellence of Roman law since the days of Justinian, but that the country was going to the dogs because the people had no national ideal and no spirit of united and continuous enterprise.

“What boots it that, to thee, Justinian
The bridle mend, if empty be the saddle?”

This is the trouble with some excellent people whose negative morality is beyond criticism: they are not in the saddle of their own virtues. They are as splendidly accoutered as a knight in a museum, but are mere effigies of morality, and ride on no enterprise.

The rich young man whose story is told in the Gospel was of this type. He had kept all the commandments; broken none, but pursued none to any betterment of society; good, yet practically good for nothing; the type of many a rich man whose character is as immaculate as his linen, and as forceless; the type of many a poor man, too, who is fitted chiefly to become the saint of an almshouse.

One of the wisest prayers of David is this, “Unite my heart to fear Thy name.” There are broken hearts, so fractured by disappointment that they have lost incentive for activity; but there are more hearts that were never put together compactly in the making. Psychologists divide our inner natures into three departments,—the Intellect, the Feeling, and the Will. Blessed is the man or woman in whom these departments are loyally co-operative,—as Matthew Arnold would put it, in whom “the whole self is eternally opposed to the partial self.” Many a man thinks well, is convinced of truth,

but does not feel what he believes; he "creeds" his God, but neither loves nor fears Him. Or he has much emotion, readily enthuses with generous sentiment, but the feeling does not become resolution. The bronze does not harden in the casting, and comes out metallic grit. In whatever department it may occur, there is a break in his true nature. He is not possessed of real integrity, for that word is not limited to honesty with his fellows; it is being one's self an integer, a complete moral unit, and not a group of fractions, however large the denomination.

A life purpose in order to be really noble, satisfactory to one's self, or of force to accomplish greatly, must take in the whole of life, all our interests as our days pass, and all our years until the end. The current of consecrated energy must fill the channel, and the channel must aim toward the great sea. There are many businesses in life, but only one business of life. Livelihood is not life; a truism that many in our bustling age do not seem to discover to be true. Paul was a tent-maker, but who cares what canvas he pricked with his needle when we read the thoughts from his pen? Amos was a huckster; John and Peter, fishermen; Matthew, a revenue officer; David and Aurelius got their living by kingcraft; Epictetus was a slave; Homer, a declaimer; Socrates, a sculptor; Bunyan, a tinker; Shakespeare, a theater manager; Bacon, a lawyer; Kingsley,

a preacher; Stanley, the African explorer, a newspaper reporter; Lubbock, the naturalist, a banker; Stedman, the poet, a broker; Samuel Morley, the philanthropist, a hosier. If a man's life is more than meat, it surely is more than that which provides the meat.

Saint Bernard had over his study table in illuminated letters, *Bernarde, ad quid venisti?* "Bernard, what are you here for?" It was not a reminder of his daily tasks; these were fixed for him by his routine duties as abbot, writer, counselor of pope, king, and paupers. It was a monitor of his higher consecration. It meant, How does what you are doing fit in with your life intent? Is this duty or pleasure a tributary to the grand stream or purpose; or a pool that signifies nothing beyond itself?

Only from such life-inclusive purpose can one find full content in passing events, experiences, and efforts. The Empress Catherine II. of Russia, deep as was her engrossment in ruling her empire, did not find it enough to satisfy her. There were vast tracts in her soul, like her Siberian wastes. Yet every waking hour was occupied; personal pleasures, patriotic cares, benevolent schemes mingled confusedly with court jealousies, international frictions, and private envies, so that her life seemed a disintegrated heap. She exclaimed, "Alas, I am but an accumulation of broken ends." Amiel, in his

journal, records, "Life is a mass of beginnings and endings." Who does not experience this? Books begun and not read: subjects thought at but not thought through, leaving us without definite convictions: friendships that are full of honey ungathered by any continued intercourse, perhaps through misunderstanding provocative only of stings; help we thought to offer, but delayed until our beneficiary has disappeared somewhere in his misery.

There is a remedy for this. Is not the cable that holds the ship made up of tiny sprays of hemp a few inches long, mere beginnings and endings? yet they are twisted together into vast length and strength. A life purpose acts as the spindle; only keeps the twist one way and without intermission. Why should we complain of the frayed hemp that scratches the hands, when we might have the thrill of life's tug and triumph?

It is tiresome to pick detached notes from the piano;—a few moments would ravel one's nerves. But the composer will be enchanted over the keys when he selects the notes which blend into harmonies, and masses them within his conception of a musical theme. Thus all the details of life become sweet and fascinating when they chord with one another under a diviner will than ours.

It would be wearisome by the hour to mix

pigments on a palette, but it is inspiring work to a Horace Vernet, who out of these dull chromes will make the fire-light in the eye of the soldier storming a battery; or to Church, who will transmute them into the rainbow spanning Niagara or the white mist like the skirts of spirits enshrined within the waters. Let a man realize that he is commissioned to make of his own life a masterpiece, choosing his own study of subject and arranging the details of conduct consistently with that high thought, then no part of his life-work can be insignificant or menial; the most commonplace of the real will glow with the beauty and grandeur of his ideal; as in Benvenuti's casting of the statue of Perseus,

"The metal ran like lava,
Sluggish and heavy: and I sent my workmen
To ransack the whole house, and bring together
My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,
And cast them one by one into the furnace
To liquefy the mass, and in a moment
The mold was filled."

The most useful of the arts is the art of being most useful. What an artist was David Livingstone! His canvas the map of Africa; his pigments, hunger and weariness and danger and pain; his picture the Dark Continent gleaming with the paths of civilization and glowing with the sunrise of its Christian redemption until there is left no jungle of savagery, and no spot where

the slave-hunter can hide from the scorn of his fellow-men! To one who can think below the surface of things, Christopher Wren's Cathedral is less impressive than the brick chapel of Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee, every brick made, every plank hewn by the hands which he is training to build the Black Race into a temple of new humanity. Beethoven and Bach were not such artists of song as Florence Nightingale or Clara Barton, who reproduce the sweetness of their own souls in the gratitude of thousands, each note a whole life saved from some misery. Such careers are heavenly; the angel gladness in them not dissipated because the feet touch the earth.

This law of the glory of the life purpose glorifying all the life may help us understand our Lord's saying, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple [discipleship] verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." The size of the cup is nothing; if it be love's sweet offering, it is filled from the "river of water of life" that flows through Paradise.

A trained nurse was asked if she did not grow weary of her work. She replied, "Yes, when I have to attend rich patients who might hire someone else to wait upon them; then my head aches and my hands are heavy. But give me my basket of foods and medicines, and let me go among the poor who can pay me only with their eyes, and I

can imagine no greater happiness. Heaven! I suppose I must go there, but I shall ask the Lord of Paradise to give me at least an August vacation that I may spend dog days in the slums. I am sure He will, for did not the Christ find it His meat to do the will of His Father in just such places?"

Professor —, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D.,—the weight of whose titles cannot hold the lid on his effervescing fun—writes, "My friend, I am growing old; must wake up dead some fine morning; perhaps, if God is very, very gracious, must go to Heaven. But I don't want to go to any Heaven I have read about; not the Mohammedan heaven, for my old wife is sweeter than any houri the Prophet dreamed of; not the Heaven in Abraham's bosom, for I don't like the smell of Arab sheikhs, having camped with them; not Saint John's Heaven, unless he wrote metaphorically about the harps and the songs, for some of my most saintly neighbors disturb me with their singing. My heaven is to sit here on the banks of the — and teach these college youngsters how to be wise and good. I want nothing more except a new body with no aching joints and a perfect digestion." Those who know this sage and saint will almost wish that the doctrine of re-incarnation were true, and that he might re-appear in the endless cycles of himself.

The head worker in the Settlement was worn

out with the incessant demands upon her brain and heart and limbs,—the key hammers were worn hard with the thumming, and needed picking over. The physician prescribed six months' rest; friends said anywhere, in mountains, by sea-shore or in travel. She begged "not so long. I should grow homesick away from these pinched faces of the children, and these worn hands of poor women, and these men who need me to talk them away from their brutal temptations." Within a month she was back. The strings were sagging through disuse.

"Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune."

Would you know the secret of this woman's joy in humble service? She had once been very sick. Lying helpless and in pain, amid all external comforts and the cheer of loving comrades, she thought of those who suffer without ordinary medical relief, alone, or in that deeper loneliness of having others about them who need the help of the hands that cannot now lift their burdens. She then dedicated her life, if God would restore her, to the help of the poor. God accepted her heart in its sacrifice, and filled it with the flame of His own love for humanity.

Ennui of life is perhaps the most widespread disease. Very soon most things we once de-

lighted in become flat and stale. The buoyancy of youth passes off.

“Life’s enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.”

High-priced pleasures are the quickest to evaporate. Antony and Cleopatra exhaust the treasures of two kingdoms on their joys, and soon eat boiled peacocks and drink decoction of pearl, offering the Devil’s chefs a bribe for the invention of a new dish, since all had palled upon the taste.

Fashion is too flimsy to abide as a source of real interest. What has the mere society belle to look forward to when she puts off her wig and washes away the rouge after her last ball? Do you wonder that ladies of fashion go to Salvation Army work as they used to go to nunneries? or that, if otherwise disposed, they open their parlors for gambling dens? Oh, anything, anywhere to find that which will replace the vanished zest of life! Ease cannot take the aches from the joints, when poisoned digestion spins its spider web over the mind, when the greed of money hears its own echo, “What’s the use of it?”—as A. T. Stewart complained that he got only his board and clothes out of all his millions; when the shoulders stoop and it hurts to look up—a hieroglyph that of a soul stooping under the accumulation of wasted years!

In a healthy old age “desire fails” when the

ability to gratify fails. This is nature's compensation. But few attain to healthy old age. Desire continues, at least the habits become second nature, and make their demand even when the power of enjoying has ceased; as in the old comedy, the Emperor Claudius was condemned in Tartarus to be always trying to toss the dice in a cup without bottom. Madame de Maintenon, one of the most envied women of her age, second wife to Louis XIV., wrote near the close of her career, "How sad life is! I pass my days without other consolation than the thought that death will end it all."

The poor also feel the ennui of life. As the rich man says of the millions which heap their useless weight upon his hands, so the toiler says of the meager wages which leave scarcely the balance dust after food is paid for,—“Of what use is it all?”

“For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.”

So the miner waits for the consumption that gas and coal dust breed, and honestly disclaims bravery in risking sudden death, since the end cannot be far off in any event, and he is all the time entangled in its shadows. The soldier who serves for pay longs for the battle to relieve the tedium of the camp. The sailor would have the storm instead of the life as flat as the sea itself

in a calm. The craving for whisky is not so much in the blood as in the mind which demands an alterative for thought, and regards it a God-send that for a six-pence one can either be put to sleep like a hog, or made to fight like a fiend, or revel in the imagination of living a life that can never be one's own. The tramp emulates Lord Byron's Childe Harold, who

"E'en for change of scene would seek the shades below."

There is a cure for this ennui of life. It is in a moral purpose, noble enough to satisfy the conscience, broad enough to include the various occupations, and coterminous with life itself. With that incentive no life is a repetitive round, though the details of daily doing may be the same. We will call it a spiral life; the circle the same, but each attaining a higher plane.

Even a noble secular pursuit that absorbed one's thoughts and engaged the energies would relieve the majority of lives of much weariness. In early life George Eliot found both contentment and strength from her chosen motto, *Certum pete finem*. Montalembert said, "That which tortures and consumes is neither obligation nor duty; it is instability, agitation, the fever of change." Sarah Bernhardt says of her dramatic studies. "I have willed ardently to reach the highest point in art; I have not attained it; I

have less time to live than I have already lived; but what matters that? Every step brings me closer to my ideal. The hours that have swept by, taking with them my youth, have left me my courage and my cheerfulness; for my aim remains the same, and toward it I am tending."

An old painter sits looking toward the sunset of days. The eyes are dimmed. He cannot see the dividing lines between the tints as once he saw them; but the glory fills his soul, and he falls to sleep—to wake? If, and when, God determines. If not, his present life has been full. Huxley was timeward wise when he left this for his epitaph,

"Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
For still He giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."

Advancing years should bring only the sense of ripening. Is not the garnered store as worthy as the bloom on the plant? What if life's blossoms drop through slow decay, or are blown off by the June storm? Fruit is better. And the Creator's pledge to all worthy tenants of a long life is "Thou shalt bring forth fruit in old age." Yea "thou shalt come to thy grave as a shock of corn cometh in its season."

But the agnostic's rest is not the Christian's. When worthy secular ambition is supplemented by a faith in eternal continuance, in which memory will retain all the past and hope reach to

the endless future; when the present life labor is seen to be down a single swathe of God's boundless field, and we realize that we are co-workers with the Creator, then the soul rests indeed; rests as the eagle rests on the tireless wings which are carrying him higher.

In such a life there can be no such thing as failure. What we call failures are only the backward turns of the piston that it may make another forward stroke; the backward march of a platoon that other forces of the soul may take their turn at the firing line. Even if outward success never comes, the soul itself has attained by pressing on to its own betterment. What is perfection? some stationary good? some zenith point of wisdom? or is perfection a perfect law of development. Is the glory of a tree its size or its growing? Is the glory of the mind the truth it has attained, or that it is pursuing exhaustless truth?

A young engineer studying under an older one is trained in various departments of his science, but does nothing of importance in any. He practices drafting until he gets somewhat proficient in the art, but draws no plans worth keeping or selling. He estimates truss-strength and wall-thrusts, but builds nothing except as his work disappears in the mass of what the master is building. But these half-drawings and scraps of estimates, and partly worked problems will

prove more to him than any early job of engineering which brought him pay.

You see the great painting and say, "That was worth doing." You do not see the hundreds of "studies" which litter the artist's portfolio, or which, having no sale value, he has thrown away. Yet these had more to do with making him a great painter than had the piece which was paid for in the art market. So life's worth is in what it works *at* rather than in what it works *out*.

The bridge-builder has toiled for years to span the river; his work is done. The freshet roars against the piers. Will it fall? Suppose the river some day masses its waters beyond what men dreamed possible, and the bridge gives way? Or, suppose that at the fatal moment, when the whirlpool swirls beneath the towers and they are beginning to tremble, the torrent exhausts its volume, and the bridge stands. If it fall the world sneers at the builder, though it was the strongest bridge ever yet put together; if it should stand because no freshet ever struck it, the builder's fame is immortal. Foolish world! Foolish builder, if he takes the world's opinion much to heart! Is he not the same man with the same merit, whether his work stands or falls? God's apprentice I imagine, perhaps in another world to be in the Creator's engineering department to help swing stars or roof in globes of fire, making them habitable earths.

An American scholar spent years over an abstruse subject; mastered it; prepared a book on it; but before he got to press a Frenchman came out with a treatise on the same subject, and no publisher would print the American's book. Was he any less of a scholar, or less deserving because fortune fell away from him, or fame did not get his name on the edge of her trumpet? The fellow died of disappointment, so the doctors said. It was foolish to do that. He ought to have quietly buried his work, not himself.

The world has recently lost one of its most genial and brilliant writers, William Black. In a sketch of his life, written by himself a few years since, he tells merrily of a dozen failures before he struck his pace of prosperity. One project was the formation of a complete collection of British flowering plants, which was to make his repute as a botanist. Years after he said: "The scant herbarium remains to this day; a poor enough treasure-house of botanical lore, but a rich treasure-house of memories of innumerable and healthful wanderings by hill and moorland and seashore, through the rain and sunlight and beautiful colors of the Western Highlands."

Sensible man! Why mourn over a herbarium that didn't grow to be a museum but did furnish him with health and joy and the poetry with which he portrayed Highland scenery,

and we will go further—with a keener soul for appreciating the beauties of heaven?

If we get the right idea of heaven it is such an attainment in character that we will do things without any thought of pay, just for the joy of doing. What pay could the world have given Michael Angelo for designing St. Peter's, or Leonardo for painting the Last Supper, or St. Francis for founding his brotherhood of help, or Luther for smiting the devils of superstition? Their reward was in the doing. Wasn't it enough to have been an angel singing over Bethlehem without having one's name dropped on the earth?

What are failures? Didn't Hobson fail in his main purpose? But who cares? Are not all martyrs failures? Yet they died gladly. Wasn't Christ a failure in the world's estimate? Yet his meat was to do as He did, and his drink was to suffer as He did. Does not everybody fail, when, as Job says, death cuts us "off in the midst of our purposes?" Seeming success must be only the shuck; life's value is what develops inside.

What matters it that now I do not comprehend this? My new plant died down. Said the florist, "Let it alone; it is doing better than when it grew its leaves; it is making root for next year." The years of God are æons. Sings Browning,—

"All's for the hour of essaying
Who's fit and who's unfit for playing

His part in the after-construction—
 Heaven's piece whereof Earth's the induction.
 Things rarely go smooth at rehearsal,
 Wait patiently the change universal.

“ Man's work is to labor and leaven—
 As best he may—earth here with heaven;
 For 'tis work for work's sake that he's needing.
 Let him work on and on as if speeding
 Work's end, but not dream of succeeding.
 For, if success were intended,
 Why, heaven would begin ere earth ended.”

Again,

“ Greatly begin, though thou have time
 But for a line, make that line sublime:
 Not failure, but low aim is crimè.”

Emerson is exceedingly practical in his rebuke of those who find no excellence except in the commercial values: “ I look on that man as happy who, when there is a question of success, looks into his work for a reply, not into the market, not into opinion, not into patronage. What is vulgar, and the essence of all vulgarity, but the avarice of reward? 'Tis the difference of artisan and artist, of talent and genius, of sinner and saint.”

Livingstone records in his journal that he once fully expected to be clubbed to death by the natives, and for a moment planned to steal across the river and escape. “ Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare

of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow . . . but I will not cross furtively, as I intended. It would appear as flight; and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily. I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though it be my last."

The sainted Harriet Newell, the story of whose heroic purpose in missionary work has stimulated hundreds to similar consecration, died at the age of nineteen, leaving this testimony,—
"I have no regret that I left my native land for Christ. It was in my heart to do a good work for God, and my desire is accepted by the Lord." Whittier puts the thought into what was a confession of his own life purpose,

**"The words he spake, the thoughts he penned,
Are mortal as his hand and brain;
But if they served the Master's end,
He has not lived in vain."**

How such faith and resolution lift one over ordinary ills, inconveniences, and seeming disasters; a sublime diversion from ten thousand pains and annoyances which fret to death those whose minds are at idle leisure to consider them. General Sickles thus describes his experience at the time of receiving the terrible wound at Gettysburg: "I can recall every movement that I directed, not in its outward accomplishment, but

as it lay in my mind at the time my orders were issued. All my thoughts, so vivid and exciting were they, lie now before me as in a stereotyped map. But one thing I know nothing about, because in the zeal of the fight it made no impression upon me,—namely, just how and when I was shot. I must have carried my shattered leg a full half hour before my interest in the way the battle was going allowed me to notice that my boot was full of blood.” This is an extreme illustration of a very common experience. The generous incitement, if not excitement, of a long-continued interest carries one almost unconsciously through many evils. A swift-going ship cuts through the waves as a sharp knife rips the stitches of a garment, when, if the engines were stopped, the vessel would pitch with every billow. Men are often pitied for the insults and contumelies heaped upon them, who themselves are scarcely aware of what their enemies are saying, because of their absorption in their great endeavor. Ill health, losses, hard work, a myriad temptations are but as the stones which roll beneath the feet of a mountain climber when the grand panorama is with each step widening before his gaze.

The consistent and persistent purpose will not only buoy one above the ills of life; it will impart increased zest and ability to the performance of passing duties. It will especially quicken the

mind to note and seize upon opportunities which may be turned to the advantage of the one absorbing purpose.

The passion it kindles becomes exceedingly quick-eyed. In Schiller's "William Tell" the poet shows his intimate knowledge of mental habits by making every commonplace remark of the Swiss peasant, Stüzzi, suggest something relating to the liberation of his country, as every rock and ravine and forest thicket had been studied from boyhood by the patriots as a possible resort in danger, or a fortification from which to assail the tyrant. How keen the eye of Audubon became for every color and shape in the wings that flitted by him as he roamed the woods! How quickly the eye of greed sees the least sparkle of gain? This, too, is the ability in the most sacred service, as Paul said, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

Let us add as another appeal for life purpose the consideration of its cumulative force. You can dam back a spring with a few bricks or shovelfuls of sand, but when the stream has gone some distance, augmented by many springs pouring into it, it has accumulated resistless force. It may move with such gentleness that it does not rock the tiniest feather curled upon its bosom; but stop it not, or it will avenge itself upon valley and plain in desolating freshet. So a single im-

pulse may be checked by resolution, or prevented from coming out into action by some slight opposition, but beware the massing of impulses on a single line, if they be bad impulses; and bless them if good, for you will seldom be able to recall them, or others to resist them. "Passion is destiny," says someone. Another says, "Habit is destiny." Both are right and say substantially the same thing; for habit genders passion, feeds it, exercises it until it grows so great that one's fates bow to the inevitable, as in Joseph's dream of his coming power "The sun, moon, and eleven stars made obeisance" to him.

Several Italian gentlemen were standing upon the shores of Lake Como, bemoaning the sad condition of their country broken into many little dukedoms and petty kingdoms, banded together with only that rope of sand, the Papal claim of overlordship. Their complaints were chronic, age-long; for so had their ancestors talked since the Dark Ages. One of these patriots suddenly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us do something for our land." The speaker was Cavour, an obscure member of the Parliament of Turin. Thus was formed the league of Italian patriotism with the motto, "A Free Church in a Free State." For twelve years Cavour devoted himself to this purpose, omitting no opportunity to promote it, as a devoted religieuse would omit no bead of her rosary. He learned engineering that he might

the better promote the intercourse of Italy with Europe by means of the Mont Cenis Tunnel. He mastered the sciences of agriculture and mining that he might teach the people to make the most of their lands. He deliberately embroiled France and Austria in war that the kingdom of Sardinia might gain in the settlement. He thrust among the allies against Russia an Italian army in the Crimean war, and afterward encouraged Russia to insist upon Victor Emmanuel signing the treaty of peace, thus recognizing little Sardinia as a first-class power. He was the steadying hand upon Garibaldi, now urging, now restraining his impetuosity; heating and cooling by turns that marvelous tongue of Mazzini. Thus, when all things were ready, the troops of Sardinia marched into Rome, and Sardinia became Italy. Dukes and petty kings hastened to make their submission to what seemed the inevitableness of Fate, not realizing at the moment the human fingers that had spun the cord of the Fates, but ever after blessing them. "A Free Church in a Free State" was Cavour's dying salutation. It was taken up by Italy and became the watchword from the Alps to Sicily.

The praise of Cavour as the unifier of his people is but a part of his due. Showing what a single man can do when his own life is unified by a purpose great enough to excite all his energies, he belongs to the race, one of our

greatest heroes and instructors. You and I may not be called upon to fill so wide a road with our marching energies, but if our purpose be like his, lifelong and unselfish, it will be a path that emerges upon the heights near enough to God to hear His "Well done, good and faithful."

INCENTIVES FROM LITTLE THINGS

XI

INCENTIVES FROM LITTLE THINGS

INCENTIVES from little things" quite naturally follows our thoughts of Incentives from a great life purpose, inasmuch as the purpose imparts itself to the details of conduct. The height of the water in the reservoir is shown by the height its outflow attains through the tiniest pipe in our homes, and so character "seeks its level" with equal persistency throughout the commonplaces of life. "Speak to me, my lad," said a philosopher, "for I would know thee."

Moses in sudden heat smote an Egyptian. It was a little thing in the career of him who smote the whole Egyptian people with miraculous curses, and broke the power of Pharaoh with an uplifted rod at the Red Sea. But the sacred writer chose that passing incident to give us a preliminary look into the very soul of the man whose biography he was about to pen. That single deed revealed his intense Hebrewism, for the Egyptian was maltreating a Hebrew; his love of humanity and justice, since the Egyptian was acting cruelly; his faith in the divine promise of liberty for the chosen people, for the victim was being held as a slave. The action sprang as

spontaneously from the grand life purpose which led Moses to "refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God," as water spurts through a crevice in a full dam.

In 1865, five years before the Franco-Prussian War, Count Bismarck paid a visit to the Emperor Napoleon III. in Paris. The French escort, while showing the great German every semblance of hospitality, were careful to conceal from him whatever might give information of the real weakness or strength of France. But though his attention had been seemingly absorbed in mere court formalities Bismarck saw the rottenness of the French Empire; that selfishness, rivalries, speculations, and distrust of the future, as he reported, showed that Germany had nothing to fear from the power west of the Rhine. He touched but a few strands and knew that the fabric was rotten through and through; that the warp was eaten away, and the woof of Napoleon's splendor would disappear in shreds at the first shaking of war.

Young persons often wonder that experienced business men show them no confidence, and give them no position of trust and importance. It is possible that they have incidentally revealed to the shrewd observer their own superficiality, trivial disposition, lack of diligence, love of mere pleasure, or weak moral purpose. The head of

one of our largest mercantile houses says that much of his time is occupied in sizing up the young men in his employ; that he seldom mistakes a worthy fellow, though he has little from which to judge beyond his outward bearing or an action which is trivial in its immediate import. "Give me evidence of a young fellow's industry, honesty, and fair ability, and I am too wise to let him go. Modern business is too complicated and extended for one man or several men to manage in detail. We must trust our employees, and the first thing to find out is who is trustworthy. We are always tapping our wheels to see if they sound sound."

This is not only good business common sense; it is the wise way of estimating all character. If a house be lighted the windows will shine; if the shutters are closed some gleam will show at the cracks. If a good man should seek to hide his virtue it would come out, as the servants of the High Priest said to Peter, "Thou art one of His disciples; thy speech betrayeth thee."

Leech, the famous English delineator, was one night taking a drunken man home, when they were both arrested and haled to the station house. The next morning at the hearing before the court, the artist, not caring to have this episode paraded in the newspapers, gave an assumed name. While waiting for his discharge he nervously marked his finger nail with a pencil. He was

unconscious of doing anything artistic, but a policeman was interested in the scratches, and leaning forward whispered into his ear,—“ Looks like a Leech ! ”

Gentility will reveal itself everywhere. A gentleman disguised himself in old clothes and visited a low resort for observation. At the door a wretched creature advanced and said, “ For God’s sake don’t come in here. We are not of your sort.” An awkward man cannot walk gracefully in the most fashionable cut of clothes, nor can a man’s natural ease and grace be concealed by the garments of the clod-hopper. This is especially so with the grace of goodness. It inheres and exhales, like the “ bouquet ” of certain rare wines, however clumsy the bottle they are put into.

An artist friend used to amuse us by showing how slight a line introduced into a portrait would make the face appear that of a saint or rascal. Character, a prevailing disposition, a habit of noble or debasing thought, a frank or sinister purpose, reveals itself in the fine lines of conduct and bearing which make the real face of the soul. The old Scandinavian myth represents men at times changing shape, and taking the bodies of various animals; but it was observed that the eye never changed. That was always human. The soul eye, its outlook in intention, is always true to itself.

We sometimes speak of "little immoralities"; there are none. Gravitation pulls every sand grain as well as the mountain weight; so does God's law of righteousness. It is this great principle that led the Master of Conscience to say, "By thy words shalt thou be judged."

Yet sand grains roll where mountains stand fast. So there are trivial defects in otherwise grand characters, slips of speech and unguarded actions for which we may make allowance. Such are mannerisms acquired from one's associates, hasty actions under sudden and provoking circumstances, the occasional flinging off sedateness for a little folly, though the fling may not be gracefully made. We must distinguish between moral dishabille and deformity. Lincoln was a broad joker, but no story was touched with irreverence or taught a false lesson. The effervescence of a full glass may make a slop, yet the liquid be clean and beautiful. It is almost a crime in biography to perpetuate one's foibles at the expense of the noble personality to which they are related only as gargoyles to a temple. A wise observer will note the vast difference between the little defect which is an inconsistency in a splendid character and the little action which reveals a bad character. The one is a freckle on a white man's face; the other is a part of a black man's skin. Even of serious moral defect it is well to remember Tennyson's words.

“The sin which practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour that brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.”

Not only does character reveal itself by our attitude toward little things, but a generous spirit will find much of its happiness and incentive in them. It is well that it is so, since the lives of most people are made up altogether of common-places, and even in the most eventful lives startling experiences are exceptions. Years in camp for a single battle is the rule in life's warfare. Ordinary business success is through the continued gaining of small percentages; so our assets of happiness are made up of many minor items. The sunshine bleaches with as many beams as there are threads in the fabric. The art of getting the whiteness instead of the mildew stain is to spread it all out in the sunshine, so that every thread may get its bath of light. Overlooking this fact that the bulk of our happiness is from the massing of little pleasures, we lose much of the charm and zest of life. Unwise ambition strains its eyes in prospecting far and wide to discover some gleaming Eldorado, while one's feet may uncover the sparkle of vein heads if only one would look down.

Herein is a difference between dull and bright minds; a dull intellect needs something externally great or exciting to attract and hold attention, just as dull-eyed brutes see only large and deep-

colored objects; whereas clear and strong minds note the great and interesting in everything. A fellow traveler looked up from Chamouni at Mont Blanc, as with its diadem of ice it burst through the clouds. "That's nice, aint it?" he remarked, and turned his attention to the lunch basket. Others in our party found more fascination in the icicle on the window frame that morning, and drew from it deeper inspiration than our comrade could have learned had he gone to school with the angels.

There was an enthusiastic old fellow in England who was often seen grubbing about the roots of trees, watching ant-hills, birds' nests, and spiders' webs. The four-in-hand bugler gave him a blast which made him look up in pity at one who paid so much for his pleasure and had to search the island from John o'Groat's to Land's End in order to find it. The old fellow was Charles Darwin.

A recent death notice has attracted much attention. It was not of one whose body was conveyed on the lofty catafalque or gun carriage, covered with his country's flag, to be laid at rest in the abbey. Neither literature, nor scholarship, nor heroism, nor commerce knew him. Yet scientific magazines contained his obituary written by his friend, Sir John Lubbock. The deceased was a pet wasp; out of whose brief and uneventful life the eminent naturalist had gleaned

more information and enjoyment than many men could have found in all Sir John's cabinet and library.

Charles Kingsley was "hail-fellow well met" with princes and bishops, and those bigger souls, Tom Taylor, Tom Hughes, and Anthony Froude. He could throw the hammer of big thoughts with any man in the kingdom, yet he included among his friends a pair of garden toads whose dull antics brightened his faith in the wonderful goodness of God. He saw more suggestive things through a crack in the window sill than some of his friends saw through the whole window, for he had allowed a band of gypsy sandwasps to pitch their camps in the crevice.

The soul of John G. Whittier marched in step with the armies of liberty and swung among the stars. This did not prevent his rollicking with tiniest creation.

"Chip!" went the squirrel on the wall,
After me I heard him call,
And the catbird on the tree
Tried his best to mimic me."

So Robert Burns showed himself akin to all the world, not only in interpreting the tail-wagging of "Twa Dogs" into lessons of etiquette and morality for human society, but equally when he turned aside from a chosen walk lest he should disturb the birds in their singing. So Longfel-

low rings out the sagest thoughts in answer to the hammer strokes of the "Village Blacksmith."

Men like Thoreau, John Burroughs, and William Hamilton Gibson can lie down upon a snow drift and catch from its tiny undulations such a sense of sublimity that they would exclaim with the latter, "What need of Switzerland, of Jungfrau or Matterhorn!" Of the little gold thread plant this delightful writer says,—“Seek it, my worldling, and cultivate it if you know it not; lay it beside your glittering dollar and learn which is counterfeit.”

“Why do you pitch your studio back here among the sumacs,” we asked, “with only a few acres of tree tops and a ravine for outlook, when you might have taken in half the State from yonder hill?” Gibson replied, “Why, even here is more than I can absorb. Look now at that long lash of the blackberry, making a green and white rainbow against the sky! and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it! or, are they only ants?”

We were walking one hot day along an autumn road, dust shoe-deep and covering the coarse wayside weeds with a monotonous gray. “Gibson, you say there is beauty in everything—except some men. Now what is there beautiful within a square rod of us?” He instantly replied, “Shall I show you the King and Queen of the bug world, robed in purple and crowned with

Gold? Come, Solomon! Come, Sheba!" He reached to a curled leaf and in his open palm displayed two magnificent beetles,—heads glowing in golden yellow, and bodies mantled with gorgeously enameled purple wings. It makes one think of Cardinal Newman's saying, "Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of angels' garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God."

The greatest men in religious history were perhaps Moses and Saint John. Tradition has preserved stories illustrating the simplicity of their characters. The Rabbis tell the beautiful legend that once the Lawgiver followed a stray lamb far into the wilderness, and when he had found it, took it tenderly into his arms, saying, "Little lamb, thou knewest not what was good for thee. I will bear thee back to the fold"—and God said, "Because he has been tender to the straying lamb, he shall be the shepherd of all my people Israel." The boys and girls in the catechumen class—the ancient Sunday school which Robert Raikes only revived—used to hear how the great Seer of the Apocalypse, whose eyes had taken in the flight of angels from world to world, kept for a playmate in his old age a little partridge.

**"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.**

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

One is reminded of Kingsley's rhythmic invitation to some friends to meet him for an outing in Wales amid commonplace scenes:

Where's the mighty credit
In admiring Alps?
Any goose sees glory
In their snowy scalps.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles:
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet."

What wonders the eye of Jesus saw in the things which draw from most men scarcely the obeisance of a thought! All our Lord's discourses, as preserved for us, could be printed in a small pamphlet; only a few enunciations of the most important laws for faith and conduct; yet observe that nearly every truth He uttered was both suggested and illustrated by something commonplace. His answers to strangers who sought Him at the Jordan, the Rabbi who called upon Him at night, the poor Samaritan woman by the

well; His talks with people sick, depressed, bereaved, or in the quiet of close friendship, as at Bethany; a flash of indignant rebuke of some proud browbeater, or gentle remonstrance with a weak disciple, such are our chief sources of knowledge of the mind of Jesus. It is safe to say that any other philosopher would have regarded the things which brought out the fullness of the Great Master's thought as trespasses upon his time. Observe, too, how our Lord made anything and everything which He and His auditors happened to be looking at to gleam with His great teaching, as the sun's rays put its glory in dewdrop and star. He made the glow of the sky at morn and even prophetic of coming days, the wind to symbolize His Spirit's operations, the light to represent His truth, mountains the weight for the lift of faith. The trees talk to us: the mustard tree of the rapid growth of good; the ripening fig tree of sudden development of character: the dead tree with ax of the feller at its root, of the inevitable end of wrong and uselessness. The vine and branches tell of unity in life. The shaken reed is the picture of the time-server. Grass and lilies betoken Divine care. Even the thorns and thistles shoot out their prickly warnings. The marvels of seed development, the depth and quality of soil, stones, the beaten pathway, feathered raiders, and tasseled grain, all tell some part of Christ's wondrous story of what

God thinks of men. The ravens cry and the sparrows twitter their delighted confidence in the hand that feeds them. The eagles, the wolves, the foxes, and the fishes bring their tribute of suggestion from the wild life of air and woods and waters. The sheep, helpless, lost, wounded, found, carried, folded, charm us to seek the Great Shepherd. Water bubbling and sparkling in the spring, salt and leaven, city and hilltop, prince and peasant, house top and doorway, the crash of kingdoms and the games of children on the street, —nothing was left commonplace after Jesus looked at it. Beautifully Whittier describes Jesus preaching.

“ But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandaled Nazarene
Through ripened cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where, mingled with his gracious words,
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee.”

How many of the greatest experiences and works have sprung from some tiny seed of suggestion! Scarlatti's famous “Cat Fugue” is so called because it was inspired by a peculiar combination of tones made by the paws of a kitten

climbing over his harpsicord. Beethoven caught the movement for a sonata from the hoof strokes of a horse galloping down the road. Verdi got his rhythm oftentimes from the romping of children in the street. Gibbon thus accounts for the origin of his great history: "As I sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' first started in my mind." Montalembert, visiting England, was one day sitting upon a cannon at Woolwich Arsenal. The naval armaments piled about him set his mind adrift over all the seas where the English power was dominant. This was the suggestion of his great work, "L'Avenu Politique de l'Angleterre." St. Augustine's "De Ordine" was prompted by hearing the water trickling into the baths, and among the autumn leaves, as he lay awake one night at Cassiacum. Huxley entitled one of his grandest lectures "A Piece of Chalk," which, he said, was to him "a window into the infinite." David d'Angers, the sculptor, caught the conception for his memorial of Marco Bozzaris, the Greek patriot, from seeing a little girl lying upon a tombstone in Père-la-Chaise, trying to spell out with her finger the name inscribed there. This figure suggested to him that of a maiden, who should represent Greek liberty, in the attitude of inscribing the name of

Bozzaris upon his monument. The model for the actual figure he discerned among the city gamins, his artist eye detecting the grace of her form beneath the filthy rags which disfigured it.

These persons not only found the great in the little; they put their own greatness into the little. It was as Mrs. Prentiss tells us of her hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ." It was not written for publication, but as a metrical prayer which she could sing to herself, and as such it was used for many years in the privacy of her own chamber. She once sent it to a friend with this comment,— "There is not much in the lines, but you can put everything into them, if you only make them your prayer." So it is with all the little things of life. They are all full of God, if only you have God in yourself to detect Him. That experience will glorify the commonplace as sunshine transforms the moisture of the atmosphere into purple robes for the mountains and the transcendent splendor of the sunset.

The Psalmist says "the fool's eyes are to the ends of the earth." The trouble is that with the ambition to scan the world of good they seize the field glass by the big end, and see even the great things of the universe in miniature and dim distance, while wiser folk find the little things amplifying and unfolding their wonders: as did Sir David Brewster, who, when examining an

insect through a microscope, raised his hands, and exclaimed, "Great God, how marvelous are Thy works!"

Upon what small events often hinges a whole life, opening it to a great career of good or shutting it within its own narrowness, the turn determined by one's prevailing impulse. A physical geographer has observed that "a slight change in the relative force of the trade-winds would so alter the equatorial current which now feeds the Gulf Stream that its main bulk would be deflected southward instead of northward by the angle of Cape St. Roque. Thus the anti-trade winds, which are now warmed by the Gulf Stream, would blow as cold winds across the shores of western Europe, and make there a glacial epoch." Again the savants say that if the Panama Isthmus were broken through, the Gulf Stream would pour into the Pacific Ocean instead of being deflected to the coast of Europe. Whether this menace may be real or imaginary, it illustrates the turn in many a human career.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, confesses that in early life he was without any high purpose, his chief ambition being stirred by a bear hunt. He was first prompted to better thoughts, to interpret the voices of his own inner nature, to heed conscience and love humanity, by reading a single verse of Firdusi, the Persian poet of the thirteenth century.

Frederick W. Robertson, the famous Brighton preacher, thus facetiously talks of Fate and Free Will in his own life, "If I had not met a certain person I should not have changed my profession [he had intended to enter the army]; if I had not known a certain lady, I should not probably have met this person; if that lady had not had a delicate daughter who was disturbed by the barking of my dog; if my dog had not barked that night, I should now have been in the Dragoons, or fertilizing the soil of India."

Such examples of life's turning point might be multiplied indefinitely. They do not show that a man's course is left to the hazard of mere passing events, but rather that the man by seizing these events may turn himself to a great career. Prevailing disposition is the moral momentum which gives antecedent probability of the direction one's life will take when it strikes its so-called determinative occasion. Kossuth had in him the soul of a philanthropist, or no words of Firdusi would have started him upon that course, any more than the sounding of a keynote will start a song from the lips of one with no music in him. Robertson's mind was full of faith, and his heart already consecrated. He was like the molten metal pouring from a furnace; circumstances only directed it to the chosen mold. Mungo Park, the traveler, had fallen exhausted in the desert. At

first he gave up to die. His eye fell upon a tiny shrub which was nourishing itself on a particle of moisture. He exclaimed, "If that can live I can" and sprang to his feet for another tramp, which brought him to safety. The plant was a blessed suggestion, but Park lived because of that deathless purpose in his soul which needed only the plant to utilize it; as a Leyden jar, when full of electricity, goes off at a touch.

But the most practical consideration is that the multitude of little influences by their accumulation make up the force character. The power of the dynamo is measured not alone by the speed of the armature, but by the number of small wire coils that are swept by it in its rapid gyration. The morally strong man has grown strong by allowing his conscience to respond to duties of whatever sort until he can hurl the very bolts of Jove. The utterly bad man has habituated himself to letting slip obligation after obligation until his conscience scarcely gives a spark light for duty or the slightest shock when he has omitted it.

So wisdom is the result of many experiences. Some men seem to have an intuitive perception of what is expedient. They need neither argument nor study. It is not intuition, but rather acquired facility, as the skilled marksman seems scarcely to aim his rifle, the piece coming exactly to the shoulder and on the right line. An old

Adirondack guide, famous for running rapids, could thread the black water between the rock-sprays as well at night as in the day. "I feel the pull of the current through the paddle blade into my spinal cord," was his explanation. His skill was the result of hundreds of experiences, until his very nerves seemed channeled as well as the stream.

What is accounted as genius is often only the acquired power of rapid thinking. The mind has learned to take in whole groups of details, as in reading the eye takes in words without noting the special letters in them, and sentences without pausing upon a single word. An expert leather buyer will thumb the edges of a heap of skins, and grade the entire pile in a few seconds. He has acquired the "feel" of them by practice. A prominent physician when called to the hospital for a special case seldom asks the nurse to point out the patient, but is credited with a sort of clairvoyant or telepathic power which leads him straight to the proper bedside. He himself explains the mystery by his many years of experience with patients, enabling him to detect the sufferer from a given disorder by a simple glance along the row of cots. It is so in every department;—wisdom comes through a multitude of experiences, as the polish of metals used in mechanism is the result of an infinite number of fine scratches. One who is impatient of the

scratches must make himself content to have a mental machine that will never run smoothly.

St. Francis de Sales advised his disciples, "To be great, there is no need to do singular things; what is needed is to do common things singularly well." Of a person's great influence it may be said that it is seldom acquired by great actions which suddenly exalt a one above one's fellows, but is rather through the gradual growth of repute for wisdom, honesty, and generous purpose as one has lived long and well in a community. George Eliot, in speaking of Francis Newman's influence upon his times, says, "How much work he has done which has left no deep conspicuous mark, but has entered beneficially into many lives." Kossuth, in reviewing the part he had played in the exciting history of his country, and the results of his grand schemes, confessed, "If I had to choose my place among the forces of nature, do you know what I would choose to be? I would be the dew that falls silently and invisibly over the face of nature, trampled under foot and unconsidered, but perpetually blessing and refreshing all forms of life."

But the reverse of all this is equally worth noting. Little good things not taken into our lives, little opportunities neglected, little virtues uncultivated, little words of kindness or fairness unspoken, little duties undone, accumulate weight against us. Most people who make

failure in life do so without having committed any notable fault, or shown any unusual degree of stupidity or weakness. Their characters are neither torn nor soiled, only, like poor cloth, carelessly woven. Their lives are not like streams in the Yosemite that plunge over the tall cliff and are lost in glorious spray. They have not even channeled the water of their own springs, and so are drained away in the dirt. Bulwer makes Earl Godwin, when about to die, sum up his experience thus, "In the battle of life the arrows we neglect to pick up, Fate, our foe, will store in her quiver."

**INCENTIVES FROM PHYSICAL
CONDITION**

XII

INCENTIVES FROM PHYSICAL CONDITION

IS the expression warranted? Whatever importance we may attach to bodily health, however true the precept, "Mens Sana in Corpore Sano," are not incentives to noble life purely mental, moral, or spiritual? We have been taught that the body is only a machine through which the soul operates upon the outer world; the "harp of a thousand strings" upon which the spirit plays the music it conceives; in the late Dr. Hepworth's figure, the body is the boat which the real man rows across the bay of time.

Admitting this to be the true theory of soul and body, the outer nature may be seen to inspire or to discourage the inner. Had Hanlon or Courtney never practiced in the pike-like shell, but gained their muscle only in poling a raft, they would doubtless have felt no incentive to lead the race. If Paderewski had never had an instrument more responsive to his exquisite musical conception than a tortoise-shell lyre, would he have had incentive to devote his life to

musical composition and rendering? Without his tools, sharp and fitted to his hand, the inventor's genius might have essayed no more than to facilitate the hoeing of his ancestral cabbage patch.

But is this theory, that the physical is only the instrument of the spiritual nature, true? A generation ago it was practically unquestioned. Physical culture had no place in any educational curriculum. College athletics was only a safety valve by which youth blew off its surplus physical energy. At most, the game, gymnastics, or the labor was to keep the body itself in working condition as the mere tool of the mind. The midnight oil in the silent chamber was more praised than the sunshine of the field. The patience of the college "grind," though he ground himself thin, and to the brittle edge of his faculties, was honored as mediævalists honored emaciated saints. The young poet, large-eyed and narrow-chested; the linguist with uneven shoulders through turning his lexicon; the bow-backed essayist and flabby-armed orator—these carried off the only prizes.

This may have been due to the survival of ancient metaphysics which cared nothing, and for a while was determined to know nothing, of the rising science of physico-psychology. The body was, at its highest valuation, only the comrade of the spirit, as in Hadrian's dying song,—

“ Soul of mine, pretty one, fitting one
 Guest and partner of my clay,
 Whither wilt thou hie away ? ”

One's flesh, if not one's playmate, was one's servant, useful under existing circumstances, but so ill adapted to his situation that one might welcome his discharge.

The new psychology, while it admits that the entities are so distinct that the one may exist without the other, insists upon their radical unity and essential interdependence during the present existence. Their relation is rather corporation than co-operation, having a solidarity of function. The body is not the boat with the soul for oarsman. A truer figure is borrowed from advanced science,—the soul being compared to the electric force within the mechanism which generates it. Intelligence and character have their correlative in brain tissues. If it is not quite true, as Huxley said, that “ thought is the expression of molecular changes,” it is as closely related to such changes as shame is to blushes, anger to flashing eyes, grief to physical depression, and purity and faith to an uplifted countenance. These outward signs are not mere flag signals of what is transpiring within, but such signals as that which an electric discharge makes in the flash.

The reverse is also true. Physical weakness produces mental depression. Bad blood augments bad moral passion. A shattered nervous system

rattles the will. Of this latter fact every physician is aware. In a recent trial a witness testified that she had signed papers criminating herself at the bidding of an attendant at her bedside during sickness, and had signed other papers denying her guilt at the command of another attendant, being equally impotent to resist either. It is significant that the great Temptation of our Lord was when He was at the point of starvation, His physical condition at the lowest. There can be no rational doubt that whatever degenerates the body tends to degenerate the mental, moral, and spiritual faculties.

This is due to the fact that the brain acts as the common organ of both natures. Its care is the equal obligation of body and mind. It is like the switch station which unites two railroads; both must guard it. Or we may compare its care to that of a house: to keep it in good condition on the inside we must repair it on the outside. The soul lodges within the brain; mental activity, when logical, strengthens brain tissues and intensifies their power of action, while purely physical nutriment builds up its walls.

There are other physical conditions which are so closely related to mental action that they may be classed as causal. We may be incredulous of the statement that quality of the soul's action sometimes shows itself in the quality of perspi-

ration—the cold sweat of remorse being distinguished by chemical analysis from that which healthy exercise produces—selenic acid developing in the former a pink color approximating the rhetorical crimson stain of sin. So much a unit is our dual nature that the phenomenon is plausible. A well-known clergyman of exalted spirituality suddenly exhibited a very different character, becoming not only unreliable, but skeptical, sensual, and vicious. This was preceded by a noticeable enlargement of the upper portion of the neck, dulling of the eye, and flabbiness of the features. Judge Walter Clark notes among the physical characteristics of the First Napoleon, that his normal heart beat was remarkably slow; not passing forty to the minute. “Doubtless this had a direct influence in enabling him to stand fatigue and to think coolly under the pressure of the most exciting circumstances.” The bodily change in Napoleon III. at the time of the Franco-Prussian war is a part of the history of that campaign. Disease made him impulsive even to fretfulness. He spurted at the start in any endeavor, and almost instantly lapsed into weariness of mental effort. To his loss of full physical manhood may, perhaps, be attributed his loss of empire. It is difficult to recognize the vacillator of the Rhine in 1870 as the executor of the *coup de état* of 1848, or the supine captive at Sedan as the daring inspirer

of Magenta and Solferino. We know that he was not the same man in physical condition.

Many a young person has started in life with high ideals and ambitions, only to "flat out" before reaching middle years. Convictions have lost vividness, feeling parted with heat, and resolution become like his watchspring that slips about its post when he tries to wind it up. If vivisection were possible, the operator would lay bare the occasion within the brain itself. The purely mental action finds no corresponding action in the finer nerve filaments, and thus themselves lose energy, as an electric current does when it essays to pass through an imperfect medium.

It may seem strange to mix lectures on hygiene with mental and moral philosophy, but Nature has blended the facts of these realms as she has those of matter and life, and true science must take cognizance of it. Food, rest, and exercise acquire ethical qualities in that they affect the condition of the blood, then that of the brain, then the thoughts and emotions.

The brain needs generous nutrition. The viands on the table are "food for thought" and stimulants of moral energy, in a sense beyond the scope of the most accomplished chef or epicure—a hint which the advertisers of cereals, soups, mineral waters, and wines are extravagantly repeating. Have not all great civilized

people been wheat-eaters? Can the Eskimo become poetic on blubber, or the Digger Indian become a philosopher while feeding on roots and snails? Possibly, when the gourmand on pâté-de-foie-gras and champagne can be a refined soul.

The opposite evil is less common, but still too often a fact: anæmic blood and anæmic intellectual condition are apt to be found together. No wonder that neither the monks of the wine-cellar and kitchen nor the monks of the cave and cell, gluttons nor ascetics, had force enough to break away from the ecclesiastical traditions of their times. A college student was led to practice severe carnal temperance with an exceedingly limited menu and unlimited bathing. In a little while his head would grow dizzy after an hour's studious application, and an effort in the debating hall laid him by for a week. He at length dropped his "eminent" physician, and applied to one whose chief recommendation was his own good health. This exponent of his own wares advised beef three times a day and sufficient ablutions to distinguish him from a tramp, with a few weeks' vacation, during which he might atone to Nature for the slight he had for months been putting upon her bounty. The man was quickly himself again, and for forty years since has worked incessantly in his profession.

Dr. Carpenter warns us that "every act of the

nervous system, centering in the brain, involves the death and decay of a certain amount of nerve matter, the replacement of which will be requisite in order to maintain the system in a state fit for action." Any intense application, as that of a student preparing for examination, a lawyer conducting an important case, a business man solving intricate problems, will use up material tissue as fast as sawing wood will, and produce a similar hunger, if the person is in good health. For enterprise, even that of the most sedative kind, one needs abundant food with abundant time for digestion, before the blood is recalled from the stomach to the brain. Many a man's failure to make business or professional success has been due to mistakes in his lunchroom rather than in his office. Says Dr. W. H. Thompson, "Men appear at the physician's office as nervous wrecks from alleged overwork. They cannot summon their minds to service; mere trifles worry or irritate them; they dread all new responsibilities and wish to postpone all decisions, so that they even shirk opening their letters. A short inquiry suffices to show that every feature in their nervous breakdown can be accounted for by their perennial ten minutes for refreshments, said minutes shortened at breakfast to catch the morning special train; then this followed by a lunch swallowed while talking business, and then by an evening dinner taken when

jaded, and with a stomach weakened by the day's experience. If there be anything which the stomach resents it is hurry, and next to that is being timed by a watch; and one of its commonest ways of avenging itself is by darkening the whole mental horizon."

Professional athletic trainers insist upon rigid diet in the three essentials of amount, wholesomeness, and leisurely digestion—liquors and over smoking excluded. If the coarser muscles need such careful feeding, and the nerves such measured tonic in order that legs and arms, eyes and ears may be alert at the proper instant, how much more the brain which the soul must use in seizing upon the finest impressions of thought, in spinning the exact argument, weighing the fine dust of the balance of judgment, seeing the instant advantage in business, in medical practice, in the heat of debate, the exact calculation, the exact implement or remedy, the exact word!

We spoke of changes in mind and disposition as often due to changes in physical condition. These changes are frequently induced by sins against the body. Ribot says, "Intoxication, after the first period of super-excitation, brings about a notable impairment of the Will." George du Maurier claimed only to be an artist—artist of brush and pen. As the latter in "Trilby" he furnished an illustration of the great scientist's opinion. Little Billee was drunk but once in his

life. But, says the author, "when, after some forty-eight hours or so, he had quite slept off the fumes of that memorable Christmas debauch, he found that a sad thing had happened to him, and a strange! It was as though a tarnishing breath had swept over the reminiscent mirror of his mind and left a little film behind it, so that no past thing he wished to see therein was reflected with quite the old pristine clearness. As though the keen, quick, razor-like edge of his power to reach and re-evoke the bygone charm and glamour and essence of things had been blunted and coarsened. As though the bloom of that special joy, the gift he unconsciously had of recalling past emotions and sensations and situations and making them actual once more by a mere effort of the will, had been brushed away. And he never recovered the full use of that most precious faculty, the boon of youth and happy childhood, and which he had once possessed without knowing it, in such singular and exceptional completeness." This is only a single line in that crowded, sad picture of soul degeneracy through some single act of physical folly.

In the old story, Semiramis begged to be allowed the pleasure of supreme rule for a single day. Her spouse, King Ninu, consented. She exercised her brief royalty by decapitating her lord, and thus retained the throne of Assyria. No vice needs long license to inflict a long woe.

Dr. Maudsley warns the moderate drinker that, though he may never stagger, his mind cannot maintain its perfect balance. "Nor," he writes, "is it possible for you to escape the penalty of weakening the will." It is well known that habits of vice, especially when the diseases they breed have poisoned the blood, desensitize those nerves of the brain which are associated with the higher function of will, while they inflame to preternatural sensitiveness those nerves involved in the baser desires. Tennyson's lines are to the point:

"I had a vision when the night was late;—
 A youth came riding toward the palace gate,
 He rode a horse with wings that would have flown,
 But that his heavy rider kept him down."

The brain needs, not only pure nourishment, but also the tonic of abundant sleep. Anyone who adds to his eight or ten hours of business application half a night of "owling" will be stupid at his desk, lack alertness in the game of trade, or drop his professional honors at the feet of those who are accustomed to well "knit up the raveled sleeve of care." Of clergymen it may be safely said, that he who robs himself of sleep in preparing sermons will soon come to give his auditors an abundance of it in the pews. Daniel Webster slept soundly all night before making his famous reply to Hayne in the Senate.

General Moltke, the conqueror at Sedan, said that the best preparation in a commander for the unforeseen emergencies of battle was a good long dream of home, and the best personal training that of the ability to lock up the senses in spite of outward excitement. Rapidly growing youth needs the long slumber and the yawn in the early morning which stretches the kinks out of the nerves; for the draught which new-formed tissues make upon the vital resources naturally induces a sense of physical laziness which is nature's medicine for the time.

But this laziness, if not mastered with a spur, may lie down upon the rider. A sleepy man is aptly characterized as being a "dope." A dope is a wipe-rag or bunch of cotton that retains the oil used in lubricating machinery. The man's sleepy disposition becomes a like absorbent of his energies; his oil is good for neither soul-lubrication nor illumination. Dr. Carpenter notes that "the healthy state of the body is that in which the exertion of the nervous system by day does not exceed that which repose of the night may compensate." Few men are like the great birds that rest between the strokes of their wings, as in soaring; or, as a noted oarsman said, "I rest between every two strokes of the oar." It is a great art not to carry the tire of one item of business over into the next. Henry Clay would catch a wink between speeches, and Horace

Greeley between articles, and a noted scholar adjusted his spectacles so that they would fall and arouse him only after several successive nods as he bent over the study table.

A good working brain needs also to be supplied with blood well aërated by exercise. But in an age when athletics have run into a fad perhaps a warning may not be amiss. Overexercise may rob the brain to build the muscle, just as overeating may develop the abdomen at the expense of the intellect. The human plant thus grows fiber to the lessening of the fruit. Dr. Elam, the author of "A Physician's Problems," says in that practical book, "Someone will ask, Has that pale, lean man, with a face like parchment, and nothing on his bones, a constitution? Yes, he has a working constitution, and a ten times better one than you, my good friend, with your ruddy face and strong muscular frame. You look, indeed, the very picture of health, but you have in reality only a sporting constitution, not a working one. You do very well for the open air, and get on tolerably well with fine, healthy exercise, and no strain on your brain. But try close air for a week,—try confinement, with heaps of confused papers, and books of reference, blue books, law books, or dispatches to get through. . . and you will find yourself knocked up and fainting, when the pale, lean man is, if not fresh as a daisy,—which he never is, being of the cadaverous kind,—

at least as unaffected as a bit of leather, and not showing the smallest sign of giving way. There are two sorts of good constitutions,—good idle constitutions, and good working ones. When Nature makes a great man, she presents him with the latter gift.”

The best bodily exercise is that which combines play of muscle with a large degree of mental activity, by which the brain demands and gets its proportion of tissue material that the quick-flowing blood transports through the system. Baseball, football, tennis, requiring alertness of action, quick vision, and instant choice of movements, self-restraint until decisive moments; hunting and fishing, when the pursued has sufficient chance of escaping to make the pastime a game instead of butchery; expeditions of research, mechanical construction, toil in experiment; these may have mental and moral results in perfecting the instrument through which the mind and conscience act.

The reflex influence of healthy study upon the bodily conditions is noted by those who are regarded as merely specialists in physical training. Maclaren of the Oxford gymnasium (quoted by Elam) says that, for the best results, he “prescribed a proportion of mental with bodily occupation.” Hard study is a “health lift.” In English universities more senior wranglers attain longevity than do stroke oarsmen. The brain

vivified by its highest form of exercise, that of its volitional rather than its automatic function, vitalizes all parts of the body.

There is thus a perfect reciprocity between our mental and physical natures. If the mind is captain, the body is more than ship; it is crew. If they are in mutiny, or maimed, or weak, or unresponsive, the captain is powerless in initiative and endurance.

Grant said that he found a great incentive to prompt and daring enterprise in his knowledge that his generals, scattered far and near, would be equally prompt and daring in execution. A part of the soul's forces is encamped with local headquarters at nerve centers, throughout the body. They ride as on steeds on the red corpuscles of the blood. They ferret out and clean out poisons by respiration, perspiration, and draught, as loyalists dispose of traitors in a rebellious land.

It is true that men with weak physical constitutions have accomplished much. So have commanders by superlative tact wrought wonders with inferior forces, like Maccabæus with his handful of herdsmen against Syria, and Scanderbeg with his dwarf regiments of Albanian cavalry against Turkish myrmidons. So Ole Bull could play charmingly upon a single string. But this is not the order of affairs in this world.

**INCENTIVES FROM LOCAL
ENVIRONMENT**

XIII

INCENTIVES FROM LOCAL ENVIRONMENT

SOcial scientists debate the relative importance of individuality and environment in the making of character. The tendency is to overweight the latter, as if a man were the creature of circumstances, as the pearl is of the oyster. Weakness and vileness are apologized for because of unfortunate conditions of birth and education. Popular romances often robe moral filth in fair excuses, and thus pander for pence to the reader's lower nature under pretense of teaching the new psychology. The brilliancy of the writers of such literature is like moonlight glistening upon the surface of a cesspool.

We may give due prominence to environment without depreciating the counter fact that individuality is the stronger force. The kind of vegetation depends more upon the seed than upon the soil. Men cannot "gather figs of thistles," even in the fourteen feet of rich Cuban alluvial, nor will a monastery make sainthood out of inherent villainy, as history abundantly illustrates. On the other hand, no

aridness will convert a vine into a thorn bush, nor will sludom turn conscientiousness and native honor into rascality and shame.

But while it is true that environment affects chiefly quality and abundance in the growth of character, yet we must recognize the immense possibilities within this limitation. The soil and climate must be considered.

This topic is raised from the plane of theorizing into intense practicality by the fact that most men can create or largely modify their own circumstances. However it may be in cases of extreme heathenism, in such a civilization as ours, where good men and bad have equal access to circles of business, free admission to public schools, libraries, and churches, one may be said to choose one's moral soil and climate. Whatever his original place, he can migrate if he has sufficient enterprise, or if he stay he can by resolute purpose create better conditions, as by irrigation the "desert blossoms like the rose," while the untilled meadow land runs to hardhack. Many of our best men and women have fertilized their moral field by burning off the wild growth of adverse circumstances in fiery fight with temptations, while many of our worst people have through neglect allowed the most sacred associations to be overgrown with that which "strangles the harvest."

The power of association will be seen if we note the influence that places may come to exert upon character. There are no dryads that live in oaks, nor sylphs that breed in air, nor elfs whose highways are the moonbeams shining in dells; but there are far subtler agencies for good and ill which abide in localities. We ourselves people familiar spots with genii. The thought and feeling we have indulged in these places seem to have saturated external objects with their essence, and to greet us with their effluvia, depressing or inspiring, whenever we return to them.

We may study this subject under the law of "association of ideas."

A noted scholar used to speak of his "chair of divination"—his old study chair—into which he had but to drop in order to feel an impulse to strong thinking, as if his brain were a loom and the chair were charged with a sort of electric power which drove the operation. A genial writer tells of the scratches and ink-blotches on his study table as the footprints of his muses, and how an elegant table-cover which his wife had spread over it one Christmas proved to be a pall beneath which his inspirations all lay dead. A familiar scene from the window revives the memory of old ideas and impressions, the mind having left on hill and stream and among the tree-tops visual re-

flections of its own previous inner moods. Schiller confessed himself indebted for inspirations to the odor of rotten apples, having the habit of letting fruit decay on his desk. Some readers can verify from their experience that of the writer, who has been enabled to recall a forgotten train of thought by going back to the spot where it first occurred to him.

One of our most noted jurists, when in advanced years, observed that for several Sunday mornings his mind had been drawn to vivid recollection of his boyhood, especially the time of his Christian consecration in the old Dutch church in Market Street, New York. A few weeks later he explained the phenomenon. The bell on the old church had been removed to the steeple of the new church at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. It was this sound which once had called his child thoughts to worship, now heard far away and so indistinctly as not to be consciously noted, that summoned his mind back through seventy years.

Moral suggestions from places are more subtle and potent than those which are purely mental.

A gentleman once removed into the parish of the writer from a neighboring city. In the confidence of the pastoral relation he confessed that he was a fugitive, not from justice, for no human law had he violated; but a fugitive in-

deed from a severer penalty. The city, he declared, was full of traps for him, traps which he himself had baited by his evil indulgence. He went to them as animals get on the beat of their own odor and make runways. Temptations to nameless vices leaped out at him from this corner, and laid in wait down yonder street. Even his lodging place, his bed, had become like a nest of serpents which he had allowed to breed there. It was an application of the woe denounced by Moses upon the people of Israel if they should allow the pagan Canaanites to lodge in the Holy Land, "They shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you."

An Empress of Russia dared not sleep for two consecutive nights in the same chamber, lest she should dream over again the same wicked dreams. No cleansing could remove the worse than spider's web which her thoughts had spun all over the elegant furniture and frescoed walls. It is a sad fact that some people have ruined for themselves the fairest cities, the most interesting routes of travel, the loveliest homes, the churches of their youth, the churchyards where their fathers sleep, aye, and the fairest faces.

The ancients believed that Nemesis, the god-

dess of the curse for evil doing, located herself upon a bad man's hearthstone. Is it not true? She would follow him, too, in her chariot, drawn by griffins, so swift was she. The chariot and the griffins are myths; the lash of Nemesis is not.

Some object to the doctrine of a future hell. Why should we be so incredulous of that far-away place of perdition, when each man can make an environment of a hundred little hells which will breed most prolifically his own peculiar type of demon?

The reverse of this is equally true. We can locate resources of moral strength. The business office where only honesty and the highest form of trade honor have been practiced becomes charged, as it were, with these sentiments. Someone said that Wall Street led straight to hell. "It is true," replied a Christian banker, "and it leads just as straight to heaven. It simply depends upon which way one is going. I have found it as much a means of grace as some prayer meetings." The secret is an open one: that man's name is a synonym for commercial integrity. If others in passing his office door and seeing his name there feel the tonic influence as they do, why should he not feel a deeper inspiration when he himself enters?

A young athlete who has since gone to the

mission field tells us that he never went to the football girdiron without getting a stimulus for his morals as well as for his muscles. He prepared himself for the game by special mental gymnastics in restraining temper, graceful thinking about the good fellows on the other team, and in keeping uppermost the fact that he professed to be striving for the gentleness of Christ, even though he might seem to fight like a fiend. Many recent college men will recall his stalwart figure as he cut his swathe through a crowd of contestants, or tossed some scrapping opponent as a bull would toss a dog, and yet showed scarcely less amiability than he displayed next day in teaching a Sunday-school class.

The poet Goethe is said to have believed in the theory of atmospheric temptation and moral excitation. Bayard Taylor, the translator of Goethe's "Faust," says "he believed in the existence of a spiritual aura, through which impressions, independent of the external senses, might be communicated." This notion the poet works out in the scene of Faust's visit to the cottage chamber of Margaret. He enters full of bad intent. Margaret is absent, but the place is charged with the purity of the maiden, and the rakish mood of the intruder is strangely subdued, so that he exclaims,

"Is there a magic vapor here?"

Faust withdraws, leaving the atmosphere somewhat changed by his presence. Margaret, entering, feels it tainted and heavy with spirit poison.

“ It is so close, so sultry here!

[*She opens a window*]

And yet 'tis not so warm outside.

I feel, I know not why, such fear!

My body's chill and shuddering,

I'm but a silly, fearsome thing.”

[*She sings a love song.*]

Luther used to say of Rome that the very town was full of foul things that sickened or crazed the conscience. He puts it thus: “ In a first journey thither one goes to find a rascal; in the second he discovers him; in the third he brings him home—under his own jacket.” We may relegate this notion, that one's poison can produce the fatal aura for another, to experts in telepathy, hypnotism, and kindred subjects; but that one may produce his own aura is a matter of constant experience.

It was an old-time custom to build shrines by the wayside, where one could recuperate the soul as well as rest the body. Little altars were constructed in the home to which all could look for an uplift when domestic cares depressed or frayed the spirits. Though this practice ran into superstition, it did not so originate. We can enshrine blessings which

will glow upon us whenever we turn to look for them. More easily than we could carve the figures of saints and angels can we create hands of benediction as if they were invisible in the air above our heads.

This is especially true of places devoted to religious use. How beautifully it is brought out in some of the Bible stories. When Abraham obeyed God and entered Palestine, his Lord met him at Bethel. Years after, when he saw his mistake in sojourning in Egypt, and returned to the land promised to him, he did not pause at the southern border, but went straight through the country back to the site of his original altar, and from it unfurled the flag of smoke in token of his renewed loyalty, and there received the confirmation of the promise. His grandson Jacob, on his first journey, after his personal consecration to the covenant with his fathers, paused at Bethel, and saw the ladder reaching to heaven with the angels on it, as if it had been waiting there during the generations. Afterward, when a sin had brought disgrace to Jacob's household, he said, "Let us arise, and go to Bethel: and I will make an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way I went." Wherever God once comes down to favor a man, ever after, as the Arabs say, "Heaven hangs low over that spot."

How many Bethels we can establish about us in life! When you can say, "In yonder house I once helped a needy friend," it will be as if an angel of kindness always stood by that door and saluted you when you passed, leaving every time some of his smile like sunshine in your heart. "Here I resisted temptation": the place will be an arsenal on the road of your future campaigning, whence you can replenish arms. "In this place I once let God talk to me, and I went out to be a better man": God gave you a standing invitation, "Come again!"

Most men are ambitious to acquire real estate. The fact that man sprang from the ground seems to be indicated by a universal passion to own some section of mother earth. There is an art in acquiring real property, a simple art. It is not seeking to cover acres with paper titles. In that we can seldom succeed, and if we do the title does not always convey real possession in the sense that our acres will necessarily do us any good. But we can make every spot around us ours in the delightful sense of compelling it to minister to our happiness. One neighbor's palace, another's cottage, the street, the store, the hall of amusement, the church, can all be places of blessing if we are disposed to make them such.

Arctic explorers send ahead and store provisions in cairns, so that when they come again

to the spot they may be fully supplied. We can locate our cairns all along life's road, everywhere laying up to-day blessings for coming years.

This is especially true of our use of sacred places.

There is a tendency to secularize everything. We forget holy days and holy scenes. We may be sure, however, that it is the tendency of only the commoner grade of minds, those who think little for themselves or about their real selves; whose eyes never penetrate in self-inspection deeper than their buttons—mere lackeys of conventional life. Those who seem most absorbed in secular affairs, if they are strong-minded enough to succeed in their worldly business, are apt to be too strong-minded to confine themselves to it. They feel their spirituality; their tendency to a destiny beyond the time limit; their responsibility for duties not indicated in their ledgers.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie would be taken for the best incarnation of the modern spirit of business enterprise. Read his beautiful appeal for keeping sacred the associations of the church edifice: "Many a bright boy will there receive his first message from, and in spirit be carried away to, the beautiful and enchanting realm which lies far from the material and prosaic conditions which surround him in this work-

a-day world—a real world, this new realm, vague and undefined though its boundaries be. Once within its magic circle, its denizens live there an inner life more precious than the external, and all their days and all their ways, their triumphs and their trials, and all they see, and all they hear, and all they think, and all they do, are hallowed by the radiance which shines from afar upon this inner life, glorifying everything and keeping all right within.”

Carnegie is a poet. His rugged prose beats in sentiment with the rhythm of Whittier, who thus describes his reverent feelings in the “Friends’ Meeting House”:

“ So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries:
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinging on this world of ours.
.
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.
.
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands,
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.”

Many people who would shudder at the thought of sacrilege come near to committing the sin of offering “strange fire” by the thoughts they allow to occupy their minds

while attending church. Every pew may be a place where heaven's ladder reaches down to earth—your thoughts the true angels going up, and God's spiritual promptings the angels coming down. But the habit of secular thinking will make that pew to you like shifting quicksand, so that not even the imponderable ladder can rest in it.

The world is large enough for secular suggestions: save the sacred place for something better. Don't use the spot before the beautiful gate of heaven as a freight-house for earthly baggage. Solomon had married an Egyptian wife. That was unfortunate; but he was "in for it"; he must keep her and provide for her in a royal manner. He was a wise man, and verified his repute by building for her a magnificent palace beyond the precinct of Mount Zion; "for he said, 'My wife shall not dwell in the house of David, king of Israel, because the places there are holy, whereunto the ark of the Lord hath come.'"

Happy is the man to whom all places are so sacred that no evil thing can be admitted to them. To live such a life of lofty thinking, as did Alfred Tennyson, painting everything, even the coarsest objects and most commonplace scenes with the exquisite hues of his poetic imagination, must be a perpetual charm to one's experience. But this great genius saw

a deeper light over the world than his poetic powers could depict. His niece, Miss Weld, tells of his talking "in the same natural way as a child would express his delight at his father making him his companion: 'God is with us now on this down as we two are walking together just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus: we cannot see Him, but He, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the Apostles about the actual and real presence of God and His Christ with all who yearn for it.' I said I thought such a near, actual presence would be awful to most people. He answered, 'Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear. I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel that He is by my side now just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart.' I looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested upon his face, and I felt that the presence of the Most High had indeed overshadowed him." His poetic genius clothed the world in beauty; his faith transfigured it as the dwelling-place of Jehovah, even as the sun glorifies the thin cloud through which it shines. There is no need to have the angels on the ladder of vision to one who meets with his Maker at the foot of it.

**INCENTIVES FROM PERSONAL
ASSOCIATIONS**

XIV

INCENTIVES FROM PERSONAL ASSOCIATIONS

MORE influential than the association of places is that of the environment of souls.

Character is exceedingly malleable; as iron is shaped by rollers and hammers, so are we by the pressure of companionships. The gentle touches of friends are like the slight hammer strokes of the jeweler chasing or embossing metal. The most exquisite traits, especially the graces of disposition and manner, are very largely acquired through the influence of refined people we are accustomed to meet. Great temptations or the inducements to better life, such as come upon us at critical times, and result in our falling or reformation, are like the heavy weights which double up the iron or flatten it out, for they leave us something different from what we would have been without these associations.

There are persons who are but slightly changed by others. They persist in their individuality, and boast of their independence of others' opinions and conduct. They are not nec-

essarily the stronger characters for all that they resist social influences. They may be compared rather to cast iron, which has only a brittle hardness. It does not readily dent or bend, but it will break. When the carbon is driven out of the cast iron it acquires the malleable toughness, that tensile strength which is more enduring under strain. Moral carbon is the spirit of self-assertion, self-satisfaction, self-conceit, an element of hardness, yet of weakness.

The strongest men and women confess their indebtedness to others. An ancient philosopher said to another, "I am always strong when I am near you." Lord Lawrence, Governor General of India, was one of the most imperial characters of modern times. He never failed, in speaking of the forces and circumstances that had the greatest molding influence upon him, to tell of his school days at Londonderry, the instructors and especially the young men he there met. His biographer says, "Strange that a small school in the North of Ireland should have contained, within a period of a few years only, those who were to do such good service to the state in war and in peace as Lord Gough, the bravest of soldiers and the most reckless of generals, the man who claimed the most doubtful victories at Chillianwallah and gained a crowning one at Gujerat: as George Lawrence, the lion-hearted and chivalric prisoner of Afghan and Sikh: as

Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir John Lawrence, and Sir Robert Montgomery." The age of Pericles was the most brilliant in old Greek history. What a galaxy of greatness gleams in these names: Æschylus, Aristides, Anaxagoras, Antiphon, Aristophanes, Cratinus, Euripides, Eupolis, Hippocrates, Isocrates, Lysius, Miltiades, Protagoras, Phidias, Socrates, Sophocles, Thucydides, Themistocles, Xenophon. Dr. Josiah Strong notes that these were not only contemporaries, but half of them were born in what was then the little town of Athens. That was "A Boys' Town" which it were worthy the pen of some ancient Howells to describe. What tremendous influence of association must have played between these souls in their formative years.

Dr. John G. Paton is surely one of the most independent characters, as witness his life of solitude in the South Sea Islands. He thus describes a scene in his boyhood which was ever after sacred in his memory. His father had bidden him good-by as the lad launched himself upon the world. "I watched through blinding tears till his form faded from my gaze; and then, hastening on my way, vowed deeply and oft, by the help of God, to live and act so as never to grieve or dishonor such a father and mother as He had given me. The appearance of my father when we parted—his advice, prayers

and tears—the road, the dyke, the climbing up on it and then walking away, head uncovered, have often, often, all through my life, risen vividly before my mind,—and do so now while I am writing, as if it had been but an hour ago. In my early years particularly, when exposed to many temptations, his parting form rose before me as that of a guardian angel. It is no Pharisism, but deep gratitude which makes me here testify that the memory of that scene not only helped by God's grace, to keep me pure from the prevailing sins, but also stimulated me in all my studies, that I might not fall short of his hopes, and in all my Christian duties, that I might faithfully follow his shining example."

An interesting study would be that of connected lives. Pick up a few links from a certain chain. Dr. Chambers attributed the prompting of his grand career to William Wilberforce; Wilberforce confessed his similar indebtedness to Philip Doddridge; Doddridge was the reverent disciple of Richard Baxter; Baxter of Dr. Bunney. Or this: Adoniram Judson credited Claudius Buchanan with being his missionary prompter; Buchanan thanked the Lord for the influence upon him of John Newton; and Newton was converted by the thought of his "mother's God."

We may differ in our views of Apostolic Succession, but the Succession of Goodness as a

conveyance of sacred power is an evident fact. The "laying-on-of-hands" by mother in blessing, or it may be in chastisement; the impartation of noble spirit by hand joined in hand in honest friendship,—these are as evident and as glorious as the relation of star to star in a constellation. We are what we are, and hold our places in duty and usefulness, very largely because of the attraction and influence of others' personal qualities. These associations need not be with those who are pre-eminent for ability or saintship. In a literary circle the question was passed around, "Who most influenced you in determining your character and career?" The answers brought out the names of the most famous philosophers and literary men, their great books or their greater biographies. One well-known writer replied, "Tom Ferguson, one of my boy pals whom you have never heard of, nor I since he wore a long coat. What Tom used to say to me while we waited for the fish to bite, and more, perhaps, what he drew out of me in our word fights, gave a direction to my whole mental stream, in those days when that stream was the merest trickle."

The head of one of our largest monetary institutions, when asked for the genesis of his great success, responded, "I am chiefly indebted to the men with whom I came in contact when I started in business; their character and methods.

From them I acquired ideas of commercial honesty, the inviolability of a word given in any transaction, the duty of application and industry in my relation to my employers, purpose in the use of money if I should ever get any, and so forth. I can see that, with my susceptibility to such impressions, I might have been ruined had I fallen in with certain business men such as I see around me to-day. The young fellow," he added, "who chooses his early occupation merely for the forthcoming salary makes an egregious mistake. Business associations mean to him a hundred fold more than any mere money consideration can mean at this formative period."

What is so true of young men in the office, the factory, or "on the road," is equally applicable to young women. The social circle will mold their manners and develop qualities of disposition. Fashionable life has no aim beyond "appearances." Itself superficial, it tends to draw whatever may be in the depths of the girl's nature out upon the surface, where it may glisten awhile, and then evaporate, leaving the soul utterly dry, unsatisfied, and incapable of making real womanly virtues. The effect of continually putting one's thoughtfulness into the glitter of conversation, and one's talent for being useful into devices for personal parade, and letting the deep springs of woman's love and sympathy go

into the spray of mere social functions, cannot be otherwise than disastrous to the fineness and force of the character. On the other hand, close fellowship with those who esteem as of first importance refinement of thought and the sweet gentility of helpfulness will develop these graces in her.

Dr. Asa Gray beautifully illustrated this: "If I take a piece of steel, and touch it to the poles of a magnet—which is simply another piece of steel that has had its latent power developed—immediately, from being in a quiescent state, it becomes an active magnet." Every true woman has a native disposition to refinement, sympathy, and service. It may be latent, but it will quickly be brought into activity by close contact with those in whom the qualities are already active.

Women's clubs, which consider subjects that center in the home, the school, or the problems of the poor and the homeless, or even political matters when they affect the social and domestic conditions of the people, should be classed with Dr. Gray's moral magnets. Especially effective will be the multiform associations of Christian charity such as are found in women's societies for church work.

The young woman who takes no part in such things, however faithfully she may maintain the domestic virtues in the privacy of the home, and however sweet may be her goodness within her-

self, is not being fully developed. Some assume that privacy of life is necessary to the preservation of the most delicate feminine characteristics. The harem and the convent do not prove it. A perfume that needs to be always corked into a bottle, lest it lose its aroma, does not compare with that which generates sweetness by the very process of giving it off, as the perfume of living flowers, the spicy breath of certain woods, or the balm of the air which purifies itself by its motion over plain and mountain.

The power of association is intensified according to the degree of intimacy and friendship. George Macdonald says, "To know one person who is positively to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature—yes, for his spiritual nature—than all the sermons he ever heard." No multitude of acquaintances can compensate the loss of a single friend who allows us to look into his heart. In general society we go with our visors down as the knights of the tournament. We conceal our real selves whenever we appear in public. In the confidence of a mutual devotion only do we reveal our deeper natures. There we learn one another's temptations and triumphs, doubts and confirmed faiths. Many boast of understanding men, knowing the world, because they have paraded with the multitude or traveled many lands. They might as well say that they are expert in physiology

because they have seen the various complexions of diverse races. We cannot hear the thousand heart-beats of a crowd; heart must lie close to heart for that.

The formative influence of intimate and long-continued intercourse may be very simply tested. You expect a visit of an old friend whom you have scarcely seen since childhood. How vividly you recollect not only the features, but the manner, the way of speaking. His prevailing habit of thinking was like to yours! How many common sympathies you had! Your friend comes, but he seems utterly changed. The voice, outline of face, something of his mien and manner are familiar, but that is all. His opinions, feelings, purposes are as diverse from yours as those of any stranger. The probability is that, if you reside henceforth in the same community, the one whom you have fondly dreamed of since childhood will drop into only a respected acquaintance. The reason is that you two, though starting alike, have grown up without reciprocal influence, and have been trained by different circumstances.

A practical hint for choosing friends is to be sure to have in our fellowship certain persons who are stronger intellectually or in virtue than we are. Some are not contented unless they are themselves the leading character in every circle, and receive the homage of others' deference. It

is a sad mistake. We may pity the man who has no one to lean upon when a crowd are leaning upon him.

When sorrow comes there is sweetness in the sympathy of little children; but it does not lift us up as that of a strong-spirited Christian friend, especially if he himself has been able to find strength in his own trials. When maligned and the spirit is broken by the cruelties or depressed by the coldness of others, the home with its clinging confidences is a delightful retreat, even as Jesus took refuge in the cottage of Bethany; but it is better if we are met at the door by someone who has himself risen above all such contumelies. Doubts vanish from our minds before the quiet expression of undoubting faith, as one swimming from the wreck is encouraged by the comrade who has touched bottom with his feet. Temptations seem contemptible when we are with those of unflinching integrity. Their hope radiates and enlightens our despair. Their purity sanctifies us. Their peace brings tranquillity.

This precept will not come amiss if applied to the choice of husband or wife, whose relation, after all the glamour drifts off, is that of closest friendship. How many imagine themselves to be lovers, who were never really friends! She needs one wiser than herself in the world's ways to be the outside guardian at home; and he needs

one stronger of heart, more patient, pure, and spiritual than he is, to be the inner citadel. The well-matched are they who look up to each other and who are both prepared to "love, honor, and obey."

We should also have in the coterie of friends some who are weaker than we are. Growth is not altogether from receiving. Energy of mind and heart is developed by giving out. The spring that has not on some side a lower level will stagnate even with its own fullness. To be taught one must teach. To be strong one must lift something beyond one's self. To be good one must give out goodness. The zest of life has always been in service since Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of my Father."

For the highest use of friends one rule must be observed: get from them the best they can give. Even the poorest and least important friend has some excellence, or he is not fit to be anybody's friend. Every friend, even the best, has some faults; have nothing to do with faults except to forgive and try to remedy them. He would be a crazy miner who would lug off the unwashed dirt and leave the gold nuggets ungathered; yet many mine friendship in that way. They seem jealous of the virtues of those they really admire and love. They have a way of feeling the pricklers and seldom get at the flowers. He is a poor comrade, indeed, from whom we cannot pluck

something fragrant and cheery, some wild rose of a happy thought, or at least some clover-head of common-sense suggestion.

This is specially pertinent of the treatment of the better class of friends. Get their best. Draw the wine of conversation from the top, not from the bottom of the cask; for every one has some dregs in his soul. Try to rise above the commonplace with those who are wiser than you are; you can get the commonplace from anybody. Why incessantly talk weather and shop with those who know deeper things of which you are ignorant?

Two travelers lived a week together in a pension in Rome. Being strangers to each other they spent the first evening in talking about the heat, the exodus of visitors, the mistake of putting St. Peter's Cathedral in a mud hole, the egotism of the Popes in inscribing their names in great letters on ancient statues, ignoring the names of the artists and of the explorers who discovered them—just as they had talked all day with their city guides. By the second night they had discovered each other's identity; then the one, an English statesman, talked of Gladstone's administration, of which he was a part, and the other, an American, talked of the progress of civilization on the western side of the globe. Said the American afterward, "I was awfully chagrined in having wasted a whole night exchanging frac-

tional currency when I might have drawn upon a whole exchequer of valuable information."

While getting the best out of your companions, be sure to give them the best that is in you, the highest thought you have attained, or your noblest aspirations; the purity you are striving for, not the refuse which you would leave behind. In formal conversation, as in public gatherings or parlor calls, we are apt to talk better than we ordinarily think. We cull our ideas and select our words. We put the cream of our wisdom and kindness into our intercourse to enrich it, often skimming our brains pretty thoroughly to make a good impression. But in ordinary conversation, when we are perfectly at ease with intimate friends, we are apt to drop below our real level. Why play on slack and jangling strings, when we might tone up our communion?

The suggestion of the above paragraph comes from an interruption in the writer's study. A friend has called who never departs without leaving a blessing—some bright thought, some helpful information, some encouragement to life's gentler, yet stronger work. All material light goes when the lamp is taken away: but it is not so with soul light; the radiance lingers.

As such a visitor goes we think of a greater than human friend who is always near. No matter how many loved faces are about us, there is

a lonely spot in the center of the soul. When we deal with our deepest fears and hopes, fight our most insidious or fiercest temptation, form our farthest-reaching projects, we are always alone. Human intercourse, the closest and sweetest, is only that along the corridors, the outer hallways of life. The most intimate companions leave us at the door of the heart's chamber, and turn each one into his own solitude. Yet it is in here that we most need the friend. To the entrance to this private chamber the Master comes, saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." He stood at the inner door of Nathaniel's heart, and won his confidence as He said, "When thou wast under the fig tree"—in some pious longing—"I saw thee." He looked into the lone place in Zaccheus' soul where he struggled with and gave way to dishonesty, and He asked that He might abide at the Publican's house for a meal, that He might always be his heart's guest. He looked through the rich young man, tempted with the greed of his gold, and begged that He might come in and help him. He did not avoid the heart of the Samaritan woman, coarse and unrefined though she was; nor that of the woman who was a sinner. Who does not long to be in confidence with the Omniscient, in love with the infinite Heart, in alliance with the limitless Power?

In ancient times, as in some Oriental countries still, there was a curious custom called "The Covenant of Blood." Two young men, finding themselves mutually congenial, submitted to a transfusion of blood. A double compact was written with the commingled drops and worn by each to the end of life. The relationship was more enduring than marriage, for it could know no divorce. It was more sacred than the bond of a common religion, for where it embraced two persons of different faiths no priest could bring them into antagonism. Each made it his mission always to seek the welfare of the other. Absent or present each lived his part of the double life. In such a country have a care whom you offend, lest an unknown avenger follow upon your track; but if you do one a favor it may return to you twofold. Some writers trace the Sacramental Cup, symboling blood, to such a custom. If this be correct we have a very striking assurance of the fidelity and particularity of our Lord's covenant with every honest communicant, and a very suggestive interpretation of His saying, "Lo! I am with you to the end of the world."

That was a beautiful saying of St. Hildegarde to her friend, "I put myself into your soul." We try to do this, but alas! we cannot succeed. The mother, the father, long to put their stronger spirit within the wayward child's spirit, to direct

the young impulses with the discretion of their experience. The wife would put herself in her purity within the soul of the dissipated husband and thus restrain him. The failure is life's most frequent tragedy. But the Divine Spirit enters, sanctifies, and saves.

Very sweet the lines of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" for his dead friend:

"Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine."

The ways of the Christ are like walks in the garden of the disciple's heart. His thoughts our faith; His impulses our passion; His wish our control. These are the footsteps of His life in ours.

INCENTIVES FROM SOCIAL LOYALTY

XV

INCENTIVES FROM SOCIAL LOYALTY

RELIGION is loyalty to God. Conscientiousness is loyalty to one's self. Religion and conscience combine in demanding of every man loyalty to one's fellow men. Jesus wore this triple crown of virtues: loyalty to His Father—"I do always those things that please Him"; loyalty to the dignity of His own perfect character—"Who of you convicteth me of sin?" and loyalty to everybody—giving Himself for the world.

Social Loyalty is thus a supreme excellence, an exquisite blossom of human character; but it is also a common virtue rooted in the ordinary instincts of manhood. The sentiment is essential to the existence of civilization. Savagery is only fullest self-assertion, individualism unrestrained. In that base condition men seize whatever passion craves or want suggests. There is no civil order among them except under the club of the strongest. As the dawn of intelligence spreads men see themselves in their relation to others; or, if they do not fully

reason about social necessities, they feel, perhaps instinctively at first, their mutual relations. Possibly at the beginning they are like bees—each bee, burrowing into the wax, pressing on all sides with feelers, legs, and wings to make full space for her own comfort, is met by the similar pressure of other bees on all sides. The result is, from mechanical necessity, a hexagonal cell for each, and a beautiful harmony for the common hive. So men scarcely developed out of animalism create for themselves a marvelous degree of social order, in which a multitude of antagonisms produce mutual safety and well-being.

Trade and commerce have a similar genesis in the sentiment of Social Loyalty; as "Live, and let live" grows into the finer maxim, "Live and help live." All relief projects, hospitals, asylums, schools; all liberal professions, of medicine, religion, science, and even that of arms in the defense of the State, spring from the same generous incentive. The finality of human well-being is in Christ's kingdom, whose laws are such as these, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others"; "Let each esteem other better than themselves."

That man who does not live from the sentiments of Social Loyalty not only demits the highest, but ignores the lowest virtue. Such

men there are, chiefly of three classes, to be suppressed resolutely if society is to endure: the anarchist with his pistol, hunting for rulers; the selfish debauchee, who silently infects society with his own rot: and the ambitious man, who is in business or politics only for what he can get out of it.

Consider that Social Loyalty is not only essential to the common welfare, but is also the strongest aid to individual usefulness. A single coal in the grate can scarcely be ignited, and soon dies out, while many coals lying close together, with only chemical breathing room between them, by giving out their heat to one another make the fire intense and lasting until the inflammable store in each is exhausted. There are in every community men and women of great ability who, as social factors, amount to so little that they are not felt while they live and will be little missed when they die. They take no part in what others are doing because in their conceited opinion it might be more wisely done. Or the common enterprise of their neighborhood, their church, their party, is not up to their self-righteous notion of what it ought to be. These are the cynics. The careers of such persons are quite uniform: like the solitary coal in the grate they flash and splutter, just enough to show the gas that is in them, then die out. They think themselves

better than others, while in fact they are worse, devoid of this essential quality of nobleness, the sentiment of loyalty to their fellows.

Nature everywhere illustrates well-being through community of interest. The strongest force we know of is that of mutual attraction. The stars are bound together into harmonious order, each maintaining its perfect orbit because it feels the drawing of all the stars in the system. Except a few elements, there is no existing substance which is not made by the chemical affinities of its own components. So in the vegetable world, the earth yields freely whatever may nourish each of the myriad roots that are planted in it: the root contributes to trunk and branch and leaf whatever they demand, and in turn leaf and flower and fruit gather from the atmosphere what they give back to replenish the vitality of stock and root. Thus Nature is the perfection of reciprocity. What Scripture says of men, Nature demands throughout her whole realm, namely, that no thing shall live to itself or die to itself.

Observe, too, that the higher the forces the more carefully they are operated to avoid antagonisms. Lower forces seem at times to war their way to power. The stream tears out its channel. A storm overcomes the inertia of things in its path and hurls them aside or along. Yet this seeming contention, on closer observa-

tion, proves to be only a subtler method of securing mutual benefit.

Note the friendly interworking of the parts and functions of the human body, nature's masterpiece of construction. How gently pour the blood tides, the pulse scarcely registering them beneath the finger's touch! How frictionless the contraction of muscular fibres, though their stroke makes the anvil ring! In what soft whispers the will commands the nerves! "The whole body," is in Paul's beautiful description, "fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in every part."

So higher civilization is the elimination of antagonisms, and the development of methods of quiet inter-contribution among individuals, classes, nations. The community that tries to exist by itself, though its land were watered by the four rivers of Eden, will scarcely maintain its population without the gifts of other climes; and certainly will fall a prey to surrounding communities in this advanced age which has discovered and will assert the principle of the solidarity of the world's interest. So of individuals. We care not how wise or good or strong they may think themselves to be, they who will not march in the line and keep step with it must fall beneath the feet of the advancing host.

Social Loyalty is not only a basal virtue in character and essential to individual usefulness; it is an inspiration to noble endeavor. Cavalry troopers learn to ride close enough to feel the thrill of the knee-touch. A soldier declares that the strongest incentive to courage he ever felt was, not even the command of his general who had never lost a battle, but the grunt of a comrade as he laid about him with his sword. A tactician says that drill is not solely nor chiefly for celerity of movement, but to develop the esprit-de-corps, one man becoming the impersonation of all, a larger soul in each. Since God made us social beings no solitary virtue can long abide. We need the knee-touch, the shoulder-touch, the heart-touch.

Our Lord, who knew what was in man, would not allow His disciples to go alone on their journeys, but sent them out at least two by two. He would not trust piety to bloom in isolated plantings; therefore His promise, "Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Paul was the most puissant soul in human annals, outranking all in sacred ability, on fire with personal devotion, and inspired with visions from heaven; yet he kept himself close with the rank and file of the disciples. Read the last chapter of his letter to the Romans, where he emblazons in eternal honor the names of persons unknown

to the world, except as he calls them "My helpers."

The cheapest exercise of the human brain is that of criticism, either favorable comment upon what others have done, or finding fault where they have not succeeded. It is the proverbial wisdom of the "hindsight" as contrasted with foresight. Yet very strangely those of critical disposition plume themselves upon this ability. The crow learns to croak long before it can build a nest. Obstructive work is easy. A drop of oil on the electric sparker of an automobile will stop the propulsion of a twenty-horse-power engine. A few people of no especial consequence can impede the reform of a whole community. Destructive work is the easiest of all. An unwatched camp-fire will burn down a forest that has been a century in growing. A worm does nothing but die in it and the whole fruit rots. Similarly those who have not sufficient alertness to guard their own lives, and those who have not moral vitality enough to save their own characters, may destroy a multitude of interests.

It is only constructive work that shows ability of brain and heart. A very great work requires the combined resources of many. Roebling, the chief engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, could not have built or even conceived it alone. His conception was only the flower-

ing of the bush of mechanical knowledge which had been growing for ages since the day of Tubal-Cain, the almost prehistoric founder of the Iron Age of the world. With Roebling were associated scores of engineers, each perhaps expert in some department of construction of which their chief knew little or nothing; hundreds of master mechanics, steel workers, and stone builders; and thousands of thoughtful men in factories and forges and mines all over the continent, who blended their talents and toil in the one endeavor. The splendid structure stands as a symbol of that loyalty of man to man in all good enterprise which makes the grace and strength and usefulness of all society.

Social Loyalty involves not only the willingness to work together harmoniously, fraternizing our ambitions, but at times the graceful yielding of the leadership to others who may be no better qualified than ourselves. All cannot command; and frequently circumstances, rather than pre-eminent ability, determine who shall carry the baton and mark time for the rest. This tests the finer quality of loyalty.

That was a fine play of courtesy between the English General Lockhart and the distinguished French Commander Turenne at the siege of Dunkirk, where the two nations were in temporary alliance. Turenne was in com-

mand, but in deference to the high rank and ability of his associate, proposed to explain to him his plans, and especially his reasons for the disposition of the English troops. "No, no," replied Lockhart. "Give me only your orders now and tell me the reasons after the battle, if you like." As fine a thing occurred the other day on the street. "Neighbor," said one, "I am very anxious to raise a sum of money for"— "How much?" interrupted his friend. "About three hundred dollars, for"— "Three hundred? and how many are you going to let into your scheme?" "As many as I have to. Three or four would be best." "All right, count me in," interjected his friend. "But," said the promoter, "you have not let me tell you the scheme." "Tell me later," was the reply. "Only use my hundred. I'll trust you for helping somebody. Good-by!"

It is hard not to "sulk in one's tent" when others supersede us. Some excellent people feel it if others tread upon the shadows of their dignity. There are some, however, who would lie down and let others walk over them if the exigencies of the public good required such a highway of sacrifice. Thomas Pinckney was our Minister to England during Washington's administration. The President conceived that John Jay would be better qualified to manage

certain issues arising between the two governments, and superseded Pinckney. Naturally Pinckney might have resented the new appointment as reflecting somewhat upon his ability or fidelity. He wrote to the Secretary of State, "With respect to Mr. Jay's mission, as it personally concerns me, if I were to say I had no unpleasant feeling on the occasion I should not be sincere." He concluded his letter with the assurance that he would in a private capacity give himself heartily to the assistance of his successor, and so kept this promise that much of Jay's success was due to the man whom he had displaced.

When General Grant took command of our armies there was much jealousy between the Eastern and Western commanders. The more notable successes of those who had fought the campaigns in the departments of the Mississippi and Cumberland led many to disparage those of the Army of the Potomac, whose tasks had been harder. Meade was in command of the latter army. He wrote to Grant asking him to appoint some Western man more familiar with the methods or more in the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief, saying, "Nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of the success of our common cause." Grant refused to displace Meade, but, recognizing the magnanimity of the man, afterward said, "That proposal was

great, greater even than his victory at Gettysburg." The bickerings of our generals long impeded the progress of the War; such social loyalty, that of man to man, as Meade displayed, and which Grant seemed to inspire in those about him, hastened the glory of the end.

Goethe's words are worth being remembered by those inclined to pull only by taking the bit of conceit in their mouths: "You and I were not born to solve the problems of the world, but to find out where the problem begins and then to keep within the limit of what we can grasp." To which we may add, and work within the limit and to the full limit of what we can do, always careful that we touch the man next to us helpfully; that the loop we are making may weave itself in with his, and so the whole fabric of society be well woven together.

INCENTIVES FROM SELF-DISCOVERY

XVI

INCENTIVES FROM SELF-DISCOVERY

THERE are three grand periods in life: when one is born, when one dies, and, somewhere between, when one wakes up to realize what one was born for. Some never get this second experience. Unlike Christian in Bunyan's story they do not happen to be awake when the heavenly maidens come to put the armor on them.. Perhaps there are some who do not need the awakening; they were born saints, with so much sweetness, conscientiousness, and devotion that they experience no conversion, no reformation, no prodding of their lower nature by their higher nature. Little Samuels, with ears always open to divine voices, are, however, exceptions.

When explorers have discovered a country they immediately set about to make another discovery, namely, what is it good for. Some of our readers are doubtless ready for this second inquiry. Keep eye, ear, and heart intent and you may thus discover yourself.

A young man took up the business of life-insurance. He was not satisfied with it, but patiently plodded his rounds. He called one

day upon a draughtsman at work drawing upon a block of wood. The agent became engrossed in the artist's strokes, and forgot to solicit a premium on his life. Let the young fellow tell his own story: "After looking on for a few moments I decided that I could do such work as well as he. I learned where the blocks could be bought and went off immediately to invest in a quantity of the material. From that moment I abandoned everything else, and set to work at drawing." He was William Hamilton Gibson, who, as a naturalist, held the pen of Thoreau, according to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and as a delineator of flowers, birds, and beasts had scarcely a rival during his generation.

The head of one of our most successful schools once said, looking at a group of boys, "There is one fellow there who is rather backward, but I am confident that when he feels himself he will be the best man in the class, or, if not here, in after-life. He is as yet dazed with the world he has arrived at and doesn't make out any distinct roads on it. But when he sees his way he will strike a good pace." The prediction has since been verified.

Sometimes this self-revelation is postponed until toward middle life, but ordinarily it comes quite early, just after one has butted uselessly against various projects, and, perhaps, has be-

gun to be discouraged; the discouragement itself adding to the zest with which one finds that he can be and do something.

That is a grand moment when the young fellow realizes himself and how he fits his environment, especially if he fits it as the belt fits the wheel in the factory, and the machinery of the man's soul begins to hum.

The first thrill may come from sports. No boy knows the enthusiasm for the game of ball until he has learned to hold it, curve it, or outspeed it between the bases. You may have a soul achingly full of music, but the ache will go and the thrill come when you can draw whatever note you please from the strings or from your own vocal cords. The poet's soul swings melodiously with the rhythm of his verses. The scholar's zeal is fired by the actual acquisition of knowledge.

Mr. Carnegie thus describes his first enthusiasm as a business man: "One dollar and twenty cents made by myself and given to me because I had been of some use in the world. I think this makes a man out of a boy sooner than almost anything else, and a real man too, if there be any germ of true manhood in him. It is everything to feel that you are useful."

The consciousness of being able to do something may come to us in various ways. Perhaps we are made aware of the possession of a

special talent. A college man had shrunk, until his senior year, from all public speaking. He was diffident, hushed by the sound of his own voice, said that his thoughts began to stammer as soon as he proposed to utter them. He held certain decided convictions on political matters. One night his college mates conspired to badger him, and see if they could not get the lion which they knew was in the man to at least shake his mane. They succeeded better than they or he had thought possible. He took his stand in the middle of the room, and poured forth a stream of facts and arguments, glistening like a sunlit river with rhetoric, breaking into fine invective, carrying himself and listeners away with oratorical passion. It was like the tame lion's first taste of blood with the life in it. He has roared eloquently ever since at the bar, on the platform, and in legislative halls.

Sometimes the discovery of one's power is from finding a method by which even mediocre talents are utilized for best results. A student has no taste for languages, mathematics, physics, or metaphysics, and comes to doubt his ability to acquire an education. The fault may not be in himself so much as in his instructors, who, though they may have mastered these branches, know nothing of the art of instructing. It was once said of a certain gram-

mar school that four-fifths of the boys it sent to college took rank in the first fifth of the college class. The head master of the school had a marvelous ability in methodizing any study, and making it appeal to even the curiosity of the scholar. A boy who had said that Greek was to him like a mass of ant-tracks on a dusty path changed his simile, and pronounced the paradigm of the Greek verb to be as fascinating as a kaleidoscope. Professor Huxley argued that any child could be made into an enthusiastic naturalist if only taught by the proper method. Certain business houses inspire their employees by making them acquainted with the system which has brought honorable success.

Often one discovers one's own method, the channel in which one can best think or work, in which common abilities become an uncommon ability through concentration. This is "getting the knack" of doing things. A crowd of teamsters was gathered in front of a country store, testing their strength by attempting to shoulder a barrel of sugar. All had failed or made staggering work of it, when a spare fellow, without any special muscular development, accomplished the feat with comparative ease. He caught the trick of swinging the barrel in such a way as to combine in a single action all his muscles, of leg, back,

and arm. It did not tire him, but was a genuine "health-lift." There is a similar "trick" in handling one's faculties for study, invention, or business, by which commonplace people accomplish extraordinary results. The knowledge that one can do a good thing, by whatever method, is a continual incentive to repeat the doing and enlarge the field of operations. The young person should endeavor as early as possible to find the clew to the labyrinth of his own faculties.

This incentive may be made alert also by observing the results of pluck and industry. There must have been a sparkle in the eye of the tortoise when he saw that his persistency in the race stood him in better stead than the long legs served his competitor, the hare. There are plodders who are made enthusiastic, not by their leaping genius, but by the simple consideration that they are "getting there." The head of a combination of houses in various cities in this country and Europe says that his most successful local manager is the least talented of all, but he "works like a beaver" and constructs his dam while wiser-eyed engineers are wondering where they will locate theirs.

Hustling implies talent of its own kind. There is a scientific guess as to the origin of all material force, called the Vortex Theory. It attributes all power to motion. Atoms of

matter are in themselves impotent, but whirled, each in its little orbit of ether, they become an infinitude of force centers, and constitute the energy of the universe. Thus the virtually nothing becomes something tremendous by simply acquiring motion. We are concerned with the theory solely for its use as an illustration of an indubitable and most practical fact: qualities of mind and soul become forceful through activity. Those who would otherwise be nobodies through push and patience become important, and the sense of importance augments energy. Angels would cramp at their joints and become as decrepit as Rip Van Winkle if they should go to sleep as he did.

No wonder that the "flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life" at the gate of Paradise disappeared when men in their dislike of God's presence had wandered so far away that there was nobody for it to strike at, as the coal that grows into a blaze with rapid motion dies into a spark and then dies out when held still. Thus activity is not merely a substitute for brilliancy; it makes brilliancy which is often more radiant and efficient than any birth-gift of genius.

INCENTIVES FROM DOING GOOD

XVII

INCENTIVES FROM DOING GOOD

WHAT is thus an experienced fact in ordinary business or professional life—that accomplishment spurs to accomplishment—is especially true of the consciousness of being useful. There is a zest in doing good, a spice to the cup you share with another, which was never tasted in a drink of selfish pleasure, not even in the intoxicating draught of secular triumph.

A benevolent gentleman gave a picnic excursion to nearly a thousand poor children. We asked him to pick out the happiest boy in the crowd. He glanced a moment at the rollicking mass of little manhood, then tapped his own bosom, "The happiest boy is in here; and happier than he ever was when a boy; for then he was only one boy, now he is hundreds."

The late Dr. Maltby D. Babcock used to talk of the "fun of doing good" and tell of the intensely practical jokes he sometimes played on poor people, relieving their wants in such a manner that they thought good luck had fallen their way. The writer was once used as the secret

agent of a gentleman, to place a thousand dollars in the way of a young student, who was left to the sweet delusion that he had earned it and was paying his own way through college. This foxy old fellow agreed to lift the mortgage from a certain farm if John, who wouldn't marry Jane until it was paid, would instantly celebrate the nuptials that had already been twenty years delayed; and he also sent the dominie a good fee for his complicity in the plot.

The old English meaning of "Lord" suggests the highest aristocracy. It is compounded of *Hlaf*, loaf, and *weard*, guardian; the most lordly person is he who protects the living of others. "Lady" is only the Anglo-Saxon feminine for "Lord" and means the same thing, the woman who is most useful to others. What a shameful degeneracy where the title comes to mean fine clothes, equipage, and social superciliousness—the latter word meaning *high-eyebrow-ism*, in contrast with the spirit of helpfulness which expands the heart until it domes like the sky!

We frequently cite Professor Huxley for his scientific observations. Like all great men he saw more deeply than his specialty; that as the laws of the universe are based upon the underlying purpose of making a beneficent universe, so all study of science should have for its object the beneficence resulting from increased knowledge. Toward the close of his life he proved his title

to "scientist" in the profoundest sense, for he confessed that beyond all honors that had come to him for successful research was the knowledge that he had helped some people to carry life's load with less strain and fret and care.

It was so with Michael Faraday. His friend John Tyndall said of him, "He prized the love and sympathy of men almost more than the renown which his science had brought him. He said, 'The sweetest reward of my work is the sympathy and good will which it has caused to flow in upon me from all parts of the world.'" Men loved him, not because he was great, but because they saw that all his greatness was consecrated to helpfulness. His discoveries flashed light both material and moral. He never allowed a discovery to be announced with any interpretation lessening faith in God; never let it fall as a cold ray which a pessimist could use to chill human aspiration and hope; but always saw to it that, like the sunshine, it was charged with warmth as well as with the light.

How much deeper incentive did Washington feel than ever animated a mere soldier in the field. Bonaparte would not have endured a Valley Forge. The Frenchman sat down by the roadside all woe-begone, on the retreat from Moscow. It was because his soul had nothing beneath it broader than itself, his ambition all personal. Washington could say, "If I know my

own mind, I could offer myself a living sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease. I would be a willing offering to savage fury and die by inches to save the people." Such a spirit is unconquerable.

The good word "beneficence" was first used in its French equivalent by the Abbé de Saint Pierre, whose incessant benefactions, as the almoner of the Duchess of Orléans, were illustrations of the meaning of the word. Henri Martin, the French historian, describes him as "a pure and naïve soul, a writer without talent, of a mind little elevated, but in which an indefatigable love of the public good took the place of genius. He was constantly occupied during his long and peaceful career with the interests of the country and humanity. Our language owes to him the word 'beneficence,' which he was worthy to invent." We may take exception to Martin's statement that the Abbé was "without talent," and think rather of the motto of King John of Portugal, "The talent to do good," as indicating the most royal of all talents.

Mrs. Ward, in her novel "Marcella," says, "Aristocratic as we are, no party can afford to choose its men by any other criterion than personal profitableness. And a man nowadays is in the long run personally profitable far more by what he is than by what he has—so far at least

has 'progress' brought us." A hint this to young men who are ambitious for political honor and influence. If they are not good for the country, for the material, social, or moral uplift of the people, they will surely be voted good for nothing, and relegated to the "back seats" which are already crowded with those who have sacrificed honest private business for political leadership, imagining that they could attain the latter without "making themselves solid" with real public interests.

They say that "every man has his price." If so, it is also true that some men come too high to be bought by any money consideration. The renown of Abraham is not only for his faith, but for the magnanimity. Recall an incident. Chedolaomer was the "Ravager of the West," a title of which he was so proud that, according to some archæologists, he inscribed it upon the bricks of his palace, recently exhumed at Ur. On one of his terrible expeditions westward he ravaged the Jordan Valley. Among the captives was Lot, Abraham's nephew. The patriarch hastily got together a little band of his men, made a night attack upon the rear of Chedolaomer's army, recaptured the prisoners, and brought back the spoil. It was splendidly done. On his return the King of Sodom, overjoyed at the rescue of his people, begged Abraham to keep all the spoil for himself as his personal reward. The pa-

triarch replied, "I have lifted up my hand to the Lord, the Most High God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe latchet, lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abraham rich." He would do a good thing just for the sake of doing it. Having made his ointment sweet without the intermixture of selfishness, he did not propose to allow so much as the flies of sordid consideration to light on it—"no, not a shoe string." Such a man, though caught a glimpse of four thousand years off, is as refreshing as a palm tree seen across the desert.

But the "children of Abraham," the sons and daughters of magnanimity in service, are being multiplied. Schley, sent for the rescue of the Greely Arctic expedition, found the gallant commander apparently dying of starvation in his sleeping bag on the ice. "Greely, is that you?" "Yes," came the feeble response,— "Seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men—Did what we came for."

A veteran officer of high rank was begged by the agent to take a pension. "Can't do it. Here, I'll give you your commission to let me alone about that matter. The stump of my shoulder would ache if I did. I gave that arm to my country, and I am not going to spoil my satisfaction by taking pay for it."

A rich man is one who can afford to do things

without pay. That must be the delight of possessing a competency. But look at the lexicon and see how the word "afford" has degenerated in popular usage. It originally meant "to give forth—af-ford," as a grape affords its juice, an olive its oil. Whether a man can "afford" depends upon his disposition more than upon his purse. There are rich people who cannot afford to work without pay any more than a dry hole, simply because it is big, can afford water. A millionaire refused to give five dollars annually to a charity bureau, saying with perfect truthfulness, "I can't afford to." There was no juice of kindness in the dried-up skin of his moral nature. A poor neighbor contributes twenty dollars, and has to earn it by overwork; but he can afford to because his heart makes the juice that turns to the wine of human cheer.

Young people are ambitious for what is termed "a liberal education," by which is usually meant a liberal or wide knowledge of various sciences and arts. This is neither the historical nor correct use of the expression. A liberal education is such an enriching of one's mind that it finds contentment in pursuing its own thoughts; that it does not need to hire out its faculties to make money with which to buy happiness; that it can "afford" to think for others and of all generous projects without asking who will pay for it. One liberally educated is said to

be trained in the Humanities, the special literary title being L. H. D.—Litterarum Humanarum Doctor—which might be interpreted, “Skilled in whatever pertains to human welfare.” This degree is certainly never merited unless one has an interest in the subject, and can say of one’s self what Terence makes a character say “Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto”; “I am a human being; I consider nothing that pertains to humanity to be a matter of unconcern to me.”

This is the new chivalry; the *noblesse oblige* of all higher education. Liberal culture is public spirit and ability to pursue its promptings—

“A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.”

Any other education is narrow, shackled, not liberal because not free, however much one may know, and however large the wages the knowledge may earn.

Among this high class we place the school-teacher who willingly chooses an occupation with less salary than a kitchen maid gets, because she prefers to mold mind rather than dough; the professor in most of our colleges whose chief income is his gratification in teaching others to think: the physician who cannot consult the élite directory in selecting his patients: the lawyer who is loyal to his profession and regards himself as a minister of justice,

though he may not be on the bench: the writer who refuses publishers' demands for ill-digested literary stuff, though it may be Kiplingese, and passing repute may float additional books in his name: the scientific man who says with Agassiz, "I haven't time to make money": the artist who prefers to exalt his art in his garret studio rather than go into the chromo business: the inventor who waits until he has developed something of real value rather than sell his crude machine for immediate commercial returns: the minister who chooses an average of several hundred dollars' income in his Master's service when he might quadruple it in almost any secular business.

But must not a man live by his profession? Certainly. Nearly everybody has to hire out somewhat of his ability for the sake of a livelihood. But there is a vast difference between being hired and being a hireling. A hireling is one whose sole purpose is his hire. The man who makes his income secondary to some noble service belongs to the guild of masters, whether he be rich or poor. There are millionaire hirelings who work only for their wages, though paid in trust stocks and railroad bonds. They live in sweat shops, though the windows may be paned with plate glass rather than with rags.

Many of our rich men realize this great principle, that honor is not in the making, but in the use of money. A hundred millions were given

away in a single year in lump sums. Yet this is only the tasseling on the ripening harvest of human good will, under the development of the Christ spirit. Our generation feels the incoming of the life from God: for "God is love." The old, age-chronic congestion of selfishness is giving way as the warmer blood circulates in the veins of humanity.

There is a beautiful legend of St. Francis d'Assisi. The blood which came from his way-wounded feet, as he went about doing good, transformed thorn bushes into flowering shrubs. The spots where he knelt to pray became gardens. The wells at which he quenched his thirst were ever afterward medicinal springs. The thorn bushes are the ills of society. Any man with the Christ-will can transform some of them. We all know where to find the branch that will sweeten the Elims of life, if only we would spend time to look for them.

A lapidary, selecting a stone for cameo cutting, came upon an onyx whose pure white was flecked with iron rust. His assistant had thrown it aside as worthless. The quick inventiveness of the master saw in the imperfection the possibility of rarest beauty. In the white he carved a female form; in the belt of iron rust the shape of a tiger's skin about her loins, showing the very hue of the stripes. Thus was made a famous Diana, Goddess of the Chase. Similar are the ac-

complishments of those who are gifted with that matchless "talent for doing good." The miseries of men give the philanthropist his opportunity. Under the touch of his loving genius rise stately hospitals, colleges, libraries. The impulses of kindness sends forth the disciples of the Red Cross, who make the bloody glooms of war to gleam with brightness which even the angels must applaud. The imperfections of society are the rusty onyx in which true statesmen work in making a better social and political manhood, The sins of the world drew down the love of Heaven, until the glory of the Son of God shone in the milder radiance of the Son of Man.

The grandest of all self-discoveries is that God is with one. This was the secret of Gideon's valor: "Surely I will be with thee." The very night when this was made clear to him he destroyed the altar of Baal and set up that of Jehovah in the midst of heathenism which had hitherto cowed even his naturally brave spirit. Scientific discovery fires the zeal of the inquirer, but it is only seeing a little further down the way that leads to where God dwells. The Christian finds God coming to meet him, embracing him with His companionship, endowing him with a portion of His infinite spirit. Hence the phenomena of missionary prowess outstripping all secular adventure in daring and the sublimer courage of patiently enduring.

The biographer of Horace Bushnell, describing his conversion, says that after his prayer of consecration, "he rose with the star upon his forehead." Some have sought to read their destiny in their natal star above their heads, dim, cold, always uncertain and generally deluding. The young Christian's star touches his brow, sends its radiance of truth through his mind in confirmation of faith, and pours its warmth and power through all the energies of his soul.

INCENTIVES FROM RELIGIOUS FAITH

XVIII

INCENTIVES FROM RELIGIOUS FAITH

AS the veins of a leaf converge to the parent stem, so all the incentives that make for noble living lead ultimately to religious consecration. In each of the preceding chapters, therefore, the field of Christian life has furnished us with the strongest illustrations of the various virtues described.

We may, however, reverse the analogy of the leaf, and say that the veins do not really converge to the stem; they rather ramify from it, and draw their own vitality from that which the stem supplies. So we may look to the religious impulse for the highest attainment in honest character, generous feeling, right action, and unselfish service.

We may broadly define religion as the sentiment for God, the feeling that He is, and that He is with men. This "sentiment for God" tends to crystallize into theological definitions, whereof there are as many as there are shapes of crystals, and none of them perfect.

The theologian's dilemma is not unlike that of

a lapidary. If he cut the stone in strict mathematical proportions, he will be apt to miss the natural cleavages and thus mar the surface luster of the facets. If, on the other hand, he follow the lines of cleavage, the gem may lack that depth of luster which is obtained by having all the facets converge the rays of light to a common center in the heart of the stone. Similarly, the "sentiment for God" does not lend itself readily to be shaped by logical formula. Hence we have creeds cut with philosophical precision which the heart almost intuitively rejects, while, on the other hand, the beliefs which appeal most naturally to spiritual emotion may not measure to the syllogism.

Sectarian tenets have as little to do with the relative spirituality of men and women as barometrical marks have to do with thermometrical degrees. Both barometer and thermometer are concerned with the condition of a common substance, the atmosphere; so theology and religion have a common theme, but the excellence of the dogmatic system is no criterion of the height of the experience.

Neither can we measure the "sentiment for God" by any definite and real knowledge merely of His works and ways. The saying that "the undevout astronomer is mad" suggests that some asylum cupolas might be used

for observatories, since there are scientists without reverence for anything in the broad world of marvels, except themselves. The ancient "sign manual" is supposed to have been the impression of the entire hand, showing its shape and wrinkles in the wax. The universe is more than the handiwork of God; it is His sign manual, His hand print. The religious man sees the divine in everything. To him the world is not only the creation of God, but the reflex of His character. One can study the sign manual of a king with all the palmist's enthusiasm, and yet have neither reverence for nor loyalty to the throne.

While the wise do not always attain to religious feeling, the experience of God is given to simple folk. The scholarly Grotius longed for the faith of his serving man. A theological Ulysses, whose opinions about God were written in three great volumes, used to visit a poor colored woman for inspiration. "Come and see Old Sunshine!" they said to the writer when visiting a city hospital. "We call her that because she is so cheery and there are no clouds over her faith in divine goodness." She was weak and pain-racked in body, and suggested a broken crystal lying in the sunshine, full of the glory of it. "Why do you so firmly believe in the divine goodness?" we asked. Her reply baffled further examination into her

theology, since it showed a tuition beyond that of the schools, "Why, sir, don't I know my ain Father's voice?"

A philosopher has said that God is too great to be received by the intellect, we can entertain Him only in the heart, which is so much larger. The mind is like Abraham's tent, at the door of which he sat when the angels visited him. They did not enter.

The "sentiment for God" is natural to men. Some suppress it, perhaps because there is something in themselves that makes it a discomfort, as weak eyes are pained by the light; or they entertain some unwise interpretation of the doctrine of God's relation to men, as one who should see the daylight through crinkled glass window panes.

Marcus Aurelius, though called a pagan, was a theologian far in advance, even on Christian lines, of many who have since presumed to teach the Church. He uses a very suggestive analogy in the following passage, "No longer let thy breathing only act in concert with the air which surrounds thee, but let thy intelligence also be in harmony with the Intelligence which embraces all things. For the Intelligent Power is no less diffused in all parts, and pervades all things for him who is willing to draw it to him, than the aërial power for him who is able to respire it." This saying evokes very deep in-

quiries. Is, then, man's spirituality simply the measure of his ability to absorb and realize the power of the Universal Spirit, which Jesus compared to the wind "which bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but is always and everywhere with us? May we pray to the Infinite as Tennyson longed for a vanished comradeship:

" Be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,
Be quickened with a livelier breath " ?

Shall we say that our separate human lives are parts of a diviner life coming into separate consciousness in what we call our personalities? Is this the meaning of the saying of Paul, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being"? Are separate personalities something like the divisions of the great sea into bays and creeks and depths, all kept pure and lifeful by the same mighty tides which are the pulse-beats of the globe? Is it God's own holiness that throbs through our consciences? God's own love that throbs in human loves? God's own eternity that throbs in every man's hope of the everlasting life? And may the Christ be compared to a great billow, deep as the sea itself, that beats on the bar of every man's existence to tell

him, by the flooding of His divine and human consciousness, that he also is divine?

Plato said that the world would never know what it ought to know until there came a man from heaven to tell it. Look at this painting of the "Flight into Egypt." All around lies the desert where the sand covers up each footprint almost as soon as made, so that no man's way can be the path for another. The vast sky glimmers with star-points so far away that they make the earth more lonely. The Sphinx with upturned eyes and stony lips sits in its bed of ages, the majestic symbol of the mystery it seems to see but dare not reveal. On the ground lies the weary form of Joseph the Jew, and against the bosom of the rocky riddle lies the Virgin Mother—both fast asleep, typical of all tired-out men and women in the world. But the babe in Mary's arms is awake. His eyes seem to gather the light from all the stars and to flash it over the earth. Is the Child Plato's man from heaven? Certain it is that, as we trust His teaching and try to breathe by prayer His Spirit, and energize our lives with obedience to His precepts, "the sentiment for God" develops almost into a sense of God.

One evidence that this religious sentiment is natural to us is that no man's nature is satisfied until he comes to some sort of faith in God. Black, in his "Princess of Thule," makes In-

gram say, "You know every young fellow starts in life by knocking down all the beliefs he finds before him, and then spends the rest of his life in setting them up again." Alas! he does not merely knock them down, he treads them down, crushes their vitality at the important moment when they are rooting themselves in his soul; and when, in after years, he longs for the early impressions they do not revive at the demand of his need, though he water them with the tears of regret.

When a distinguished skeptic describes his loss of faith as accompanied by the feeling that "the Great Companion is dead," he only expresses in more dignified terms what Black's "every young fellow" experiences. The sense of loneliness is the soul's testimony to its own social disposition; and loneliness without God is the soul's testimony to the fact that it was made to have some realized relation with its Creator. Renan expressed the same thought in that beautiful rhetoric with which, like an expert embalmer, he was wont to enamel the faces of his dead faiths, "Bubbles on the surface of existence, we feel a mysterious kinship with Our Father, the Abyss."

Consider how this "sentiment for God," just to the degree in which it is cultivated, becomes an incentive to the soul.

It is a sense of responsibility coming from the

feeling that there is an authority over us other than ourselves: an authority high enough and excellent enough to utterly suppress the inclination to rebel against it. There can be no sense of bondage except where we feel that the Overpower has no right to command us, that its rule is unjust or unkind. But we cannot associate these ideas with our idea of God without subtracting from His perfection; that is, without destroying the very idea of a Supreme Being. Thus a true theology infinitizes our own conscience, as when one traces a sunbeam up to its source, and realizes the magnitude of the power which emits it.

Dr. James Martineau well says, "To live in yourself, however rightly, is to live in prison, and to go captive to a diviner is alone to go free." Quinet has a good sentence, "Space is the temple, but conscience is the inner sanctuary of God"; for until God comes into us even the conscience, though beautiful as the ark with the golden lid and the graven cherubim above it, lacks the Shekinah, that mysterious light before which alone the proud soul is willing to prostrate itself.

Consider also that, while religion thus surcharges and makes potent the moral element in man, it at the same time informs the conscience, suggesting new virtues, new ways of duty which, perhaps, we had never known ex-

cept for Revelation. In thinking of God men have acquired nobler conceptions of themselves.

We have recently added helium to our list of known chemical elements. This substance is found all about us in the earth, yet men wandered for thousands of years without discovering it. The spectroscope showed it to exist in the sun, and reasoning from the material unity of the universe since the earth was originally flung off from the sun, chemists looked for it beneath their feet. The method of its discovery suggested the name, helium, sun-element. This is an illustration of how far-away things reveal the near, and especially of how man comes to know himself by knowing what God is. From the beginning of history we have been inquiring what are the essential virtues of human character. Egyptian papyri, the stone books from the cemeteries along the Euphrates, the poetry of the Vedas of India, and the precepts of the Chinese Shu-king are full of moralizings. At length we discovered the ethical helium. Moses communed with God and from what he learned of the character of Jehovah deduced the duties of man. The Decalogue is a corrected spectrum of human obligation. So Jesus came "from the bosom of the Father," was the living Word of God, the expression of the Divine. When He told us what God is, He told us also what men should be. The Sermon on the

Mount is an extended spectrum of what lies, often hidden or ignored, in the human breast. True theology is thus, as we said, true morality, or else that grandest conception of modern science, the unity of the universe, is false in its most important aspect—the unity of man and his Maker.

So close is this relation of man to God that the integrity of our conscientiousness may be a test of our religious condition. We may take another illustration from the revelations made by that marvelous instrument, the spectroscope. One of its most interesting uses is to signal a star's approach to or recession from the earth. Many of the stars are so distant that the entire swing around their orbits, with diameters measured by billions of miles, does not seem to move them from their fixed positions. Though they sail away from or draw nearer to us at the rate of fifty miles a second, the tiny light-points they make in the telescope neither diminish nor enlarge sufficiently to be detected by the subtlest lens. The spectroscope, however, tells the tale of their truancy and home-coming. As they approach the earth, the Fraunhofer lines are shifted from their normal position toward the violet end of the spectrum; as they sink away into deeper space the reverse phenomenon shows on the glass. Conscience is our spiritual spectroscope. When a soul is draw-

ing nearer to God the sense of duty, the feeling of the sacredness of all obligations, the longing for rarer purity and sweeter obedience, increase. Like the denser line on the spectrum, the soul's aspirations shift closer to the standard of absolute right and holiness. On the contrary, when we are drifting away from God the moral indicator of conscience takes the reverse direction. Thus our Lord's saying, "The pure in heart shall see God," has its reflex truth, They that see God are pure in heart.

There is no incentive to conduct more active and potent than morality when thus re-enforced by religion; when, as the Greek poet Menander put it, "God is with man by Conscience." It is genuine enthusiasm, *en-theos*, God in us.

With those who possess this double incentive—rather, let us say, who are possessed by it—there is no such thing as reluctant goodness or hesitating duty: no merely negative virtue which is content with not being vicious; no merely formal excellence, though it has all the one hundred and thirty-eight fringes of saintship which the rabbis prescribed, or shows, with the mediæval Christian, a whip-scar for each of the sins it has driven out by penance. It is alert to all positive duty; enamored of the purity that makes a neighbor as well as one's self cleaner lived; of the peace that lays a quiet hand on troubled brows as well as steadies

one's self in grief; of the honesty that smites the wrong which assails another; of the liberty that opens the way for the liberation of one's fellows.

This divinely inspired moral incentive becomes intensified with the conviction that God is not a mere ultimate essence of things, but a Great Personality—a rational faith, since personality is the highest endowment of anything we know of.

This Divine Personality is an Over-Seer. Epictetus said, "Remember that there is Another who sees from above what passes, and whom you ought to please, and not man. He asks you, What is man's end? You reply, To follow Thee." Query: Did the Westminster divines read Epictetus when they wrote the first question and answer in the Catechism? It was the same depth of philosophy that led Linnæus, the botanist, to write over his library door, *Innocui vivite, Numen adest*, "Live innocently, for God is here."

Millet, the painter of the Angelus, tells us that he derived much of his lofty conception and patience in execution from the remembered advice of his grandmother, who once said to him, "Learn to paint for eternity. For no reason in the world allow yourself to do wrong. Do not fall in the eyes of God." The painter is careful to place his easel where the clearest

light will fall upon his work as it grows under his hand—the white north light, some think is best. But there is a deeper light for the soul of the artist himself—that which falls upon him from the eyes of the great Master of all truth and beauty, who watches every shade we put on the canvas, every word we put on a page, every deed we do in making our life work—“Do not fall in the eyes of God.”

Remember, too, that God does more than inspect our work; if we will, He directs it; and more, also, He does His own work through us. Hegel said, “God reveals Himself in man,” which is only Philosophy’s feebler echo to the deep saying of Revelation, “God worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.”

Shall we, then, supplement the precept, “Do not fall in the eyes of God,” with this, Do not fall out from the power of God? as wires fall out from power and lie useless when detached from the electric circuit. Whittier admonishes us,

“The unpardonable sin
Is to deny the word of God within.”

Poor work is that we do without “the Power,” and whatever we do with “the Power” is good work, however insignificant it may seem in the doing. General Armstrong, the

founder of Hampton Institute, had always a modest notion of the part he himself was taking even in building that great institution. He forbade his friends to write his biography, saying, "It would not be the whole truth. The truth of life usually lies deep down. We hardly know ourselves. God only does." Armstrong did not regard himself as in any sense a leader, though other people looked to him as one of the captains of philanthropic progress. "Few men," he said, "have had the chance that I have had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life [these are Livingstone's words also], have seemingly been guided in everything. Prayer is the greatest power in the world. It keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant; yet it has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this a universal truth. What comfort is there in any but the broadest truths?"

Armstrong's words remind one of a sentence in Amiel's Journal, "Strong as the universe or feeble as the worm, according as we represent God or only ourselves: as we lean upon the Infinite Being or stand alone."

Robert Louis Stevenson describes a similar experience, though on a somewhat lower plane. He had been indifferent and an idler, but energy and purpose came into him. "Of that great change of campaign, which decided all

this part of my life, and turned me from one whose business it was to shirk into one whose business it was to strive and persevere, it seems to me as though all had been done by someone else. . . I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that Unknown Steersman whom we call God."

Most men of decided character have had some phase of this faith in the Over-ruling and In-ruling Power. With some it takes the idea of Destiny—Bonaparte's conceit until the retreat from Moscow froze it out of his bones. Mohammed was a fatalist, and saw the will of Heaven gleam from his own sword-point. The Khalif Abu Bekr, less certain of God's will, resigned himself absolutely to whatever it might be, saying, "I am but an arrow in the quiver of Islam, and Thou the Archer. It is for Thee to pick out the fittest shaft and discharge it whither Thou wilt."

When Cuthbert was making his missionary journey through Fife, a comrade complained, "The snow closes the road along the coast; the storm bars our way over the sea." To which the saint replied, "But there is still the way of heaven that lies open." To such men the rime of the North Sea was as the pearl of heaven's gate.

Henry M. Stanley's first published utterance, after coming out safely and successfully

with his last expedition through the heart of Africa, was this, "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men." The experience to which he refers he thus describes, "I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its moving folds was the long-lost rear column. . . I am utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence who, for some purpose of His own, has preserved us. All the armies and armaments of Europe could not have lent us any aid in the dire extremity. . . An army of explorers could not have traced our course to the scene of the last struggle, had we fallen: for deep, deep as utter oblivion had we been surely buried under the humus of the trackless wilds."

Prince Bismarck credited his own seeming self-assertiveness to the very opposite impulse, that of the sense of absolute dependence. "If I were no longer a Christian, I would not serve the king another hour. If I did not put my

trust in God, I should certainly place none in earthly masters. If I did not believe in a Divine Providence which has ordained this German nation to something good and great, I would at once give up my trade as a statesman, or I would never have gone into the business. Deprive me of this faith, and you deprive me of my fatherland."

These quotations remind us of the utterance of John Quincy Adams, perhaps the most experienced diplomatist of his generation. From youth, as his father's private secretary at foreign courts and important political offices at home, he was familiar with the success of schemes of human ingenuity in statecraft, and as familiar with the occasion of their failure. The great event of Mr. Adams' political life, which he estimated as of more account than his elevation to the Presidency, was the acquisition of Florida during his administration, and largely through his own sagacious conduct of affairs. In his diary we read, "It was, perhaps, one in the morning when I closed the day with ejaculations of fervent gratitude to the Giver of all good. . . What the consequences may be of this compact this day signed with Spain is known only to the All-wise and All-beneficent Disposer of events, who has brought it about in a manner utterly unexpected, and by means the most extraordinary and unforeseen.

. . . Let no idle and ungrounded exultation take possession of my mind, as if I could ascribe to my own foresight or exertions any portion of the event. It is the work of an intelligent and all-embracing Cause."

It is sad to have to contrast such sublime and heroic expressions of faith that this is "God's world," and the fine spirituality which feels "God in His world," with the pessimism and cowardice which Mr. Arnold pictures in "Dover Beach":

" The world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain:
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Do we wonder that skepticism is weak and pusillanimous when confronted with the world's problems? Who would not incline to withdraw from a battlefield "where ignorant armies clash by night"? What mind, created with the instinct of order, will be inspired to even deeply study a world in which he is pre-assured there is "no certitude"? What cheer for philanthropic purpose and sacrifice in a system of things where there is "no help for pain"?

Yet how natural the pessimism of unbelief!

One of the most dismal things that ever ran as black slime from a pen was written by Ernest Renan when he abandoned religious faith. "Since Christianity is not true to me, nothing interests me or appears worth my attention." After reading this one realizes that all the brilliancy of skeptical literature is but the phosphorescent sparkle of dead hearts.

Renan had a peer in literary genius, Frederick W. Robertson. Hear him, "In the midst of a wilderness of shadows, broken and distorted in every way, of one thing I am certain—one thing that is real, the life of God in the soul of man. God is seeking us. With the Spirit man finds God. We touch him." The man who wrote this was a great sufferer in body, and through pain could scarcely hold the pen. These bright things were not phosphorescences from a dead heart, nor fire-fly fancies that went out with the utterance. They had in them the glow of sunrise on mountain peaks.

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